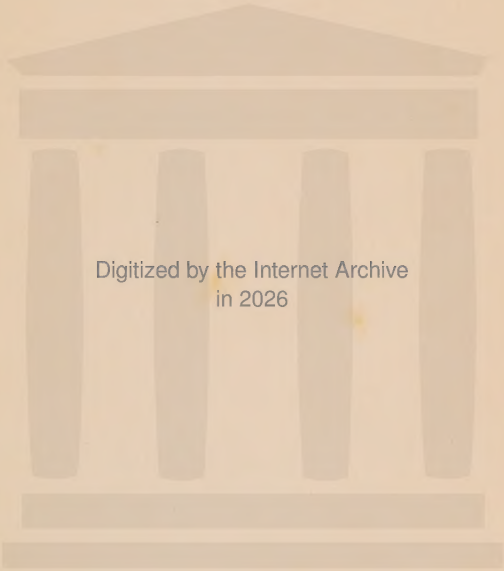

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/completepoetical0000will_p0p6

ESSERT PUBLIC
OSINEE

WORDSWORTH'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. . . .

NEW YORK AND BOSTON
THOMAS Y. CROWELL AND COMPANY

5214/221

THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

/ILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

JOHN MORLEY

NEW YORK: 46 East 14th Street.
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.
BOSTON: 100 Purchase Street.

INTRODUCTION.

HE poet whose works are contained in the present volume was born in the own of Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on April 7, 1770. He died at Rydal in the neighboring county of Westmoreland, on April 23, 1850. In this pan of mortal years, events of vast and enduring moment shook the world. ıdful of scattered and dependent colonies in the northern continent of ca made themselves into one of the most powerful and beneficent of states. ncient monarchy of France, and all the old ordering of which the mon- had been the keystone, was overthrown, and it was not until after many a shock of arms, after terrible slaughter of men, after strange diplomatic ıations, after many social convulsions, after many portentous mutations of e, that Europe once more settled down for a season into established order and . In England almost alone, after the loss of her great possessions across the ic Ocean, the fabric of the State stood fast and firm. Yet here, too in these years, an old order slowly gave place to new. The restoration of peace, after conducted with extraordinary tenacity and fortitude, led to a still more rful display of ingenuity, industry, and enterprise, in the more fruitful field of rce and of manufactures. Wealth, in spite of occasional vicissitudes, ed with amazing rapidity. The population of England and Wales grew from seven and a half millions in 1770, to nearly eighteen millions in 1850. al power was partially transferred from a territorial aristocracy to the middle ading classes. Laws were made at once more equal and more humane. all the tumult of the great war which for so many years bathed Europe in rough all the throes and agitations in which peace brought forth the new Wordsworth for half a century (1799–1850) dwelt sequestered in unbroken sure and steadfastness in his chosen home amid the mountains and lakes of ve region, working out his own ideal of the poet's high office.

e interpretation of life in books and the development of imagination under- anges of its own. Most of the great lights of the eighteenth century were rning, though burning low, when Wordsworth came into the world. Pope, had been dead for six and twenty years, and all the rest of the Queen Anne d gone. But Gray only died in 1771, and Goldsmith in 1774. Ten years hnson's pious and manly heart ceased to beat. Voltaire and Rousseau, those erse oracles of their age, both died in 1778. Hume had passed away two efore. Cowper was forty years older than Wordsworth, but Cowper's most ful work was not produced until 1783. Crabbe, who anticipated Words- choice of themes from rural life, while treating them with a sterner realism, tually his contemporary, having been born in 1754, and dying in 1832. The

two great names of his own date were Scott and Coleridge, the first born in 1
and the second a year afterwards. Then a generation later came another
and illustrious group. Byron was born in 1788, Shelley in 1792, and Kea
1795. Wordsworth was destined to see one more orb of the first purity
brilliance rise to its place in the poetic firmament. Tennyson's earliest volum
poems was published in 1830, and "In Memoriam," one of his two masterpi
in 1850. Any one who realizes for how much these famous names will always s
in the history of human genius, may measure the great transition that Wordswo
eighty years witnessed in some of men's deepest feelings about art and life
"the speaking face of earth and heaven."

Here, too, Wordsworth stood isolated and apart. "Scott and Southey
valued friends, but he thought little of Scott's poetry, and less of Southey's. B
and Shelley he seems scarcely to have read; and he failed altogether to appre
Keats. (*Myers.*) Of Blake's "Songs of Innocence and Experience" he
"There is something in the madness of this man which interests me more than
sanity of Lord Byron and Walter Scott." Coleridge was the only man of the
ing company with whom he ever had any real intimacy of mind, for whom he
nourished real deference and admiration, as one "unrelentingly possessed by t
of greatness, love, and beauty," and in whose intellectual power, as the noble
in the Sixth Book of the "Prelude" so gorgeously attest, he took the passionate int
of a man at once master, disciple, and friend. It is true to say, as Emerson
that Wordsworth's genius was the great exceptional fact of the literature o
period; but he had no teachers nor inspirers save nature and solitude.

Wordsworth was the son of a solicitor, and all his early circumstances
homely, unpretentious, and rather straitened. His mother died when he
eight years old, and when his father followed her five years later, two of his u
provided means for continuing at Cambridge the education which had been b
in the rural grammar school of Hawkshead. It was in 1787 that he went u
St. John's College. He took his Bachelor's degree at the beginning of 1791,
there his connection with the university ended.

For some years after leaving Cambridge, Wordsworth let himself drift. H
not feel good enough for the Church; he shrank from the law; fancying tha
had talents for command, he thought of being a soldier. Meanwhile, he pass
short time desultorily in London. Towards the end of 1791, through Paris
passed on to Orleans and Blois, where he made some friends and spent most
year. He returned to Paris in October, 1792. France was no longer star
on the top of golden hours. The September massacres filled the sky with a
flame. Wordsworth still retained his ardent faith in the Revolution, and was
ready, though no better than "a landsman on the deck of a ship struggling w
hideous storm," to make common cause with the Girondists. But the prudent
friends at home forced him back to England before the beginning of the te
year of '93. With his return closed that first survey of its inheritance, which
serious souls are wont to make in the fervid prime of early manhood.

It would be idle to attempt any commentary on the bare facts that we have
recapitulated; for Wordsworth himself has clothed them with their full force
meaning in the "Prelude." This record of the growth of a poet's mind, told b
poet himself with all the sincerity of which he was capable, is never likely t
popular. Of that, as of so much more of his poetry, we must say that, as a w
it has not the musical, harmonious, sympathetic quality which seizes us in eve
prose of such a book as Rousseau's "Confessions." Macaulay thought the "Prel
a poorer and more tiresome "Excursion," with the old flimsy philosophy abou
effect of scenery on the mind, the old crazy mystical metaphysics, and the en

nesses of twaddle; still he admits that there are some fine descriptions and tic declamations. All Macaulay's tastes and habits of mind made him a poor of such a poet as Wordsworth. He valued spirit, energy, pomp, stateli- f form and diction, and actually thought Dryden's fine lines about to-morrow falser than the former day, as fine as any eight lines in Lucretius. But his truly express the effect of the "Prelude" on more vulgar minds than his own. e Eliot, on the other hand, who had the inward eye that was not among lay's gifts, found the "Prelude" full of material for a daily liturgy, and it is imagine how she lingered as she did, over such a thought as this —

> "There is
> One great society alone on earth:
> The noble Living and the noble Dead."

is, too, as may be found imbedded even in Wordsworth's dullest work, many of the truest poetical quality, such as that on Newton's statue in the silent l of Trinity College —

> "The marble index of a mind forever
> Voyaging through strange seas of Thought alone."

however, from beautiful lines like this, and from many noble passages of eflection set to sonorous verse, this remarkable poem is in its whole effect in impressive power, as a picture of the advance of an elect and serious from childhood and school-time, through the ordeal of adolescence, through contact with stirring and enormous events, to the stage when it has found ırces of its strength, and is fully and finally prepared to put its temper to the

e three Books that describe the poet's residence in France have a special striking value of their own. Their presentation of the phases of good men's as the successive scenes of the Revolution unfolded themselves, has real c interest. More than this, it is an abiding lesson to brave men how to bear lves in hours of public stress. It portrays exactly that mixture of persevering nd hope with firm and reasoned judgment, with which I like to think that , if he had lived, would have confronted the workings of the Revolutionary Great masters in many kinds have been inspired by the French Revolution. ı genius might seem to have exhausted itself in the burning political passion ke, in the glowing melodrama of fire and tears of Carlyle, Michelet, Hugo; but th, tenth, and eleventh Books of the "Prelude," by their strenuous simplicity, eep truthfulness, their slowfooted and inexorable transition from ardent hope k imaginations, sense of woes to come, sorrow for human kind, and pain rt, breathe the very spirit of the great catastrophe. There is none of the eral glow of the political exhortation, none of the tiresome falsity of the mb in history. Wordsworth might well wish that some dramatic tale, endued velier shapes and flinging out less guarded words, might set forth the lessons experience. The material was fitting. The story of these three Books has ing of the severity, the self-control, the inexorable necessity of classic tragedy, ke classic tragedy it has a noble end. The dregs and sour sediment that n from exaggerated hope is so apt to stir in poor natures, had no place here. rench Revolution made the one crisis in Wordsworth's mental history, the one assault on his continence of soul, and when he emerged from it all his great-

ness remained to him. After a long spell of depression, bewilderment, mortifica and sore disappointment, the old faith in new shapes was given back.

> "Nature's self,
> By all varieties of human love
> Assisted, led me back through opening day
> To those sweet counsels between head and heart
> Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
> Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,
> Hath still upheld me and upholds me now."

It was six years after his return from France before Wordsworth finally se down in the scenes with which his name and the power of his genius were to b ever associated. During this interval it was that two great sources of personal ence were opened to him. He entered upon that close and beloved companio with his sister, which remained unbroken to the end of their days; and he first the acquaintance of Coleridge. The character of Dorothy Wordsworth has taken its place in the gallery of admirable and devoted women who have ins the work and the thoughts of great men. "She is a woman, indeed," said Cole "in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to pretty woman, you would think her rather ordinary; if you expected to s ordinary woman, you would think her pretty." To the solidity, sense, and s intelligence of the Wordsworth stock, she added a grace, a warmth, and live peculiarly her own. Her nature shines transparent in her letters, her truly a able journal, and in every report that we have of her. Wordsworth's own fe for her, and his sense of the debt that he owed to her faithful affection and mind, he has placed on lasting record.

The intimacy with Coleridge was, as has been said, Wordsworth's one s friendship, and must be counted among the highest examples of that gen relation between great writers. Unlike in the quality of their genius, and unli force of character and the fortunes of life, they remained bound to one anoth sympathies that neither time nor harsh trial ever extinguished. Coleridge ha Cambridge in 1794, had married, had started various unsuccessful projects for bining the improvement of mankind with the earning of an income, and was settled in a small cottage at Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, with an acre and of land, from which he hoped to raise corn and vegetables enough to support hi and his wife, as well as to feed a couple of pigs on the refuse. Wordsworth ar sister were settled at Racedown, near Crewkerne, in Dorsetshire. In 1797 moved to Alfoxden in Somersetshire, their principal inducement to the change Coleridge's society. The friendship bore fruit in the production of "Lyrical lads" in 1798, mainly the work of Wordsworth, but containing no less notable a tribution from Coleridge than the "Ancient Mariner." The two poets only rec thirty guineas for their work, and the publisher lost his money. The taste c country was not yet ripe for Wordsworth's poetic experiment.

Immediately after the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," the two W worths and Coleridge started from Yarmouth for Hamburg. Coleridge's ac in Satyrane's Letters, published in the "Biographia Literaria," of the voyag of the conversations between the two English poets and Klopstock, is worth tu to. The pastor told them that Klopstock was the German Milton. "A German Milton indeed," they thought. The Wordsworths remained for four months at Goslar in Saxony, while Coleridge went on to Ratzeburg, Göttinger other places, mastering German, and "delving in the unwholesome quicksilver

etaphysic depths." Wordsworth made little way with the language, but worked ently at his own verse.

When they came back to England, Wordsworth and his sister found their hearts ing with irresistible attraction to their own familiar countryside. They at last e their way to Grasmere. The opening book of the "Recluse," which is published he first time in the present volume, describes in fine verse the emotions and the e. The face of this delicious vale is not quite what it was when

> "Cottages of mountain stone
> Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
> And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
> Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
> Like separated stars with clouds between."

But it is foolish to let ourselves be fretted by the villa, the hotel, and the tourist. may well be above all this in a scene that is haunted by a great poetic shade. substantial features and elements of beauty still remain, the crags and woody os, the lake, "its one green island and its winding shores; the multitude of little y hills." Wordsworth was not the first poet to feel its fascination. Gray visited Lakes in the autumn of 1769, and coming into the vale of Grasmere from the n-west, declared it to be one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted nitate, an unsuspected paradise of peace and rusticity. We cannot indeed com- the little crystal mere, set like a gem in the verdant circle of the hills, with the deur and glory of Lucerne, or the radiant gladness and expanse of Como: yet it an inspiration of its own, to delight, to soothe, to fortify, and to refresh.

> "What want we? have we not perpetual streams,
> Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields,
> And mountains not less green, and flocks and herds,
> And thickets full of songsters, and the voice
> Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
> Heard now and then from morn to latest eve,
> Admonishing the man who walks below
> Of solitude and silence in the sky.
> These have we, and a thousand nooks of earth
> Have also these, but nowhere else is found,
> Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
> The one sensation that is here; . . .
> 'tis the sense
> Of majesty, of beauty, and repose,
> A blended holiness of earth and sky,
> Something that makes this individual spot,
> This small abiding-place of many men,
> A termination, and a last retreat,
> A centre, come from wheresoe'er you will,
> A whole without dependence or defect,
> Made for itself, and happy in itself,
> Perfect contentment, Unity entire."

n the Grasmere vale Wordsworth lived for half a century, first in a little cottage e northern corner of the lake, and then (1813) in a more commodious house at l Mount at the southern end, on the road to Ambleside. In 1802 he married Hutchinson, of Penrith, and this completed the circle of his felicity. Mary,

he once said, was to his ear the most musical and most truly English in sound o the names we have. The name was of harmonious omen. The two beautiful son that he wrote on his wife's portrait long years after, when "morning into noon passed, noon into eve," show how much her large heart and humble mind had for the blessedness of his home.

Their life was almost more simple than that of the dalesmen their neighb "It is my opinion," ran one of his oracular sayings to Sir George Beaumont, " a man of letters, and indeed all public men of every pursuit, should be seve frugal." Means were found for supporting the modest home out of two or t small windfalls bequeathed by friends or relatives, and by the time that children begun to come, Wordsworth was raised to affluence by obtaining the post of distr tor of stamps for Westmoreland and part of Cumberland. His life was hap devoid of striking external incident. Its essential part lay in meditation and cor sition.

He was surrounded by friends. Southey had made a home for himself and beloved library a few miles over the hills at Keswick. De Quincey, with his cl brains and shallow character, took up his abode in the cottage which Wordsw had first lived in at Grasmere. Coleridge, born the most golden genius of them came to and fro in those fruitless unhappy wanderings which consumed a life once promised to be so rich in blessing and in glory. In later years Dr. Arnold a house at Fox How, attracted by the Wordsworths and the scenery; and lesser lights came into the neighborhood. "Our intercourse with the Wordsworth Arnold wrote on the occasion of his first visit in 1832, "was one of the brigh spots of all; nothing could exceed their friendliness, and my almost daily walks him were things not to be forgotten. Once and once only we had a good fight a the Reform Bill during a walk up Greenhead Ghyll to see the unfinished sheep recorded in "Michael." But I am sure that our political disagreement did not a interfere with our enjoyment of each other's society; for I think that in the g principles of things we agreed very entirely." It ought to be possible, for matter, for magnanimous men, even if they do not agree in the great principle things, to keep pleasant terms with one another for more than one afternoon's v Many pilgrims came, and the poet seems to have received them with cheerful e nimity. Emerson called upon him in 1833, and found him plain, elderly, w haired, not prepossessing. "He led me out into his garden, and showed me gravel walk in which thousands of his lines were composed. He had just retu from Staffa, and within three days had made three sonnets on Fingal's Cave, and composing a fourth when he was called in to see me. He said, 'If you are inter in my verses, perhaps you will like to hear these lines.' I gladly assented, an recollected himself for a few moments, and then stood forth and repeated, one another, the three entire sonnets with great animation. This recitation wa unlooked for and surprising — he, the old Wordsworth, standing apart, and rec to me in a garden-walk like a schoolboy declaiming — that I was at first nea laugh; but recollecting myself, that I had come thus far to see a poet, and he chanting poems to me, I saw that he was right, and I was wrong, and gladly myself up to him. He never was in haste to publish; partly because he correc good deal. . . . He preferred such of his poems as touched the affections to others; for whatever is didactic — what theories of society and so on — might p quickly, but whatever combined a truth with an affection was good to-day and forever." (*English Traits*, ch. i.)

Wordsworth was far too wise to encourage the pilgrims to turn into ab sojourners in his chosen land. Clough has described how, when he was a la eighteen (1837), with a mild surprise he heard the venerable poet correct the dency to exaggerate the importance of flowers and fields, lakes, waterfalls,

nery. "People come to the Lakes," said Wordsworth, "and are charmed with particular spot, and build a house, and find themselves discontented, forgetting t these things are only the sauce and garnish of life."

In spite of a certain hardness and stiffness, Wordsworth must have been an mirable companion for anybody capable of true elevation of mind. The unfortue Haydon says, with his usual accent of enthusiasm, after a saunter at Hampstead, Never did any man so beguile the time as Wordsworth. His purity of heart, his dness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense l eager feelings with which he pours forth all he knows, affect, interest, and hant one." (*Autobiog.* i. 298, 384.) The diary of Crabb Robinson, the correndence of Charles Lamb, the delightful autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher, and much delightfully the autobiography of Harriet Martineau, all help us to realize by ny a trait Wordsworth's daily walk and conversation. Of all the glimpses that we , from these and many other sources, none are more pleasing than those of the interrse between Wordsworth and Scott. They were the two manliest and most olesome men of genius of their time. They held different theories of poetic art, their affection and esteem for one another never varied, from the early days when ott and his young wife visited Wordsworth in his cottage at Grasmere, down to t sorrowful autumn evening (1831) when Wordsworth and his daughter went to botsford to bid farewell to the wondrous potentate, then just about to start on his search for new life, followed by "the might of the whole earth's good wishes."

Of Wordsworth's demeanor and physical presence, De Quincey's account, silly, combical, and vulgar, is the worst; Carlyle's, as might be expected from his gical gift of portraiture, is the best. Carlyle cared little for Wordsworth's poetry, a real respect for the antique greatness of his devotion to Poverty and Peasantod, recognized his strong intellectual powers and strong character, but thought rather dull, bad-tempered, unproductive, and almost wearisome, and found his ne reflections and unfathomabilities stinted, scanty, uncertain, palish. From se and many other disparagements, one gladly passes to the picture of the poet as was in the flesh at a breakfast party given by Henry Taylor, at a tavern in St. es's Street, in 1840. The subject of the talk was Literature, its laws, practices, observances: — "He talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity, and e; as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one ld. His voice was good, frank, and sonorous, though practically clear, dist, and forcible, rather than melodious; the tone of him business-like, sedately fident, no discourtesy, yet no anxiety about being courteous: a fine wholesome icity, fresh as his mountain breezes, sat well on the stalwart veteran, and on all said and did. You would have said he was a usually taciturn man, glad to unlock self, to audience sympathetic and intelligent, when such offered itself. His face e marks of much, not always peaceful, meditation; the look of it not bland benevolent, so much as close, impregnable, and hard; a man *multa tacere loquive atus*, in a world where he had experienced no lack of contradictions as he strode g! The eyes were not very brilliant, but they had a quiet clearness; there was igh of brow, and well shaped; rather too much of cheek ('horse-face,' I have rd satirists say), face of squarish shape and decidedly longish, as I think the d itself was (*its* 'length' going *horizontal*): he was large-boned, lean, but still -knit, tall, and strong-looking when he stood; a right good old steel-gray figure, a fine rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a veracious *strength* looking ugh him which might have suited one of those old steel-gray *Markgrafs* (Graf = *u*, 'Steel-gray') whom Henry the Fowler set up to ward the marches, and do le with the intrusive heathen, in a stalwart and judicious manner."

Whoever might be his friends within an easy walk, or dwelling afar, the poet knew to live his own life. The three fine sonnets headed "Personal Talk" so well

known, so warmly accepted in our better hours, so easily forgotten in hours not good between pleasant levities and grinding preoccupations, show us how little h neighbors had to do with the poet's genial seasons of "smooth passions, smoo discourse, and joyous thought."

For those days Wordsworth was a considerable traveller. Between 1820 a 1837 he made long tours abroad, to Switzerland, to Holland, to Belgium, to Ital In other years he visited Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. He was no mechanical tou ist, admiring to order and marvelling by regulation; and he confessed to Mr Fletcher that he fell asleep before the Venus de Medici at Florence. But t product of these wanderings is to be seen in some of his best sonnets, such as the fi on Calais Beach, the famous one on Westminster Bridge, the second of the two Bruges, where "the Spirit of Antiquity mounts to the seat of grace within the mind a deeper peace than that in deserts found" — and in some other fine pieces.

In weightier matters than mere travel, Wordsworth showed himself no me recluse. He watched the great affairs then being transacted in Europe with t ardent interest of his youth, and his sonnets to Liberty, commemorating the atta by France upon the Swiss, the fate of Venice, the struggle of Hofer, the resistan of Spain, give no unworthy expression to the best of the varied motives that animat England in her long struggle with Bonaparte. The sonnet to Toussaint l'Ouvertu concludes with some of the noblest lines in the English language. The strong vers on the expected death of Mr. Fox are alive with a magnanimous public spirit th goes deeper than political opinion. In his young days he had sent Fox a copy of t "Lyrical Ballads," with a long letter indicating his sense of Fox's great and genero qualities. Pitt, he admits that he could never regard with complacency. "I belie him, however," he said, "to have been as disinterested a man, and as true a lover his country, as it was possible for so ambitious a man to be. His first wish (thou probably unknown to himself) was that his country should prosper under his admi istration; his next that it should prosper. Could the order of these wishes ha been reversed, Mr. Pitt would have avoided many of the grievous mistakes in which, I think, he fell." "You always went away from Burke," he once to Haydon, "with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and fro Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the bett reason."

Of the poems composed under the influence of that best kind of patriotism whi ennobles local attachments by associating them with the lasting elements of mo grandeur and heroism, it is needless to speak. They have long taken their place something higher even than literary classics. As years began to dull the old penetrati of a mind which had once approached, like other youths, the shield of human natu from the golden side, and had been eager to "clear a passage for just government Wordsworth lost his interest in progress. Waterloo may be taken for the date which his social grasp began to fail, and with it his poetic glow. He opposed Cat olic emancipation as stubbornly as Eldon, and the Reform Bill as bitterly as Croke For the practical reforms of his day, even in education, for which he had alwa spoken up, Wordsworth was not a force. His heart clung to England as he found "This concrete attachment to the scenes about him," says Mr. Myers, "had alwa formed an important element in his character. Ideal politics, whether in Church State, had never occupied his mind, which sought rather to find its informing prin ples embodied in the England of his own day." This flowed, we may suppose, fr Burke. In a passage in the seventh Book of the "Prelude," he describes, in lines little prosaic but quite true, how he sat, saw, and heard, not unthankful nor uni spired, the great orator.

> "While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
> Against all systems, built on abstract rights."

he Church, as conceived by the spirit of Laud, and described by Hooker's , was the great symbol of the union of high and stable institution with thought, right living, and "sacred religion, mother of form and fear." As might be cted from such a point of view, the church pieces, to which Wordsworth gave ich thought, are, with few exceptions, such as the sonnet on "Seathwaite Chapel," al, hard, and but thinly enriched with spiritual grace or unction. They are siastical, not religious. In religious poetry, the Church of England finds her affecting voice, not in Wordsworth, but in the "Lyra Innocentium," and the ristian Year." Wordsworth abounds in the true devotional cast of mind, but less anywhere else in his properly ecclesiastical verse.

t was perhaps natural that when events no longer inspired him, Wordsworth ld have turned with new feelings towards the classic, and discovered a virtue assic form to which his own method had hitherto made him a little blind. ards the date of Waterloo, he read over again some of the Latin writers, in ipting to prepare his son for college. He even at a later date set about a lation of the "Æneid" of Virgil, but the one permanent result of the classic move- in his mind is "Laodamia." Earlier in life he had translated some books of sto at the rate of a hundred lines a day, and he even attempted fifteen of the ets of Michael Angelo, but so much meaning is compressed into so little room ose pieces that he found the difficulty insurmountable. He had a high opinion ie resources of the Italian language. The poetry of Dante and of Michael lo, he said, proves that if there be little majesty and strength in Italian verse, ault is in the authors and not in the tongue.

Our last glimpse of Wordsworth in the full and peculiar power of his genius is ode "Composed on an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor and Beauty." It is the exception to the critical dictum that all his good work was done in the decade een 1798 and 1808. He lived for more than thirty years after this fine com- ion. But he added nothing more of value to the work that he had already . The public appreciation of it was very slow. The most influential among ritics were for long hostile and contemptuous. Never at any time did Words- h come near to such popularity as that of Scott or of Byron. Nor was that all. nany years most readers of poetry thought more even of "Lalla Rookh" than e "Excursion." While Scott, Byron, and Moore were receiving thousands of ds, Wordsworth received nothing. Between 1830 and 1840 the current turned ordsworth's direction, and when he received the honor of a doctor's degree at Oxford Commemoration in 1839, the Sheldonian theatre made him the hero of ay. In the spring of 1843 Southey died, and Sir Robert Peel pressed Words- h to succeed him in the office of Poet Laureate. "It is a tribute of respect," he Minister, "justly due to the first of living poets." But almost immediately ght of his common popularity was eclipsed by Tennyson, as it had earlier been sed by Scott, by Byron, and in some degree by Shelley. Yet his fame among who know, among competent critics with a right to judge, to-day stands r than it ever stood. Only two writers have contributed so many lines of popularity and application. In the handbooks of familiar quotations Words- h fills more space than anybody save Shakespeare and Pope. He exerted com- ing influence over great minds that have powerfully affected our generation. ever before," said George Eliot in the days when her character was forming (1839), "met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I should hem," and her reverence for Wordsworth remained to the end. J. S. Mill has bed how important an event in his life was his first reading of Wordsworth. at made his poems a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed here outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought colored by feeling, the excitement of beauty. I needed to be made to feel that there was real

permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation. Wordsworth taught me this, n only without turning away from, but with greatly increased interest in the comm feelings and common destiny of human beings." (*Autobiog.*, 148.) This effect Wordsworth on Mill is the very illustration of the phrase of a later poet of our o day, one of the most eminent and by his friends best beloved of all those wh Wordsworth had known, and on whom he poured out a generous portion of his o best spirit: —

> "Time may restore us in his course
> Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force:
> But where will Europe's latter hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?"

It is the power for which Matthew Arnold found this happy designation, that co pensates us for that absence of excitement of which the heedless complain Wordsworth's verse — excitement so often meaning mental fever, hysterics, distort passion, or other fitful agitation of the soul.

Pretensions are sometimes advanced as to Wordsworth's historic position, wh involve a mistaken view of literary history. Thus, we are gravely told by the t zealous Wordsworthian that the so-called poets of the eighteenth century w simply men of letters; they had various accomplishments and great general abili but their thoughts were expressed in prose, or in mere metrical diction, wh passed current as poetry without being so. Yet Burns belonged wholly to t eighteenth century (1759–96), and no verse writer is so little literary as Burns, little prosaic; no writer more truly poetic in melody, diction, thought, feeling, a spontaneous song. It was Burns who showed Wordsworth's own youth "H verse may build a princely throne on humble truth." Nor can we understand h Cowper is to be set down as simply a man of letters. We may, too, if we please, de the name of poetry to Collins's tender and pensive "Ode to Evening;" but we c only do this on critical principles, which would end in classing the author of "Lycida and "Comus," of the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," as a writer of various accompli ments and great general ability, but at bottom simply a man of letters and by no mea a poet. It is to Gray, however, that we must turn for the distinctive character of t best poetry of the eighteenth century. With reluctance we will surrender the Pinda Odes, though not without risking the observation that some of Wordswort own criticism on Gray is as narrow and as much beside the mark as Jeffre on the "Excursion." But the "Ode on Eton College" is not to have grudged it the noble name and true quality of poetry, merely because, as one of Johnson's m unfortunate criticisms expresses it, the ode suggests nothing to Gray which ev beholder does not equally think and feel. To find beautiful and pathetic langua set to harmonious numbers, for the common impressions of meditative minds, is small part of the poet's task. That part has never been achieved by any poet any tongue, with more complete perfection and success than in the immortal "Eleg of which we may truly say that it has for nearly a century and a half given to grea multitudes of men more of the exquisite pleasure of poetry than any other sin piece in all the glorious treasury of English verse. It abounds, as Johnson sa "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to wh every bosom returns an echo." These moving commonplaces of the human Gray approached through books and studious contemplation; not as Wordswo approached them, by daily contact with the lives and habit of men and the fo and magical apparitions of external nature. But it is a narrow view to supp that the men of the eighteenth century did not look through the literary conventi of the day to the truths of life and nature behind them. The conventions have go or are changed, and we are all glad of it. Wordsworth effected a wholes

verance when he attacked the artificial diction, the personifications, the alle-
es, the antitheses, the barren rhymes and monotonous metres, which the reigning
e had approved. But while welcoming the new freshness, sincerity, and direct
fertile return on nature, that is a very bad reason why we should disparage
ry so genial, so simple, so humane, and so perpetually pleasing as the best
e of the rationalistic century.

What Wordsworth did was to deal with themes that had been partially handled
precursors and contemporaries, in a larger and more devoted spirit, with wider
litude of illustration, and with the steadfastness and persistency of a religious
her. "Every great poet is a teacher," he said; "I wish to be considered as a
her or as nothing." It may be doubted whether his general proposition is at
rue, and whether it is any more the essential business of a poet to be a teacher
it was the business of Händel, Beethoven, or Mozart. They attune the soul
igh states of feeling; the direct lesson is often as naught. But of himself no
could be more sound. He is a teacher, or he is nothing. "To console the
cted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the
ng and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore
become more actively and sincerely virtuous" — that was his vocation; to
v that the mutual adaptation of the external world and the inner mind is able
hape a paradise from the "simple produce of the common day" — that was
nigh argument.

Simplification was, as I have said elsewhere, the keynote of the revolutionary
. Wordsworth was its purest exponent, but he had one remarkable peculiarity,
ch made him, in England at least, not only its purest but its greatest. While
ing men to pierce below the artificial and conventional to the natural man and
ral life, as Rousseau did, Wordsworth still cherished the symbols, the traditions,
the great institutes of social order. Simplification of life and thought and
ng was to be accomplished without summoning up the dangerous spirit of
ruction and revolt. Wordsworth lived with nature, yet waged no angry railing
against society. The chief opposing force to Wordsworth in literature was
on. Whatever he was in his heart, Byron in his work was drawn by all the forces
is character, genius, and circumstances to the side of violent social change, and
e the extraordinary popularity of Byron in the continental camp of emancipa-
Communion with nature is in Wordsworth's doctrine the school of duty.
Byron nature is the mighty consoler and the vindicator of the rebel.

A curious thing, which we may note in passing, is that Wordsworth, who clung
ently to the historic foundations of society as it stands, was wholly indifferent to
ry; while Byron, on the contrary, as the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" is
gh to show, had at least the sentiment of history in as great a degree as any
that ever lived, and has given to it by far the most magnificent expression.
doubt, it was history on its romantic, and not its philosophic or its political

On Wordsworth's exact position in the hierarchy of sovereign poets, a deep
rence of estimate still divides even the most excellent judges. Nobody now
ms of placing him so low as the *Edinburgh Reviewers* did, nor so high as Southey
ed him when he wrote to the author of "Philip van Artevelde" in 1829, that a
er poet than Wordsworth there never has been nor ever will be. An extrava-
e of this kind was only the outburst of generous friendship. Coleridge deliber-
placed Wordsworth "nearest of all modern writers to Shakespeare and Milton,
n a kind perfectly unborrowed and his own." Arnold, himself a poet of rare
memorable quality, declares his firm belief that the poetical performance of
dsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, undoubtedly the most con-
able in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Dryden,

Pope, Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, Burns, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats-
"Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all.
Mr. Myers, also a poet, and the author of a volume on Wordsworth as much di
tinguished by insight as by admirable literary grace and power, talks of "a Plat
a Dante, a Wordsworth," all three in a breath, as stars of equal magnitude in th
great spiritual firmament. To Mr. Swinburne, on the contrary, all these panegyric
estimates savor of monstrous and intolerable exaggeration. Amid these contentio
of celestial minds it will be safest to content ourselves with one or two plain observ
tions in the humble positive degree, without hurrying into high and final compar
tives and superlatives.

One admission is generally made at the outset. Whatever definition of poet
we fix upon, whether it is the language of passion or imagination formed into regul
numbers; or, with Milton, that it should be "simple, sensuous, passionate;" in ar
case there are great tracts in Wordsworth which, by no definition and on no term
can be called poetry. If we say with Shelley, that poetry is what redeems fro
decay the visitations of the divinity in man, and is the record of the best and ha
piest moments of the best and happiest minds, then are we bound to agree th
Wordsworth records too many moments that are not specially good or happy, that h
redeems from decay frequent visitations that are not from any particular divinity
man, and treats them all as very much on a level. Mr. Arnold is undoubtedly rig
in his view that, to be receivable as a classic, Wordsworth must be relieved of
great deal of the poetical baggage that now encumbers him.

The faults and hindrances in Wordsworth's poetry are obvious to every reade
For one thing, the intention to instruct, to improve the occasion, is too delibera
and too hardly pressed. "We hate poetry," said Keats, "that has a palpab
design upon us. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive." Charles Lamb's friend
remonstrance on one of Wordsworth's poems is applicable to more of them. "Th
instructions conveyed in it are too direct; they don't slide into the mind of th
reader while he is imagining no such matter."

Then, except the sonnets and half a score of the pieces where he reaches his to
most height, there are few of his poems that are not too long, and it often happe
even that no degree of reverence for the teacher prevents one from finding passag
of almost unbearable prolixity. A defence was once made by a great artist for wha
to the unregenerate mind, seemed the merciless tardiness of movement in one
Goethe's romances, that it was meant to impress on his readers the slow march ar
the tedium of events in human life. The lenient reader may give Wordsworth th
advantage of the same ingenious explanation. We may venture on a counsel whi
is more to the point, in warning the student that not seldom in these blocks
afflicting prose, suddenly we come upon some of the profoundest and most beautif
passages that the poet ever wrote. In deserts of preaching we find, almost with
sight of one another, delightful oases of purest poetry. Besides being proli
Wordsworth is often cumbrous; has often no flight; is not liquid, is not musica
He is heavy and self-conscious with the burden of his message. How much at h
best he is, when, as in the admirable and truly Wordsworthian poem of "Michael," h
spares us a sermon and leaves us the story. Then, he is apt to wear a somewh
stiff-cut garment of solemnity, when not solemnity, but either sternness or sadnes
which are so different things, would seem the fitter mood. In truth Wordswor
hardly knows how to be stern, as Dante or Milton was stern; nor has he the note
plangent sadness which strikes the ear in men as morally inferior to him as Roussea
Keats, Shelley, or Coleridge; nor has he the Olympian air with which Goeth
delivered sage oracles. This mere solemnity is specially oppressive in some parts
the "Excursion"—the performance where we best see the whole poet, and where th
poet most absolutely identifies himself with his subject. Yet, even in the midst

e solemn discoursings, he suddenly introduces an episode in which his peculiar er is at its height. There is no better instance of this than the passage in the nd Book of the "Excursion," where he describes with a fidelity, at once realistic poetic, the worn-out almsman, his patient life and sorry death, and then the iaginable vision in the skies, as they brought the ancient man down through dull s from the mountain ridge to die. These hundred and seventy lines are like the scape in which they were composed; you can no more appreciate the beauty of ne by a single or a second perusal, than you can the other in a scamper through vale on the box of the coach. But any lover of poetry who will submit himself leisure and meditation to the impressions of the story, the pity of it, the ralness of it, the glory and the mystic splendors of the indifferent heavens, will that here indeed is the true strength which out of the trivial raises expression he pathetic and the sublime.

Apart, however, from excess of prolixity and of solemnity, can it be really con- ed that in purely poetic quality — in aerial freedom and space, in radiant purity ght or depth and variety of color, in penetrating and subtle sweetness of music, ipple mastery of the instrument, in vivid spontaneity of imagination, in clean-cut ness of touch — Wordsworth is not surpassed by men who were below him in ht and greatness? Even in his own field of the simple and the pastoral has he hed so sweet and spontaneous a note as Burns's "Daisy," or the "Mouse"? n men seek immersion or absorption in the atmosphere of pure poesy, without n or moral, or anything but delight of fancy and stir of imagination, they will him less congenial to their mood than poets not worthy to loose the latchet of shoe in the greater elements of his art. In all these comparisons, it is not ly Wordsworth's theme and motive and dominant note that are different; the of hand is different, and the musical ear and the imaginative eye.

To maintain or to admit so much as this, however, is not to say the last word. question is whether Wordsworth, however unequal to Shelley in lyric quality, to ridge or to Keats in imaginative quality, to Burns in tenderness, warmth, and that or which is so nearly akin to pathos, to Byron in vividness and energy, yet esses excellences of his own which place him in other respects above these er-spirits of his time. If the question is to be answered affirmatively, it is clear only in one direction must we look. The trait that really places Wordsworth n eminence above his poetic contemporaries, and ranks him, as the ages are y to rank him, on a line just short of the greatest of all time, is his direct appeal ll and conduct. "There is volition and self-government in every line of his ry, and his best thoughts come from his steady resistance to the ebb and flow of iary desires and regrets. He contests the ground inch by inch with all ondent and indolent humors, and often, too, with movements of inconsiderate wasteful joy." (*R. H. Hutton.*) That would seem to be his true distinction superiority over men to whom more had been given of fire, passion, and ravishing c. Those who deem the end of poetry to be intoxication, fever, or rainbow ns, can care little for Wordsworth. If its end be not intoxication, but on the ary a search from the wide regions of imagination and feeling for elements of osure deep and pure, and of self-government in a far loftier sense than the ly prudential, then Wordsworth has a gift of his own in which he was approached o poet of his time. Scott's sane and humane genius, with much the same aims, orked with different methods. He once remonstrated with Lockhart for being pt to measure things by some reference to literature. "I have read books gh," said Scott, "and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and diddly cultivated minds; but I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from ps of poor uneducated men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet e heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as

to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to respect our real calling and destin unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared wi the education of the heart." This admirable deliverance of Scott's is, so far as goes, eminently Wordsworthian; but Wordsworth went higher and further, strivi not only to move the sympathies of the heart, but to enlarge the understanding, a exalt and widen the spiritual vision, all with the aim of leading us towards firm and austerer self-control.

Certain favorers of Wordsworth answer our question with a triumphant affirm tive, on the strength of some ethical, or metaphysical, or theological system whi they believe themselves to find in him. But is it creditable that poets can permanent live by systems? Or is not system, whether ethical, theological, or philosophic the heavy lead of poetry? Lucretius is indisputably one of the mighty poets the world, but Epicureanism is not the soul of that majestic muse. So with Word worth. Thought is, on the whole, predominant over feeling in his verse, but a pr vailing atmosphere of deep and solemn reflection does not make a system. H theology and his ethics, and his so-called Platonical metaphysics, have as little to with the power of his poetry over us, as the imputed Arianism or any other aspect the theology of "Paradise Lost" has to do with the strength and the sublimity Milton, and his claim to a high perpetual place in the hearts of men. It is best be entirely sceptical as to the existence of system and ordered philosophy in Word worth. When he tells us that "one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you mo of man, of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can," such a propositi cannot be seriously taken as more than a half-playful sally for the benefit of son too bookish friend. No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all moral evil and of good. When he says that it is his faith, "that every flower enjo the air it breathes," and that when the budding twigs spread out their fan to cat the air, he is compelled to think "that there was pleasure there," he expresses charming poetic fancy and no more, and it is idle to pretend to see in it t fountain of a system of philosophy. In the famous "Ode on Intimations of Immo tality," the poet doubtless does point to a set of philosophic ideas, more or le complete; but the thought from which he sets out, that our birth is but a sleep and forgetting, and that we are less and less able to perceive the visionary gleam, less a less alive to the glory and the dream of external nature, as infancy recedes farth from us, is, with all respect for the declaration of Mr. Ruskin to the contra contrary to notorious fact, experience, and truth. It is a beggarly conception, doubt, to judge as if poetry should always be capable of a prose rendering; but it is least fatal to the philosophic pretension of a line or a stanza if, when it is fai reduced to prose, the prose discloses that it is nonsense, and there is at least o stanza of the great "Ode" that this doom would assuredly await. Wordsworth claim, his special gift, his lasting contribution, lies in the extraordinary strenuo ness, sincerity, and insight with which he first idealizes and glorifies the vast unive around us, and then makes of it, not a theatre on which men play their parts, but animate presence, intermingling with our works, pouring its companionable spi about us, and "breathing grandeur upon the very humblest face of human life This twofold and conjoint performance, consciously and expressly — perhaps only t consciously — undertaken by a man of strong inborn sensibility to natural impr sions, and systematically carried out in a lifetime of brooding meditation and act composition, is Wordsworth's distinguishing title to fame and gratitude. In "wo that speak of nothing more than what we are," he revealed new faces of nature; dwelt on men as they are men themselves, he strove to do that which has be declared to be the true secret of force in art, to make the trivial serve the expressi of the sublime. "Wordsworth's distinctive work," Mr. Ruskin has justly s

odern Painters," iii. 293), "was a war with pomp and pretence, and a display of
ajesty of simple feelings and humble hearts, together with high reflective truths
analysis of the courses of policies and ways of men; without these his love of
e would have been comparatively worthless."

et let us not forget that he possessed the gift which to an artist is the very root
e matter. He saw nature truly, he saw her as she is, and with his own eyes.
ritic whom I have just quoted boldly pronounces him "the keenest eyed of all
rn poets for what is deep and essential in nature." When he describes the
, casting the beauty of the star-shaped shadow on the smooth stone, or the
dless depth of the abysses of the sky, or the clouds made vivid as fire by
ys of light, every touch is true, not the copying of a literary phrase, but the
of direct observation.

is true that Nature has sides to which Wordsworth was not energetically alive
ture "red in tooth and claw." He was not energetically alive to the blind and
rseless cruelties of life and the world. When in early spring he heard the
ed notes of the birds, and saw the budding twigs and primrose tufts, it grieved
mid such fair works of nature, to think "what man has made of man." As if
e itself, excluding the conscious doings of that portion of nature which is the
n race, and excluding also nature's own share in the making of poor Man, did
bound in raking cruelties and horrors of her own. "*Edel sei der Mensch*," Goethe in a noble psalm. "*Hülfreich und gut, denn das allein unterscheidet von allen Wesen die wir kennen.*" "*Let man be noble, helpful, and good, for alone distinguishes him from all beings that we know. No feeling has nature: d and bad gives the sun his light, and for the evildoer as for the best shine moon stars.*" That the laws which nature has fixed for our lives are mighty and al, Wordsworth comprehended as fully as Goethe, but not that they are laws ss as iron. Wordsworth had not rooted in him the sense of Fate — of the rable sequences of things, of the terrible chain that so often binds an awful end ne slight and trivial beginning.

his optimism or complacency in Wordsworth will be understood if we compare irit and treatment with that of the illustrious French painter whose subjects and e life were in some ways akin to his own. Millet, like Wordsworth, went to ealities of humble life for his inspiration. The peasant of the great French and the forest was to him what the Cumbrian dalesman was to Wordsworth. e saw the peasant differently. "You watch figures in the fields," said Millet, ging and delving with spade or pick. You see one of them from time to time htening his loins, and wiping his face with the back of his hand. Thou shalt y bread in the sweat of thy brow. Is that the gay lively labor in which some e would have you believe? Yet it is there that for me you must seek true nity and great poetry. They say that I deny the charm of the country; I find ar more than charms, I find infinite splendors. I see in it, just as they do, the lowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like f them. I see clearly enough the sun as he spreads his splendor amid the s. None the less do I see on the plain, all smoking, the horses at the plough. in some stony corner a man all worn out, whose *han han* have been heard ever daybreak — trying to straighten himself a moment to get breath." The hard- he weariness, the sadness, the ugliness, out of which Millet's consummate skill pictures that affect us like strange music, were to Wordsworth not the real part thing. They were all absorbed in the thought of nature as a whole, won- , mighty, harmonious, and benign.

e are not called upon to place great men of his stamp as if they were ians in a class-list. It is best to take with thankfulness and admiration from nan what he has to give. What Wordsworth does is to assuage, to reconcile,

to fortify. He has not Shakespeare's richness and vast compass, nor Milton's sub and unflagging strength, nor Dante's severe, vivid, ardent force of vision. Prob he is too deficient in clear beauty of form and in concentrated power to be classe the ages among these great giants. We cannot be sure. We may leave it to ages to decide. But Wordsworth, at any rate, by his secret of bringing the infi into common life, as he evokes it out of common life, has the skill to lead us, so as we yield ourselves to his influence, into inner moods of settled peace, to t "the depth and not the tumult of the soul," to give us quietness, strength, stead ness, and purpose, whether to do or to endure. All art or poetry that has the e of breathing into men's hearts, even if it be only for a space, these moods of set peace, and strongly confirming their judgment and their will for good, — what limitations may be found besides, however prosaic may be some or much of detail, — is great art and noble poetry, and the creator of it will always hold Wordsworth holds, a sovereign title to the reverence and gratitude of mankind.

J. M

October, 1888.

NOTE.

In this edition the Poems of WORDSWORTH are arranged in the order of t composition, in accordance with Mr. Knight's chronology printed in the Transact of the Wordsworth Society. The date at the left hand, after each poem, is tha its composition; the date at the right gives the time of its first publication. text and notes are taken from the edition of 1857.

ORDSWORTH'S POETICAL WORKS.

LINES

ZN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT WKSHEAD, ANNO ÆTATIS 14.

has the Sun his flaming chariot driven
ındred times around the ring of heaven,
Science first, with all her sacred train,
ı yon roof began her heavenly reign?
thus I mused, methought, before mine eyes,
wer of EDUCATION seemed to rise;
e whose rigid precepts trained the boy
o the sense of every finer joy;
t vile wretch who bade the tender age
Reason's law and humor Passion's rage;
who trains the generous British youth
right paths of fair majestic Truth:
ng slow from Academus' grove
enly majesty she seemed to move.
as her forehead, but a smile serene
ed the terrors of her awful mien.'
t her side were all the powers, designed
,·exalt, reform the tender mind:
ınting breast, now pale as winter nows,
shed as Hebe, Emulation rose;
ollowed after with reverted eye,
e far deeper than the Tyrian dye;
Last Industry appeared with steady pace,
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face.
I gazed upon the visionary train,
Threw back my eyes, returned, and gazed again.
When lo! the heavenly goddess thus began,
Through all my frame the pleasing accents ran:

"'When Superstition left the golden light
And fled indignant to the shades of night;
When pure Religion reared the peaceful breast
And lulled the warring passions into rest,
Drove far away the savage thoughts that roll
In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,
Enlivening Hope displayed her cheerful ray,
And beamed on Britain's sons a brighter day;
So when on Ocean's face the storm subsides,
Hushed are the winds and silent are the tides;
The God of day, in all the pomp of light,
Moves through the vault of heaven, and dissipates the night;
Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,
The glittering waves reflect the dazzling blaze;
Science with joy saw Superstition fly
Before the lustre of Religion's eye;
With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,

Clapped her strong wings, and sought
the cheerful isle,
The shades of night no more the soul in-
volve,
She sheds her beam, and, lo! the shades
dissolve;
No jarring monks, to gloomy cell con-
fined,
With mazy rules perplex the weary mind;
No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,
Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.
Britain, who long her warriors had
adored,
And deemed all merit centred in the
sword;
Britain, who thought to stain the field
was fame,
Now honored Edward's less than Bacon's
name.
Her sons no more in listed fields advance
To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance;
No longer steel their indurated hearts
To the mild influence of the finer arts;
Quick to the secret grotto they retire
To court majestic truth, or wake the
golden lyre;
By generous Emulation taught to rise,
The seats of learning brave the distant
skies.
Then noble Sandys, inspired with great
design,
Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and
called it mine.
There have I loved to show the tender
age
The golden precepts of the classic page;
To lead the mind to those Elysian plains
Where, throned in gold, immortal Science
reigns;
Fair to the view is sacred Truth displayed,
In all the majesty of light arrayed,
To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul
To roam from heaven to heaven, from
pole to pole,
From thence to search the mystic cause
of things
And follow Nature to her secret springs;
Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth
Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,
To regulate the mind's disordered frame,
And quench the passions kindling into
flame;
The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,
And purge from Vice's dross my te
charge.
Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pur
And all that Virtue dictates, dare to
Go to the world, peruse the book of r
And learn from thence thy own de
to scan;
Severely honest, break no plighted t
But coldly rest not here — be more
just;
Join to the rigors of the sires of Ro
The gentler manners of the private do
When Virtue weeps in agony of woe
Teach from the heart the tender te
flow;
If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul
tice,
Or all the gaudy pomp of splendid V
Arise superior to the Siren's power,
The wretch, the short-lived vision o
hour;
Soon fades her cheek, her blus
beauties fly,
As fades the checkered bow that p
the sky,
So shall thy sire, whilst hope
breast inspires,
And wakes anew life's glimmering t
bling fires,
Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy p
with joy,
Look up to heaven, and bless his da
boy.
If e'er these precepts quelled the
sions' strife,
If e'er they smoothed the rugged v
of life,
If e'er they pointed forth the bl
way
That guides the spirit to eternal day
Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy bre
Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic re
Awake, awake! and snatch the slur
ing lyre,
Let this bright morn and Sandys
song inspire.'

"I looked obedience: the cel
Fair
Smiled like the morn, and van
into air."

1785.

EXTRACT

THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, POSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAV- SCHOOL.

en at Hawkshead. The beautiful image nich this poem concludes, suggested itself while I was resting in a boat along with my ions under the shade of a magnificent row nores, which then extended their branches ie shore of the promontory upon which the ancient, and at that time the more sque, Hall of Coniston, the seat of the Le gs from very early times. The poem of t was the conclusion was of many hundred nd contained thoughts and images most h have been dispersed through my other s.

native regions, I foretell,
what I feel at this farewell,
whereso'er my steps may tend,
hensoe'er my course shall end,
hat hour a single tie
e of local sympathy,
ul will cast the backward view,
nging look alone on you.

while the Sun sinks down to rest
the regions of the west,
h to the vale no parting beam
en, not one memorial gleam,
ering light he fondly throws
dear hills where first he rose.

1815.

TEN IN VERY EARLY YOUTH.

is all nature as a resting wheel.
ine are couched upon the dewy grass;
rse alone, seen dimly as I pass,
ping audibly his later meal:
is the ground; a slumber seems to steal
le, and mountain, and the starless sky.
n this blank of things, a harmony,
felt, and home-created, comes to heal
ief for which the senses still supply
food; for only then, when memory

Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends! restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh! leave me to myself, nor let me feel
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

1786? 1807.

AN EVENING WALK.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

The young Lady to whom this was addressed was my sister. It was composed at school, and during my two first college vacations. There is not an image in it which I have not observed; and now, in my seventy-third year, I recollect the time and place where most of them were noticed. I will confine myself to one instance:

"Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glittering rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the intercepted flocks."

I was an eye-witness of this for the first time while crossing the Pass of Dunmail Raise. Upon second thought, I will mention another image:

"And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines."

This is feebly and imperfectly expressed, but I recollect distinctly the very spot where this first struck me. It was in the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment was important in my poetical history; for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree, the deficiency. I could not have been at that time above fourteen years of age. The description of the swans, that follows, was taken from the daily opportunities I had of observing their habits, not as confined to the gentleman's park, but in a state of nature. There were two pairs of them that divided the lake of Esthwaite and its in-and-out-flowing streams between them, never trespassing a single yard upon each other's separate domain. They were of the old magnificent species, bearing in beauty and majesty about the same relation to the Thames swan which that does to the goose. It was from the remembrance

of those noble creatures I took, thirty years after, the picture of the swan which I have discarded from the poem of Dion. While I was a schoolboy, the late Mr. Curwen introduced a little fleet of those birds, but of the inferior species, to the lake of Windermere. Their principal home was about his own island; but they sailed about into remote parts of the lake, and, either from real or imagined injury done to the adjoining fields, they were got rid of at the request of the farmers and proprietors, but to the great regret of all who had become attached to them, from noticing their beauty and quiet habits. I will conclude my notice of this poem by observing that the plan of it has not been confined to a particular walk or an individual place, — a proof (of which I was unconscious at the time) of my unwillingness to submit the poetic spirit to the chains of fact and real circumstance. The country is idealized rather than described in any one of its local aspects.

General Sketch of the Lakes — Author's regret of his youth which was passed among them — Short description of Noon — Cascade — Noontide Retreat — Precipice and sloping Lights — Face of Nature as the Sun declines — Mountain-farm, and the Cock — Slate-quarry — Sunset — Superstition of the Country connected with that moment — Swans — Female Beggar — Twilight-sounds — Western Lights — Spirits — Night — Moonlight — Hope — Night-sounds — Conclusion.

FAR from my dearest Friend, 'tis mine to rove
Through bare gray dell, high wood, and pastoral cove;
Where Derwent rests, and listens to the roar
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore;
Where peace to Grasmere's lonely island leads,
To willowy hedge-rows, and to emerald meads;
Leads to her bridge, rude church, and cottaged grounds,
Her rocky sheepwalks, and her woodland bounds;
Where, undisturbed by winds, Winander[1] sleeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps;

Where twilight glens endear my l
waite's shore,
And memory of departed pleasures, r
Fair scenes, erewhile, I taught, a h
child,
The echoes of your rocks my carols
The spirit sought not then, in cher
sadness,
A cloudy substitute for failing gladn
In youth's keen eye the livelong da
bright,
The sun at morning, and the stars at n
Alike, when first the bittern's hollo
Was heard, or woodcocks[2] roame
moonlight hill.
In thoughtless gayety I coursed
plain,
And hope itself was all I knew of p
For then, the inexperienced heart
beat
At times, while young Content fo
her seat,
And wild Impatience, pointing up
showed,
Through passes yet unreached, a bri
road.
Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
Hope with reflection blends her
rays
To gild the total tablet of his days;
Yet still, the sport of some mali
power,
He knows but from its shade the pr
hour.
But why, ungrateful, dwell on idle
To show what pleasures yet to m
main,
Say, will my Friend, with unreluctan
The history of a poet's evening hea
When, in the south, the wan
brooding still,
Breathed a pale steam around the g
hill,
And shades of deep-embattled c
were seen,
Spotting the northern cliffs with
between;
When crowding cattle, checked by
that make

[1] These lines are only applicable to the middle part of that lake.

[2] In the beginning of winter, these mou
are frequented by woodcocks, which in
nights retire into the woods.

ce far stretched into the shallow lake,
d the cool water with their restless tails,
m high points of rock looked out for fanning gales:
school-boys stretched their length upon the green;
ound the broad-spread oak, a glimmering scene,
rough fern-clad park, the herded deer
the still-twinkling tail and glancing ear;
horses in the sunburnt intake[1] stood,
ainly eyed below the tempting flood,
cked the passenger, in mute distress,
forward neck the closing gate to press —
while I wandered where the huddling rill
ens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll[2]
enchantment, an obscure retreat
d at once, and stayed my devious feet.
thick above the rill the branches close,
ky basin its wild waves repose,
ed shrubs, and moss of gloomy green,
from the rocks, with pale wood-weeds between;
s own twilight softens the whole scene,
where aloft the subtle sunbeams shine
thered briars that o'er the crags recline;
here, with sparkling foam, a small cascade
es, from within, the leafy shade;
l, along the vista of the brook,
antique roots its bustling course o'erlook,

The eye reposes on a secret bridge[3]
Half gray, half shagged with ivy to its ridge;
There, bending o'er the stream, the listless swain
Lingers behind his disappearing wain.
— Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!
Never shall ruthless minister of death
'Mid thy soft glooms the glittering steel unsheath;
No goblets shall, for thee, be crowned with flowers,
No kid with piteous outcry thrill thy bowers;
The mystic shapes that by thy margin rove
A more benignant sacrifice approve —
A mind, that, in a calm angelic mood
Of happy wisdom, meditating good,
Beholds, of all from her high powers required,
Much done, and much designed, and more desired, —
Harmonious thoughts, a soul by truth refined,
Entire affection for all human kind.
Dear Brook, farewell! To-morrow's noon again
Shall hide me, wooing long thy wild-wood strain;
But now the sun has gained his western road,
And eve's mild hour invites my steps abroad.
While, near the midway cliff, the silvered kite
In many a whistling circle wheels her flight;
Slant watery lights, from parting clouds, apace
Travel along the precipice's base;
Cheering its naked waste of scattered stone,
By lichens gray and scanty moss o'ergrown;
Where scarce the foxglove peeps, or thistle's beard;

e word *intake* is local, and signifies a n enclosure.

'll is also, I believe, a term confined to ntry: ghyll, and dingle, have the same .

[3] The reader who has made the tour of this country, will recognize, in this description, the features which characterize the lower waterfall in the grounds of Rydal.

And restless stone-chat, all day long, is heard.
How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue!
Here, vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There, objects, by the searching beams betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Soften their glare before the mellow light;
The skiffs, at anchor where with umbrage wide
Yon chestnuts half the latticed boat-house hide,
Shed from their sides, that face the sun's slant beam,
Strong flakes of radiance on the tremulous stream:
Raised by yon travelling flock, a dusty cloud
Mounts from the road, and spreads its moving shroud;
The shepherd, all involved in wreaths of fire,
Now shows a shadowy speck, and now is lost entire.
Into a gradual calm the breezes sink,
A blue rim borders all the lake's still brink;
There doth the twinkling aspen's foliage sleep,
And insects clothe, like dust, the glassy deep:
And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of light;
There, waves that, hardly weltering, die away,
Tip their smooth ridges with a softer ray;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
Is hushed, and like a burnished mir
glows,
Save where, along the shady west
marge,
Coasts, with industrious oar, the ch
coal barge.
Their panniered train a group of p
ters goad,
Winding from side to side up the st
road;
The peasant, from yon cliff of fea
edge
Shot, down the headlong path darts v
his sledge;
Bright beams the lonely mountain-ho
illume
Feeding 'mid purple heath, "gr
rings,"[1] and broom;
While the sharp slope the slacke
team confounds,
Downward the ponderous timber-w
resounds;
In foamy breaks the rill, with m
song,
Dashed o'er the rough rock, lightly le
along;
From lonesome chapel at the mounta
feet,
Three humble bells their rustic ch
repeat;
Sounds from the water-side the h
mered boat;
And *blasted* quarry thunders, h
remote!
Even here, amid the sweep of end
woods,
Blue pomp of lakes, high cliffs, and
ing floods,
Not undelightful are the simplest cha
Found by the grassy door of mount
farms.
Sweetly ferocious,[2] round his na
walks,
Pride of his sister-wives, the mon
stalks;
Spur-clad his nervous feet, and firm
tread;

[1] "Vivid rings of green."—Greenwo
Poem on Shooting.

[2] "Dolcemente feroce."—Tasso. In thi
scription of the cock, I remembered a sp
one of the same animal in *L'Agricultur
Les Géorgiques François*, of M. Rossuet.

: of purple tops the warrior's head.
sparks his black and rolling eye-
ball hurls
is tail he closes and unfurls;
toe reared, he strains his clarion
throat,
ened by faintly-answering farms
remote:
with his shrill voice the mountain
rings,
flapped with conscious pride, re-
sound his wings.
re, mixed with graceful birch, the
sombrous pine
ew-tree o'er the silver rocks re-
cline;
to mark the quarry's moving
trains,
panniered steeds, and men, and
numerous wains;
usy all the enormous hive within,
Echo dallies with its various din!
near you not their chisels' clink-
ng sound?)
nall as pygmies in the gulf pro-
found;
lim between the lofty cliffs de-
scried,
k the slender plank from side to
side;
by the pale-blue rocks that cease-
ess ring,
baskets hanging, work and sing.
vhere a cloud above the mountain
ears
e all flame, the broadening sun
ppears;
blue bar its ægis orb divides,
eaks the spreading of its golden
ides;
w that orb has touched the pur-
ple steep
softened image penetrates the
deep.
he calm lake's blue shades the
liffs aspire,
wers and woods, a "prospect all
n fire;"
oves and secret hollows, through
ray
er gold, a purple gleam betray.
p of lawn the broken rocks be-
ween
Shines in the light with more than earthly
green:
Deep yellow beams the scattered stems
illume,
Far in the level forest's central gloom:
Waving his hat, the shepherd, from the
vale,
Directs his winding dog the cliffs to scale,—
The dog, loud barking, 'mid the glitter-
ing rocks,
Hunts, where his master points, the inter-
cepted flocks.
Where oaks o'erhang the road the ra-
diance shoots
On tawny earth, wild weeds, and twisted
roots;
The druid-stones a brightened ring un-
fold;
And all the babbling brooks are liquid
gold;
Sunk to a curve, the day-star lessens still,
Gives one bright glance, and drops
behind the hill.[1]
In these secluded vales, if village fame,
Confirmed by hoary hairs, belief may
claim;
When up the hills, as now, retired the
light,
Strange apparitions mocked the shep-
herd's sight.
The form appears of one that spurs his
steed
Midway along the hill with desperate
speed;
Unhurt pursues his lengthened flight, while all
Attend, at every stretch, his headlong fall.
Anon, appears a brave, a gorgeous show
Of horsemen-shadows moving to and fro;
At intervals imperial banners stream,
And now the van reflects the solar beam;
The rear through iron brown betrays a
sullen gleam.
While silent stands the admiring crowd
below,
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward
way.[2]

[1] From Thomson.

[2] See a description of an appearance of this kind in Clark's Survey of the Lakes, accompanied by vouchers of its veracity, that may amuse the reader.

'Till the last banner of the long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendor — save the beacon's spiry head
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.
Now, while the solemn evening shadows sail,
On slowly-waving pinions, down the vale;
And, fronting the bright west, yon oak entwines
Its darkening boughs and leaves, in stronger lines;
'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful, pride can be, and how majestic, ease.
While tender cares and mild domestic loves
With furtive watch pursue her as she moves,
The female with a meeker charm succeeds,
And her brown little-ones around her leads,
Nibbling the water lilies as they pass,
Or playing wanton with the floating grass.
She, in a mother's care, her beauty's pride
Forgetting, calls the wearied to her side;
Alternately they mount her back, and rest
Close by her mantling wings' embraces prest.
Long may they float upon this flood serene;
Theirs be these holms untrodden, still, and green,
Where leafy shades fence off the blustering gale,
And breathes in peace the lily of the vale!
Yon isle, which feels not even the milk-maid's feet,
Yet hears her song, "by distance made more sweet,"
Yon isle conceals their home, their like bower;
Green water-rushes overspread the fl
Long grass and willows form the wo wall,
And swings above the roof the poplar
Thence issuing often with unwieldy st
They crush with broad black feet t flowery walk;
Or, from the neighboring water, hea morn
The hound, the horse's tread, and me horn;
Involve their serpent-necks in chang rings,
Rolled wantonly between their slip wings,
Or, starting up with noise and delight,
Force half upon the wave their cumb flight.
Fair Swan! by all a mother's caressed,
Haply some wretch has eyed, and ca thee blessed;
When with her infants, from some sl seat
By the lake's edge, she rose — to the noontide heat;
Or taught their limbs along the dusty r
A few short steps to totter with their l
I see her now, denied to lay her h
On cold blue nights, in hut or straw- shed,
Turn to a silent smile their sleepy cr
By pointing to the gliding moon on h
— When low-hung clouds each sta summer hide,
And fireless are the valleys far and w
Where the brook brawls along the p road
Dark with bat-haunted ashes stret broad,
Oft has she taught them on her lap t
The shining glow-worm; or, in hee play,
Toss it from hand to hand, disquiete
While others, not unseen, are fre shed
Green unmolested light upon their n bed.
Oh! when the sleety showers her assail,

like a torrent roars the headstrong gale;
ore her breath can thaw their fingers cold,
frozen arms her neck no more can fold;
roof a cowering form two babes to shield,
faint the fire a dying heart can yield!
the sad kiss, fond mother! vainly fears
looded cheek to wet them with its tears;
ars can chill them, and no bosom warms,
breast their death-bed, coffined in thine arms!
eet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
d by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
e the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling sedge,
feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
e swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
ng, that drip upon the water still;
heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
s upward, darting his long neck before.
w, with religious awe, the farewell light
s with the solemn coloring of night;
groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,
round the west's proud lodge their shadows throw,
Una shining on her gloomy way,
half-seen form of Twilight roams astray;
ling, through paly loop-holes mild and small,
ns that upon the lake's still bosom fall;
'er the surface creep those lustres pale
ing the motions of the fitful gale.
restless interchange at once the bright
on the shade, the shade upon the light.

No favored eye was e'er allowed to gaze
On lovelier spectacle in faery days;
When gentle Spirits urged a sportive chase,
Brushing with lucid wands the water's face:
While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,
Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps.
—The lights are vanished from the watery plains;
No wreck of all the pageantry remains.
Unheeded night has overcome the vales:
On the dark earth the wearied vision fails;
The latest lingerer of the forest train,
The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain;
Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,
Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;
And, towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,
Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.
—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.
Stay! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay!
Ah no! as fades the vale, they fade away:
Yet still the tender, vacant gloom remains;
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.
The bird, who ceased, with fading light, to thread
Silent the hedge or steamy rivulet's bed,
From his gray reappearing tower shall soon
Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,
While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,
And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound;
Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold

In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.
Above yon eastern hill, where darkness broods
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods;
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,
Even now she shows, half-veiled, her lovely face:
Across the gloomy valley flings her light,
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white;
And gives, where woods the checkered upland strew,
To the green corn of summer, autumn's hue.
Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own morn,
Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer
The weary hills, impervious, blackening near;
Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.
Even now she decks for me a distant scene,
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,
(Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way;
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear!
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear!)
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,
Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death.
But now the clear bright Moon her zenith gains,
And, rimy without speck, extend the plains:
The deepest cleft the mountain's front displays
Scarce hides a shadow from her search ing rays;
From the dark-blue faint silvery threa divide
The hills, while gleams below the azu tide;
Time softly treads; throughout the lan scape breathes
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, b wreaths
Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the falle wood,
Steal down the hill, and spread along th flood.
The song of mountain-streams, u heard by day,
Now hardly heard, beguiles my hom ward way.
Air listens, like the sleeping water, sti
To catch the spiritual music of the hill
Broke only by the slow clock tolling dee
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man fro sleep,
The echoed hoof nearing the dista shore,
The boat's first motion — made wi dashing oar;
Sound of closed gate, across the wat borne,
Hurrying the timid hare through rustli corn;
The sportive outcry of the mocking ow
And at long intervals the mill-dog's how
The distant forge's swinging thump pi found;
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lone hound.

1787–89. 1793.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BO AT EVENING.

This title is scarcely correct. It was durin solitary walk on the banks of the Cam that I first struck with this appearance, and appl it to my own feelings in the manner h expressed, changing the scene to the Tham near Windsor. This, and the three stanzas the following poem, "Remembrance of Collin formed one piece; but, upon the recommendat of Coleridge, the three last stanzas were separa from the other.

richly glows the water's breast
e us, tinged with evening hues,
, facing thus the crimson west,
oat her silent course pursues!
see how dark the backward stream!
le moment past so smiling!
till, perhaps, with faithless gleam,
other loiterers beguiling.

views the youthful Bard allure;
needless of the following gloom,
eems their colors shall endure
eace go with him to the tomb.
d let him nurse his fond deceit,
vhat if he must die in sorrow!
would not cherish dreams so sweet,
gh grief and pain may come to-mor-
row?
1798

MEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

OSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND.

E gently, thus for ever glide,
mes! that other bards may see
ely visions by thy side
w, fair river! come to me.
e, fair stream! for ever so,
uiet soul on all bestowing,
l our minds for ever flow
deep waters now are flowing.

hought! — Yet be as now thou art,
n thy waters may be seen
nage of a poet's heart,
bright, how solemn, how serene!
as did once the Poet bless,
murmuring here a later[1] ditty,
find no refuge from distress
the milder grief of pity.

et us, as we float along,
m suspend the dashing oar;
ray that never child of song
now that Poet's sorrows more.

llins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the
tten, I believe, of the poems which were
ed during his lifetime. This Ode is also
to in the next stanza.

How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!
— The evening darkness gathers round
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.
1789 1798

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES.

TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR AMONG THE ALPS.

Much the greatest part of this poem was composed during my walks upon the banks of the Loire in the years 1791, 1792. I will only notice that the description of the valley filled with mist, beginning — "In solemn shapes," was taken from that beautiful region of which the principal features are Lungarn and Sarnen. Nothing that I ever saw in nature left a more delightful impression on my mind than that which I have attempted, alas! how feebly, to convey to others in these lines. Those two lakes have always interested me especially, from bearing, in their size and other features, a resemblance to those of the North of England. It is much to be deplored that a district so beautiful should be so unhealthy as it is.

TO

THE REV. ROBERT JONES,

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR SIR,

However desirous I might have been of giving you proofs of the high place you hold in my esteem, I should have been cautious of wounding your delicacy by thus publicly addressing you, had not the circumstance of our having been companions among the Alps, seemed to give this dedication a propriety sufficient to do away any scruples which your modesty might otherwise have suggested.

In inscribing this little work to you, I consult my heart. You know well how great is the difference between two companions lolling in a post-chaise, and two travellers plodding slowly along the road, side by side, each with his little knapsack of necessaries upon his shoulders. How much more of heart between the two latter!

I am happy in being conscious that I shall have one reader who will approach the conclusion of these few pages with regret. You they must certainly interest, in reminding you of moments to which you can hardly look back without a pleasure not the less dear from a shade of melancholy. You will meet with few images without recollecting the spot where we observed them together; consequently, whatever is feeble in my

design, or spiritless in my coloring, will be amply supplied by your own memory.

With still greater propriety I might have inscribed to you a description of some of the features of your native mountains, through which we have wandered together, in the same manner, with so much pleasure. But the sea-sunsets, which give such splendor to the vale of Clwyd, Snowdon, the chair of Idris, the quiet village of Bethgelert, Menai and her Druids, the Alpine steeps of the Conway, and the still more interesting windings of the wizard stream of the Dee, remain yet untouched. Apprehensive that my pencil may never be exercised on these subjects, I cannot let slip this opportunity of thus publicly assuring you with how much affection and esteem

I am, dear Sir,
Most sincerely yours,

London, 1793. W. WORDSWORTH.

Happiness (if she had been to be found on earth) among the charms of Nature — Pleasures of the pedestrian Traveller — Author crosses France to the Alps — Present state of the Grande Chartreuse — Lake of Como — Time, Sunset — Same Scene, Twilight—Same Scene, Morning; its voluptuous Character; Old man and forest-cottage music — River Tusa — Via Mala and Grison Gipsy — Sckellenen-thal — Lake of Uri — Stormy sunset — Chapel of William Tell — Force of local emotion — Chamois-chaser — View of the higher Alps — Manner of life of a Swiss mountaineer, interspersed with views of the higher Alps — Golden age of the Alps — Life and views continued — Ranz des Vaches, famous Swiss Air — Abbey of Einsiedlen and its pilgrims — Valley of Chamouny — Mont Blanc — Slavery of Savoy — Influence of liberty on cottage-happiness — France — Wish for the Extirpation of slavery — Conclusion.

WERE there, below, a spot of holy ground
Where from distress a refuge might be found,
And solitude prepare the soul for heaven;
Sure, nature's God that spot to man had given
Where falls the purple morning far and wide
In flakes of light upon the mountain side;
Where with loud voice the power of water shakes
The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.
Yet not unrecompensed the man shall roam,
Who at the call of summer quits his home,
And plods through some wide realm o
vale and height,
Though seeking only holiday delight;
At least, not owning to himself an air
To which the sage would give a proud
name.
No gains too cheaply earned his fan
cloy,
Though every passing zephyr whisp
joy;
Brisk toil, alternating with ready ease
Feeds the clear current of his sympathi
For him sod-seats the cottage-door ado
And peeps the far-off spire, his even
bourn!
Dear is the forest frowning o'er his he
And dear the velvet green-sward to
tread:
Moves there a cloud o'er mid-da
flaming eye?
Upward he looks —"and calls it luxury
Kind Nature's charities his steps atte
In every babbling brook he finds a frie
While chastening thoughts of swee
use, bestowed
By wisdom, moralize his pensive road
Host of his welcome inn, the noon-t
bower,
To his spare meal he calls the pass
poor;
He views the sun uplift his golden fir
Or sink, with heart alive like Memno
lyre;[1]
Blesses the moon that comes with kin
ray,
To light him shaken by his rugged wa
Back from his sight no bashful child
steal;
He sits a brother at the cottage-meal;
His humble looks no shy restraint imp
Around him plays at will the virgin he
While unsuspended wheels the vill
dance,
The maidens eye him with inqui
glance,
Much wondering by what fit of cra
care,
Or desperate love, bewildered, he c
there.

[1] The lyre of Memnon is reported to
emitted melancholy or cheerful tones, as it
touched by the sun's evening or morning ray

pe, that prudence could not then
approve,
ung to Nature with a truant's love,
allia's wastes of corn my footsteps
led;
es of road-elms, high above my
head
g-drawn vista, rustling in the
breeze;
re her pathways straggle as they
please
ly farms and secret villages.
the Alps ascending white in air,
h the sun and glitter from afar.
now, emerging from the forest's
gloom,
thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn
hy doom.
r is fled that Power whose frown
severe
ober Reason till she crouched in
fear?
ilence, once in deathlike fetters
bound,
that were loosened only by the
sound
rites chanted in measured round?
voice of blasphemy the fane
alarms,
ister startles at the gleam of arms.
undering tube the aged angler
nears,
er the groaning flood that sweeps
away his tears.
iercing pine-trees nod their trou-
bled heads,
rocks, and lawns a browner night
o'erspreads;
error checks the female peasant's
sighs,
rt the astonished shades at female
eyes.
uno's forests screams the affright-
d jay,
w the insulted eagle wheels away.
ess flight of laughing Demons
nock
oss, by angels planted[1] on the
erial rock.

ing to crosses seen on the tops of the
s of Chartreuse, which have every ap-
of being inaccessible.

The "parting Genius" sighs with hollow
breath
Along the mystic streams of Life and
Death.[2]
Swelling the outcry dull, that long re-
sounds
Portentous through her old woods' track-
less bounds,
Vallombre,[3] 'mid her falling fanes, de-
plores,
For ever broke, the sabbath of her
bowers.
More pleased, my foot the hidden
margin roves
Of Como, bosomed deep in chestnut
groves.
No meadows thrown between, the giddy
steeps
Tower, bare of sylvan, from the narrow
deeps.
— To towns, whose shades of no rude
noise complain,
From ringing team apart and grating
wain —
To flat-roofed towns, that touch the
water's bound,
Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound,
Or, from the bending rocks, obtrusive
cling,
And o'er the whitened wave their shadows
fling —
The pathway leads, as round the steeps
it twines;
And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The loitering traveller hence, at evening,
sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between
the trees;
Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-
eyed maids
Tend the small harvest of their garden
glades;
Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to
view
Stretch o'er the pictured mirror broad
and blue,
And track the yellow lights from steep to
steep,
As up the opposing hills they slowly
creep.

[2] Names of rivers of the Chartreuse.
[3] Names of one of the valleys of the Chartreuse.

Aloft, here, half a village shines, arrayed
In golden light; half hides itself in shade:
While, from amid the darkened roofs, the spire,
Restlessly flashing, seems to mount like fire:
There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw
Rich golden verdure on the lake below.
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar;
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.
How blest, delicious scene! the eye that greets
Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats;
Beholds the unwearied sweep of wood that scales
Thy cliffs; the endless waters of thy vales;
Thy lowly cots that sprinkle all the shore,
Each with its household boat beside the door;
Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky;
Thy towns, that cleave, like swallows' nests, on high;
That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descried
Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side,
Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods;
Thy lake, that, streaked or dappled, blue or gray,
'Mid smoking woods gleams hid from morning's ray
Slow-travelling down the western hills, to enfold
Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold;
Thy glittering steeples, whence the matin bell
Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,
And quickens the blithe sound of oars that pass
Along the steaming lake, to early mass,
But now farewell to each and all — adieu
To every charm, and last and chief to you,
Ye lovely maidens that in noontide shade
Rest near your little plots of whe
glade;
To all that binds the soul in powe
trance,
Lip-dewing song, and ringlet-to
dance;
Where sparkling eyes and brea
smiles illume
The sylvan cabin's lute-enlivened gl
— Alas! the very murmur of the str
Breathes o'er the failing soul volupt
dreams,
While Slavery, forcing the sunk min
dwell
On joys that might disgrace the capt
cell,
Her shameless timbrel shakes on Co
marge,
And lures from bay to bay the vocal b
Yet are thy softer arts with p
indued
To soothe and cheer the poor man's
tude.
By silent cottage-doors, the peas
home
Left vacant for the day, I loved to r
But once I pierced the mazes of a
In which a cabin undeserted stood;
There an old man an olden me
scanned
On a rude viol touched with with
hand.
As lambs or fawns in April clusterin
Under a hoary oak's thin canopy,
Stretched at his feet, with steadfas
ward eye,
His children's children listened t
sound;
—A Hermit with his family around
But let us hence; for fair Lo
smiles
Embowered in walnut slopes and
isles:
Or seek at eve the banks of T
stream,
Where, 'mid dim towers and woods,
waters gleam.
From the bright wave, in solemn g
retire
The dull-red steeps, and, darkening
aspire

[1] The river along whose banks you desc
crossing the Alps by the Simplon Pass.

ere afar rich orange lustres glow
undistinguished clouds, and rocks,
and snow:
where Via Mala's chasms confine
lignant waters of the infant Rhine,
'er the abyss, whose else impervi-
ous gloom
rning eyes with fearful light illume.
mind condemned, without re-
prieve, to go
fe's long deserts with its charge of
woe,
d congratulation joins the train
beasts and men together o'er the
plain
n — a mighty caravan of pain:
strength, and courage, social suf-
fering brings,
ning the wilderness with shades
and springs.
e be whose lot far otherwise is
cast:
man tenant of the piny waste,
ce or doom a gypsy wanders here,
ing babe her only comforter;
ere she sits beneath yon shaggy
rock,
ering shape half hid in curling
smoke!
n lightning among clouds and
mountain-snows
inates, and darkness comes and
goes,
e fierce torrent, at the flashes
broad
like a horse, beside the glaring
road —
eks a covert from the battering
shower
oofed bridge; [1] the bridge, in that
dread hour,
l trembling at the torrent's power.
s she more at ease on some *still*
night,
not a star supplies the comfort of
ts light;
e waning moon hangs dull and
red
melancholy mountain's head,

t of the bridges among the Alps are of
d covered: these bridges have a heavy
ce, and rather injure the effect of the
some places.

Then sets. In total gloom the Vagrant
sighs,
Stoops her sick head, and shuts her weary
eyes;
Or on her fingers counts the distant clock,
Or, to the drowsy crow of midnight cock,
Listens, or quakes while from the forest's
gulf
Howls near and nearer yet the famished
wolf.
From the green vale of Urseren smooth
and wide
Descend we now, the maddened Reuss
our guide;
By rocks that, shutting out the blessed
day,
Cling tremblingly to rocks as loose as
they;
By cells [2] upon whose image, while he
prays,
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to
gaze;
By many a votive death-cross [3] planted
near,
And watered duly with the pious tear,
That faded silent from the upward eye
Unmoved with each rude form of peril
nigh;
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who
saves
Alike in whelming snows, and roaring
waves.
But soon a peopled region on the sight
Opens — a little world of calm delight;
Where mists, suspended on the expiring
gale,
Spread rooflike o'er the deep secluded
vale,
And beams of evening slipping in
between,
Gently illuminate a sober scene: —
Here, on the brown wood-cottages [4] they
sleep,
There, over rock or sloping pasture creep.

[2] The Catholic religion prevails here: these cells are, as is well known, very common in the Catholic countries, planted, like the Roman tombs, along the road side.

[3] Crosses, commemorative of the deaths of travellers by the fall of snow, and other accidents, are very common along this dreadful road.

[4] The houses in the more retired Swiss valleys are all built of wood.

On as we journey, in clear view displayed,
The still vale lengthens underneath its shade
Of low-hung vapor: on the freshened mead
The green light sparkles; — the dim bowers recede.
While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,
And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull,
In solemn shapes before the admiring eye
Dilated hang the misty pines on high,
Huge convent domes with pinnacles and towers,
And antique castles seen through gleamy showers.
From such romantic dreams, my soul, awake!
To sterner pleasure, where, by Uri's lake
In Nature's pristine majesty outspread,
Winds neither road nor path for foot to tread:
The rocks rise naked as a wall, or stretch
Far o'er the water, hung with groves of beech;
Aërial pines from loftier steeps ascend,
Nor stop but where creation seems to end.
Yet here and there, if 'mid the savage scene
Appears a scanty plot of smiling green,
Up from the lake a zigzag path will creep
To reach a small wood-hut hung boldly on the steep,
— Before those thresholds (never can they know
The face of traveller passing to and fro,)
No peasant leans upon his pole, to tell
For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;
Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark foregoes,
Touched by the beggar's moan of human woes;
The shady porch ne'er offered a cool seat
To pilgrims overcome by summer's heat,
Yet thither the world's business finds its way
At times, and tales unsought beguile the day,
And *there* are those fond thoughts which Solitude,
However stern, is powerless to exclude.

There doth the maiden watch her lo
sail
Approaching, and upbraid the tardy g
At midnight listens till his parting oa
And its last echo, can be heard no m
And what if ospreys, cormor
herons, cry
Amid tempestuous vapors driving by,
Or hovering over wastes too bleak to
That common growth of earth, the f
ful ear;
Where the green apple shrivels on
spray,
And pines the unripened pear in s
mer's kindliest ray;
Contentment shares the desolate dor
With Independence, child of high
dain.
Exulting 'mid the winter of the skie
Shy as the jealous chamois, Freedom
And grasps by fits her sword, and c
eyes;
And sometimes, as from rock to rock
bounds
The Patriot nymph starts at imag
sounds,
And, wildly pausing, oft she h
aghast,
Whether some old Swiss air hath che
her haste
Or thrill of Spartan fife is caught
tween the blast.
Swoln with incessant rains from
to hour,
All day the floods a deepening mu
pour:
The sky is veiled, and every che
sight:
Dark is the region as with coming ni
But what a sudden burst of overpo
ing light!
Triumphant on the bosom of the sto
Glances the wheeling eagle's glo
form!
Eastward, in long perspective glitte
shine
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'e
lake recline;
Those lofty cliffs a hundred streams
fold,
At once to pillars turned that flame
gold:
Behind his sail the peasant shrinks, to

west, that burns like one dilated sun,
ıcible of mighty compass, felt
ıountains, glowing till they seem to
melt.
t, lo! the boatman, overawed, be-
fore
pictured fane of Tell suspends his
oar;
used the Marathonian tale appears,
e his eyes sparkle with heroic tears.
who, that walks where men of an-
cient days
wrought with godlike arm the
deeds of praise,
not the spirit of the place control,
ɔuse and agitate his laboring soul?
who, by thinking on Canadian hills,
ild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
utphen's plain; or on that highland
dell,
ıgh which rough Garry cleaves his
way, can tell
high resolves exalt the tenderest
thought
im who passion rivets to the spot,
e breathed the gale that caught
Wolfe's happiest sigh,
the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's
eye;
e bleeding Sidney from the cup re-
tired,
glad Dundee in "faint huzzas"
expired?
now with other mind I stand alone
the summit of this naked cone,
watch the fearless chamois-hunter
chase
rey, through tracts abrupt of deso-
late space,
ɔugh vacant worlds where Nature
never gave
ok to murmur or a bough to wave,
ı unsubstantial Phantoms sacred
keep;
worlds where Life and Voice and
Motion sleep;
e silent Hours their death-like sway
extend,

Save when the avalanche breaks loose,
to rend
Its way with uproar, till the ruin,
drowned
In some dense wood or gulf of snow
profound,
Mocks the dull ear of Time with deaf
abortive sound.
— 'Tis his, while wandering on from
height to height,
To see a planet's pomp and steady light
In the least star of scarce-appearing
night;
While the pale moon moves near him,
on the bound
Of ether, shining with diminished round,
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays:
To him the day-star glitters small and
bright,
Shorn of its beams, insufferably white,
And he can look beyond the sun, and
view
Those fast-receding depths of sable blue
Flying till vision can no more pursue!
— At once bewildering mists around him
close,
And cold and hunger are his least of
woes;
The Demon of the snow, with angry roar
Descending, shuts for aye his prison door.
Soon with despair's whole weight his
spirits sink;
Bread has he none, the snow must be his
drink;
And, ere his eyes can close upon the day,
The eagle of the Alps o'ershades her prey.
Now couch thyself where, heard with
fear afar,
Thunders through echoing pines the
headlong Aar;
Or rather stay to taste the mild delights
Of pensive Underwalden's[2] pastoral
heights.
— Is there who 'mid these awful wilds
has seen
The native Genii walk the mountain
green?

or most of the images in the next sixteen
I am indebted to M. Raymond's interest-
servations annexed to his translation of
tour in Switzerland.

[2] The people of this Canton are supposed to be of a more melancholy disposition than the other inhabitants of the Alps; this, if true, may proceed from their living more secluded.

Or heard, while other worlds their charms
reveal,
Soft music o'er the aerial summit steal?
While o'er the desert, answering every
close,
Rich steam of sweetest perfume comes
and goes.
— And sure there is a secret Power that
reigns
Here, where no trace of man the spot
profanes,
Nought but the *châlets*,[1] flat and bare, on
high
Suspended 'mid the quiet of the sky;
Or distant herds that pasturing upward
creep,
And, not untended, climb the dangerous
steep.
How still! no irreligious sound or sight
Rouses the soul from her severe delight.
An idle voice the sabbath region fills
Of Deep that calls to Deep across the
hills,
And with that voice accords the soothing
sound
Of drowsy bells, for ever tinkling round;
Faint wail of eagle melting into blue
Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods'
steady *sugh*;[2]
The solitary heifer's deepened low;
Or rumbling, heard remote, of falling
snow.
All motions, sounds, and voices, far and
nigh,
Blend in a music of tranquillity;
Save when, a stranger seen below, the
boy
Shouts from the echoing hills with sav-
age joy.
When, from the sunny breast of open
seas,
And bays with myrtle fringed, the south-
ern breeze
Comes on to gladden April with the sight
Of green isles widening on each snow-
clad height;
When shouts and lowing herds the valley
fill,

[1] This picture is from the middle region of the Alps. *Châlets* are summer huts for the Swiss herdsmen.

[2] Sugh, a Scotch word expressive of the sound of the wind through the trees.

And louder torrents stun the noon-ti
hill,
The pastoral Swiss begin the cliffs
scale,
Leaving to silence the deserted vale;
And like the Patriarchs in their simp
age
Move, as the verdure leads, from sta
to stage:
High and more high in summer's h
they go,
And hear the rattling thunder far belo
Or steal beneath the mountains, half-
terred,
Where huge rocks tremble to the bello
ing herd.
One I behold who, 'cross the foami
flood,
Leaps with a bound of graceful har
hood;
Another, high on that green ledge; —
gained
The tempting spot with every sin
strained;
And downward thence a knot of grass
throws,
Food for his beasts in time of win
snows.
— Far different life from what Traditi
hoar
Transmits of happier lot in times of yo
Then Summer lingered long; and hon
flowed
From out the rocks, the wild bees' s
abode:
Continual waters welling cheered
waste,
And plants were wholesome, now
deadly taste:
Nor Winter yet his frozen stores
piled,
Usurping where the fairest herb
smiled:
Nor Hunger driven the herds from p
tures bare,
To climb the treacherous cliffs for sca
fare.
Then the milk-thistle flourished thro
the land,
And forced the full-swoln udder to
mand,
Thrice every day, the pail and welc
hand.

does the father to his children tell
anished bliss, by fancy loved too
well.
that human guilt provoked the rod
gry Nature to avenge her God.
Nature, ever just, to him imparts
nly given to uncorrupted hearts.
morn: with gold the verdant
mountain glows
high, the snowy peaks with hues of
rose.
retched beneath the many-tinted
hills,
hty waste of mist the valley fills,
lemn sea! whose billows wide
around
motionless, to awful silence bound:
on the coast, through mist their
tops uprear,
like to leaning masts of stranded
ships appear.
le chasm, a gulf of gloomy blue,
in the centre of the sea — and,
through
dark mysterious gulf ascending,
sound
erable streams with roar profound.
through the nearer vapors notes
of birds,
erry flageolet; the low of herds,
rk of dogs, the heifer's tinkling bell,
laughter, and perchance a church-
tower knell:
not, the peasant from aloft has
gazed
eard with heart unmoved, with soul
unraised:
his spirit less enrapt, nor less
o independent happiness,
when he lies, outstretched, at even-
tide
the fragrant mountain's purple side:
the pleasures of his simple day
d his native valley seldom stray,
t round its darling precincts can he
find
ings some past enjoyment to his
mind;
Hope, reclining upon Pleasure's
urn,
her wild wreaths, and whispers his
return.
e, Man entirely free, alone and wild,
Was blest as free — for he was Nature's
child.
He, all superior but his God disdained,
Walked, none restraining and by none
restrained,
Confessed no law but what his reason
taught,
Did all he wished, and wished but what
he ought.
As man in his primeval dower arrayed
The image of his glorious Sire displayed,
Even so, by faithful Nature guarded, here
The traces of primeval Man appear;
The simple dignity no forms debase;
The eye sublime, and surly lion-grace:
The slave of none, of beasts alone the
lord,
His book he prizes, nor neglects his
sword;
Well taught by that to feel his rights, pre-
pared
With this "the blessings he enjoys to
guard."
And, as his native hills encircle ground
For many a marvellous victory renowned,
The work of Freedom daring to oppose,
With few in arms,[1] innumerable foes,
When to those famous fields his steps are
led,
An unknown power connects him with
the dead:
For images of other worlds are there;
Awful the light, and holy is the air.
Fitfully, and in flashes, through his soul,
Like sun-lit tempests, troubled trans-
ports roll;
His bosom heaves, his Spirit towers
amain,
Beyond the senses and their little reign.
And oft, when that dread vision hath
past by,

[1] Alluding to several battles which the Swiss in very small numbers have gained over their oppressors, the house of Austria; and in particular, to one fought at Naeffels near Glarus, where three hundred and thirty men are said to have defeated an army of between fifteen and twenty thousand Austrians. Scattered over the valley are to be found eleven stones, with this inscription, 1388, the year the battle was fought, marking out, as I was told upon the spot, the several places where the Austrians, attempting to make a stand, were repulsed anew.

He holds with God himself communion high,
There where the peal of swelling torrents fills
The sky-roofed temple of the eternal hills;
Or when, upon the mountain's silent brow
Reclined, he sees, above him and below,
Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow;
While needle peaks of granite shooting bare
Tremble in ever-varying tints of air.
And when a gathering weight of shadows brown
Falls on the valleys as the sun goes down;
And Pikes, of darkness named and fear and storms,[1]
Uplift in quiet their illumined forms,
In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread,
Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red—
Awe in his breast with holiest love unites,
And the near heavens impart their own delights.
When downward to his winter hut he goes,
Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows;
That hut which on the hill so oft employs
His thoughts, the central point of all his joys.
And as a swallow, at the hour of rest,
Peeps often ere she darts into her nest,
So to the homestead, where the grandsire tends
A little prattling child, he oft descends,
To glance a look upon the well-matched pair;
Till storm and driving ice blockade him there.
There, safely guarded by the woods behind,
He hears the chiding of the baffled wind,
Hears Winter calling all his terrors round,
And, blest within himself, he shrinks not from the sound.

[1] As Schreck-Horn, the pike of terror; Wetter-Horn, the pike of storms, etc., etc.

Through Nature's vale his hom
pleasures glide,
Unstained by envy, discontent, and pri
The bound of all his vanity, to deck,
With one bright bell, a favorite heif
neck;
Well pleased upon some simple ann
feast,
Remembered half the year and hoped
rest,
If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard
Of thrice ten summers dignify the boa
—Alas! in every clime a flying ray
Is all we have to cheer our wintry wa
And here the unwilling mind may m
than trace
The general sorrows of the human ra
The churlish gales of penury, that blo
Cold as the north-wind o'er a waste
snow,
To them the gentle groups of bliss de
That on the noon-day bank of leisure
Yet more; —compelled by Powers wh
only deign
That *solitary* man disturb their reign,
Powers that support an unremitting st
With all the tender charities of life,
Full oft the father, when his sons h
grown
To manhood, seems their title to disov
And from his nest amid the storms
heaven
Drives, eagle-like, those sons as he
driven;
With stern composure watches to
plain —
And never, eagle-like, beholds again!
When long-familiar joys are all
signed,
Why does their sad remembrance ha
the mind?
Lo! where through flat Batavia's willo
groves,
Or by the lazy Seine, the exile roves;
O'er the curled waters Alpine measu
swell,
And search the affections to their inm
cell;
Sweet poison spreads along the listen
veins,
Turning past pleasures into mortal pai
Poison, which not a frame of steel
brave,

is young head with sorrow to the grave.[1]
lark of hope, thy silent song resume!
ttering eastern lights, once more the hills illume!
gales and dews of life's delicious morn,
nou, lost fragrance of the heart, return!
the little joy to man allowed
like the lustre of an evening cloud;
the beauty in a flower installed,
season was, and cannot be recalled.
hen oppress by sickness, grief, or care,
ught that pain is pleasure's natural heir,
ll confide in more than we can know;
would be else the favorite friend of woe.
l savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine,
n interminable tracts of pine,
a temple stands an awful shrine,
ncertain light revealed, that falls
mute Image and the troubled walls.
ve not me that eye of hard disdain
views, undimmed, Einsiedlen's[2] wretched fane.
ghastly faces through the gloom appear,
e joy, and hope that works in fear;
prayer contends with silenced agony,
in other thoughts contempt may die.
ad grave of human ignorance bear
wer of hope — oh, pass and leave it there!
tall sun, pausing on an Alpine spire,
o'er the wilderness a stream of fire:
eet we other pilgrims ere the day

Close on the remnant of their weary way;
While they are drawing toward the sacred floor
Where, so they fondly think, the worm shall gnaw no more.
How gayly murmur and how sweetly taste
The fountains[3] reared for them amid the waste!
Their thirst they slake: — they wash their toil-worn feet
And some with tears of joy each other greet.
Yes, I must see you when ye first behold
Those holy turrets tipped with evening gold,
In that glad moment will for you a sigh
Be heaved, of charitable sympathy;
In that glad moment when your hands are prest
In mute devotion on the thankful breast!
Last, let us turn to Chamouny that shields
With rocks and gloomy woods her fertile fields:
Five streams of ice amid her cots descend,
And with wild flowers and blooming orchards blend; —
A scene more fair than what the Grecian feigns
Of purple lights and ever-vernal plains;
Here all the seasons revel hand in hand:
'Mid lawns and shades by breezy rivulets fanned,
They sport beneath that mountain's matchless height
That holds no commerce with the summer night.
From age to age, throughout his lonely bounds
The crash of ruin fitfully resounds;
Appalling havoc! but serene his brow,
Where daylight lingers on perpetual snow;
Glitter the stars above, and all is black below.
What marvel then if many a Wanderer sigh,
While roars the sullen Arve in anger by,
That not for thy reward, unrivalled Vale!

well-known effect of the famous air, n French Ranz des Vaches, upon the oops.

s shrine is resorted to, from a hope of y multitudes, from every corner of the world, laboring under mental or bodily s.

[3] Rude fountains built and covered with sheds for the accommodation of the Pilgrims, in their ascent of the mountain

Waves the ripe harvest in the autumnal gale;
That thou, the slaves of slaves, art doomed to pine
And droop, while no Italian arts are thine,
To soothe or cheer, to soften or refine.
Hail Freedom! whether it was mine to stray,
With shrill winds whistling round my lonely way,
On the bleak sides of Cumbria's heath-clad moors,
Or where dank sea-weed lashes Scotland's shores;
To scent the sweets of Piedmont's breathing rose,
And orange gale that o'er Lugano blows;
Still have I found, where Tyranny prevails,
That virtue languishes and pleasure fails,
While the remotest hamlets blessings share
In thy loved presence known, and only there;
Heart-blessings — outward treasures too which the eye
Of the sun peeping through the clouds can spy,
And every passing breeze will testify.
There, to the porch, belike with jasmine bound
Or woodbine wreaths, a smoother path is wound;
The housewife there a brighter garden sees,
Where hum on busier wing her happy bees;
On infant cheeks there fresher roses blow;
And gray-haired men look up with livelier brow, —
To greet the traveller needing food and rest;
Housed for the night, or but a half-hour's guest.
And oh, fair France! though now the traveller sees
Thy three-striped banner fluctuate on the breeze;
Though martial songs have banished songs of love,
And nightingales desert the village grove,
Scared by the fife and rumbling drum's alarms,
And the short thunder, and the flash
arms;
That cease not till night falls, when
and nigh,
Sole sound, the Sourd[1] prolongs
mournful cry!
— Yet, hast thou found that Freed
spreads her power
Beyond the cottage-hearth, the cotta
door:
All nature smiles, and owns beneath
eyes
Her fields peculiar, and peculiar skies
Yes, as I roamed where Loiret's wat
glide
Through rustling aspens heard from sid
side,
When from October clouds a milder li
Fell where the blue flood rippled i
white;
Methought from every cot the watch
bird
Crowed with ear-piercing power till t
unheard;
Each clacking mill, that broke the m
muring streams,
Rocked the charmed thought in m
delightful dreams;
Chasing those pleasant dreams, the fall
leaf
Awoke a fainter sense of moral grief;
The measured echo of the distant flail
Wound in more welcome cadence do
the vale;
With more majestic course[2] the wa
rolled,
And ripening foliage shone with ric
gold.
— But foes are gathering — Liberty n
raise
Red on the hills her beacon's far-s
blaze;
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower
tower! —
Nearer and nearer comes the trying ho

[1] An insect so called, which emits a sh
melancholy cry, heard at the close of the sum
evenings, on the banks of the Loire.

[2] The duties upon many parts of the Fr
rivers were so exorbitant, that the poorer pe
deprived of the benefit of water carriage,
obliged to transport their goods by land.

, brave Land, though pride's per-
verted ire
ıell's own aid, and wrap thy fields
ın fire:
m the flames a great and glorious
birth;
new-made heaven were hailing a
new earth!
annot be: the promise is too fair
atures doomed to breathe terres-
trial air:
for this will sober reason frown
ıat promise, nor the hope disown;
ows that only from high aims en-
sue
ıerdons, and to them alone are
due.
God! by whom the strifes of
nen are weighed
mpartial balance, give thine aid
ust cause; and, oh! do thou pre-
side
ıe mighty stream now spreading
vide:
l its waters, from the heavens
supplied
ous showers, from earth by whole-
ome springs,
'er the long-parched lands with
Nile-like wings!
ant that every sceptred child of
lay
es presumptuous, "Here the flood
hall stay,"
its progress see thy guiding hand,
se the acknowledged purpose to
vithstand;
pt in anger from the insulted
hore,
th his servile bands, to rise no
nore!
ght, my Friend, within this hum-
le cot
and fear and hope alike forgot
y sleep; and when, at break of
ay,
all peaks the glistening sunbeams
lay,
light heart our course we may
renew,
whose footsteps print the moun-
ain dew.

1793.

GUILT AND SORROW;

OR,

INCIDENTS UPON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Unwilling to be unnecessarily particular, I have assigned this poem to the dates 1793 and '94; but in fact much of the "Female Vagrant's" story was composed at least two years before. All that relates to her sufferings as a sailor's wife in America, and her condition of mind during her voyage home, were faithfully taken from the report made to me of her own case by a friend who had been subjected to the same trials and affected in the same way. Mr. Coleridge, when I first became acquainted with him, was so much impressed with this poem, that it would have encouraged me to publish the whole as it then stood; but the mariner's fate appeared to me so tragical as to require a treatment more subdued and yet more strictly applicable in expression than I had at first given to it. This fault was corrected nearly fifty years afterwards, when I determined to publish the whole. It may be worth while to remark, that, though the incidents of this attempt do only in a small degree produce each other, and it deviates accordingly from the general rule by which narrative pieces ought to be governed, it is not therefore wanting in continuous hold upon the mind, or in unity, which is effected by the identity of moral interest that places the two personages upon the same footing in the reader's sympathies. My rambles over many parts of Salisbury Plain put me, as mentioned in the preface, upon writing this poem, and left on my mind imaginative impressions the force of which I have felt to this day. From that district I proceeded to Bath, Bristol, and so on to the banks of the Wye, where I took again to travelling on foot. In remembrance of that part of my journey, which was in '93, I began the verses—"Five years have passed."

ADVERTISEMENT

PREFIXED TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THIS POEM, PUBLISHED IN 1842.

Not less than one-third of the following poem, though it has from time to time been altered in the expression, was published so far back as the year 1798, under the title of "The Female Vagrant." The extract is of such length that an apology seems to be required for reprinting it here: but it was necessary to restore it to its original position, or the rest would have been unintelligible. The whole was written before the close of the year 1794, and I will detail, rather as a matter of literary biography than for any

other reason, the circumstances under which it was produced.

During the latter part of the summer of 1793, having passed a month in the Isle of Wight, in view of the fleet which was then preparing for sea off Portsmouth at the commencement of the war, I left the place with melancholy forebodings. The American war was still fresh in memory. The struggle which was beginning, and which many thought would be brought to a speedy close by the irresistible arms of Great Britain being added to those of the allies, I was assured in my own mind would be of long continuance, and productive of distress and misery beyond all possible calculation. This conviction was pressed upon me by having been a witness, during a long residence in revolutionary France, of the spirit which prevailed in that country. After leaving the Isle of Wight, I spent two days in wandering on foot over Salisbury Plain, which, though cultivation was then widely spread through parts of it, had upon the whole a still more impressive appearance than it now retains.

The monuments and traces of antiquity, scattered in abundance over that region, led me unavoidably to compare what we know or guess of those remote times with certain aspects of modern society, and with calamities, principally those consequent upon war, to which, more than other classes of men, the poor are subject. In those reflections, joined with particular facts that had come to my knowledge, the following stanzas originated.

In conclusion, to obviate some distraction in the minds of those who are well acquainted with Salisbury Plain, it may be proper to say, that of the features described as belonging to it, one or two are taken from other desolate parts of England.

I.

A TRAVELLER on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air
Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care
Both of the time to come, and time long fled:
Down fell in straggling locks his thin gray hair;
A coat he wore of military red
But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred.

II.

While thus he journeyed, step by led on,
He saw and passed a stately inn, sure
That welcome in such house for him none.
No board inscribed the needy to allu
Hung there, no bush proclaimed to and poor
And desolate, "Here you will fi friend!"
The pendent grapes glittered above door;—
On he must pace, perchance 'till descend,
Where'er the dreary roads their white lines extend.

III.

The gathering clouds grow red stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mou high;
That inn he long had passed; the tant spire,
Which oft as he looked back had his eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, i blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he around,
And scarce could any trace of ma scry,
Save cornfields stretched and stret without bound;
But where the sower dwelt was no to be found.

IV.

No tree was there, no meadow's ant green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his
Long files of corn-stacks here and were seen,
But not one dwelling-place his he cheer.
Some laborer, thought he, may chance be near;
And so he sent a feeble shout — i
No voice made answer, he could hear

stling over plots of unripe grain,
ling thro' thin grass along the
furrowed plain.

V.

l he fancied each successive slope
d some cottage, whither he
ight turn
; but now along heaven's dark-
ning cope
ws rushed by in eddies, home-
ard borne.
rned he sought some shepherd's
reading thorn
from the storm to shield his
ead,
ght in vain; for now, all wild,
rlorn,
ant, a huge waste around him
read;
cold ground, he feared, must be
s only bed.

VI.

it so—for to the chill night
lower
sharp wind his head he oft hath
ared;
he, who many a wretched hour
d; for, landing after labor hard,
endured in hope of just reward,
armèd fleet was forced away
en, who perhaps themselves had
ared
e; was hurried off, a helpless
ey,
ll that in *his* heart, or theirs
rhaps, said nay.

VII.

s the work of carnage did not
ase,
n's dire aspect daily he surveyed,
minister; then came his glad
lease,
e returned, and pleasure fondly
ade
ling in his dreams. By Fancy's
d
py husband flies, his arms to
row
s wife's neck; the prize of vic-
ry laid
In her full lap, he sees such sweet tears
flow
As if thenceforth nor pain nor trouble
she could know.

VIII

Vain hope! for fraud took all that he had
earned.
The lion roars and gluts his tawny brood
Even in the desert's heart; but he, re-
turned,
Bears not to those he loves their needful
food.
His home approaching, but in such a
mood
That from his sight his children might
have run.
He met a traveller, robbed him, shed his
blood;
And when the miserable work was done
He fled, a vagrant since, the murderer's
fate to shun.

IX.

From that day forth no place to him
could be
So lonely, but that thence might come a
pang
Brought from without to inward misery.
Now, as he plodded on, with sullen clang
A sound of chains along the desert rang;
He looked, and saw upon a gibbet high
A human body that in irons swang,
Uplifted by the tempest whirling by;
And, hovering, round it often did a raven
fly.[1]

X.

It was a spectacle which none might
view,
In spot so savage, but with shuddering
pain;
Nor only did for him at once renew
All he had feared from man, but roused a
train
Of the mind's phantoms, horrible as vain.
The stones, as if to cover him from day,
Rolled at his back along the living plain;
He fell, and without sense or motion lay;
But, when the trance was gone, feebly
pursued his way.

[1] See Note.

XI.

As one whose brain habitual frensy fires
Owes to the fit in which his soul hath tossed
Profounder quiet, when the fit retires,
Even so the dire phantasma which had crossed
His sense, in sudden vacancy quite lost,
Left his mind still as a deep evening stream.
Nor, if accosted now, in thought engrossed,
Moody, or inly troubled, would he seem
To traveller who might talk of any casual theme.

XII.

Hurtle the clouds in deeper darkness piled,
Gone is the raven timely rest to seek;
He seemed the only creature in the wild
On whom the elements their rage might wreak;
Save that the bustard, of those regions bleak
Shy tenant, seeing by the uncertain light
A man there wandering, gave a mournful shriek,
And half upon the ground, with strange affright,
Forced hard against the wind a thick unwieldy flight.

XIII.

All, all was cheerless to the horizon's bound;
The weary eye — which, whereso'er it strays,
Marks nothing but the red sun's setting round,
Or on the earth strange lines, in former days
Left by gigantic arms — at length surveys
What seems an antique castle spreading wide;
Hoary and naked are its walls, and raise
Their brow sublime: in shelter there to bide
He turned, while rain poured down smoking on every side.

XIV.

Pile of Stone-henge! so proud to h
keep
Thy secrets, thou that lov'st to sta
hear
The Plain resounding to the whirl
sweep,
Inmate of lonesome Nature's e
year;
Even if thou saw'st the giant
rear
For sacrifice its throngs of living n
Before thy face did ever wretch ap
Who in his heart had groaned with
lier pain
Than he who, tempest-driven, thy s
now would gain.

XV.

Within that fabric of mysterious fo
Winds met in conflict, each by
supreme;
And, from the perilous ground dislo
through storm
And rain he wildered on, no mo
stream
From gulf of parting clouds one fr
beam,
Nor any friendly sound his footstep
Once did the lightning's faint disa
gleam
Disclose a naked guide-post's
head,
Sight which tho' lost at once a gle
pleasure shed.

XVI.

No swinging sign-board creaked
cottage elm
To stay his steps with faintness over
'Twas dark and void as ocean's
realm
Roaring with storms beneath night
less gloom;
No gypsy cowered o'er fire of fu
broom;
No laborer watched his red kiln
bright,
Nor taper glimmered dim from sick
room;
Along the waste no line of mournfu
From lamp of lonely toll-gate str
athwart the night.

XVII.

h, though hid in clouds, the
oon arose;
ns were visible — and now re-
aled
re stands, which two bare slopes
close.
spot, where, ancient vows ful-
led,
is hands did to the Virgin build
Spital, the belated swain
night terrors of that waste to
ield:
no human being could remain,
the walls are named the "Dead
ouse" of the plain.

XVIII.

e had little cause to love the
ode
or covet sight of mortal face,
faint beams of light that ruin
owed,
l he was at length to find some
ace
n shelter in that dreary place.
s flock the early shepherd goes,
l much-needed sleep his frame
brace.
nook where fern the floor be-
ows
his stiffened limbs, — his eyes
gin to close;

XIX.

ring a deep sigh, that seemed
come
e who mourned in sleep, he
sed his head,
a woman in the naked room
ed, and turning on a restless
d:
a wan dead light around her
d.
d her — spake in tone that
uld not fail,
to calm her mind; but ill he
d,
at ruin she had heard a tale
w with freezing thoughts did all
powers assail;

XX.

Had heard of one who, forced from
storms to shroud,
Felt the loose walls of this decayed Re-
treat
Rock to incessant neighings shrill and
loud,
While his horse pawed the floor with
furious heat;
Till on a stone, that sparkled to his feet,
Struck, and still struck again, the troubled
horse:
The man half raised the stone with pain
and sweat,
Half raised, for well his arm might lose
its force
Disclosing the grim head of a late mur-
dered corse.

XXI.

Such tale of this lone mansion she had
learned,
And, when that shape, with eyes in sleep
half drowned,
By the moon's sullen lamp she first dis-
cerned,
Cold stony horror all her senses bound.
Her he addressed in words of cheering
sound;
Recovering heart, like answer did she
make;
And well it was that, of the corse there
found,
In converse that ensued she nothing
spake;
She knew not what dire pangs in him
such tale could wake.

XXII.

But soon his voice and words of kind in-
tent
Banished that dismal thought; and now
the wind
In fainter howlings told its *rage* was
spent:
Meanwhile discourse ensued of various
kind,
Which by degrees a confidence of mind
And mutual interest failed not to create.
And, to a natural sympathy resigned,
In that forsaken building where they sate
The Woman thus retraced her own unto-
ward fate.

XXIII.

"By Derwent's side my father dwelt — a man
Of virtuous life, by pious parents bred;
And I believe that, soon as I began
To lisp, he made me kneel beside my bed,
And in his hearing there my prayers I said:
And afterwards, by my good father taught,
I read, and loved the books in which I read;
For books in every neighboring house I sought,
And nothing to my mind a sweeter pleasure brought.

XXIV.

"A little croft we owned — a plot of corn,
A garden stored with peas, and mint, and thyme,
And flowers for posies, oft on Sunday morn
Plucked while the church bells rang their earliest chime.
Can I forget our freaks at shearing time!
My hen's rich nest through long grass scarce espied;
The cowslip-gathering in June's dewy prime;
The swans that with white chests up-reared in pride
Rushing and racing came to meet me at the water-side.

XXV.

"The staff I well remember which upbore
The bending body of my active sire;
His seat beneath the honied sycamore
Where the bees hummed, and chair by winter fire;
When market-morning came, the neat attire
With which, though bent on haste, myself I decked;
Our watchful house-dog, that would tease and tire
The stranger till its barking-fit I checked;
The red-breast, known for years, which at my casement pecked.

XXVI.

"The suns of twenty summers c
along, —
Too little marked how fast they
away:
But, through severe mischance and
wrong,
My father's substance fell into dec
We toiled and struggled, hoping
day
When Fortune might put on a
look;
But vain were wishes, efforts vain a
He from his old hereditary nook
Must part; the summons came;
final leave we took.

XXVII.

"It was indeed a miserable hour
When, from the last hill-top, my si
veyed,
Peering above the trees, the steeple
That on his marriage day sweet
made!
Till then, he hoped his bones migh
be laid
Close by my mother in their nativ
ers:
Bidding me trust in God, he stoo
prayed; —
I could not pray: — through tears t
in showers
Glimmered our dear-loved home,
no longer ours!

XXVIII.

"There was a Youth whom I had
so long,
That when I loved him not I cann
'Mid the green mountains many a th
less song
We two had sung, like gladsome b
May;
When we began to tire of childish
We seemed still more and more t
each other;
We talked of marriage and our m
day;
And I in truth did love him like a b
For never could I hope to meet wi
another.

XXIX.

years were passed since to a dis-
tant town
d repaired to ply a gainful trade:
ears of bitter grief, till then un-
known!
ender vows, our last sad kiss de-
layed!
n we turned: — we had no other
aid:
ne revived, upon his neck I wept;
er whom he had loved in joy, he
said,
ll could love in grief; his faith he
kept;
n a quiet home once more my
father slept.

XXX.

ived in peace and comfort; and
were blest
aily bread, by constant toil sup-
plied.
lovely babes had lain upon my
breast;
ten, viewing their sweet smiles, I
sighed,
new not why. My happy father
died,
threatened war reduced the chil-
dren's meal:
happy! that for him the grave
could hide
npty loom, cold hearth, and silent
wheel,
ears that flowed for ills which
patience might not heal.

XXXI.

as a hard change; an evil time was
come;
d no hope, and no relief could
gain;
n, with proud parade, the noisy
drum
und to clear the streets of want
and pain.
band's arms now only served to
strain
d his children hungering in his
view;
n dismay my prayers and tears
were vain:
To join those miserable men he flew,
And now to the sea coast, with numbers
more, we drew.

XXXII.

"There were we long neglected, and we
bore
Much sorrow ere the fleet its anchor
weighed;
Green fields before us, and our native
shore,
We breathed a pestilential air, that made
Ravage for which no knell was heard.
We prayed
For our departure; wished and wished
— nor knew,
'Mid that long sickness and those hopes
delayed,
That happier days we never more must
view.
The parting signal streamed — at last
the land withdrew.

XXXIII.

"But the calm summer season now was
past.
On as we drove, the equinoctial deep
Ran mountains high before the howling
blast,
And many perished in the whirlwind's
sweep.
We gazed with terror on their gloomy
sleep,
Untaught that soon such anguish must
ensue,
Our hopes such harvest of affliction reap,
That we the mercy of the waves should
rue:
We reached the western world, a poor
devoted crew.

XXXIV.

"The pains and plagues that on our
heads came down,
Disease and famine, agony and fear,
In wood or wilderness, in camp or town,
It would unman the firmest heart to hear.
All perished — all in one remorseless year,
Husband and children! one by one, by
sword
And ravenous plague, all perished: every
tear

Dried up, despairing, desolate, on board
A British ship I waked, as from a trance
restored."

XXXV.

Here paused she of all present thought
forlorn,
Nor voice nor sound, that moment's pain
expressed,
Yet Nature, with excess of grief o'er-
borne,
From her full eyes their watery load re-
leased.
He too was mute; and, ere her weeping
ceased,
He rose, and to the ruin's portal went,
And saw the dawn opening the silvery
east
With rays of promise, north and south-
ward sent;
And soon with crimson fire kindled the
firmament.

XXXVI.

"O come," he cried, "come, after
weary night
Of such rough storm, this happy change
to view."
So forth she came, and eastward looked;
the sight
Over her brow like dawn of gladness
threw;
Upon her cheek, to which its youthful hue
Seemed to return, dried the last linger-
ing tear,
And from her grateful heart a fresh one
drew:
The whilst her comrade to her pensive
cheer
Tempered fit words of hope; and the
lark warbled near.

XXXVII.

They looked and saw a lengthening road,
and wain
That rang down a bare slope not far re-
mote:
The barrows glistered bright with drops
of rain,
Whistled the wagoner with merry note,
The cock far off sounded his clarion
throat;
But town, or farm, or hamlet, none
viewed,
Only were told there stood a lonely
A long mile thence. While thither
pursued
Their way, the Woman thus her mo
ful tale renewed.

XXXVIII.

"Peaceful as this immeasurable plai
Is now, by beams of dawning light
prest,
In the calm sunshine slept the glitt
main;
The very ocean hath its hour of rest
I too forgot the heavings of my bre
How quiet 'round me ship and o
were!
As quiet all within me. I was blest
And looked, and fed upon the silent
Until it seemed to bring a joy t
despair.

XXXIX.

"Ah! how unlike those late terrific sl
And groans that rage of racking fa
spoke;
The unburied dead that lay in fest
heaps,
The breathing pestilence that rose
smoke,
The shriek that from the distant
broke,
The mine's dire earthquake, and the
lid host
Driven by the bomb's incessant thu
stroke
To loathsome vaults, where heart
anguish tossed,
Hope died, and fear itself in agony
lost!

XL.

"Some mighty gulf of separation
I seemed transported to another wo
A thought resigned with pain, when
the mast
The impatient mariner the sail unfu
And, whistling, called the wind
hardly curled
The silent sea. From the sweet tho
of home
And from all hope I was forever h

—farthest from earthly port to
roam
est, could I but shun the spot
where man might come.

XLI.

oft I thought (my fancy was so
strong)
at last, a resting-place had found;
will I dwell,' said I, 'my whole
ife long,
g the illimitable waters round;
ill I live, of all but heaven dis-
owned,
d my days upon the peaceful
flood.'—
k my dream the vessel reached
ts bound;
meless near a thousand homes I
stood,
ar a thousand tables pined and
wanted food.

XLII.

elp I sought; in sorrow turned
drift,
peless, as if cast on some bare
rock;
rsel to my mouth that day did lift,
sed my hand at any door to knock.
here, with his drowsy mates, the
cock
ne cross-timber of an out-house
hung:
y tolled, that night, the city clock!
n my sick heart hunger scarcely
stung,
the beggar's language could I fit
ny tongue.

XLIII.

ssed a second day; and, when
he third
me, I tried in vain the crowd's
esort.
eep despair, by frightful wishes
tirred,
e seaside I reached a ruined fort;
pains which nature could no more
support,
indness linked, did on my vitals
all;
er many interruptions short
Of hideous sense, I sank, nor step could
crawl:
Unsought for was the help that did my
life recall.

XLIV.

"Borne to a hospital, I lay with brain
Drowsy and weak, and shattered memory;
I heard my neighbors in their beds com-
plain
Of many things which never troubled me—
Of feet still bustling round with busy
glee,
Of looks where common kindness had
no part,
Of service done with cold formality,
Fretting the fever round the languid heart,
And groans which, as they said, might
make a dead man start.

XLV.

"These things just served to stir the
slumbering sense,
Nor pain nor pity in my bosom raised.
With strength did memory return; and,
thence
Dismissed, again on open day I gazed,
At houses, men, and common light,
amazed.
The lanes I sought, and, as the sun re-
tired,
Came where beneath the trees a fagot
blazed,
The travellers saw me weep, my fate in-
quired,
And gave me food—and rest, more wel-
come, more desired.

XLVI.

"Rough potters seemed they, trading
soberly
With panniered asses driven from door
to door;
But life of happier sort set forth to me,
And other joys my fancy to allure—
The bagpipe dinning on the midnight
moor
In barn uplighted; and companions boon,
Well met from far with revelry secure
Among the forest glades, while jocund
June
Rolled fast along the sky his warm and
genial moon.

XLVII.

"But ill they suited me — those journeys dark
O'er moor and mountain, midnight theft to hatch!
To charm the surly house-dog's faithful bark,
Or hang on tiptoe at the lifted latch.
The gloomy lantern, and the dim blue match,
The black disguise, the warning whistle shrill,
And ear still busy on its nightly watch,
Were not for me, brought up in nothing ill:
Besides, on griefs so fresh my thoughts were brooding still.

XLVIII.

"What could I do, unaided and unblest?
My father! gone was every friend of thine:
And kindred of dead husband are at best
Small help; and, after marriage such as mine,
With little kindness would to me incline.
Nor was I then for toil or service fit;
My deep-drawn sighs no effort could confine;
In open air forgetful would I sit
Whole hours, with idle arms in moping sorrow knit.

XLIX.

"The roads I paced, I loitered through the fields;
Contentedly, yet sometimes self-accused.
Trusted my life to what chance bounty yields,
Now coldly given, now utterly refused.
The ground I for my bed have often used:
But what afflicts my peace with keenest ruth,
Is that I have my inner self abused,
Foregone the home delight of constant truth,
And clear and open soul, so prized in fearless youth.

L.

"Through tears the rising sun I oft have viewed,
Through tears have seen him towards that world descend
Where my poor heart lost all its fortitu
Three years a wanderer now my cour
bend —
Oh! tell me whither — for no ear
friend
Have I." — She ceased, and wee
turned away;
As if because her tale was at an end,
She wept; because she had no mor
say
Of that perpetual weight which on
spirit lay.

LI.

True sympathy the Sailor's looks
pressed,
His looks — for pondering he was n
the while.
Of social Order's care for wretchedn
Of Time's sure help to calm and recon
Joy's second spring and Hope's l
treasured smile,
'T was not for *him* to speak — a ma
tried.
Yet, to relieve her heart, in friendly s
Proverbial words of comfort he appl
And not in vain, while they went pa
side by side.

LII.

Ere long, from heaps of turf, be
their sight,
Together smoking in the sun's s
beam,
Rise various wreaths that into one u
Which high and higher mounts with
ver gleam:
Fair spectacle, — but instantly a scr
Thence bursting shrill did all remark
vent;
They paused, and heard a hoarser v
blaspheme,
And female cries. Their course
thither bent,
And met a man who foamed with a
vehement.

LIII.

A woman stood with quivering lips
pale,
And, pointing to a little child that la
Stretched on the ground, began a pit
tale;
How in a simple freak of thoughtless

ad provoked his father, who straightway,
each blow were deadlier than the last,
k the poor innocent. Pallid with dismay
Soldier's Widow heard and stood aghast;
stern looks on the man her gray-haired comrade cast.

LIV.

oice with indignation rising high
further deed in manhood's name forbade;
peasant, wild in passion, made reply
bitter insult and revilings sad;
d him in scorn what business there he had;
kind of plunder he was hunting now;
gallows would one day of him be glad; —
gh inward anguish damped the Sailor's brow,
alm he seemed as thoughts so poignant would allow.

LV.

he stroked the child, who lay outstretched
face to earth; and, as the boy turned round
battered head, a groan the Sailor fetched
he saw — there and upon that ground —
ge repetition of the deadly wound
ad himself inflicted. Through his brain
ce the griding iron passage found;
e of tender thoughts then rushed amain,
ould his sunken eyes the starting tear restrain.

LVI.

n himself he said — What hearts have we!
lessing this a father gives his child!
appy thou, poor boy! compared with me,
ing not doing ill — fate far more mild.
The stranger's looks and tears of wrath beguiled
The father, and relenting thoughts awoke;
He kissed his son — so all was reconciled.
Then, with a voice which inward trouble broke
Ere to his lips it came, the Sailor them bespoke.

LVII.

"Bad is the world, and hard is the world's law
Even for the man who wears the warmest fleece;
Much need have ye that time more closely draw
The bond of nature, all unkindness cease,
And that among so few there still be peace:
Else can ye hope but with such numerous foes
Your pains shall ever with your years increase?" —
While from his heart the appropriate lesson flows,
A correspondent calm stole gently o'er his woes.

LVIII.

Forthwith the pair passed on; and down they look
Into a narrow valley's pleasant scene
Where wreaths of vapor tracked a winding brook,
That babbled on through groves and meadows green;
A low-roofed house peeped out the trees between;
The dripping groves resound with cheerful lays,
And melancholy lowings intervene
Of scattered herds, that in the meadow graze,
Some amid lingering shade, some touched by the sun's rays.

LIX.

They saw and heard, and, winding with the road,
Down a thick wood, they dropt into the vale;
Comfort, by prouder mansions unbestowed,
Their wearied frames, she hoped, would soon regale.

Erelong they reached that cottage in the dale:
It was a rustic inn;—the board was spread,
The milk-maid followed with her brimming pail,
And lustily the master carved the bread,
Kindly the housewife pressed, and they in comfort fed.

LX.

Their breakfast done, the pair, though loth, must part;
Wanderers whose course no longer now agrees.
She rose and bade farewell! and, while her heart
Struggled with tears nor could its sorrow ease,
She left him there; for, clustering round his knees,
With his oak-staff the cottage children played.
And soon she reached a spot o'erhung with trees
And banks of ragged earth; beneath the shade
Across the pebbly road a little runnel strayed.

LXI.

A cart and horse beside the rivulet stood;
Checkering the canvas roof the sunbeams shone.
She saw the carman bend to scoop the flood
As the wain fronted her,—wherein lay one,
A pale-faced Woman, in disease far gone.
The carman wet her lips as well behoved;
Bed under her lean body there was none,
Though even to die near one she most had loved
She could not of herself those wasted limbs have moved.

LXII.

The Soldier's Widow learned with honest pain
And homefelt force of sympathy sincere,
Why thus that worn-out wretch must there sustain
The jolting road and morning air severe.
The wain pursued its way; and follow
near
In pure compassion she her steps retra
Far as the cottage. "A sad sigh
here,"
She cried aloud; and forth ran ou
haste
The friends whom she had left but a
minutes past.

LXIII.

While to the door with eager speed t
ran,
From her bare straw the Woman half
raised
Her bony visage—gaunt and dea
wan;
No pity asking, on the group she gaz
With a dim eye, distracted and amaz
Then sank upon her straw with fe
moan.
Fervently cried the housewife—"
be praised,
I have a house that I can call my ow
Nor shall she perish there, untended
alone!"

LXIV.

So in they bear her to the chimney s
And busily, though yet with fear, un
Her garments, and, to warm her icy
And chafe her temples, careful ha
apply.
Nature reviving, with a deep-drawn
She strove, and not in vain, her hea
rear;
Then said—"I thank you all; if I
die,
The God in heaven my prayers for
will hear;
Till now I did not think my end
been so near.

LXV.

"Barred every comfort labor could
cure,
Suffering what no endurance could
suage,
I was compelled to seek my fat
door,
Though loath to be a burthen on his

ickness stopped me in an early stage
y sad journey ; and within the wain
placed me — there to end life's
pilgrimage,
ss beneath your roof I may remain ;
I shall never see my father's door
again.

LXVI.

life, Heaven knows, hath long been
burthensome ;
f I have not meekly suffered, meek
my end be ! Soon will this voice
be dumb :
d child of mine e'er wander hither,
speak
ie, say that the worm is on my
cheek. —
from our hut, that stood beside the
sea
Portland lighthouse in a lonesome
creek,
usband served in sad captivity
ipboard, bound till peace or death
should set him free.

LXVII.

ailor's wife I knew a widow's cares,
wo sweet little ones partook my
bed ;
cheered my dreams, and to my
daily prayers
eavenly Father granted each day's
bread ;
ne was found by stroke of violence
dead,
e body near our cottage chanced to
lie ;
suspicion drove us from our shed ;
n to find a friendly face we try,
ould we live together those poor
boys and I ;

LXVIII.

evil tongues made oath how on
that day
usband lurked about the neighbor-
hood ;
ie had fled, and whither none could
say,
e had done the deed in the dark
wood —
Near his own home ! — but he was mild
and good ;
Never on earth was gentler creature seen;
He'd not have robbed the raven of its
food.
My husband's loving kindness stood be-
tween
Me and all worldly harms and wrongs
however keen."

LXIX.

Alas ! the thing she told with laboring
breath
The Sailor knew too well. That wick-
edness
His hand had wrought; and when, in the
hour of death,
He saw his Wife's lips move his name to
bless
With her last words, unable to suppress
His anguish, with his heart he ceased to
strive;
And, weeping loud in this extreme dis-
tress,
He cried — "Do pity me ! That thou
shouldst live
I neither ask nor wish — forgive me, but
forgive ! "

LXX.

To tell the change that Voice within her
wrought
Nature by sign or sound made no essay;
A sudden joy surprised expiring thought,
And every mortal pang dissolved away.
Borne gently to a bed, in death she lay;
Yet still while over her the husband bent,
A look was in her face which seemed to
say,
"Be blest; by sight of thee from heaven
was sent
Peace to my parting soul, the fulness of
content."

LXXI.

She slept in peace, — his pulses throbbed
and stopped,
Breathless he gazed upon her face, —
then took
Her hand in his, and raised it, but both
dropped,
When on his own he cast a rueful look.

His ears were never silent; sleep forsook
His burning eyelids stretched and stiff as lead;
All night from time to time under him shook
The floor as he lay shuddering on his bed;
And oft he groaned aloud, "O God, that I were dead!"

LXXII.

The Soldier's Widow lingered in the cot,
And, when he rose, he thanked her pious care
Through which his Wife, to that kind shelter brought,
Died in his arms; and with those thanks a prayer
He breathed for her, and for that merciful pair.
The corse interred, not one hour he remained
Beneath their roof, but to the open air
A burthen, now with fortitude sustained,
He bore within a breast where dreadful quiet reigned.

LXXIII.

Confirmed of purpose, fearlessly prepared
For act and suffering, to the city straight
He journeyed, and forthwith his crime declared:
"And from your doom," he added, "now I wait,
Nor let it linger long, the murderer's fate."
Not ineffectual was that piteous claim:
"O welcome sentence which will end though late,"
He said, "the pangs that to my conscience came
Out of that deed. My trust, Saviour! is in thy name!"

LXXIV.

His fate was pitied. Him in iron case
(Reader, forgive the intolerable thought)
They hung not:— no one on *his* form or face
Could gaze, as on a show by idlers sought;
No kindred sufferer, to his death-p
brought
By lawless curiosity or chance,
When into storm the evening sk
wrought,
Upon his swinging corse an eye
glance,
And drop, as he once dropped, in mi
able trance.

1793–94. 18

LINES

Left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, which st
near the lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate
of the shore, commanding a beautiful pros

Composed in part at school at Hawksh
The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Com
on which it stood, that ran parallel to the
and lay open to it, has long been enclosed
that the road has lost much of its attrac
This spot was my favorite walk in the eve
during the latter part of my school-time. Th
dividual whose habits and character are here g
was a gentleman of the neighborhood, a m
talent and learning, who had been educated a
of our Universities, and returned to pass his
in seclusion on his own estate. He died a bac
in middle age. Induced by the beauty o
prospect, he built a small summer-house o
rocks above the peninsula on which the ferry-h
stands. This property afterwards passed int
hands of the late Mr. Curwen. The site was
ago pointed out by Mr. West in his "Guide,"
pride of the lakes, and now goes by the na
"The Station." So much used I to be deli
with the view from it, while a little boy, that
years before the first pleasure-house was bu
led thither from Hawkshead a youngster
my own age, an Irish boy, who was a serva
an itinerant conjurer. My motive was to w
the pleasure I expected the boy would re
from the prospect of the islands below an
intermingling water. I was not disappoi
and I hope the fact, insignificant as it may a
to some, may be thought worthy of note by
who may cast their eye over these notes.

NAY, Traveller! rest. This lonely Y
tree stands
Far from all human dwelling: what if
No sparkling rivulet spread the ver
herb?
What if the bee love not these b
boughs?

If the wind breathe soft, the curling
waves,
break against the shore, shall lull thy
mind
he soft impulse saved from vacancy.
——————Who he was
piled these stones and with the mossy
sod
covered, and here taught this aged
Tree
its dark arms to form a circling
bower,
I remember. — He was one who
owned
mmon soul. In youth by science
nursed,
ed by nature into a wild scene
ty hopes, he to the world went forth
ored Being, knowing no desire
genius did not hallow; 'gainst the
taint
ssolute tongues, and jealousy, and
hate,
scorn, — against all enemies pre-
pared,
ut neglect. The world, for so it
thought,
him no service; wherefore he at
once
indignation turned himself away,
vith the food of pride sustained his
soul
litude. — Stranger! these gloomy
boughs
harms for him; and here he loved
to sit,
nly visitants a straggling sheep,
tone-chat, or the glancing sand-
piper:
n these barren rocks, with fern and
heath,
niper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,
his downcast eye, he many an hour
bid pleasure nourished, tracing here
blem of his own unfruitful life:
ifting up his head, he then would
gaze
e more distant scene, — how lovely
't is
seest, — and he would gaze till it
became
velier, and his heart could not sus-
tain
The beauty, still more beauteous! Nor,
that time,
When nature had subdued him to herself,
Would he forget those Beings to whose
minds,
Warm from the labors of benevolence,
The world, and human life, appeared a
scene
Of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh,
Inly disturbed, to think that others felt
What he must never feel: and so, lost
Man!
On visionary views would fancy feed,
Till his eye streamed with tears. In this
deep vale
He died, — this seat his only monument.
If Thou be one whose heart the holy
forms
Of young imagination have kept pure,
Stranger! henceforth be warned; and
know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he, who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought
with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works, one who
might move
The wise man to that scorn which wis-
dom holds
Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
Instructed that true knowledge leads to
love;
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

1795. 1798.

THE BORDERERS.[1]

A Tragedy.

Of this dramatic work I have little to say in addition to the short note which will be found at the end of the volume. It was composed at Racedown in Dorsetshire during the latter part of the year 1795, and in the course of the following year. Had it been the work of a later period of life, it would have been different in some respects from what it is now. The plot would have been something more complex, and a greater

[1] See Note.

variety of characters introduced to relieve the mind from the pressure of incidents so mournful. The manners also would have been more attended to. My care was almost exclusively given to the passions and the characters, and the position in which the persons in the Drama stood relatively to each other, that the reader (for I had then no thought of the Stage) might be moved, and to a degree instructed, by lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature. In this endeavor, I cannot think, upon a very late review, that I have failed. As to the scene and period of action, little more was required for my purpose than the absence of established law and government; so that the agents might be at liberty to act on their own impulses. Nevertheless, I do remember that, having a wish to color the manners in some degree from local history more than my knowledge enabled me to do, I read Redpath's "History of the Borders," but found there nothing to my purpose. I once made an observation to Sir Walter Scott, in which he concurred, that it was difficult to conceive how so dull a book could be written on such a subject. Much about the same time, but a little after, Coleridge was employed in writing his tragedy of "Remorse;" and it happened that soon after, through one of the Mr. Pooles, Mr. Knight the actor heard that we had been engaged in writing Plays, and upon his suggestion mine was curtailed, and I believe Coleridge's also was offered to Mr. Harris, manager of Covent Garden. For myself, I had no hope nor even a wish (though a successful play would, in the then state of my finances, have been a most welcome piece of good fortune) that he should accept my performance; so that I incurred no disappointment when the piece was *judiciously* returned as not calculated for the Stage. In this judgment I entirely concurred, and had it been otherwise, it was so natural for me to shrink from public notice, that any hope I might have had of success would not have reconciled me altogether to such an exhibition. Mr. C.'s play was, as is well known, brought forward several years after through the kindness of Mr. Sheridan. In conclusion I may observe that while I was composing this Play I wrote a short essay illustrative of that constitution and those tendencies of human nature which make the apparently *motiveless* actions of bad men intelligible to careful observers. This was partly done with reference to the character of Oswald, and his persevering endeavor to lead the man he disliked into so heinous a crime; but still more to preserve in my distinct remembrance what I had observed of transition in character, and the reflections I had been led to make during the time I was a witness of the changes through which the French Revolution passed.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARMADUKE. }
OSWALD. }
WALLACE. } Of the Band of Borde
LACY. }
LENNOX. }

HERBERT.
WILFRED, Servant to MARMADUKE.
Host.
Forester.
ELDRED, a Peasant.
Peasant, Pilgrims, etc.
IDONEA.
Female Beggar.
ELEANOR, Wife to ELDRED.

SCENE. — *Borders of England and Scotl*

TIME. — *The Reign of Henry III.*

Readers already acquainted with my P will recognize, in the following composition, eight or ten lines which I have not scrupl retain in the places where they originally s It is proper, however, to add, that they woul have been used elsewhere, if I had foresee time when I might be induced to publish Tragedy.

February 28, 1842.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *Road in a Wood.*

WALLACE *and* LACY.

Lacy. The troop will be impatient
us hie
Back to our post, and strip the Sco
Foray
Of their rich Spoil, ere they recross
Border.
— Pity that our young Chief will hav
part
In this good service.
Wal. Rather let us g
That, in the undertaking which has ca
His absence, he hath sought, whate'e
aim,
Companionship with One of crooked w
From whose perverted soul can com
good
To our confiding, open-hearted, Lea
Lacy. True; and, remembering
the Band have proved
That Oswald finds small favor in
sight,
Well may we wonder he has gained
power
Over our much-loved Captain.

. I have heard
ne dark deed to which in early life
ssion drove him — then a Voyager
the midland Sea. You knew his
bearing
estine?
. Where he despised alike
medan and Christian. But
enough;
begone — the Band may else be
foiled. [*Exeunt.*
er MARMADUKE *and* WILFRED.
. Be cautious, my dear Master.
. I perceive
ar is like a cloak which old men
huddle
their love, as if to keep it warm.
. Nay, but I grieve that we should
part. This Stranger,
ch he is —
. Your busy fancies, Wilfred,
tempt me to a smile; but what of
him?
. You know that you have saved
his life.
. I know it.
. And that he hates you! — Pardon
me, perhaps
ord was hasty.
. Fy! no more of it.
. Dear Master! gratitude's a heavy
burden
proud Soul. — Nobody loves this
Oswald —
lf, you do not love him.
. I do more,
him. Strong feelings to his heart
tural; and from no one can be
learnt
of man's thoughts and ways than
his experience
ven him power to teach: and then
for courage
nterprise — what perils hath he
shunned?
bstacles hath he failed to over-
come?
these questions, from our common
knowledge,
at rest.
Oh, Sir!
. Peace, my good Wilfred;
to Liddesdale, and tell the Band
I shall be with them in two days, at farthest.
Wil. May He whose eye is over all protect you! [*Exit.*

Enter OSWALD (*a bunch of plants in his hand*).
Osw. This wood is rich in plants and curious simples.
Mar. (*looking at them*). The wild rose, and the poppy, and the nightshade:
Which is your favorite, Oswald?
Osw. That which, while it is
Strong to destroy, is also strong to heal—
[*Looking forward.*
Not yet in sight! — We'll saunter here awhile;
They cannot mount the hill, by us unseen.
Mar. (*a letter in his hand*). It is no common thing when one like you
Peforms these delicate services, and therefore
I feel myself much bounden to you, Oswald;
'Tis a strange letter this! — You saw her write it?
Osw. And saw the tears with which she blotted it.
Mar. And nothing less would satisfy him?
Osw. No less;
For that another in his Child's affection
Should hold a place, as if 'twere robbery,
He seemed to quarrel with the very thought.
Besides, I know not what strange prejudice
Is rooted in his mind; this Band of ours,
Which you've collected for the noblest ends,
Along the confines of the Esk and Tweed
To guard the Innocent — he calls us "Outlaws";
And, for yourself, in plain terms he asserts
This garb was taken up that indolence
Might want no cover, and rapacity
Be better fed.
Mar. Ne'er may I own the heart
That cannot feel for one, helpless as he is.
Osw. Thou know'st me for a Man not easily moved,
Yet was I grievously provoked to think
Of what I witnessed.

Mar. This day will suffice
To end her wrongs.
Osw. But if the blind Man's tale
Should *yet* be true?
Mar. Would it were possible!
Did not the soldier tell thee that himself,
And others who survived the wreck, beheld
The Baron Herbert perish in the waves
Upon the coast of Cyprus?
Osw. Yes, even so,
And I had heard the like before: in sooth
The tale of this his quondam Barony
Is cunningly devised; and, on the back
Of his forlorn appearance, could not fail
To make the proud and vain his tributaries,
And stir the pulse of lazy charity.
The seignories of Herbert are in Devon;
We, neighbors of the Esk and Tweed: 'tis much
The Arch-Impostor —
Mar. Treat him gently, Oswald;
Though I have never seen his face, methinks,
There cannot come a day when I shall cease
To love him. I remember, when a Boy
Of scarcely seven years' growth, beneath the Elm
That casts its shade over our village school,
'Twas my delight to sit and hear Idonea
Repeat her Father's terrible adventures,
Till all the band of playmates wept together;
And that was the beginning of my love.
And, through all converse of our later years,
An image of this old Man still was present,
When I had been most happy. Pardon me
If this be idly spoken.
Osw. See, they come,
Two Travellers!
Mar. (*points*). The woman is Idonea.
Osw. And leading Herbert.
Mar. We must let them pass—
This thicket will conceal us.
[*They step aside.*

Enter IDONEA, *leading* HERBERT *blind.*

Idon. Dear Father, you sigh deeply; ever since
We left the willow shade by the brookside,
Your natural breathing has been trou
Her.
You are too fearful; yet must I con
Our march of yesterday had better s
A firmer step than mine.
Idon. That dismal Mo
In spite of all the larks that cheere
path,
I never can forgive it: but how stea
You paced along, when the bewild
moonlight
Mocked me with many a strange fan
shape! —
I thought the Convent never woul
pear;
It seemed to move away from us: an
That you are thus the fault is mine
the air
Was soft and warm, no dew lay o
grass,
And midway on the waste ere nigh
fallen
I spied a Covert walled and roofed
sods —
A miniature; belike some Shepherd
Who might have found a nothing-
hour
Heavier than work, raised it: within
hut
We might have made a kindly b
heath,
And thankfully there rested side by
Wrapped in our cloaks, and, with rec
strength,
Have hailed the morning sun. But
ily, Father, —
That staff of yours, I could almost
heart
To fling't away from you: you make
Of me, or of my strength; — come, I
feel
That you do press upon me. The
indeed
You are quite exhausted. Let us
awhile
On this green bank. [*He sits*
Her. (*after some time*). Idonea
are silent,
And I divine the cause.
Idon. Do not reproach
I pondered patiently your wish and
When I gave way to your request
now,

I behold the ruins of that face,
eyeballs dark — dark beyond hope
of light,
ink that they were blasted for my
sake,
me of Marmaduke is blown away:
, I would not change that sacred
feeling
this world can give.
. Nay, be composed:
inutes gone a faintness overspread
me, and I bethought me of two
things
had heart to separate—my grave,
ee, my Child!
. Believe me, honored Sire!
earines that breeds these gloomy
fancies,
ou mistake the cause: you hear the
woods
d with music, could you see the sun,
ook upon the pleasant face of
Nature —
. I comprehend thee — I should be
as cheerful
ve two were twins; two songsters
bred
same nest, my springtime one with
thine.
cies, fancies if they be, are such
e, dear Child! from a far deeper
source
odily weariness. While here we sit
ny strength returning. — The be-
quest
kind Patroness, which to receive
ve thus far adventured, will suffice
thee from the extreme of penury;
en thy Father must lie down and
die,
ilt thou stand alone?
. Is he not strong?
ot valiant?
Am I then so soon
en? have my warnings passed so
quickly
thy mind? My dear, my only,
Child;
wouldst be leaning on a broken
reed —
armaduke —
. O could you hear his voice:
ou do not know him. He is one
(I wot not what ill tongue has wronged
him with you)
All gentleness and love. His face be-
speaks
A deep and simple meekness: and that
Soul,
Which with the motion of a virtuous act
Flashes a look of terror upon guilt,
Is, after conflict, quiet as the ocean,
By a miraculous finger, stilled at once.
Her. Unhappy Woman!
Idon. Nay, it was my duty
Thus much to speak; but think not I for-
get —
Dear Father! how *could* I forget and
live —
You and the story of that doleful night
When, Antioch blazing to her topmost
towers,
You rushed into the murderous flames,
returned
Blind as the grave, but, as you oft have
told me,
Clasping your infant Daughter to your
heart.
Her. Thy Mother too! — scarce had I
gained the door,
I caught her voice; she threw herself upon
me,
I felt thy infant brother in her arms;
She saw my blasted face — a tide of sol-
diers
That instant rushed between us, and I
heard
Her last death-shriek, distinct among a
thousand.
Idon. Nay, Father, stop not; let me
hear it all.
Her. Dear Daughter! precious relic of
that time —
For my old age it doth remain with thee
To make it what thou wilt. Thou hast
been told,
That when, on our return from Palestine,
I found how my domains had been usurped,
I took thee in my arms, and we began
Our wanderings together. Providence
At length conducted us to Rossland, —
there,
Our melancholy story moved a Stranger
To take thee to her home, and for myself,
Soon after, the good Abbot of St. Cuth-
bert's

Supplied my helplessness with food and raiment,
And, as thou know'st, gave me that humble Cot
Where now we dwell. — For many years I bore
Thy absence, till old age and fresh infirmities
Exacted thy return, and our reunion.
I did not think that, during that long absence,
My Child, forgetful of the name of Herbert,
Had given her love to a wild Freebooter,
Who here, upon the borders of the Tweed,
Doth prey alike on two distracted Countries,
Traitor to both.

Idon. Oh, could you hear his voice!
I will not call on Heaven to vouch for me,
But let this kiss speak what is in my heart.

Enter a Peasant.

Pea. Good morrow, Strangers! If you want a Guide,
Let me have leave to serve you!

Idon. My Companion
Hath need of rest; the sight of Hut or Hostel
Would be most welcome.

Pea. Yon white Hawthorn gained,
You will look down into a dell, and there
Will see an ash from which a sign-board hangs;
The house is hidden by the shade. Old Man,
You seem worn out with travel — shall I support you?

Her. I thank you; but, a resting-place so near,
'T were wrong to trouble you.

Pea. God speed you both.
[*Exit* Peasant.

Her. Idonea, we must part. Be not alarmed —
'T is but for a few days — a thought has struck me.

Idon. That I should leave you at this house, and thence
Proceed alone. It shall be so; for strength
Would fail you ere our journey's end be reached.

[*Exit* HERBERT *supported by* IDONEA.

Re-enter MARMADUKE *and* OSWALD.

Mar. This instant we will stop h
Osw. Be not
For, sometimes, in despite of my co
tion,
He tempted me to think the Story
'T is plain he loves the Maid, and
he said
That savored of aversion to thy na
Appeared the genuine color of his s
Anxiety lest mischief should befall
After his death.

Mar. I have been much dec
Osw. But sure he loves the M
and never love
Could find delight to nurse itse
strangely,
Thus to torment her with *invention*
death —
There must be truth in this.

Mar. Truth in his
He must have felt it then, known
it was,
And in such wise to rack her gentle
Had been a tenfold cruelty.

Osw. Strange ple
Do we poor mortals cater for ourse
To see him thus provoke her tende
With tales of weakness and infirmi
I'd wager on his life for twenty ye

Mar. We will not waste an h
such a cause.

Osw. Why, this is noble! shal
off at once.

Mar. Her virtues are his i
ments. — A Man
Who has so practised on the world
sense,
May well deceive his Child — what
her thus,
A prey to a deceiver? — no — no —
'Tis but a word and then —

Osw. Something i
More than we see, or whence this
aversion?
Marmaduke! I suspect unworthy t
Have reached his ear — you hav
enemies.

Mar. Enemies! — of his own co

Osw. That m
But wherefore slight protection such
Have power to yield? perhaps he
elsewhere. —
I am perplexed.

. What hast thou heard or seen?
No — no — the thing stands clear
of mystery;
u have said) he coins himself the
slander
hich he taints her ear; — for a
plain reason;
eads the presence of a virtuous
man
ou; he knows your eye would
search his heart,
stice stamp upon his evil deeds
nishment they merit. All is plain:
ot be —
. What cannot be?
Yet that a Father
in his love admit no rivalship,
rture thus the heart of his own
Child —
. Nay, you abuse my friendship!
Heaven forbid! —
was a circumstance, trifling in-
deed —
k me at the time — yet I believe
should have thought of it again
the scene which we by chance
have witnessed.
. What is your meaning?
Two days gone I saw,
at a distance and he was dis-
guised,
ng round Herbert's door, a man
whose figure
bled much that cold voluptuary,
ain, Clifford. He hates you, and
he knows
he can stab you deepest.
. Clifford never
stoop to skulk about a Cottage
door —
l not be.
And yet I now remember,
hen your praise was warm upon
my tongue,
e blind Man was told how you had
rescued
en from the ruffian violence
same Clifford, he became impa-
tient
uld not hear me.
. No — if cannot be —
not trust myself with such a
thought —
Yet whence this strange aversion? You
are a man
Not used to rash conjectures —
Osw. If you deem it
A thing worth further notice, we must act
With caution, sift the matter artfully.
[*Exeunt* MARMADUKE *and* OSWALD.

SCENE. — *The door of the Hostel.*
HERBERT, IDONEA, *and* Host.
Her. (*seated*). As I am dear to you,
remember, Child!
This last request.
Idon. You know me, Sire; farewell!
Her. And are you going then?
Come, come, Idonea.
We must not part, — I have measured
many a league
When these old limbs had need of rest, —
and now
I will not play the sluggard.
Idon. Nay, sit down.
[*Turning to* Host.
Good Host, such tendance as you would
expect
From your own Children, if yourself
were sick,
Let this old Man find at your hands;
poor Leader,
[*Looking at the dog.*
We soon shall meet again. If thou ne-
glect
This charge of thine, then ill befall thee!
— Look,
The little fool is loath to stay behind.
Sir Host! by all the love you bear to
courtesy,
Take care of him, and feed the truant
well.
Host. Fear not, I will obey you; —
but One so young,
And One so fair, it goes against my heart
That you should travel unattended,
Lady! —
I have a palfrey and a groom: the lad
Shall squire you, (would it not be better,
Sir?)
And for less fee than I would let him run
For any lady I have seen this twelvemonth.
Idon. You know, Sir, I have been
too long your guard
Not to have learnt to laugh at little
fears.

Why, if a wolf should leap from out a thicket,
A look of mine would send him scouring back,
Unless I differ from the thing I am
When you are by my side.
Her. Idonea, wolves
Are not the enemies that move my fears.
Idon. No more, I pray, of this. Three days at farthest
Will bring me back — protect him, Saints — farewell! [*Exit* IDONEA.
Host. 'Tis never drought with us — St. Cuthbert and his Pilgrims,
Thanks to them, are to us a stream of comfort:
Pity the Maiden did not wait a while;
She could not, Sir, have failed of company.
Her. Now she is gone, I fain would call her back.
Host (*calling*). Holla!
Her. No, no, the business must be done. —
What means this riotous noise?
Host. The villagers
Are flocking in — a wedding festival —
That's all — God save you, Sir.
Enter OSWALD.
Osw. Ha! as I live,
The Baron Herbert.
Host. Mercy, the Baron Herbert!
Osw. So far into your journey! on my life,
You are a lusty Traveller. But how fare you?
Her. Well as the wreck I am permits. And you, Sir?
Osw. I do not see Idonea.
Her. Dutiful Girl,
She is gone before, to spare my weariness.
But what has brought you hither?
Osw. A slight affair,
That will be soon despatched.
Her. Did Marmaduke
Receive that letter?
Osw. Be at peace. — The tie
Is broken, you will hear no more of *him*.
Her. This is true comfort, thanks a thousand times! —
That noise! — would I had gone with her as far
As the Lord Clifford's Castle: I
heard
That, in his milder moods, he h
pressed
Compassion for me. His influe
great
With Henry, our good King; — the
might
Have heard my suit, and urged m
at Court.
No matter — he's a dangerous M
That noise! —
'T is too disorderly for sleep or res
Idonea would have fears for me,
Convent
Will give me quiet lodging. You
boy, good Host,
And he must lead me back.
Osw. You are most
I have been waiting in the wood h
For a companion — here he come
journey
Enter MARMADUKE.
Lies on your way; accept us a
Guides.
Her. Alas! I creep so slowly.
Osw. Neve
We'll not complain of that.
Her. My limbs a
And need repose. Could you b
an hour?
Osw. Most willingly! — Come,
lead you in,
And, while you take your rest, thi
of us;
We'll stroll into the wood; lean
arm.
[*Conducts* HERBERT *into the*
Exit MARMADUKE.
Enter Villagers.
Osw. (*to himself coming out of the*
I have prepared a most apt
ment —
The Vagrant must, no doubt, be l
somewhere
About this ground; she hath a
well skilled,
By mingling natural matter of her
With all the daring fictions I have
her,
To win belief, such as my plot re
[*Exit* O

more Villagers, *a* Musician *among them.*

t (to them). Into the court, my Friend, and perch yourself
upon the elm-tree. Pretty maids, ıds and flowers, and cakes and merry thoughts,
ere, to send the sun into the west speedily than you belike would wish.

changes to the Wood adjoining the tel. — MARMADUKE *and* OSWALD *entering.*

r. I would fain hope that we deceive ourselves:
first I saw him sitting there, alone, ck upon my heart I know not how. . To-day will clear up all. — You marked a Cottage,
agged Dwelling, close beneath a rock
brookside: it is the abode of One, den innocent till ensnared by Clifford,
ɔon grew weary of her; but, alas! she had seen and suffered turned her brain.
f by her Betrayer, she dwells alone, ves her hands to any needful work: ts her food which every day the peasants
o her hut; and so the Wretch has lived
ars; and no one ever heard her voice;
ry night at the first stroke of twelve its her house, and, in the neighboring Churchyard
he self-same spot, in rain or storm, ces out the hour 'twixt twelve and one —
ces round and round an Infant's grave,
the churchyard sod her feet have worn
w ring; they say it is knee-deep — ıat is here?

female Beggar rises up, rubbing her eyes as if in sleep — a Child in her arms.

Oh! Gentlemen, I thank you;
d the saddest dream that ever troubled
The heart of living creature. — My poor Babe
Was crying, as I thought, crying for bread
When I had none to give him; whereupon,
I put a slip of foxglove in his hand,
Which pleased him so, that he was hushed at once:
When, into one of those same spotted bells
A bee came darting, which the Child with joy
Imprisoned there, and held it to his ear,
And suddenly grew black, as he would die.

Mar. We have no time for this, my babbling Gossip;
Here's what will comfort you.
[*Gives her money.*

Beg. The Saints reward you
For this good deed! — Well, Sirs, this passed away;
And afterwards I fancied, a strange dog,
Trotting alone along the beaten road,
Came to my child as by my side he slept,
And, fondling, licked his face, then on a sudden
Snapped fierce to make a morsel of his head:
But here he is, [*kissing the Child*] it must have been a dream.

Osw. When next inclined to sleep, take my advice,
And put your head, good Woman, under cover.

Beg. Oh, sir, you would not talk thus, if you knew
What life is this of ours, how sleep will master
The weary-worn. — You gentlefolk have got
Warm chambers to your wish. I'd rather be
A stone than what I am. — But two nights gone,
The darkness overtook me — wind and rain
Beat hard upon my head — and yet I saw
A glow-worm, through the covert of the furze,
Shine calmly as if nothing ailed the sky:
At which I half accused the God in Heaven. —
You must forgive me..

Osw. Ay, and if you think

The Fairies are to blame, and you should chide
Your favorite saint — no matter — this good day
Has made amends.
Beg. Thanks to you both; but, O sir!
How would you like to travel on whole hours
As I have done, my eyes upon the ground,
Expecting still, I knew not how, to find
A piece of money glittering through the dust.
Mar. This woman is a prater. Pray, good Lady!
Do you tell fortunes?
Beg. Oh Sir, you are like the rest.
This Little-one — it cuts me to the heart—
Well! they might turn a beggar from their doors,
But there are Mothers who can see the Babe
Here at my breast, and ask me where I bought it:
This they can do, and look upon my face —
But you, Sir, should be kinder.
Mar. Come hither, Fathers,
And learn what nature is from this poor Wretch!
Beg. Ay, Sir, there's nobody that feels for us.
Why now — but yesterday I overtook
A blind old Graybeard and accosted him,
I' th' name of all the Saints, and by the Mass
He should have used me better! — Charity!
If you can melt a rock, he is your man;
But I'll be even with him — here again
Have I been waiting for him.
Osw. Well, but softly,
Who is it that hath wronged you?
Beg. Mark you me;
I'll point him out;—a Maiden is his guide,
Lovely as Spring's first rose; a little dog,
Tied by a woollen cord, moves on before
With look as sad as he were dumb; the cur,
I owe him no ill will, but in good sooth
He does his Master credit.
Mar. As I live,
'T is Herbert and no other!

Beg. 'T is a feast to see
Lank as a ghost and tall, his shou bent,
And long beard white with age— evermore,
As if he were the only Saint on ear
He turns his face to heaven.
Osw. But why so vi
Against this venerable Man?
Beg. I'll tell
He has the very hardest heart on ea
I had as lief turn to the Friar's scho
And knock for entrance, in mid hol
Mar. But to your story.
Beg. I was saying,
Well! he has often spurned me l toad,
But yesterday was worse than all;— a
I overtook him, Sirs, my Babe and
And begged a little aid for charity:
But he was snappish as a cottage cu
Well then, says I — I'll out with i which
I cast a look upon the Girl, and fel
As if my heart would burst; and so him.
Osw. I think, good Woman, yo the very person
Whom, but some few days past, in Eskdale,
At Herbert's door.
Beg. Ay; and if truth were k
I have good business there.
Osw. I met you at the thres
And he seemed angry.
Beg. Angry! well he m
And long as I can stir I'll dog hi Yesterday,
To serve me so, and knowing that he
The best of all he has to me and n
But 't is all over now. — That goo Lady
Has left a power of riches; and, I
If there's a lawyer in the land, the
Shall give me half.
Osw. What's this? — I fear, Woman,
You have been insolent.
Beg. And there's the I
I spied him skulking in his peasant's
Osw. How say you? in disguis
Mar. But what's your bu
With Herbert or his Daughter?

Daughter! truly —
w's the day? — I fear, my little
Boy,
overslept ourselves. — Sirs, have
you seen him? [*Offers to go.*
. I must have more of this; —
you shall not stir
ı, till I am answered. Know you
aught
ɔth concern this Herbert?
You are provoked,
ll misuse me, Sir?
. No trifling, Woman!
You are safe as in a sanctuary;
. Speak!
He is a most hard-hearted Man.
. Your life is at my mercy.
Do not harm me,
will tell you all! — You know not,
Sir,
trong temptations press upon the
Poor.
Speak out.
Oh Sir, I've been a wicked
Woman.
Nay, but speak out!
He flattered me, and said
arvest it would bring us both; and
so,
d with the Child.
Parted with whom?
Idonea, as he calls her; but the
Girl is mine.
Yours, Woman! are you Her-
ɔert's wife?
Wife, Sir! his wife — not I; my
ıusband, Sir,
Kirkoswald — many a snowy
vinter
veathered out together. My poor
Gilfred!
been two years in his grave.
Enough.
We've solved the riddle — Mis-
creant!
Do you,
Dame, repair to Liddesdale and
vait
return; be sure you shall have
ustice.
A lucky woman! go, you have
lone good service. [*Aside.*

Mar. (*to himself*). Eternal praises on
the power that saved her! —
Osw. (*gives her money*). Here's for
your little boy — and when you
christen him
I'll be his Godfather.
Beg. Oh Sir, you are merry with me.
In grange or farm this Hundred scarcely
owns
A dog that does not know me. — These
good Folks,
For love of God, I must not pass their
doors;
But I'll be back with my best speed: for
you —
God bless and thank you both, my gentle
Masters. [*Exit* Beggar.
Mar. (*to himself*). The cruel Viper! —
Poor devoted Maid,
Now I *do* love thee.
Osw. I am thunderstruck.
Mar. Where is she — holla!
[*Calling to the* Beggar, *who returns;
he looks at her steadfastly.*
You are Idonea's mother? —
Nay, be not terrified — it does me good
To look upon you.
Osw. (*interrupting*). In a peasant's
dress
You saw, who was it?
Beg. Nay, I dare not speak;
He is a man, if it should come to his ears
I never shall be heard of more.
Osw. Lord Clifford?
Beg. What can I do? believe me, gentle
Sirs,
I love her, though I dare not call her
daughter.
Osw. Lord Clifford — did you see him
talk with Herbert?
Beg. Yes, to my sorrow — under the
great oak
At Herbert's door — and when he stood
beside
The blind Man — at the silent Girl he
looked
With such a look — it makes me tremble,
Sir,
To think of it.
Osw. Enough! you may depart.
Mar. (*to himself*). Father! — to God
himself we cannot give
A holier name; and, under such a mask,

To lead a Spirit, spotless as the blessed,
To that abhorrèd den of brutish vice! —
Oswald, the firm foundation of my life
Is going from under me; these strange discoveries —
Looked at from every point of fear or hope,
Duty, or love — involve, I feel, my ruin.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *A Chamber in the Hostel* — OSWALD *alone, rising from a Table on which he had been writing.*

Osw. They chose *him* for their Chief! — what covert part
He, in the preference, modest Youth, might take,
I neither know nor care. The insult bred
More of contempt than hatred; both are flown;
That either e'er existed is my shame:
'T was a dull spark — a most unnatural fire
That died the moment the air breathed upon it.
— These fools of feeling are mere birds of winter
That haunt some barren island of the north,
Where, if a famishing man stretch forth his hand,
They think it is to feed them. I have left him
To solitary meditation; — now
For a few swelling phrases, and a flash
Of truth, enough to dazzle and to blind,
And he is mine forever — here he comes.

Enter MARMADUKE.

Mar. These ten years she has moved her lips all day
And never speaks!
Osw. Who is it?
Mar. I have seen her.
Osw. Oh! the poor tenant of that ragged homestead,
Her whom the Monster, Clifford, drove to madness.
Mar. I met a peasant near the spot; he told me,
These ten years she had sate all day alone
Within those empty walls.
Osw. I too have seen her;
Chancing to pass this way some six months gone,
At midnight, I betook me to the Ch yard:
The moon shone clear, the air was so still
The trees were silent as the grave neath them.
Long did I watch, and saw her p round
Upon the self-same spot, still roun round,
Her lips forever moving.
Mar. At her d
Rooted I stood; for, looking a woman,
I thought I saw the skeleton of Id
Osw. But the pretended Father
Mar. Earth
Measures not crimes like his.
Osw. *We* rank not, ha
With those who take the spirit o rule
From that soft class of devotees wh
Reverence for life so deeply, tha spare
The verminous brood, and cherish they spare
While feeding on their bodies. that Idonea
Were present, to the end that we hear
What she can urge in his defenc loves him.
Mar. Yes, loves him; 't is a tru multiplies
His guilt a thousand-fold.
Osw. 'T is most perpl
What must be done?
Mar. We will conduct her h
These walls shall witness it — fro to last
He shall reveal himself.
Osw. Happy are
Who live in these disputed tracts, th
No law but what each man mak himself;
Here justice has indeed a field of tri
Mar. Let us be gone and bri hither; — here
The truth shall be laid open, hi proved
Before her face. The rest be left
Osw. You will be firm: but tho well may trust

ssue to the justice of the cause,
on must not be flung aside; remember,
is no common life. Self-stationed here
these savage confines, we have seen you
like an isthmus 'twixt two stormy seas
oft have checked their fury at your bidding.
the deep holds of Solway's mossy waste,
single virtue has transformed a Band
rce barbarians into Ministers
ace and order. Aged men with tears
blessed their steps, the fatherless retire
nelter to their banners. But it is,
u must needs have deeply felt, it is
rkness and in tempest that we seek
najesty of Him who rules the world.
olence, that has not heart to use
wholesome ministry of pain and evil,
nes at last weak and contemptible.
generous qualities have won due praise,
gorous Spirits look for something more
Youth's spontaneous products; and to-day
vill not disappoint them; and hereafter —
r. You are wasting words; hear me then, once for all:
re a Man — and therefore, if compassion,
n to our kind is natural as life,
own unto you, you will love this Woman,
as I do; but I should loathe the light,
could think one weak or partial feeling —
. You will forgive me —
r. If I ever knew
art, could penetrate its inmost core,
t this moment. — Oswald, I have loved
the friend and father of the oppressed,
forter of sorrow; — there is something
looks like a transition in my soul,
And yet it is not. — Let us lead him hither.
Osw. Stoop for a moment; 't is an act of justice;
And where's the triumph if the delegate
Must fall in the execution of his office?
The deed is done — if you will have it so —
Here where we stand — that tribe of vulgar wretches
(You saw them gathering for the festival)
Rush in — the villains seize us —
Mar. Seize!
Osw. Yes, they —
Men who are little given to sift and weigh —
Would wreak on us the passion of the moment.
Mar. The cloud will soon disperse — farewell — but stay,
Thou wilt relate the story.
Osw. Am I neither
To bear a part in this Man's punishment,
Nor be its witness?
Mar. I had many hopes
That were most dear to me, and some will bear
To be transferred to thee.
Osw. When I'm dishonored!
Mar. I would preserve thee. How may this be done?
Osw. By showing that you look beyond the instant.
A few leagues hence we shall have open ground,
And nowhere upon earth is place so fit
To look upon the deed. Before we enter
The barren Moor, hangs from a beetling rock
The shattered Castle in which Clifford oft
Has held infernal orgies — with the gloom,
And very superstition of the place,
Seasoning his wickedness. The Debauchee
Would there perhaps have gathered the first fruits
Of this mock Father's guilt.

Enter Host *conducting* HERBERT.

Host. The Baron Herbert
Attends your pleasure.
Osw. (*to* Host). We are ready —
(*to* HERBERT) Sir!

I hope you are refreshed. — I have just written
A notice for your Daughter, that she may know
What is become of you. — You'll sit down and sign it;
'Twill glad her heart to see her father's signature.
[*Gives the letter he had written.*
Her. Thanks for your care.
[*Sits down and writes. Exit* Host.
Osw. (*aside to* MARMADUKE). Perhaps it would be useful
That you too should subscribe your name.
[MARMADUKE *overlooks* HERBERT — *then writes — examines the letter eagerly.*
Mar. I cannot leave this paper.
[*He puts it up, agitated.*
Osw. (*aside*). Dastard! Come.
[MARMADUKE *goes towards* HERBERT *and supports him* — MARMADUKE *tremblingly beckons* OSWALD *to take his place.*
Mar. (*as he quits* HERBERT). There is a palsy in his limbs — he shakes.
[*Exeunt* OSWALD *and* HERBERT — MARMADUKE *following.*

SCENE *changes to a Wood — a Group of* Pilgrims *and* IDONEA *with them.*

First Pil. A grove of darker and more lofty shade I never saw.
Sec. Pil. The music of the birds
Drops deadened from a roof so thick with leaves.
Old Pil. This news! It made my heart leap up with joy.
Idon. I scarcely can believe it.
Old Pil. Myself, I heard
The Sheriff read, in open Court, a letter
Which purported it was the royal pleasure
The Baron Herbert, who, as was supposed,
Had taken refuge in this neighborhood,
Should be forthwith restored. The hearing, Lady,
Filled my dim eyes with tears. — When I returned
From Palestine, and brought with me a heart,
Though rich in heavenly, poor in ea comfort,
I met your Father, then a wandering cast:
He had a Guide, a Shepherd's boy grieved
He was that One so young should his youth
In such sad service; and he parted him.
We joined our tales of wretchedne gether,
And begged our daily bread from d door.
I talk familiarly to you, sweet Lad
For once you loved me.
Idon. You shall back wi
And see your Friend again. The old Man
Will be rejoiced to greet you.
Old Pil. It seems but yest
That a fierce storm o'ertook us, wor travel,
In a deep wood remote from any t
A cave that opened to the road pres
A friendly shelter, and we entered
Idon. And I was with you?
Old Pil. If indeed 't was
But you were then a tottering Little-
We sate us down. The sky grew da darker:
I struck my flint, and built up a sm
With rotten boughs and leaves, s the winds
Of many autumns in the cave had
Meanwhile the storm fell heavy woods;
Our little fire sent forth a cheering w
And we were comforted, and talk comfort;
But 't was an angry night, and o' heads
The thunder rolled in peals that have made
A sleeping man uneasy in his bed.
O Lady, you have need to love Father.
His voice — methinks I hear it no voice
When, after a broad flash that fill cave,
He said to me, that he had se Child,

ie (no cherub's face more beautiful)
aled by lustre brought with it from
Heaven;
it was you, dear Lady!
m. God be praised,
I have been his comforter till now!
will be so through every change of
fortune
every sacrifice his peace requires. —
is be gone with speed, that he may
hear
e joyful tidings from no lips but mine.
[*Exeunt* IDONEA *and* Pilgrims.

E. — *The Area of a half-ruined*
stle — on one side the entrance to a
ngeon — OSWALD *and* MARMADUKE
ing backwards and forwards.
ar. 'T is a wild night.
w. I'd give my cloak and bonnet
ight of a warm fire.
ar. The wind blows keen;
ands are numb.
w. Ha! ha! 'tis nipping cold.
[*Blowing his fingers.*
g for news of our brave Comrades;
Lacy
d drive those Scottish Rovers to their
dens
ce they blew a horn this side the
Tweed.
r. I think I see a second range of
Towers;
castle has another Area — come,
s examine it.
w. 'Tis a bitter night;
e Idonea is well housed. That
horseman,
at full speed swept by us where the
wood
d in the tempest, was within an ace
nding to his grave our precious
Charge:
would have been a vile mischance.
r. It would.
w. Justice had been most cruelly
defrauded.
r. Most cruelly.
w. As up the steep we clomb,
a distant fire in the north-east;
it for the blaze of Cheviot Beacon:
proper speed our quarters may be
gained
To-morrow evening.
[*Looks restlessly towards the mouth of the dungeon.*
Mar. When, upon the plank,
I had led him 'cross the torrent, his voice
blessed me:
You could not hear, for the foam beat
the rocks
With deafening noise, — the benediction
fell
Back on himself; but changed into a curse.
Osw. As well indeed it might.
Mar. And this you deem
The fittest place?
Osw. (*aside*). He is growing pitiful.
Mar. (*listening*). What an odd moaning that is! —
Osw. Mighty odd
The wind should pipe a little, while we
stand
Cooling our heels in this way! — I'll begin
And count the stars.
Mar. (*still listening*). That dog of his,
you are sure,
Could not come after us — he *must* have
perished;
The torrent would have dashed an oak to
splinters.
You said you did not like his looks — that he
Would trouble us; if he were here again,
I swear the sight of him would quail me
more
Than twenty armies.
Osw. How?
Mar. The old blind Man,
When you had told him the mischance,
was troubled
Even to the shedding of some natural
tears
Into the torrent over which he hung,
Listening in vain.
Osw. He has a tender heart!
[OSWALD *offers to go down into the dungeon.*
Mar. How now, what mean you?
Osw. Truly, I was going
To waken our stray Baron. Were there
not
A farm or dwelling-house within five
leagues,
We should deserve to wear a cap and bells,

Three good round years, for playing the fool here
In such a night as this.
Mar. Stop, stop.
Osw. Perhaps,
You'd better like we should descend together,
And lie down by his side — what say you to it?
Three of us — we should keep each other warm:
I'll answer for it that our four-legged friend
Shall not disturb us; further I'll not engage;
Come, come, for manhood's sake!
Mar. These drowsy shiverings,
This mortal stupor which is creeping over me,
What do they mean? were this my single body
Opposed to armies, not a nerve would tremble:
Why do I tremble now? — Is not the depth
Of this Man's crimes beyond the reach of thought?
And yet, in plumbing the abyss for judgment,
Something I strike upon which turns my mind
Back on herself, I think, again — my breast
Concentres all the terrors of the Universe:
I look at him and tremble like a child.
Osw. Is it possible?
Mar. One thing you noticed not:
Just as we left the glen a clap of thunder
Burst on the mountains with hell-rousing force.
This is a time, said he, when guilt may shudder;
But there's a Providence for them who walk
In helplessness, when innocence is with them.
At this audacious blasphemy, I thought
The spirit of vengeance seemed to ride the air.
Osw. Why are you not the man you were that moment?
[He *draws* MARMADUKE *to the dungeon*.

Mar. You say he was asleep, — lo
at this arm,
And tell me if 'tis fit for such a work.
Oswald, Oswald!
[*Leans upon* OSWAL
Osw. This is some sudden seizur
Mar. A most strange faintness, — w
you hunt me out
A draught of water?
Osw. Nay, to see you th
Moves me beyond my bearing. — I will
To gain the torrent's brink.
[*Exit* OSWAL
Mar. (*after a pause*). It seems an a
Since that Man left me. — No, I am
lost.
Her. (*at the mouth of the dungeon*). Gi
me your hand; where are yo
Friends? and tell me
How goes the night.
Mar. 'Tis hard to measure tim
In such a weary night, and such a pla
Her. I do not hear the voice of
friend Oswald.
Mar. A minute past, he went to fet
a draught
Of water from the torrent. 'Tis, you'll sa
A cheerless beverage.
Her. How good it was in y
To stay behind! — Hearing at first
answer,
I was alarmed.
Mar. No wonder; this is a pla
That well may put some fears into *yo*
heart.
Her. Why so? a roofless rock h
been a comfort,
Storm-beaten and bewildered as we wer
And in a night like this, to lend yo
cloaks
To make a bed for me! — My Girl w
weep
When she is told of it.
Mar. This Daughter of yo
Is very dear to you.
Her. Oh! but you are youn
Over your head twice twenty years m
roll,
With all their natural weight of sorr
and pain,
Ere can be known to you how much
Father
May love his Child.

r. Thank you, old Man.
for this! [*Aside,*
r. Fallen am I, and worn out, a
useless Man;
y have you protected me to-night,
o return have I to make but prayers;
you in age be blest with such a
daughter! —
from the Holy Land I had returned
ess, and from my heritage was
driven,
tched Outcast — but this strain of
thought
l lead me to talk fondly.
r. Do not fear;
words are precious to my ears; go
on.
. You will forgive me, but my
heart runs over.
my old Leader slipped into the
flood
erished, what a piercing outcry you
fter him. I have loved you ever
since.
art — where are we?
r. Oh, there is no danger;
ld blast struck me.
. 'T was a foolish question.
r. But when you were an Outcast?—
Heaven is just;
iety would not miss its due reward;
ttle Orphan then would be your
succor,
o good service, though she knew it
not.
. I turned me from the dwellings
of my Fathers,
none but those who trampled on
my rights
d to remember me. To the wide
world
her, in my arms; her looks won
pity;
as my Raven in the wilderness,
ought me food. Have I not cause
to love her?
r. Yes.
More than ever Parent loved
a Child?
r. Yes, yes.
I will not murmur, merciful God!
not murmur; blasted as I have
been,
Thou hast left me ears to hear my
Daughter's voice,
And arms to fold her to my heart. Sub-
missively
Thee I adore, and find my rest in faith.
Enter OSWALD.
Osw. Herbert! — confusion! (*aside*).
Here it is, my Friend,
[*Presents the Horn.*
A charming beverage for you to carouse,
This bitter night.
Her. Ha! Oswald! ten bright crosses
I would have given, not many minutes
gone,
To have heard your voice.
Osw. Your couch, I fear, good Baron,
Has been but comfortless; and yet that
place,
When the tempestuous wind first drove us
hither,
Felt warm as a wren's nest. You'd better
turn
And under covert rest till break of day,
Or till the storm abate.
(*To* MARMADUKE *aside*). He has restored
you.
No doubt you have been nobly enter-
tained?
But soft! — how came he forth? The
Night-mare Conscience
Has driven him out of harbor?
Mar. I believe
You have guessed right.
Her. The trees renew their murmur:
Come, let us house together.
[OSWALD *conducts him to the dungeon.*
Osw. (*returns*). Had I not
Esteemed you worthy to conduct the affair
To its most fit conclusion, do you think
I would so long have struggled with my
Nature,
And smothered all that's man in me? —
away! —
[*Looking towards the dungeon.*
This man's the property of him who
best
Can feel his crimes. I have resigned a
privilege;
It now becomes my duty to resume it.
Mar. Touch not a finger —
Osw. What then must be done?
Mar. Which way soe'er I turn, I am
perplexed.

Osw. Now, on my life, I grieve for you. The misery
Of doubt is insupportable. Pity, the facts
Did not admit of stronger evidence;
Twelve honest men, plain men, would set us right;
Their verdict would abolish these weak scruples.
Mar. Weak! I am weak — there does my torment lie,
Feeding itself.
Osw. Verily, when he said
How his old heart would leap to hear her steps,
You thought his voice the echo of Idonea's.
Mar. And never heard a sound so terrible.
Osw. Perchance you think so now?
Mar. I cannot do it:
Twice did I spring to grasp his withered throat,
When such a sudden weakness fell upon me,
I could have dropped asleep upon his breast.
Osw. Justice — is there not thunder in the word?
Shall it be law to stab the petty robber
Who aims but at our purse; and shall this Parricide —
Worse is he far, far worse (if foul dishonor
Be worse than death) to that confiding Creature
Whom he to more than filial love and duty
Hath falsely trained — shall he fulfil his purpose?
But you are fallen.
Mar. Fallen should I be indeed —
Murder — perhaps asleep, blind, old, alone,
Betrayed, in darkness! Here to strike the blow —
Away! away! —
[*Flings away his sword.*
Osw. Nay, I have done with you:
We'll lead him to the Convent. He shall live,
And she shall love him. With unquestioned title
He shall be seated in his Barony,
And we too chant the praise of his good deeds.

I now perceive we do mistake masters,
And most despise the men who best teach us:
Henceforth it shall be said that bad only
Are brave: Clifford is brave; and old Man
Is brave.
[*Taking* MARMADUKE'S *sword giving it to him.*
To Clifford's arms he would have
His Victim — haply to this desolate ho
Mar. (*advancing to the dungeon*). must be ended! —
Osw. Softly; do not rouse h
He will deny it to the last. He lies
Within the Vault, a spear's length to left.
[MARMADUKE *descends to the dung*
(*Alone.*) The Villains rose in mutin destroy me;
I could have quelled the Cowards, but Stripling
Must needs step in, and save my life. look
With which he gave the boon — I se now!
The same that tempted me to loathe gift. —
For this old venerable Graybeard — f
'T is his own fault if he hath got a fa
Which doth play tricks with them that on it;
'Twas this that put it in my thought that countenance —
His staff — his figure — Murder! — w of whom?
We kill a worn-out horse, and who women
Sigh at the deed? Hew down a with tree,
And none look grave but dotards. may live
To thank me for this service. Rain arches,
Highways of dreaming passion, have long,
Young as he is, diverted wish and h
From the unpretending ground we mo tread; —
Then shatter the delusion, break up

set him free. What follows? I have learned
hings will work to ends the slaves o' the world
ever dream of. I *have* been what he —
Boy — when he comes forth with bloody hands —
envy, and am now, — but he shall know
I am now —
[*Goes and listens at the dungeon.*
Praying or parleying? — tut!
not eyeless? He has been half-dead fifteen years —
female Beggar *with two or three of her Companions.*
ning abruptly.) *Ha! speak* — what Thing art thou?
gnizes her.) Heavens! my good Friend! [*To her.*
. Forgive me, gracious Sir! —
. (*to her companions*). Begone, ye Slaves, or I will raise a whirlwind
end ye dancing to the clouds, like leaves. [*They retire affrighted.*
. Indeed we meant no harm; we lodge sometimes
s deserted Castle — *I repent me.*
WALD *goes to the dungeon — listens — returns to the* Beggar.
. Woman, thou hast a helpless Infant — keep
cret for its sake, or verily
wretched life of thine shall be the forfeit.
. I *do* repent me, Sir; I fear the curse
it blind Man. 'T was not your money, sir —
. Begone!
(*going*). There is some wicked deed in hand: [*Aside.*
I could find the old Man and his Daughter. [*Exit* Beggar.
ADUKE *re-enters from the dungeon.*
. It is all over then; — your foolish fears
shed to sleep, by your own act and deed,
quiet as he is.
. Why came you down?
hen I felt your hand upon my arm
And spake to you, why did you give no answer?
Feared you to waken him? he must have been
In a deep sleep. I whispered to him thrice.
There are the strangest echoes in that place!
Osw. Tut! let them gabble till the day of doom.
Mar. Scarcely, by groping, had I reached the Spot,
When round my wrist I felt a cord drawn tight,
As if the blind Man's dog were pulling at it.
Osw. But after that?
Mar. The features of Idonea
Lurked in his face —
Osw. Psha! Never to these eyes
Will retribution show itself again
With aspect so inviting. Why forbid me
To share your triumph?
Mar. Yes, her very look,
Smiling in sleep —
Osw. A pretty feat of Fancy!
Mar. Though but a glimpse, it sent me to my prayers.
Osw. Is he alive?
Mar. What mean you? who alive?
Osw. Herbert! since you will have it, Baron Herbert;
He who will gain his Seignory when Idonea
Hath become Clifford's harlot — is *he* living?
Mar. The old Man in that dungeon *is* alive.
Osw. Henceforth, then, will I never in camp or field
Obey you more. Your weakness, to the Band,
Shall be proclaimed: brave Men, they all shall hear it.
You a protector of humanity!
Avenger you of outraged innocence!
Mar. 'T was dark — dark as the grave; yet did I see,
Saw him — his face turned toward me; and I tell thee
Idonea's filial countenance was there
To baffle me — it put me to my prayers.
Upwards I cast my eyes, and, through a crevice,

Beheld a star twinkling above my head,
And, by the living God, I could not do it.
[*Sinks exhausted.*
Osw. (*to himself*). Now may I perish
if this turn do more
Than make me change my course.
(*To* MARMADUKE.) Dear Marmaduke,
My words were rashly spoken; I recall
them:
I feel my error; shedding human blood
Is a most serious thing.
Mar. Not I alone,
Thou too art deep in guilt.
Osw. We have indeed
Been most presumptuous. There *is* guilt
in this,
Else could so strong a mind have ever
known
These trepidations? Plain it is that
Heaven
Has marked out this foul Wretch as one
whose crimes
Must never come before a mortal judg-
ment-seat,
Or be chastised by mortal instruments.
Mar. A thought that's worth a thou-
sand worlds!
[*Goes towards the dungeon.*
Osw. I grieve
That, in my zeal, I have caused you so
much pain.
Mar. Think not of that! 't is over —
we are safe.
Osw. (*as if to himself, yet speaking
aloud*). The truth is hideous, but
how stifle it?
[*Turning to* MARMADUKE.
Give me your sword — nay, here are
stones and fragments,
The least of which would beat out a
man's brains;
Or you might drive your head against that
wall.
No! this is not the place to hear the tale:
It should be told you pinioned in your bed,
Or on some vast and solitary plain
Blown to you from a trumpet.
Mar. Why talk thus?
Whate'er the monster brooding in your
breast
I care not: fear I have none, and cannot
fear —
[*The sound of a horn is heard.*
That horn again — 'T is some one of
Troop;
What do they here? Listen!
Osw. What! dogged like thie
Enter WALLACE *and* LACY, etc.
Lacy. You are found at last, tha
to the vagrant Troop
For not misleading us.
Osw. (*looking at* WALLACE). T
subtle Graybeard —
I'd rather see my father's ghost.
Lacy (*to* MARMADUKE). My Capt
We come by order of the Band. Be
You have not heard that Henry ha
last
Dissolved the Barons' League, and
abroad
His Sheriffs with fit force to reinstate
The genuine owners of such Lands
Baronies
As, in these long commotions, have b
seized.
His Power is this way tending. It b
us
To stand upon our guard, and with
swords
Defend the innocent.
Mar. Lacy! we look
But at the surfaces of things; we hea
Of towns in flames, fields ravaged, yo
and old
Driven out in troops to want and nak
ness;
Then grasp our swords and rush upo
cure
That flatters us, because it asks
thought:
The deeper malady is better hid;
The world is poisoned at the heart.
Lacy. What mean y
Wal. (*whose eye has been fixed su
ciously upon* OSWALD). Ay, w
is it you mean?
Mar. Hark'e, my Friends
[*Appearing*
Were there a Man who, being weak
helpless
And most forlorn, should bribe a Mot
pressed
By penury, to yield him up her Daugh
A little Infant, and instruct the Babe
Prattling upon his knee, to call
Father --

Why, if his heart be tender, that
ffence
forgive him.
(*going on*). And should he
nake the Child
rument of falsehood, should he
each her
ch her arms, and dim the glad-
ome light
t playfulness with piteous looks
ry that was not —
Troth, 't is hard —
world like ours —
(*changing his tone*). This self-
ame Man —
hile he printed kisses on the cheek
oor babe, and taught its innocent
ongue
the name of Father — could he
ook
nnatural harvest of that time
e should give her up, a Woman
rown,
who bid the highest in the market
pollution —
The whole visible world
s not such a Monster!
For this purpose
he resolve to taint her Soul by
neans
athe the limbs in sweat to think
f them;
he, by tales which would draw
ears from iron,
her nature, and so turn compas-
ion
titude to ministers of vice,
e the spotless spirit of filial love
over in a plot to damn his Victim
l and body —
'T is too horrible;
what say you to it?
Hew him down,
g him to the ravens.
But his aspect
neek, his countenance so vener-
ble.
(*with an appearance of mis-
rust*). But how, what say you,
swald?
(*at the same moment*). Stab him,
ere it
he Altar.

Mar. What, if he were sick,
Tottering upon the very verge of life,
And old, and blind —
Lacy. Blind, say you?
Osw. (*coming forward*). Are we Men,
Or own we baby Spirits? Genuine cour-
age
Is not an accidental quality,
A thing dependent for its casual birth
On opposition and impediment.
Wisdom, if Justice speak the word, beats
down
The giant's strength; and, at the voice
of Justice,
Spares not the worm. The giant and the
worm —
She weighs them in one scale. The wiles
of woman,
And craft of age, seducing reason, first
Made weakness a protection, and obscured
The moral shapes of things. His tender
cries
And helpless innocence — do they protect
The infant lamb? and shall the infirmi-
ties,
Which have enabled this enormous Culprit
To perpetrate his crimes, serve as a Sanc-
tuary
To cover him from punishment? Shame!
— Justice,
Admitting no resistance, bends alike
The feeble and the strong. She needs
not here
Her bonds and chains, which make the
mighty feeble.
— We recognize in this old Man a victim
Prepared already for the sacrifice.
Lacy. By heaven, his words are reason!
Osw. Yes, my Friends,
His countenance is meek and venerable;
And, by the Mass, to see him at his
prayers! —
I am of flesh and blood, and may I perish
When my heart does not ache to think of
it! —
Poor Victim! not a virtue under heaven
But what was made an engine to ensnare
thee;
But yet I trust, Idonea, thou art safe.
Lacy. Idonea!
Wal. How! what? your Idonea?
To MARMADUKE.
Mar. *Mine;*

But now no longer mine. You know Lord Clifford;
He is the Man to whom the Maiden — pure
As beautiful, and gentle and benign,
And in her ample heart loving even me — Was to be yielded up.
Lacy. Now, by the head
Of my own child, this Man must die; my hand,
A worthier wanting, shall itself entwine
In his gray hairs! —
Mar. (*to* LACY). I love the Father in thee.
You know me, Friends; I have a heart to feel,
And I have felt, more than perhaps becomes me
Or duty sanctions.
Lacy. We will have ample justice.
Who are we, Friends? Do we not live on ground
Where Souls are self-defended, free to grow
Like mountain oaks rocked by the stormy wind.
Mark the Almighty Wisdom, which decreed
This monstrous crime to be laid open — *here*,
Where Reason has an eye that she can use,
And Men alone are Umpires. To the Camp
He shall be led, and there, the Country round
All gathered to the spot, in open day
Shall Nature be avenged.
Osw. 'T is nobly thought;
His death will be a monument for ages.
Mar. (*to* LACY). I thank you for that hint. He shall be brought
Before the Camp, and would that best and wisest
Of every country might be present. There,
His crime shall be proclaimed; and for the rest
It shall be done as Wisdom shall decide:
Meanwhile, do you two hasten back and see
That all is well prepared.
Wal. We will obey you.

(*Aside.*) But softly! we must look a nearer.
Mar. Tell where you found us. some future time
I will explain the cause. [*Exe*

ACT III.

SCENE — *The door of the Hostel, a g of* Pilgrims *as before;* IDONEA *an* HOST *among them.*

Host. Lady, you'll find your Fath the Convent
As I have told you: He left us yeste
With two Companions; one of ther seemed,
His most familiar Friend. (*Going.*) T was a letter
Of which I heard them speak, but t fancy
Has been forgotten.
Idon. (*to* Host). Farewell!
Host. Gentle pilg
St. Cuthbert speed you on your hol rand.
[*Exeunt* IDONEA *and* Pilg

SCENE. — *A desolate Moor.*
OSWALD (*alone*).
Osw. Carry him to the Camp! to the Camp.
Oh, Wisdom! a most wise resolve! then,
That half a word should blow it t winds!
This last device must end my wor Methinks
It were a pleasant pastime to constr
A scale and table of belief — as thu
Two columns, one for passion, on proof;
Each rises as the other falls: and fi
Passion a unit and *against* us — pr
Nay, we must travel in another pat
Or we're stuck fast forever; — pa then,
Shall be a unit *for* us; proof — no sion!
We'll not insult thy majesty by tim
Person, and place — the where, the the how,
And all particulars that dull brains re
To constitute the spiritless shape of

ow to, calling the idol, Demonstration.
ping to the Moralists who preach
isery is a sacred thing: for me,
no cheaper engine to degrade a
man,
y half so sure. This Stripling's
mind
en till the dregs float on the surface;
n the storm and anguish of the
heart,
ts of a transition in his Soul,
eams that he is happy. We dissect
nseless body, and why not the
mind? —
are strange sights — the mind of
man, upturned,
l natures a strange spectacle;
e a hideous one — hem! shall I
stop?
Thoughts and feelings will sink
deep, but then
ave no substance. Pass but a few
minutes,
omething shall be done which
Memory
ich, whene'er her Vassals are at
work.
er MARMADUKE, *from behind.*
(*turning to meet him*). But
isten, for my peace —
Why, I *believe* you.
But hear the proofs —
Ay, prove that when two peas
gly in a pod, the pod must then
er than the peas — prove this —
twere matter
the hearing. Fool was I to
dream
could be otherwise!
Last night
I returned with water from the
brook,
eard the Villains — every word
d-hot iron burnt into my heart.
e, "It is agreed on. The blind
Man
ign a sudden illness, and the Girl,
her journey must proceed alone,
retence of violence, be seized.
" continued the detested Slave,
"She is right willing — strange if she were not! —
They say, Lord Clifford is a savage man;
But, faith, to see him in his silken tunic,
Fitting his low voice to the minstrel's harp,
There's witchery in't. I never knew a maid
That could withstand it. True," continued he,
"When we arranged the affair, she wept a little
(Not the less welcome to my Lord for that)
And said,' My Father he will have it so.' "
Mar. I am your hearer.
Osw. This I caught, and more
That may not be retold to any ear,
The obstinate bolt of a small iron door
Detained them near the gateway of the Castle.
By a dim lantern's light I saw that wreaths
Of flowers were in their hands, as if designed
For festive decoration; and they said,
With brutal laughter and most foul allusion,
That they should share the banquet with their Lord
And his new Favorite.
Mar. Misery! —
Osw. I knew
How you would be disturbed by this dire news,
And therefore chose this solitary Moor,
Here to impart the tale, of which, last night,
I strove to ease my mind, when our two Comrades,
Commissioned by the Band, burst in upon us.
Mar. Last night, when moved to lift the avenging steel,
I did believe all things were shadows — yea,
Living or dead all things were bodiless,
Or but the mutual mockeries of body,
Till that same star summoned me back again.
Now I could laugh till my ribs ached. Oh Fool!
To let a creed, built in the heart of things,
Dissolve before a twinkling atom! — Oswald,

I could fetch lessons out of wiser schools
Than you have entered, were it worth the pains.
Young as I am, I might go forth a teacher,
And you should see how deeply I could reason
Of love in all its shapes, beginnings, ends;
Of moral qualities in their diverse aspects;
Of actions, and their laws and tendencies.
Osw. You take it as it merits —
Mar. One a King,
General or Cham, Sultan or Emperor,
Strews twenty acres of good meadow-ground
With carcasses, in lineament and shape
And substance, nothing differing from his own,
But that they cannot stand up of themselves;
Another sits i' th' sun, and by the hour
Floats kingcups in the brook—a Hero one
We call, and scorn the other as Time's spendthrift;
But have they not a world of common ground
To occupy — both fools, or wise alike,
Each in his way?
Osw. Troth, I begin to think so.
Mar. Now for the corner-stone of my philosophy:
I would not give a denier for the man
Who, on such provocation as this earth
Yields, could not chuck his babe beneath the chin,
And send it with a fillip to its grave.
Osw. Nay, you leave me behind.
Mar. That such a One,
So pious in demeanor! in his look
So saintly and so pure! — Hark'e, my Friend,
I'll plant myself before Lord Clifford's Castle,
A surly mastiff kennels at the gate,
And he shall howl and I will laugh, a medley
Most tunable.
Osw. In faith, a pleasant scheme;
But take your sword along with you, for that
Might in such neighborhood find seemly use. —
But first, how wash our hands of this old Man?
Mar. Oh yes, that mole, that vip
the path;
Plague on my memory, him I had
gotten.
Osw. You know we left him sittir
see him yonder.
Mar. Ha! ha! —
Osw. As 't will be but a moment's w
I will stroll on; you follow when 'tis d
[*Exe*

SCENE *changes to another part o*
Moor at a short distance. — I
BERT *is discovered seated on a s*
Her. A sound of laughter, too! —
well — I feared,
The Stranger had some pitiable sorr
Pressing upon his solitary heart.
Hush! — 'tis the feeble and earth-lo
wind
That creeps along the bells of the
heather.
Alas! 't is cold—I shiver in the sunshi
What can this mean? There is a p
that speaks
Of God's parental mercies — with Id
I used to sing it. — Listen! — what
is there?
Enter MARMADUKE.
Mar. (*aside — looking at* HERBE
And I have loved this Man!
she hath loved him!
And I loved her, and she loves the
Clifford!
And there it ends; — if this be not en
To make mankind merry for evermo
Then plain it is as day, that eyes
made
For a wise purpose —verily to weep
[*Looking ro*
A pretty prospect this, a masterpiec
Of Nature, finished with most cu
skill!
(*To* HERBERT.) Good Baron, have
ever practised tillage?
Pray tell me what this land is wort
the acre?
Her. How glad I am to hear your v
I know not
Wherein I have offended you; —last
I found in you the kindest of Protec
This morning, when I spoke of wear

rom my shoulder took my scrip and
threw it
your own; but for these two hours
past
nly have you spoken, when the lark
ed from among the fern beneath our
feet,
, no coward in my better days,
lmost terrified.
r. That's excellent! —
u bethought you of the many ways
ich a man may come to his end,
whose crimes
roused all Nature up against him —
pshaw! —
. For mercy's sake, is nobody in
sight?
veller, peasant, herdsman?
r. Not a soul:
is a tree, raggèd, and bent, and
bare,
urns its goat's-beard flakes of pea-
green moss
he stern breathing of the rough sea-
wind;
ave we, but no other company:
end me to the place. If a man
should die
ave his body here, it were all one
were twenty fathoms under ground.
. Where is our common Friend?
r. A ghost, methinks —
pirit of a murdered man, for in-
stance —
have fine room to ramble about
here,
d domain to squeak and gibber in.
. Lost Man! if thou have any close-
pent guilt
g upon thy heart, and this the hour
tation —
r. A bold word from *you!*
Restore him, Heaven!
r. The desperate Wretch! — A
Flower,
of all flowers, was she once, but
now
ave snapped her from the stem —
Poh! let her lie
d with mire, and let the houseless
snail
on her leaves. You knew her
well — ay, there,

Old Man! you were a very Lynx, you
knew
The worm was in her —
Her. Mercy! Sir, what mean you?
Mar. You have a Daughter!
Her. Oh that she were here! —
She hath an eye that sinks into all hearts,
And if I have in aught offended you,
Soon would her gentle voice make peace
between us.
Mar. (*aside*). I do believe he weeps—
I could weep too —
There is a vein of her voice that runs
through his:
Even such a Man my fancy bodied forth
From the first moment that I loved the
Maid;
And for his sake I loved her more: these
tears —
I did not think that aught was left in me
Of what I have been — yes, I thank thee,
Heaven!
One happy thought has passed across my
mind.
— It may not be — I am cut off from man;
No more shall I be man — no more shall I
Have human feelings! — (*To* HERBERT) —
Now, for a little more
About your Daughter!
Her. Troops of armed men,
Met in the roads, would bless us; little
children,
Rushing along in the full tide of play,
Stood silent as we passed them! I have
heard
The boisterous carman, in the miry road,
Check his loud whip and hail us with mild
voice,
And speak with milder voice to his poor
beasts.
Mar. And whither were you going?
Her. Learn, young Man,
To fear the virtuous, and reverence misery,
Whether too much for patience, or, like
mine,
Softened till it becomes a gift of mercy.
Mar. Now, this is as it should be!
Her. I am weak! —
My Daughter does not know how weak
I am;
And, as thou see'st, under the arch of
heaven

Here do I stand, alone, to helplessness,
By the good God, our common Father, doomed! —
But I had once a spirit and an arm —
Mar. Now, for a word about your Barony:
I fancy when you left the Holy Land,
And came to — what's your title — eh? your claims
Were undisputed!
Her. Like a mendicant,
Whom no one comes to meet, I stood alone; —
I murmured — but, remembering Him who feeds
The pelican and ostrich of the desert,
From my own threshold I looked up to Heaven
And did not want glimmerings of quiet hope.
So, from the court I passed, and down the brook,
Led by its murmur, to the ancient oak
I came; and when I felt its cooling shade,
I sate me down, and cannot but believe —
While in my lap I held my little Babe
And clasped her to my heart, my heart that ached
More with delight than grief — I heard a voice
Such as by Cherith on Elijah called;
It said, "I will be with thee." A little boy,
A shepherd-lad, ere yet my trance was gone,
Hailed us as if he had been sent from heaven,
And said, with tears, that he would be our guide:
I had a better guide — that innocent Babe —
Her, who hath saved me, to this hour, from harm,
From cold, from hunger, penury, and death;
To whom I owe the best of all the good
I have, or wish for, upon earth — and more
And higher far than lies within earth's bounds:
Therefore I bless her: when I think of Man,
I bless her with sad spirit, — when of God,
I bless her in the fulness of my joy!
Mar. The name of daughter in mouth, he prays!
With nerves so steady, that the very f
Sit unmolested on his staff. — In cent! —
If he were innocent — then he wo tremble
And be disturbed, as I am. (*Turn aside.*) I have read
In Story, what men now alive have w nessed,
How, when the People's mind was rac with doubt,
Appeal was made to the great Judge: Accused
With naked feet walked over burn ploughshares.
Here is a Man by Nature's hand prepa
For a like trial, but more merciful.
Why else have I been led to this bl Waste?
Bare is it, without house or track, destitute
Of obvious shelter, as a shipless sea.
Here will I leave him — here — All-see God!
Such as *he* is, and sore perplexed a am,
I will commit him to this final *Ordeal*.
He heard a voice — a shepherd-lad ca to him
And was his guide; if once, why not ag
And in this desert? If never — then whole
Of what he says, and looks, and does, is,
Makes up one damning falsehood. Le him here
To cold and hunger! — Pain is of heart,
And what are a few throes of bodily fering
If they can waken one pang of remo
[*Goes up to* HERBE
Old Man! my wrath is as a flame b out,
It cannot be rekindled. Thou art he
Led by my hand to save thee from pe tion;
Thou wilt have time to breathe think —
Her. Oh, Mercy!

r. I know the need that all men
have of mercy,
nerefore leave thee to a righteous
judgment.
. My Child, my blessèd Child!
r. No more of that;
wilt have many guides if thou art
innocent;
rom the utmost corners of the earth,
Woman will come o'er this Waste to
save thee.
uses and looks at HERBERT'S *staff.*
hat is here? and carved by her own
hand! (*Reads upon the staff.*)
eyes to the blind, saith the Lord.
at puts his trust in me shall not
fail!"
e it so; — repent and be forgiven —
nd that staff are now thy only
guides.
[*He leaves* HERBERT *on the Moor.*

. — *An eminence, a Beacon on the summit.*

y, WALLACE, LENNOX, etc. etc.
ral of the Band (*confusedly*). But
patience!
of the Band. Curses on that Trai-
tor, Oswald! —
ptain made a prey to foul device! —
(*to* WAL.) His tool, the wan-
dering Beggar, made last night
n confession, such as leaves no
doubt,
ng what otherwise we know too
well,
e revealed the truth. Stand by me
now;
her would I have a nest of vipers
n my breast-plate and my skin,
than make
my special enemy, if you
ne your support.
. We have been fooled —
the motive?
. Natures such as his
notives out of their own bowels,
Lacy!
ed this when I was a Confessor.
him well; there needs no other
motive
hat most strange incontinence in
crime
Which haunts this Oswald. Power is life
to him
And breath and being; where he cannot
govern,
He will destroy.
Lacy. To have been trapped like
moles! —
Yes, you are right, we need not hunt for
motives:
There is no crime from which this man
would shrink;
He recks not human law; and I have
noticed
That often when the name of God is
uttered,
A sudden blankness overspreads his face.
Len. Yet, reasoner as he is, his pride
has built
Some uncouth superstition of its own.
Wal. I have seen traces of it.
Len. Once he headed
A band of Pirates in the Norway seas;
And when the King of Denmark sum-
moned him
To the oath of fealty, I well remember,
'Twas a strange answer that he made; he
said,
"I hold of Spirits, and the Sun in hea-
ven."
Lacy. He is no madman.
Wal. A most subtle doctor
Were that man, who could draw the line
that parts
Pride and her daughter, Cruelty, from
Madness,
That should be scourged, not pitied.
Restless Minds,
Such Minds as find amid their fellow-
men
No heart that loves them, none that they
can love,
Will turn perforce and seek for sympathy
In dim relation to imagined Beings.
One of the Band. What if he mean to
offer up our Captain
An expiation and a sacrifice
To those infernal fiends!
Wal. Now, if the event
Should be as Lennox has foretold, then
swear,
My Friends, his heart shall have as many
wounds
As there are daggers here.

Lacy. What need of swearing!
One of the Band. Let us away!
Another. Away!
A third. Hark! how the horns
Of those Scotch Rovers echo through the vale.
Lacy. Stay you behind; and when the sun is down,
Light up this beacon.
One of the Band. You shall be obeyed.
[*They go out together.*

SCENE. — *The Wood on the edge of the Moor.* MARMADUKE (*alone*).
Mar. Deep, deep and vast, vast beyond human thought,
Yet calm. — I could believe, that there was here
The only quiet heart on earth. In terror,
Remembered terror, there is peace and rest.
Enter OSWALD.
Osw. Ha! my dear Captain.
Mar. A later meeting, Oswald,
Would have been better timed.
Osw. Alone, I see;
You have done your duty. I had hopes, which now
I feel that you will justify.
Mar. I had fears,
From which I have freed myself — but 't is my wish
To be alone, and therefore we must part.
Osw. Nay, then — I am mistaken. There's a weakness
About you still; you talk of solitude —
I am your friend.
Mar. What need of this assurance
At any time? and why given now?
Osw. Because
You are now in truth my Master; you have taught me
What there is not another living man
Had strength to teach; — and therefore gratitude
Is bold, and would relieve itself by praise.
Mar. Wherefore press this on me?
Osw. Because I feel
That you have shown, and by a signal instance,
How they who would be just must seek the rule
By diving for it into their own bosoms.
To-day you have thrown off a tyranny
That lives but in the torpid acquiesce
Of our emasculated souls, the tyranny
Of the world's masters, with the mu
rules
By which they uphold their craft fr
age to age:
You have obeyed the only law that se
Submits to recognize; the immediate l
From the clear light of circumstanc
flashed
Upon an independent Intellect.
Henceforth new prospects open on y
path;
Your faculties should grow with
demand;
I still will be your friend, will cleave
you
Through good and evil, obloquy
scorn,
Oft as they dare to follow on your ste
Mar. I would be left alone.
Osw. (*exultingly*). I know y
motives!
I am not of the world's presumptu
judges,
Who damn where they can neither see
feel,
With a hard-hearted ignorance; y
struggles
I witnessed, and now hail your victor
Mar. Spare me awhile that greeti
Osw. It may
That some there are, squeamish h
thinking cowards,
Who will turn pale upon you, call
murderer,
And you will walk in solitude among th
A mighty evil for a strong-built mind
Join twenty tapers of unequal height
And light them joined, and you will
the less
How 'twill burn down the taller;
they all
Shall prey upon the tallest. Solitude
The Eagle lives in Solitude.
Mar. Even so,
The Sparrow so on the housetop, an
The weakest of God's creatures, st
resolved
To abide the issue of my act, alone.
Osw. *Now* would you? — and
ever? —

My young Friend,
ne advances either we become
rey or masters of our own past deeds.
wship we *must* have, willing or no;
if good Angels fail, slack in their duty,
itutes, turn our faces where we may,
still forthcoming; some which, though they bear
mes, can render no ill services,
compense for what themselves required.
et extremes in this mysterious world,
pposites thus melt into each other.
r. Time, since Man first drew breath, has never moved
such a weight upon his wings as now;
ıey will soon be lightened.
v. Ay, look up — ound you your mind's eye, and you will learn
ude is the child of Enterprise:
actions move our admiration, chiefly
se they carry in themselves an earnest
we can suffer greatly.
r. Very true.
v. Action is transitory — a step, a blow,
notion of a muscle — this way or that —
lone, and in the after-vacancy
onder at ourselves like men betrayed:
ng is permanent, obscure and dark,
hares the nature of infinity.
r. Truth — and I feel it.
v. What! if you had bid
l farewell to unmingled joy
ıe light dancing of the thoughtless heart;
ıe toy of fools, and little fit
ch a world as this. The wise abjure
oughts whose idle composition lives
entire forgetfulness of pain.
e I have disturbed you.
r. By no means.
v. Compassion! — pity! — pride can do without them;
hat if you should never know them more! —
a puny soul who, feeling pain,
Finds ease because another feels it too.
If e'er I open out this heart of mine
It shall be for a nobler end — to teach
And not to purchase puling sympathy.
— Nay, you are pale.
Mar. It may be so.
Osw. Remorse —
It cannot live with thought; think on, think on,
And it will die. What! in this universe,
Where the least things control the greatest, where
The faintest breath that breathes can move a world;
What! feel remorse, where, if a cat had sneezed,
A leaf had fallen, the thing had never been
Whose very shadow gnaws us to the vitals.
Mar. Now, whither are you wandering? That a man
So used to suit his language to the time,
Should thus so widely differ from himself —
It is most strange.
Osw. Murder! — what's in the word! —
I have no cases by me ready made
To fit all deeds. Carry him to the Camp! —
A shallow project; — you of late have seen
More deeply, taught us that the institutes
Of Nature, by a cunning usurpation
Banished from human intercourse, exist
Only in our relations to the brutes
That make the fields their dwelling. If a snake
Crawl from beneath our feet we do not ask
A license to destroy him: our good governors
Hedge in the life of every pest and plague
That bears the shape of man; and for what purpose,
But to protect themselves from extirpation? —
This flimsy barrier you have overleaped.
Mar. My Office is fulfilled — the Man is now
Delivered to the Judge of all things.
Osw. Dead!
Mar. I have borne my burthen to its destined end.
Osw. This instant we'll return to our companions —
Oh how I long to see their faces again!

Enter IDONEA, *with* Pilgrims, *who continue their journey.*

Idon. (*after some time*). What, Marmaduke! now thou art mine for ever.
And Oswald, too! (*To* MARMADUKE). On will we to my Father
With the glad tidings which this day hath brought;
We'll go together, and, such proof received
Of his own rights restored, his gratitude
To God above will make him feel for ours.

Osw. I interrupt you?

Idon. Think not so.

Mar. Idonea,
That I should ever live to see this moment!

Idon. Forgive me. — Oswald knows it all — he knows,
Each word of that unhappy letter fell
As a blood drop from my heart.

Osw. 'T was even so.

Mar. I have much to say, but for whose ear? — not thine.

Idon. Ill can I bear that look — Plead for me, Oswald!
You are my Father's Friend.
(*To* MARMADUKE). Alas, you know not,
And never *can* you know, how much he loved me.
Twice had he been to me a father, twice
Had given me breath, and was I not to be
His daughter, once his daughter? could I withstand
His pleading face, and feel his clasping arms,
And hear his prayer that I would not forsake him
In his old age — [*Hides her face.*

Mar. Patience — Heaven grant me patience! —
She weeps, she weeps — *my* brain shall burn for hours
Ere *I* can shed a tear.

Idon. I was a woman;
And, balancing the hopes that are the dearest
To womankind with duty to my Father,
I yielded up those precious hopes, which nought
On earth could else have wrested from me; — if erring,
Oh, let me be forgiven!

Mar. I *do* forgive th

Idon. But take me to your arms — t breast, alas!
It throbs, and you have a heart that d not feel it.

Mar. (*exultingly*). She is innoce [*He embraces h*

Osw. (*aside*). Were I a Morali
I should make wondrous revolution he
It were a quaint experiment to show
The beauty of truth — [*Addressing the*
I see I interrupt yo
I shall have business with you, Marm duke;
Follow me to the hostel. [*Exit* OSWA

Idon. Marmaduke,
This is a happy day. My Father soon
Shall sun himself before his native doo
The lame, the hungry, will be welco there.
No more shall he complain of wast strength,
Of thoughts that fail, and a decayi heart;
His good works will be balm and life him.

Mar. This is most strange! — I kn not what it was,
But there was something which m plainly said,
That thou wert innocent.

Idon. How innocent!
Oh heavens! you've been deceived.

Mar. Thou art a Wom
To bring perdition on the universe.

Idon. Already I've been punished the height
Of my offence. [*Smiling affectionat*
I see you love me still
The labors of my hand are still your j
Bethink you of the hour when on y shoulder
I hung this belt.
[*Pointing to the belt on which suspended* HERBERT'S *scrip.*

Mar. Mercy of Heaven! [*Sin*

Idon. What ails you! [*Distracte*

Mar. The scrip that held his fo and I forgot
To give it back again!

Idon. What mean your wor

Mar. I know not what I said — may be well.

n. That smile hath life in it!
r. This road is perilous;
attend you to a Hut that stands
the wood's edge — rest there to-
night, I pray you:
e, I have business, as you heard,
with Oswald,
ill return to you by break of day.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

.— A desolate prospect — a ridge of
s — a Chapel on the summit of one
Moon behind the rocks — night
my — irregular sound of a Bell —
RBERT *enters exhausted.*

. That Chapel-bell in mercy
seemed to guide me,
w it mocks my steps; its fitful stroke
arcely be the work of human hands.
ne, ye Men, upon the cliffs, if such
be who pray nightly before the
Altar.
at I had but strength to reach the
place!
ild — my child — dark — dark — I
faint — this wind —
stifling blasts — God help me!
Enter ELDRED.
Better this bare rock,
h it were tottering over a man's
head,
a tight case of dungeon walls for
shelter
such rough dealing.
[*A moaning voice is heard.*
Ha! what sound is that?
creaking in the wind (but none are
here)
orth such noises — and that weary
bell!
some evil Spirit abroad to-night
ing it — 't would stop a Saint in
prayer,
at — what is it? never was sound
so like
an groan. Ha! what is here?
Poor Man —
red! alas! speak — speak, I am
your friend:
wer — hush — lost wretch, he lifts
his hand
And lays it to his heart — (*Kneels to him*).
I pray you speak!
What has befallen you?
Her. (*feebly*). A stranger has done
this,
And in the arms of a stranger I must die.
Eld. Nay, think not so: come, let
me raise you up: [*Raises him.*
This is a dismal place — well — that is
well —
I was too fearful — take me for your guide
And your support — my hut is not far off.
[*Draws him gently off the stage.*

SCENE. — *A room in the Hostel.* — MARMADUKE *and* OSWALD.

Mar. But for Idonea! — I have cause
to think
That she is innocent.
Osw. Leave that thought awhile,
As one of those beliefs, which in their
hearts
Lovers lock up as pearls, though oft no
better
Than feathers clinging to their points of
passion.
This day's event has laid on me the duty
Of opening out my story; you must hear
it,
And without further preface. — In my
youth,
Except for that abatement which is paid
By envy as a tribute to desert,
I was the pleasure of all hearts, the darling
Of every tongue — as you are now.
You've heard
That I embarked for Syria. On our
voyage
Was hatched among the crew a foul
Conspiracy
Against my honor, in the which our
Captain
Was, I believed, prime Agent. The
wind fell;
We lay becalmed week after week, until
The water of the vessel was exhausted;
I felt a double fever in my veins,
Yet rage suppressed itself; — to a deep
stillness
Did my pride tame my pride; — for many
days,
On a dead sea under a burning sky,
I brooded o'er my injuries, deserted

By man and nature;—if a breeze had blown,
It might have found its way into my heart,
And I had been—no matter—do you mark me?
Mar. Quick—to the point—if any untold crime
Doth haunt your memory.
Osw. Patience, hear me further!—
One day in silence did we drift at noon
By a bare rock, narrow, and white, and bare;
No food was there, no drink, no grass, no shade,
No tree, nor jutting eminence, nor form
Inanimate large as the body of man,
Nor any living thing whose lot of life
Might stretch beyond the measure of one moon.
To dig for water on the spot, the Captain
Landed with a small troop, myself being one:
There I reproached him with his treachery.
Imperious at all times, his temper rose;
He struck me; and that instant had I killed him,
And put an end to his insolence, but my Comrades
Rushed in between us: then did I insist
(All hated him, and I was stung to madness)
That we should leave him there, alive!—we did so.
Mar. And he was famished?
Osw. Naked was the spot;
Methinks I see it now—how in the sun
Its stony surface glittered like a shield;
And in that miserable place we left him,
Alone but for a swarm of minute creatures
Not one of which could help him while alive,
Or mourn him dead.
Mar. A man by men cast off,
Left without burial! nay, not dead nor dying,
But standing, walking, stretching forth his arms,
In all things like ourselves, but in the agony
With which he called for mercy; and—even so—
He was forsaken?
Osw. There is a power in soun
The cries he uttered might have stop
the boat
That bore us through the water—
Mar. You retur
Upon that dismal hearing—did you r
Osw. Some scoffed at him with hel
mockery,
And laughed so loud it seemed that
smooth sea
Did from some distant region echo us
Mar. We all are of one blood,
veins are filled
At the same poisonous fountain!
Osw. 'T was an isl
Only by sufferance of the winds and wa
Which with their foam could cover i
will.
I know not how he perished; but the ca
The same dead calm, continued many d
Mar. But his own crime had brou
on him this doom,
His wickedness prepared it; these e
dients
Are terrible, yet ours is not the fault.
Osw. The man was famished, and
innocent!
Mar. Impossible!
Osw. The man had never wronged
Mar. Banish the thought, crush it,
be at peace.
His guilt was marked—these th
could never be
Were there not eyes that see, and
good ends,
Where ours are baffled.
Osw. I had been decei
Mar. And from that hour the mis
ble man
No more was heard of?
Osw. I had been betra
Mar. And he found no deliveran
Osw. The C
Gave me a hearty welcome; they had
The plot to rid themselves, at any co
Of a tyrannic Master whom they loat
So we pursued our voyage: when
landed,
The tale was spread abroad; my p
at once
Shrunk from me; plans and sche
and lofty hopes—
All vanished. I gave way—do you att

r. The Crew deceived you?
. Nay, command yourself.
r. It is a dismal night — how the wind howls!
. I hid my head within a Convent, there
assive as a dormouse in mid-winter.
was no life for me — I was o'er-thrown,
ot destroyed.
r. The proofs — you ought to have seen
uilt — have touched it — felt it at your heart —
ave done.
. A fresh tide of Crusaders by the place of my retreat: three nights
onstant meditation dry my blood;
sleepless nights I passed in sounding on,
gh words and things, a dim and perilous way;
wheresoe'er I turned me, I beheld
ery compared to which the dungeon anking chains are perfect liberty.
nderstand me — I was comforted;
hat every possible shape of action lead to good — I saw it and burst forth
ng for some of those exploits that fill
arth for sure redemption of lost peace.
ing MARMADUKE'S *countenance.*]
ou have had the worst. Ferocity
ed in a moment, like a wind
rops down dead out of a sky it vexed.
t I had within me evermore
nt spring of energy; I mounted
ction up to action with a mind
ver rested — without meat or drink
lived many days — my sleep was bound
oses of reason — not a dream
l a continuity and substance
aking life had never power to give.
. O wretched Human-kind! — Until the mystery
his world is solved, well may we envy
The worm, that, underneath a stone whose weight
Would crush the lion's paw with mortal anguish,
Doth lodge, and feed, and coil, and sleep, in safety.
Fell not the wrath of Heaven upon those traitors?
Osw. Give not to them a thought. From Palestine
We marched to Syria: oft I left the Camp,
When all that multitude of hearts was still,
And followed on, through woods of gloomy cedar,
Into deep chasms troubled by roaring streams;
Or from the top of Lebanon surveyed
The moonlight desert, and the moonlight sea:
In these my lonely wanderings I perceived
What mighty objects do impress their forms
To elevate our intellectual being;
And felt, if aught on earth deserves a curse,
'T is that worst principle of ill which dooms
A thing so great to perish self-consumed.
— So much for my remorse!
Mar. Unhappy Man!
Osw. When from these forms I turned to contemplate
The World's opinions and her usages,
I seemed a Being who had passed alone
Into a region of futurity,
Whose natural element was freedom —
Mar. Stop —
I may not, cannot, follow thee.
Osw. You must.
I had been nourished by the sickly food
Of popular applause. I now perceived
That we are praised, only as men in us
Do recognize some image of themselves,
An abject counterpart of what they are,
Or the empty thing that they would wish to be.
I felt that merit has no surer test
Than obloquy; that, if we wish to serve
The world in substance, not deceive by show,
We must become obnoxious to its hate,
Or fear disguised in simulated scorn.

Mar. I pity, can forgive, you; but those wretches —
That monstrous perfidy!
Osw. Keep down your wrath.
False Shame discarded, spurious Fame despised,
Twin sisters both of Ignorance, I found
Life stretched before me smooth as some broad way
Cleared for a monarch's progress. Priests might spin
Their veil, but not for me — 't was in fit place
Among its kindred cobwebs. I had been,
And in that dream had left my native land,
One of Love's simple bondsmen — the soft chain
Was off forever; and the men, from whom
This liberation came, you would destroy:
Join me in thanks for their blind services.
Mar. 'T is a strange aching that, when we would curse
And cannot. — You have betrayed me — I have done —
I am content — I know that he is guiltless —
That both are guiltless, without spot or stain,
Mutually consecrated. Poor old Man!
And I had heart for this, because thou lovedst
Her who from very infancy had been
Light to thy path, warmth to thy blood! — Together [*Turning to* OSWALD.
We propped his steps, he leaned upon us both.
Osw. Ay, we are coupled by a chain of adamant;
Let us be fellow-laborers, then, to enlarge
Man's intellectual empire. We subsist
In slavery; all is slavery; we receive
Laws, but we ask not whence those laws have come;
We need an inward sting to goad us on.
Mar. Have you betrayed me? Speak to that.
Osw. The mask,
Which for a season I have stooped to wear,
Must be cast off. — Know then that I was urged,
(For other impulse let it pass) was driven,
To seek for sympathy, because I saw
In you a mirror of my youthful self;
I would have made us equal once agai
But that was a vain hope. You h
struck home,
With a few drops of blood cut short
business;
Therein forever you must yield to me.
But what is done will save you from
blank
Of living without knowledge that you li
Now you are suffering — for the future d
'T is his who will command it. — Thinl
my story —
Herbert is *innocent*.
Mar. (*in a faint voice, and doubting*
You do but echo
My own wild words?
Osw. Young Man, the seed must
Hid in the earth, or there can be no harv
'T is Nature's law. What I have don
darkness
I will avow before the face of day.
Herbert *is* innocent.
Mar. What fiend could pro
This action? Innocent! — oh, break
heart! —
Alive or dead, I'll find him. [*E*
Osw. Alive — perdition! [*E*

SCENE. — *The inside of a poor Cottag*
ELEANOR *and* IDONEA *seated.*
Idon. The storm beats hard — Mercy
poor or rich,
Whose heads are shelterless in such a nig
A Voice without. Holla! to bed, g
Folks, within!
Elea. O save us!
Idon. What can this mean?
Elea. Alas, for my poor husband
We'll have a counting of our flocks
morrow;
The wolf keeps festival these stormy nig
Be calm, sweet Lady, they are wassa
[*The voices die away in the dista*
Returning from their Feast — my heart b
so —
A noise at midnight does *so* frighten
Idon. Hush! [*Listen*
Elea. They are gone. On such a n
my husband,
Dragged from his bed, was cast in
dungeon,
Where, hid from me, he counted n
years,

inal in no one's eyes but theirs —
en in theirs—whose brutal violence
lt with him.

z. I have a noble Friend
mong youths of knightly breeding,
One
lives but to protect the weak or
injured.
again! [*Listening.*

z. 'Tis my husband's foot. Good
Eldred
kind heart; but his imprisonment
ade him fearful, and he'll never be
an he was.

z. I will retire; — good night!
[*She goes within.*

ter ELDRED (*hides a bundle*).
. Not yet in bed, Eleanor! — there
ains in that frock which must be
d out.

z. What has befallen you?
I am belated, and you must know
se—(*speaking low*) that is the blood
unhappy Man.

z. Oh! we are undone forever.
Heaven forbid that I should lift my
gainst any man. Eleanor, I have
ears to-night, and it comforts me to
of it.

z. Where, where is he?
I have done him no harm, but —
be forgiven me; it would not have
o once.

. You have not *buried* anything?
e no richer than when you left me?
Be at peace; I am innocent.

. Then God be thanked —
[*A short pause; she falls upon his neck.*
To-night I met with an old Man
retched upon the ground — a sad
le: I raised him up with a hope
e might shelter and restore him.
(*as if ready to run*). Where is he?
re not able to bring him *all* the way
u; let us return, I can help you.
[ELDRED *shakes his head.*
He did not seem to wish for life:
s struggling on, by the light of the
saw the stains of blood upon my
—he waved his hand, as if it were
ess; and I let him sink again to the

Elea. Oh that I had been by your side!

Eld. I tell you his hands and his body were cold — how could I disturb his last moments? he strove to turn from me as if he wished to settle into sleep.

Elea. But, for the stains of blood —

Eld. He must have fallen, I fancy, for his head was cut; but I think his malady was cold and hunger.

Elea. Oh, Eldred, I shall never be able to look up at this roof in storm or fair but I shall tremble.

Eld. Is it not enough that my ill stars have kept me abroad to-night till this hour? I come home, and this is my comfort!

Elea. But did he say nothing which might have set you at ease?

Eld. I thought he grasped my hand while he was muttering something about his Child—his Daughter—(*starting as if he heard a noise*). What is that?

Elea. Eldred, you are a father.

Eld. God knows what was in my heart, and will not curse my son for my sake.

Elea. But you prayed by him? you waited the hour of his release?

Eld. The night was wasting fast; I have no friend; I am spited by the world — his wound terrified me — if I had brought him along with me, and he had died in my arms! — I am sure I heard something breathing — and this chair!

Elea. Oh, Eldred, you will die alone. You will have nobody to close your eyes — no hand to grasp your dying hand—I shall be in my grave. A curse will attend us all.

Eld. Have you forgot your own troubles when I was in the dungeon?

Elea. And you left him alive?

Eld Alive!—the damps of death were upon him — he could not have survived an hour.

Elea. In the cold, cold night.

Eld. (*in a savage tone*). Ay, and his head was bare; I suppose you would have had me lend my bonnet to cover it. — You will never rest till I am brought to a felon's end.

Elea. Is there nothing to be done? cannot we go to the Convent?

Eld. Ay, and say at once that I murdered him!

Elea. Eldred, I know that ours is the only house upon the Waste; let us take heart; this Man may be rich; and could he be saved by our means, his gratitude may reward us.

Eld. 'T is all in vain.

Elea. But let us make the attempt. This old Man may have a wife, and he may have children — let us return to the spot; we may restore him, and his eyes may yet open upon those that love him.

Eld. He will never open them more; even when he spoke to me, he kept them firmly sealed as if he had been blind.

Idon. (*rushing out*). It is, it is, my Father —

Eld. We are betrayed (*looking at* IDONEA).

Elea. His Daughter!—God have mercy! (*turning to* IDONEA).

Idon. (*sinking down*). Oh! lift me up and carry me to the place.

You are safe; the whole world shall not harm you.

Elea. This Lady is his Daughter.

Eld. (*moved*). I'll lead you to the spot.

Idon. (*springing up*). Alive! — you heard him breathe? quick, quick — [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE. — *A wood on the edge of the Waste. Enter* OSWALD *and a* Forester.

For. He leaned upon the bridge that spans the glen,
And down into the bottom cast his eye,
That fastened there, as it would check the current.

Osw. He listened too; did you not say he listened?

For. As if there came such moaning from the flood
As is heard often after stormy nights.

Osw. But did he utter nothing?

For. See him there!

MARMADUKE *appearing.*

Mar. Buzz, buzz, ye black and winged freebooters;
That is no substance which ye settle on!

For. His senses play him false; and see, his arms
Outspread, as if to save himself from f
ing! —
Some terrible phantom I believe is no
Passing before him, such as God will
Permit to visit any but a man
Who has been guilty of some horrid cri
[MARMADUKE *disappea*

Osw. The game is up! —

For. If it be needful,
I will assist you to lay hands upon hi

Osw. No, no, my Friend, you
pursue your business —
'T is a poor wretch of an unsettled mi
Who has a trick of straying from
keepers;
We must be gentle. Leave him to
care.
[*Exit* Fores
If his own eyes play false with him, th
freaks
Of fancy shall be quickly tamed by mi
The goal is reached. My Master s
become
A shadow of myself — made by mysel

SCENE. — *The edge of the Moor.*
MARMADUKE *and* ELDRED *enter fr*
opposite sides.

Mar. (*raising his eyes and percei*
ELDRED). In any corner of
savage Waste,
Have you, good Peasant, seen a blind
Man?

Eld. I heard —

Mar. You heard him, where? w
heard him?

Eld. As you know,
The first hours of last night were ro
with storm:
I had been out in search of a stray hei
Returning late, I heard a moaning sou
Then, thinking that my fancy had
ceived me,
I hurried on, when straight a sec
moan,
A human voice distinct, struck on my
So guided, distant a few steps, I four
An aged Man, and such as you descr

Mar. You heard! — he called yo
him? Of all men
The best and kindest! — but where is
guide me,
That I may see him.

On a ridge of rocks
ome Chapel stands, deserted now:
ll is left, which no one dares re-
move;
hen the stormy wind blows o'er
the peak,
, as if a human hand were there
the cord. I guess he must have
heard it;
had led him towards the precipice,
ıb up to the spot whence the sound
came;
had failed through weakness.
From his hand
ff had dropped, and close upon the
brink
ıall pool of water he was laid,
e had stooped to drink, and so re-
mained
t the strength to rise.
Well, well, he lives,
is safe: what said he?
But few words:
y spake to me of a dear Daughter,
o he feared, would never see him
more;
a Stranger to him, One by whom
been sore misused; but he forgave
ong and the wrong-doer. You are
troubled —
s you are his son?
The All-seeing knows,
ot think he had a living Child. —
ither did you carry him?
He was torn,
ad was bruised, and there was
blood about him —
That was no work of mine.
Nor was it mine.
But had he strength to walk? I
could have borne him
and miles.
I am in poverty,
ow how busy are the tongues of
men;
rt was willing, Sir, but I am one
good deeds will not stand by their
own light;
nough it smote me more than
words can tell,
m.
I believe that there are phan-
oms,
That in the shape of man do cross our
path
On evil instigation, to make sport
Of our distress — and thou art one of
them!
But things substantial have so pressed on
me —
Eld. My wife and children came into
my mind.
Mar. Oh Monster! Monster! there are
three of us,
And we shall howl together.
[*After a pause and in a feeble voice.*
I am deserted
At my worst need, my crimes have in a
net
(*Pointing to* ELDRED) Entangled this poor
man. — Where was it? where?
[*Dragging him along.*
Eld. 'T is needless; spare your vio-
lence.
His Daughter —
Mar. Ay, in the word a thousand scor-
pions lodge.
This old man *had* a Daughter.
Eld. To the spot
I hurried back with her. — O save me,
Sir,
From such a journey! — there was a black
tree,
A single tree; she thought it was her
Father. —
Oh Sir, I would not see that hour again
For twenty lives. The daylight dawned,
and now —
Nay; hear my tale, 't is fit that you should
hear it —
As we approached, a solitary crow
Rose from the spot; — the Daughter
clapped her hands,
And then I heard a shriek so terrible
[MARMADUKE *shrinks back.*
The startled bird quivered upon the wing.
Mar. Dead, dead! —
Eld. (*after a pause*). A dismal mat-
ter, Sir, for me,
And seems the like for you; if 't is your
wish,
I'll lead you to his Daughter; but 't were
best
That she should be prepared; I'll go be-
fore.
Mar. There will be need of preparation.

[ELDRED *goes off*.

Elea. (*enters*). Master!
Your limbs sink under you, shall I support you?
Mar. (*taking her arm*). Woman, I've lent my body to the service
Which now thou tak'st upon thee. God forbid
That thou shouldst ever meet a like occasion
With such a purpose in thine heart as mine was.
Elea. Oh, why have I to do with things like these? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the door of* ELDRED'S *cottage* — IDONEA *seated* — *enter* ELDRED.

Eld. Your Father, Lady, from a wilful hand
Has met unkindness; so indeed he told me,
And you remember such was my report:
From what has just befallen me I have cause
To fear the very worst.
Idon. My Father is dead;
Why dost thou come to me with words like these?
Eld. A wicked Man should answer for his crimes.
Idon. Thou seest me what I am.
Eld. It was most heinous,
And doth call out for vengeance.
Idon. Do not add,
I prithee, to the harm thou'st done already.
Eld. Hereafter you will thank me for this service.
Hard by, a Man I met, who, from plain proofs
Of interfering Heaven, I have no doubt,
Laid hands upon your Father. Fit it were
You should prepare to meet him.
Idon. I have nothing
To do with others; help me to my Father—
[*She turns and sees* MARMADUKE *leaning on* ELEANOR — *throws herself upon his neck, and after some time,*
In joy I met thee, but a few hours past;
And thus we meet again; one human stay
Is left me still in thee. Nay, shake not so.
Mar. In such a wilderness — to see no thing,
No, not the pitying moon!
Idon. And perish
Mar. Without a dog to moan for h
Idon. Think not o
But enter there and see him how he sle
Tranquil as he had died in his own b
Mar. Tranquil — why not?
Idon. Oh, pea
Mar. He is at pea
His body is at rest: there was a plot
A hideous plot, against the soul of m
It took effect — and yet I baffled it,
In *some* degree.
Idon. Between us stood, I thou
A cup of consolation, filled from Hea
For both our needs; must I, and in presence,
Alone partake of it? — Belovèd Mar duke!
Mar. Give me a reason why the w thing
That the earth owns shall never ch to die,
But some one must be near to count groans.
The wounded deer retires to solitude
And dies in solitude: all things but r
All die in solitude.
[*Moving towards the cottage* Mysterious God,
If she had never lived I had not done i
Idon. Alas, the thought of such a death
Has overwhelmed him. — I must fol
Eld. L
You will do well; (*she goes*) unjust picion may
Cleave to this Stranger: if, upon entering,
The dead Man heave a groan, or fro side
Uplift his hand—that would be evid
Elea. Shame! Eldred, shame!
Mar. (*both returning*). The have but one face (*to himsel*
And such a Man — so meek and unof ing —
Helpless and harmless as a babe: a
By obvious signal to the world's pr tion,
Solemnly dedicated — to decoy him
Idon. Oh, had you seen him livin
Mar. I (so

horror in this world) am unto thee
hing most precious, that it now
contains:
fore through me alone must be
revealed
hom thy Parent was destroyed,
Idonea!
e the proofs!—
n. O miserable Father!
didst command me to bless all man-
kind;
o this moment, have I ever wished
o any living thing; but hear me,
me, ye Heavens!—(*kneeling*)—
may vengeance haunt the fiend
is most cruel murder: let him live
nove in terror of the elements;
nunder send him on his knees to
prayer
open streets, and let him think he
sees,
he entereth the house of God,
oof, self-moved, unsettling o'er his
head;
et him, when he would lie down at
night,
to his wife the blood-stains on his
pillow!
r. My voice was silent, but my
heart hath joined thee.
n. (*leaning on* MARMADUKE). Left
to the mercy of that savage Man!
could he call upon his Child!—O
Friend! [*Turns to* MARMADUKE.
ithful true and only Comforter.
r. Ay, come to me and weep.
(*He kisses her.*) (*To* ELDRED.)
Yes, Varlet, look,
evils at such sights do clap their
hands.
[ELDRED *retires alarmed.*
n. Thy vest is torn, thy cheek is
deadly pale;
hou pursued the monster?
r. I have found him.—
would that thou hadst perished in
the flames!
n. Here art thou, then can I be
desolate?—
r. There was a time, when this pro-
tecting hand
d against the mighty; never more
blessings wait upon a deed of mine.

Idon. Wild words for me to hear, for
me, an orphan
Committed to thy guardianship by
Heaven;
And, if thou hast forgiven me, let me
hope,
In this deep sorrow, trust, that I am thine
For closer care;—here, is no malady.
[*Taking his arm.*
Mar. There, *is* a malady—
(*Striking his heart and forehead*). And
here, and here,
A mortal malady.—I am accurst:
All nature curses me, and in my heart
Thy curse is fixed; the truth must be
laid bare.
It must be told, and borne. I am the man,
(Abused, betrayed, but how it matters
not)
Presumptuous above all that ever
breathed,
Who, casting as I thought a guilty Person
Upon Heaven's righteous judgment, did
become
An instrument of Fiends. Through me,
through me
Thy Father perished.
Idon. Perished—by what mischance?
Mar. Beloved!—if I dared, so would
I call thee—
Conflict must cease, and, in thy frozen
heart,
The extremes of suffering meet in absolute
peace. [*He gives her a letter.*
Idon. (*reads*). "Be not surprised if
you hear that some signal judgment has
befallen the man who calls himself your
father; he is now with me, as his signa-
ture will show: abstain from conjecture
till you see me. "HERBERT.
"MARMADUKE."
The writing Oswald's; the signature my
Father's:
(*Looks steadily at the paper*). And here is
yours,—or do my eyes deceive
me?
You have then seen my Father?
Mar. He has leaned
Upon this arm.
Idon. You led him towards the Con-
vent?
Mar. That Convent was Stone-Arthur
Castle. Thither

We were his guides. I on that night resolved
That he should wait thy coming till the day
Of resurrection.
Idon. Miserable Woman,
Too quickly moved, too easily giving way,
I put denial on thy suit, and hence,
With the disastrous issue of last night,
Thy perturbation, and these frantic words.
Be calm, I pray thee!
Mar. Oswald —
Idon. Name him not.
Enter female Beggar.
Beg. And he is dead! — that Moor — how shall I cross it?
By night, by day, never shall I be able
To travel half a mile alone. — Good Lady!
Forgive me! — Saints forgive me. Had I thought
It would have come to this! —
Idon. What brings you hither? speak!
Beg. (*pointing to* MARMADUKE). This innocent Gentleman. Sweet heavens! I told him
Such tales of your dead Father! — God is my judge.
I thought there was no harm: but that bad Man,
He bribed me with his gold, and looked so fierce.
Mercy! I said I know not what — oh pity me —
I said, sweet Lady, you were not his Daughter —
Pity me, I am haunted; — thrice this day
My conscience made me wish to be struck blind;
And then I would have prayed, and had no voice.
Idon. (*to* MARMADUKE). Was it my Father? — no, no, no, for he
Was meek and patient, feeble, old and blind,
Helpless, and loved me dearer than his life.
— But hear me. For *one* question, I have a heart
That will sustain me. Did you murder him?
Mar. No, not by stroke of arm. But learn the process:
Proof after proof was pressed upon me; guilt
Made evident, as seemed, by blac guilt,
Whose impious folds enwrapped e thee; and truth
And innocence, embodied in his look
His words and tones and gestures, did serve
With me to aggravate his crimes, heaped
Ruin upon the cause for which t pleaded.
Then pity crossed the path of my resol
Confounded, I looked up to Heaven, cast,
Idonea! thy blind Father, on the Orc
Of the bleak Waste — left him — and he died! —
[IDONEA *sinks senseless;* Begg ELEANOR, *etc., crowd round, bear her off.*
Why may we speak these things, and no more;
Why should a thrust of the arm have s a power,
And words that tell these things be he in vain?
She is not dead. Why! — if I lo this Woman,
I would take care she never woke aga
But she WILL wake, and she will w for me,
And say, no blame was mine — and poor fool,
Will waste her curses on another nan
[*He walks about distracte*
Enter OSWALD.
Osw. (*to himself*). Strong to o'ertu strong also to build up.
[*To* MARMADU
The starts and sallies of our last encou
Were natural enough; but that, I tr
Is all gone by. You have cast off chains
That fettered your nobility of mind –
Delivered heart and head!
Let us to Palesti
This is a paltry field for enterprise.
Mar. Ay, what shall we encou next? This issue —
'T was nothing more than darkness d ening darkness,
And weakness crowned with the in tence of death! —

pupil is, you see, an apt proficient
(*ironically*).
ıot! — here is another face hard by;
let us take a peep at both to-
gether,
with a voice at which the dead will
quake,
nd the praise of your morality —
s too much.
rawing OSWALD *towards the Cottage*
— *stops short at the door.*
Men are there, millions, Oswald,
vith bare hands would have plucked
out thy heart
lung it to the dogs: but I am
raised
, or sunk below, all further sense
rovocation. Leave me, with the
weight
at old Man's forgiveness on thy
heart,
ng as heavily as it doth on mine.
d I have been; know, there lies
not now
ı the compass of a mortal thought,
l that I would shrink from; — but
to endure,
s my destiny. May it be thine:
fice, thy ambition, be henceforth
d remorse, to welcome every sting
ıitential anguish, yea with tears.
seas and continents shall lie be-
tween us —
ider space the better — we may
find
h a course fit links of sympathy,
ommunicable rivalship
ıined, for peaceful ends beyond our
view.
ıfused voices — several of the band
ter — rush upon OSWALD, *and*
ize him.
of them. I would have dogged him
to the jaws of hell —
. Ha! is it so? — That vagrant
Hag! — this comes
ring left a thing like her alive!
[*Aside.*
ral voices. Despatch him!
. If I pass beneath a rock
out, and, with the echo of my voice,
down a heap of rubbish, and it
crush me,
I die without dishonor. Famished,
starved,
A Fool and Coward blended to my wish!
[*Smiles scornfully and exultingly at*
MARMADUKE.
Wal. 'T is done! (*Stabs him*).
Another of the band. The ruthless
Traitor!
Mar. A rash deed! —
With that reproof I do resign a station
Of which I have been proud.
Wil. (*approaching* MARMADUKE). O
my poor Master!
Mar. Discerning Monitor, my faithful
Wilfred,
Why art thou here?
[*Turning to* WALLACE.
Wallace, upon these Borders,
Many there be whose eyes will not want
cause
To weep that I am gone. Brothers in
arms!
Raise on that dreary Waste a monument
That may record my story: nor let
words —
Few must they be, and delicate in their
touch
As light itself — be there withheld from
Her
Who, through most wicked arts, was
made an orphan
By One who would have died a thousand
times,
To shield her from a moment's harm. To
you,
Wallace and Wilfred, I commend the
Lady,
By lowly nature reared, as if to make
her
In all things worthier of that noble birth,
Whose long-suspended rights are now on
the eve
Of restoration: with your tenderest care
Watch over her, I pray — sustain her —
Several of the band (*eagerly*). Captain!
Mar. No more of that; in silence hear
my doom:
A hermitage has furnished fit relief
To some offenders: other penitents,
Less patient in their wretchedness, have
fallen,
Like the old Roman, on their own sword's
point.

They had their choice: a wanderer *must*
I go,
The Spectre of that innocent Man, my
guide.
No human ear shall ever hear me speak;
No human dwelling ever give me food,
Or sleep, or rest: but, over waste and
wild,
In search of nothing, that this earth can
give,
But expiation, will I wander on —
A Man by pain and thought compelled to
live,
Yet loathing life — till anger is appeased
In Heaven, and Mercy gives me leave to
die.

1795-96. 1842.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

This arose out of my observation of the affecting music of these birds hanging in this way in the London streets during the freshness and stillness of the Spring morning.

At the corner of Wood Street, when
daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has
sung for three years:
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and
has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the
Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her?
She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of
Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of
the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped
with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a
dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she
loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven:
but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and
shade:
The stream will not flow, and the
will not rise,
And the colors have all passed
from her eyes!

1797. 18

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

Translated from some French stanza
Francis Wrangham, and printed in "Poem
Francis Wrangham, M.A."

When Love was born of heavenly
What dire intrigues disturbed Cyth
joy!
Till Venus cried, "A mother's hea
mine;
None but myself shall nurse my b

But, infant as he was, the child
In that divine embrace enchanted
And, by the beauty of the vase begu
Forgot the beverage — and pined a

"And must my offspring languish i
sight?"
(Alive to all a mother's pain,
The Queen of Beauty thus her
addressed)
"No: Let the most discreet of al
train
Receive him to her breast:
Think all, he is the God of young delig

Then Tenderness with Candor joi
And Gaiety the charming
sought;
Nor even Delicacy stayed behind:
But none of those fair Graces bro
Wherewith to nurse the child — and
he pined.
Some fond hearts to Compliance see
inclined;
But she had surely spoiled the bo
And sad experience forbade a th
On the wild Goddess of Voluptuous

Long undecided lay th' important ch
Till of the beauteous court, at leng
voice

nced the name of HOPE: — The
conscious child
ed forth his little arms, and smiled.

id ENJOYMENT (who averred
charge belonged to her alone)
that HOPE had been preferred
snares to make the babe her own.

NOCENCE the garb she took,
ushing mien and downcast look;
came her services to proffer:
OPE (what has not Hope believed!)
seducing air deceived,
pted of the offer.

pened that, to sleep inclined,
ded HOPE for one short hour
hat false INNOCENCE'S power
tle charge consigned.

oddess then her lap with sweet-
meats filled
gave, in handfuls gave, the treach-
erous store:
delirium first the infant thrilled;
soon upon her breast he sunk —
to wake no more.

1842.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

osed on the road between Nether Stowey
oxden, extempore. I distinctly recollect
moment when I was struck, as described,
looks up — the clouds are split," etc.

— THE sky is overcast
continuous cloud of texture close,
and wan, all whitened by the
Moon,
through that veil is indistinctly
seen,
contracted circle, yielding light
ly spread, that not a shadow falls,
ring the ground — from rock,
plant, tree, or tower.
th a pleasant instantaneous gleam
the pensive traveller while he
treads
esome path, with unobserving eye
arthwards; he looks up — the
clouds are split
Asunder, — and above his head he sees
The clear Moon, and the glory of the
heavens.
There, in a black-blue vault she sails
along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that,
small
And sharp, and bright, along the dark
abyss
Drives as she drives: how fast they wheel
away,
Yet vanish not! — the wind is in the tree,
But they are silent; — still they roll along
Immeasurably distant; and the vault,
Built round by those white clouds, enor-
mous clouds,
Still deepens its unfathomable depth.
At length the Vision closes; and the
mind,
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.

1798. 1815.

WE ARE SEVEN.

Written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798, under circumstances somewhat remarkable. The little girl who is the heroine I met within the area of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793. Having left the Isle of Wight and crossed Salisbury Plain, as mentioned in the preface to "Guilt and Sorrow," I proceeded by Bristol up the Wye, and so on to North Wales, to the Vale of Clwydd, where I spent my summer under the roof of the father of my friend, Robert Jones. In reference to this Poem I will here mention one of the most remarkable facts in my own poetic history and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the spring of the year 1798, he, my sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden, pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Lenton and the valley of Stones near it; and as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expenses of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the New Monthly Magazine set up by Phillips the Bookseller, and edited by Dr. Aikin. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of the "Ancient Mariner," founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend, Mr. Cruikshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention; but certain parts I myself suggested: — for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the old

Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime, and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvock's Voyages a day or two before that while doubling Cape Horn they frequently saw Albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or fifteen feet. "Suppose," said I, "you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary Spirits of those regions take upon them to avenge the crime." The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The Gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time; at least, not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular: —

"And listened like a three years' child;
The Mariner had his will."

These trifling contributions, all but one (which Mr. C. has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded) slipt out of his mind as they well might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening) our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. We returned after a few days from a delightful tour, of which I have many pleasant, and some of them droll-enough, recollections. We returned by Dulverton to Alfoxden. The "Ancient Mariner" grew and grew till it became too important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to talk of a Volume, which was to consist, as Mr. Coleridge has told the world, of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium. Accordingly I wrote "The Idiot Boy," "Her Eyes are wild," etc., "We are Seven," "The Thorn," and some others. To return to "We are Seven," the piece that called forth this note, I composed it while walking in the grove at Alfoxden. My friends will not deem it too trifling to relate that while walking to and fro I composed the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. When it was all but finished, I came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my sister, and said, "A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished. I mentioned in substance what I wished to have expressed, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus: —

"A little child, dear brother Jem," —

I objected to the rhyme, "dear brother Jem" being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke hitching in our friend, James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem. He was the butt of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which it may be worth while here to record. The said Jem got a sight of the Lyrical Ballads as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face and said, "Wordsworth, I have seen the volume which Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous." I answered that I was much obliged by the interest he took in my fame as a writer, and begged to know what the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He replied, "It is called 'We are Seven.'" Nay! said I, that shall take its chance, however, and left him in despair. I have only to add that in the spring of 1841 I revisited Goodrich Castle, having seen that part of the Wye since I made a little Girl there in 1793. It would have given me greater pleasure to have found in the neighboring hamlet traces of one who had interested me so much; but that was impossible, as unfortunately I did not even know her name. The castle, from its position and features, is a most impressive object. I could not but deeply regret that its solemnity was impaired by a fantastic Gothic Castle set up on a projection of the same ridge, as if to show how far modern art can go in surpassing all that could be done by antiquity and nature with their united graces, remembrances and associations.

— A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

ers and brothers, little Maid,
many may you be?"
w many? Seven in all," she said,
vondering looked at me.

where are they? I pray you tell."
nswered, "Seven are we;
wo of us at Conway dwell,
wo are gone to sea.

o of us in the church-yard lie,
ster and my brother;
n the church-yard cottage, I
near them with my mother."

say that two at Conway dwell,
wo are gone to sea,
are seven! — I pray you tell,
Maid, how this may be."

did the little Maid reply,
en boys and girls are we;
f us in the church-yard lie,
th the church-yard tree."

run about, my little Maid,
imbs they are alive;
are in the church-yard laid,
ye are only five."

r graves are green, they may be
en,"
tle Maid replied,
lve steps or more from my mother's
oor,
ney are side by side.

stockings there I often knit,
rchief there I hem;
ere upon the ground I sit,
ng a song to them.

often after sunset, Sir,
it is light and fair,
my little porringer,
t my supper there.

first that died was sister Jane;
she moaning lay,
od released her of her pain;
en she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with
snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little Maid's reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'T was throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

1798. 1798.

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS.

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges." — EUSEBIUS.

This was suggested in front of Alfoxden. The Boy was a son of my friend, Basil Montagu, who had been two or three years under our care. The name of Kilve is from a village on the Bristol Channel, about a mile from Alfoxden; and the name of Liswyn Farm was taken from a beautiful spot on the Wye. When Mr. Coleridge, my sister, and I, had been visiting the famous John Thelwall, who had taken refuge from politics, after a trial for high treason, with a view to bring up his family by the profits of agriculture, which proved as unfortunate a speculation as that he had fled from, Coleridge and he had both been public lecturers; Coleridge mingling, with his politics, Theology, from which the other elocutionist abstained, unless it were for the sake of a sneer. This quondam community of public employment induced Thelwall to visit Coleridge at Nether Stowey, where he fell in my way. He really was a man of extraordinary talent, an affectionate husband, and a good father. Though brought up in the City, he was truly sensible of the beauty of natural objects. I remember once, when Coleridge, he, and I were seated together upon the turf on the brink of a stream in the most beautiful part of the most beautiful glen of Alfoxden, Coleridge exclaimed, "This is a place

to reconcile one to all the jarrings and conflicts of the wide world." — "Nay," said Thelwall, "to make one forget them altogether." The visit of this man to Coleridge was, as I believe Coleridge has related, the occasion of a spy being sent by Government to watch our proceedings, which were, I can say with truth, such as the world at large would have thought ludicrously harmless.

I HAVE a boy of five years old;
His face is fair and fresh to see;
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,
Our quiet home all full in view,
And held such intermitted talk
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,
Our pleasant home when spring began,
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear
Some fond regrets to entertain;
With so much happiness to spare,
I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet
Of lambs that bounded through the glade,
From shade to sunshine, and as fleet
From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me — and each trace
Of inward sadness had its charm;
Kilve, thought I, was a favored place,
And so is Liswyn farm.

My boy beside me tripped, so slim
And graceful in his rustic dress!
And, as we talked, I questioned him,
In very idleness.

"Now tell me, had you rather be,"
I said, and took him by the arm,
"On Kilve's smooth shore, by the green sea,
Or here at Liswyn farm?"

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm,
And said, "At Kilve I'd rather be
Than here at Liswyn farm."

"Now, little Edward, say why so:
My little Edward, tell me why." —
"I cannot tell, I do not know." —
"Why, this is strange," said I;

"For, here are woods, hills smooth
warm:
There surely must some reason be
Why you would change sweet Lisw
farm
For Kilve by the green sea."

At this, my boy hung down his head,
He blushed with shame, nor made rep
And three times to the child I said,
"Why, Edward, tell me why?"

His head he raised — there was in sig
It caught his eye, he saw it plain —
Upon the house-top, glittering bright
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,
And eased his mind with this reply:
"At Kilve there was no weather-coc
And that's the reason why."

O dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.

1798. 17

THE THORN.

Written at Alfoxden. Arose out of my ob
ing, on the ridge of Quantock Hill, on a st
day, a thorn which I had often passed, in caln
bright weather, without noticing it. I sa
myself, "Cannot I by some invention do as r
to make this Thorn permanently an impre
object as the storm has made it to my eyes at
moment?" I began the poem accordingly
composed it with great rapidity. Sir G
Beaumont painted a picture from it which W
thought his best. He gave it me; though
he saw it several times at Rydal Mount
wards, he said, "I could make a better,
would like to paint the same subject over ag
The sky in this picture is nobly done, but
minds one too much of Wilson. The only
however, of any consequence is the female fi

is too old and decrepit for one likely to
nt an eminence on such a call.

I.

ERE is a Thorn — it looks so old,
th, you'd find it hard to say
it could ever have been young,
ks so old and gray.
igher than a two years' child
nds erect, this aged Thorn;
aves it has, no prickly points;
mass of knotted joints,
tched thing forlorn.
nds erect, and like a stone
lichens is it overgrown.

II.

e rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,
lichens to the very top,
ung with heavy tufts of moss,
ancholy crop:
om the earth these mosses creep,
his poor Thorn they clasp it round
se, you'd say that they are bent
plain and manifest intent
ag it to the ground;
ll have joined in one endeavor
ry this poor Thorn forever.

III.

h on a mountain's highest ridge,
e oft the stormy winter gale
ike a scythe, while through the
clouds
eps from vale to vale;
ve yards from the mountain path,
Thorn you on your left espy;
o the left, three yards beyond,
ee a little muddy pond
ter — never dry,
h but of compass small, and bare
rsty suns and parching air.

IV.

, close beside this aged Thorn,
is a fresh and lovely sight,
uteous heap, a hill of moss,
alf a foot in height.
vely colors there you see,
lors that were ever seen;
ossy network too is there,
by hand of lady fair
ork had woven been;
And cups, the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.

V.

"Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive green and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white!
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,
Which close beside the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never anywhere,
An infant's grave was half so fair.

VI.

"Now would you see this aged Thorn,
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,
You must take care and choose your time
The mountain when to cross.
For oft there sits between the heap
So like an infant's grave in size,
And that same pond of which I spoke,
A Woman in a scarlet cloak,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

VII.

"At all times of the day and night
This wretched Woman thither goes;
And she is known to every star,
And every wind that blows;
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits
When the blue daylight's in the skies,
And when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And to herself she cries,
'Oh misery! oh misery!
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'"

VIII.

"Now wherefore, thus, by day and night,
In rain, in tempest, and in snow,
Thus to the dreary mountain-top
Does this poor Woman go?
And why sits she beside the Thorn
When the blue daylight's in the sky,
Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,
Or frosty air is keen and still,
And wherefore does she cry? —
O wherefore? wherefore? tell me why
Does she repeat that doleful cry?"

IX.

"I cannot tell; I wish I could;
For the true reason no one knows:
But would you gladly view the spot,
The spot to which she goes;
The hillock like an infant's grave
The pond — and Thorn, so old and gray;
Pass by her door — 't is seldom shut —
And, if you see her in her hut —
Then to the spot away!
I never heard of such as dare
Approach the spot when she is there."

X.

"But wherefore to the mountain-top
Can this unhappy Woman go?
Whatever star is in the skies,
Whatever wind may blow?"
"Full twenty years are past and gone
Since she (her name is Martha Ray)
Gave with a maiden's true good-will
Her company to Stephen Hill;
And she was blithe and gay,
While friends and kindred all approved
Of him whom tenderly she loved.

XI.

"And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another Maid
Had sworn another oath;
And, with this other Maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went —
Poor Martha! on that woful day
A pang of pitiless dismay
Into her soul was sent;
A fire was kindled in her breast,
Which might not burn itself to rest.

XII.

"They say, full six months after this,
While yet the summer leaves were green,
She to the mountain-top would go,
And there was often seen.
What could she seek? — or wish to hide?
Her state to any eye was plain;
She was with child, and she was mad;
Yet often was she sober sad
From her exceeding pain.
O guilty Father — would that death
Had saved him from that breach of faith!

XIII.

"Sad case for such a brain to hold
Communion with a stirring child!
Sad case, as you may think, for one
Who had a brain so wild!
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,
And gray-haired Wilfred of the glen
Held that the unborn infant wrought
About its mother's heart, and brough
Her senses back again:
And, when at last her time drew nea
Her looks were calm, her senses clea

XIV.

"More know I not, I wish I did,
And it should all be told to you;
For what became of this poor child
No mortal ever knew;
Nay — if a child to her was born
No earthly tongue could ever tell;
And if 't was born alive or dead,
Far less could this with proof be said
But some remember well,
That Martha Ray about this time
Would up the mountain often climb.

XV.

"And all that winter, when at night
The wind blew from the mountain-pe
'T was worth your while, though in
dark,
The churchyard path to seek:
For many a time and oft were heard
Cries coming from the mountain head
Some plainly living voices were
And others, I've heard many swear,
Were voices of the dead:
I cannot think, whate'er they say,
They had to do with Martha Ray.

XVI.

"But that she goes to this old Thorn
The Thorn which I described to you,
And there sits in a scarlet cloak
I will be sworn is true.
For one day with my telescope,
To view the ocean wide and bright,
When to this country first I came,
Ere I had heard of Martha's name,
I climbed the mountain's height: —
A storm came on, and I could see
No object higher than my knee.

XVII.

vas mist and rain, and storm and rain:
reen, no fence could I discover;
hen the wind! in sooth, it was
d full ten times over.
ed around, I thought I saw
ing crag, — and off I ran,
foremost, through the driving rain,
helter of the crag to gain;
as I am a man,
d of jutting crag, I found
man seated on the ground.

XVIII.

d not speak — I saw her face;
ace! — it was enough for me;
ed about and heard her cry,
nisery! oh misery!'
here she sits, until the moon
gh half the clear blue sky will go;
when the little breezes make
vaters of the pond to shake,
the country know,
nudders, and you hear her cry,
nisery! oh misery!' "

XIX.

what 's the Thorn? and what the
pond?
vhat the hill of moss to her?
vhat the creeping breeze that comes
ttle pond to stir?"
nnot tell; but some will say
anged her baby on the tree;
say she drowned it in the pond,
is a little step beyond:
l and each agree,
ttle Babe was buried there,
th that hill of moss so fair.

XX.

e heard, the moss is spotted red
drops of that poor infant's blood;
ll a new-born infant thus,
ot think she could!
say, if to the pond you go,
x on it a steady view,
nadow of a babe you trace,
y and a baby's face,
nat it looks at you;
e'er you look on it, 't is plain
aby looks at you again.

XXI.

"And some had sworn an oath that she
Should be to public justice brought;
And for the little infant's bones
With spades they would have sought.
But instantly the hill of moss
Before their eyes began to stir!
And, for full fifty yards around,
The grass — it shook upon the ground!
Yet all do still aver
The little Babe lies buried there,
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

XXII.

"I cannot tell how this may be,
But plain it is the Thorn is bound
With heavy tufts of moss that strive
To drag it to the ground;
And this I know, full many a time,
When she was on the mountain high,
By day, and in the silent night,
When all the stars shone clear and bright,
That I have heard her cry,
'Oh misery! oh misery!'
Oh woe is me! oh misery!' "

1798. 1798.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

Written at Alfoxden. The incident from Dr. Darwin's Zoönomia.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is 't that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffle gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'T is all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?

His cheeks were red as ruddy clover;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 't was hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
Remote from sheltered village-green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor Woman! housed alone.
'T was well enough when summer came,
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,
Then at her door the *canty* Dame
Would sit, as any linnet, gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'T was a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout;
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected
That he on her would vengeance take
And oft from his warm fire he 'd go,
And to the fields his road would take
And there, at night, in frost and snow
He watched to seize old Goody Blake

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
— He hears a noise — he 's all awake
Again? — on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps — 't is Goody Blake;
She 's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about
The by-way back again to take;
He started forward, with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her
And cried, "I 've caught you then
last!" —
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprear
While Harry held her by the arm —
"God! who art never out of hearing
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sore
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

s all in vain, a useless matter,
lankets were about him pinned;
ill his jaws and teeth they clatter;
loose casement in the wind.
Iarry's flesh it fell away;
ll who see him say, 't is plain,
live as long as live he may,
ver will be warm again.

rd to any man he utters,
or up, to young or old;
er to himself he mutters,
Harry Gill is very cold."
or up, by night or day;
eth they chatter, chatter still.
hink, ye farmers all, I pray,
ody Blake and Harry Gill!

1798.

HER EYES ARE WILD.

en at Alfoxden. The subject was reported
y a lady of Bristol, who had seen the poor
.

I.

yes are wild, her head is bare,
n has burnt her coal-black hair;
ebrows have a rusty stain,
e came far from over the main.
s a baby on her arm,
she were alone:
nderneath the haystack warm,
n the greenwood stone,
ked and sung the woods among,
was in the English tongue.

II.

t babe! they say that I am mad,
y, my heart is far too glad;
am happy when I sing
any a sad and doleful thing:
ovely baby, do not fear!
thee have no fear of me;
e as in a cradle, here,
ely baby! thou shalt be:
I know too much I owe,
t work thee any woe.

III.

was once within my brain;
my head a dull, dull pain;
ndish faces, one, two, three,
t my breast, and pulled at me;
But then there came a sight of joy;
It came at once to do me good;
I waked, and saw my little boy,
My little boy of flesh and blood;
Oh joy for me that sight to see!
For he was here, and only he.

IV.

"Suck, little babe, oh suck again!
It cools my blood; it cools my brain;
Thy lips I feel them, baby! they
Draw from my heart the pain away.
Oh! press me with thy little hand;
It loosens something at my chest;
About that tight and deadly band
I feel thy little fingers prest.
The breeze I see is in the tree:
It comes to cool my babe and me.

V.

"Oh! love me, love me, little boy!
Thou art thy mother's only joy;
And do not dread the waves below,
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go;
The high crag cannot work me harm,
Nor leaping torrents when they howl;
The babe I carry on my arm,
He saves for me my precious soul;
Then happy lie; for blest am I;
Without me my sweet babe would die.

VI.

"Then do not fear, my boy! for thee
Bold as a lion will I be;
And I will always be thy guide,
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.
I 'll build an Indian bower; I know
The leaves that make the softest bed:
And, if from me thou wilt not go,
But still be true till I am dead,
My pretty thing! then thou shalt sing
As merry as the birds in spring.

VII.

"Thy father cares not for my breast,
'T is thine, sweet baby, there to rest;
'T is all thine own! — and, if its hue
Be changed, that was so fair to view,
'T is fair enough for thee, my dove!
My beauty, little child, is flown,
But thou wilt live with me in love,
And what if my poor cheek be brown?
'T is well for me, thou canst not see
How pale and wan it else would be.

VIII.

"Dread not their taunts, my little Life;
I am thy father's wedded wife;
And underneath the spreading tree
We two will live in honesty.
If his sweet boy he could forsake,
With me he never would have stayed:
From him no harm my babe can take;
But he, poor man! is wretched made;
And every day we two will pray
For him that 's gone and far away.

IX.

"I 'll teach my boy the sweetest things:
I'll teach him how the owlet sings.
My little babe! thy lips are still,
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill.
— Where art thou gone, my own dear child?
What wicked looks are those I see?
Alas! alas! that look so wild,
It never, never came from me:
If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
Then I must be forever sad.

X.

"Oh! smile on me, my little lamb!
For I thy own dear mother am:
My love for thee has well been tried:
I 've sought thy father far and wide.
I know the poisons of the shade;
I know the earth-nuts fit for food:
Then, pretty dear, be not afraid:
We 'll find thy father in the wood.
Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away!
And there, my babe, we 'll live for aye."

1798. 1798.

SIMON LEE,

THE OLD HUNTSMAN;

WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED.

This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it, belonged to a minor. The old man's cottage stood upon the common, a little way from the entrance to Alfoxden Park. But it had disappeared. Many other changes had taken place in the adjoining village, which I could not but notice with a regret more natural than well-considered. Improvements but rarely appear such to those who, after long intervals of time, revisit p they have had much pleasure in. It is unn sary to add, the fact was as mentioned in poem; and I have, after an interval of forty years, the image of the old man as fresh befor eyes as if I had seen him yesterday. The ex sion when the hounds were out, "I dearly their voice," was word for word from his lips.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,
An old Man dwells, a little man, —
'T is said he once was tall.
Full five and thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sour
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo bandied, round and roun
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days, he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behi
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled, and was stone-blind.
And still there 's something in the w
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are ou
He dearly loves their voices!

But, oh the heavy change! — bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kind see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty.
His Master 's dead, — and no one n
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

e their moss-grown hut of clay,
venty paces from the door,
p of land they have, but they
orest of the poor.
crap of land he from the heath
ed when he was stronger;
hat to them avails the land
he can till no longer?

orking by her Husband's side,
loes what Simon cannot do;
e, with scanty cause for pride,
ter of the two.'
hough you with your utmost skill
labor could not wean them,
ttle, very little — all
hey can do between them.

onths of life has he in store,
to you will tell,
ll, the more he works, the more
weak ankles swell.
ntle Reader, I perceive
atiently you 've waited,
ow I fear that you expect
ale will be related.

der! had you in your mind
tores as silent thought can bring,
le Reader! you would find
in everything.
more I have to say is short,
ou must kindly take it:
tale; but, should you think,
s a tale you 'll make it.

mmer day I chanced to see
d Man doing all he could
arth the root of an old tree,
p of rotten wood.
ttock tottered in his hand;
was his endeavor,
the root of the old tree
ht have worked forever.

're overtasked, good Simon Lee,
e your tool," to him I said;
the word right gladly he
ed my proffered aid.
, and with a single blow
gled root I severed,
h the poor old Man so long
inly had endeavored.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.
— I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

1798. 1798.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine. The brook fell down a sloping rock so as to make a waterfall considerable for that country, and across the pool below had fallen a tree, an ash if I rightly remember, from which rose perpendicularly, boughs in search of the light intercepted by the deep shade above. The boughs bore leaves of green that for want of sunshine had faded into almost lily-white; and from the underside of this natural sylvan bridge depended long and beautiful tresses of ivy which waved gently in the breeze that might poetically speaking be called the breath of the waterfall. This motion varied of course in proportion to the power of water in the brook. When, with dear friends, I revisited this spot, after an interval of more than forty years, this interesting feature of the scene was gone. To the owner of the place I could not but regret that the beauty of this retired part of the grounds had not tempted him to make it more accessible by a path, not broad or obtrusive, but sufficient for persons who love such scenes to creep along without difficulty.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.'

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green
bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 't is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure: —
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

1798. 1798.

TO MY SISTER.

Composed in front of Alfoxden House. My little boy-messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu. The larch mentioned in the first stanza was standing when I revisited the place in May, 1841, more than forty years after. I was disappointed that it had not improved in appearance as to size, nor had it acquired anything of the majesty of age, which, even though less perhaps than any other tree, the larch sometimes does. A few score yards from this tree, grew, when we inhabited Alfoxden, one of the most remarkable beech-trees ever seen. The ground sloped both towards and from it. It was of immense size, and threw out arms that struck into the soil, like those of the banyan-tree, and rose again from it. Two of the branches thus inserted themselves twice, which gave to each the appearance of a serpent moving along by gathering itself up in folds. One of the large boughs of this tree had been torn off by the wind before we left Alfoxden, but five remained. In 1841 we could barely find the spot where the tree had stood. So remarkable a production of nature could not have been wilfully destroyed.

It is the first mild day of March:
Each minute sweeter than before
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And grass in the green field.

My sister! ('t is a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resig
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; — and, p
Put on with speed your woodland dr
And bring no book: for this one day
We 'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar:
We from to-day, my Friend, will dat
The opening of the year.

Love, now a universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing,
From earth to man, from man to ear
— It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will mak
Which they shall long obey:
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that roll
About, below, above,
We 'll frame the measure of our sou
They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my Sister! come, I pra
With speed put on your woodland dr
And bring no book: for this one da
We 'll give to idleness.

1798. 17

Observed in the holly-grove at Alfoxden, these verses were written in the spring of 17 had the pleasure of again seeing, with dear fri this grove in unimpaired beauty forty-one after.

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hil
Rushed o'er the wood with star
sound;
Then — all at once the air was still,
And showers of hailstones pattered ro
Where leafless oaks towered high al
I sat within an undergrove

est hollies, tall and green;
r bower was never seen.
ear to year the spacious floor
ithered leaves is covered o'er,
l the year the bower is green.
! where'er the hailstones drop
thered leaves all skip and hop;
s not a breeze — no breath of air —
re, and there, and everywhere
the floor, beneath the shade
se embowering hollies made,
aves in myriads jump and spring,
ith pipes and music rare
Robin Good-fellow were there,
l those leaves, in festive glee,
lancing to the minstrelsy.

1800.

OSTULATION AND REPLY.

oem is a favorite among the Quakers, as earnt on many occasions. It was com- front of the house at Alfoxden, in the 1798.

, William, on that old gray stone,
r the length of half a day,
William, sit you thus alone,
eam your time away?

re are your books? — that light bequeathed
ngs else forlorn and blind!
! and drink the spirit breathed
ead men to their kind.

look round on your Mother Earth,
ne for no purpose bore you;
ou were her first-born birth,
ne had lived before you!"

rning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
ife was sweet, I knew not why,
my good friend Matthew spake,
is I made reply:

ye — it cannot choose but see;
not bid the ear be still;
lies feel, where'er they be,
or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?

"— Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away."

1798. 1798.

THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you 'll grow double:
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 't is a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There 's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things:—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.
1798. 1798.

THE COMPLAINT

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

Written at Alfoxden, where I read Hearne's Journey with deep interest. It was composed for the volume of Lyrical Ballads.

When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work HEARNE'S *Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean.* In the high northern latitudes, as the same writer informs us, when the northern lights vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise, as alluded to in the following poem.

I.

BEFORE I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!
In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
The stars, they were among my dreams;
In rustling conflict through the skies,
I heard, I saw the flashes drive,
And yet they are upon my eyes,
And yet I am alive;
Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!

II.

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
Yet is it dead, and I remain:
All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
And they are dead, and I will die.
When I was well, I wished to live,
For clothes, for warmth, for food, fire;
But they to me no joy can give,
No pleasure now, and no desire.
Then here contented will I lie!
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

III.

Alas! ye might have dragged me on
Another day, a single one!
Too soon I yielded to despair;
Why did ye listen to my prayer?
When ye were gone my limbs stronger;
And oh, how grievously I rue,
That, afterwards, a little longer,
My friends, I did not follow you!
For strong and without pain I lay,
Dear friends, when ye were gone aw

IV.

My Child! they gave thee to anothe
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my Babe they t
On me how strangely did he look!
Through his whole body something r
A most strange working did I see;
—As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the sledge for me
And then he stretched his arms, how w
Oh mercy! like a helpless child.

V.

My little joy! my little pride!
In two days more I must have died.
Then do not weep and grieve for me
I feel I must have died with thee.
O wind, that o'er my head art flying
The way my friends their course did b
I should not feel the pain of dying,
Could I with thee a message send;
Too soon, my friends, ye went away
For I had many things to say.

VI.

I 'll follow you across the snow;
Ye travel heavily and slow;
In spite of all my weary pain
I 'll look upon your tents again.
—My fire is dead, and snowy white
The water which beside it stood:

volf has come to me to-night,
ıe has stolen away my food.
ver left alone am I;
wherefore should I fear to die?

VII.

g as I am, my course is run,
l not see another sun;
ıot lift my limbs to know
y have any life or no.
oor forsaken Child, if I
nce could have thee close to me,
happy heart I then would die,
ny last thought would happy be;
ıou, dear Babe, art far away,
hall I see another day.

1798.

HE LAST OF THE FLOCK.

uced at the same time and for the same
e. The incident occurred in the village of
d, close by Alfoxden.

I.

tant countries have I been,
ret I have not often seen
lthy man, a man full grown,
in the public roads, alone.
ıch a one, on English ground,
ı the broad highway, I met;
the broad highway he came,
ıeeks with tears were wet:
r he seemed, though he was sad;
ı his arms a Lamb he had.

II.

w me, and he turned aside,
ıe wished himself to hide:
vith his coat did then essay
pe those briny tears away.
wed him, and said, "My friend,
ails you? wherefore weep you so?"
hame on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb,
ıkes my tears to flow.
y I fetched him from the rock;
the last of all my flock.

III.

en I was young, a single man,
fter youthful follies ran,
Though little given to care and thought,
Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;
And other sheep from her I raised,
As healthy sheep as you might see;
And then I married, and was rich
As I could wish to be;
Of sheep I numbered a full score,
And every year increased my store

IV.

"Year after year my stock it grew;
And from this one, this single ewe,
Full fifty comely sheep I raised,
As fine a flock as ever grazed!
Upon the Quantock hills they fed;
They throve, and we at home did thrive:
—This lusty Lamb of all my store
Is all that is alive;
And now I care not if we die,
And perish all of poverty.

V.

"Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;
Hard labor in a time of need!
My pride was tamed, and in our grief
I of the Parish asked relief.
They said, I was a wealthy man;
My sheep upon the uplands fed,
And it was fit that thence I took
Whereof to buy us bread.
'Do this: how can we give to you,'
They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'

VI.

"I sold a sheep, as they had said,
And bought my little children bread,
And they were healthy with their food
For me—it never did me good.
A woful time it was for me,
To see the end of all my gains,
The pretty flock which I had reared
With all my care and pains,
To see it melt like snow away—
For me it was a woful day.

VII.

"Another still! and still another!
A little lamb, and then its mother!
It was a vein that never stopped—
Like blood-drops from my heart they
dropped.

'Till thirty were not left alive
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one;
And I may say, that many a time
I wished they all were gone —
Reckless of what might come at last
Were but the bitter struggle past.

VIII.

"To wicked deeds I was inclined,
And wicked fancies crossed my mind;
And every man I chanced to see,
I thought he knew some ill of me:
No peace, no comfort could I find,
No ease, within doors or without;
And, crazily and wearily
I went my work about;
And oft was moved to flee from home,
And hide my head where wild beasts
roam.

IX.

"Sir! 't was a precious flock to me
As dear as my own children be;
For daily with my growing store
I loved my children more and more.
Alas! it was an evil time;
God cursed me in my sore distress;
I prayed, yet every day I thought
I loved my children less;
And every week, and every day,
My flock it seemed to melt away.

X.

"They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see!
From ten to five, from five to three,
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe;—
And then at last from three to two;
And, of my fifty, yesterday
I had but only one:
And here it lies upon my arm,
Alas! and I have none; —
To-day I fetched it from the rock;
It is the last of all my flock."

1798. 1798.

THE IDIOT BOY.

The last stanza — "The Cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo, And the sun did shine so cold" — was the foundation of the whole. The words were reported to me by my dear friend, Thomas Poole; but I have since heard the same repeated of other Idiots. Let me add that this long poem was composed in the groves of Alfoxden, almo extempore; not a word, I believe, being correcte though one stanza was omitted. I mention t in gratitude to those happy moments, for, truth, I never wrote anything with so much gl

'T is eight o'clock, — a clear March nigh
The moon is up, — the sky is blue,
The owlet, in the moonlight air,
Shouts from nobody knows where;
He lengthens out his lonely shout,
Halloo! halloo! a long halloo!

— Why bustle thus about your door,
What means this bustle, Betty Foy?
Why are you in this mighty fret?
And why on horseback have you set
Him whom you love, your Idiot Boy?

Scarcely a soul is out of bed;
Good Betty, put him down again;
His lips with joy they burr at you;
But, Betty! what has he to do
With stirrup, saddle, or with rein?

But Betty 's bent on her intent;
For her good neighbor, Susan Gale,
Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
Is sick, and makes a piteous moan
As if her very life would fail.

There 's not a house within a mile,
No hand to help them in distress;
Old Susan lies a-bed in pain,
And sorely puzzled are the twain,
For what she ails they cannot guess.

And Betty's husband 's at the wood,
Where by the week he doth abide,
A woodman in the distant vale;
There 's none to help poor Susan Gal
What must be done? what will betide

And Betty from the lane has fetched
Her Pony, that is mild and good;
Whether he be in joy or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing fagots from the wood.

And he is all in travelling trim, —
And, by the moonlight, Betty Foy
Has on the well-girt saddle set
(The like was never heard of yet)
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

must post without delay
the bridge and through the dale,
the church, and o'er the down,
g a Doctor from the town,
will die, old Susan Gale.

s no need of boot or spur,
s no need of whip or wand;
nny has his holly-bough,
th a *hurly-burly* now
kes the green bough in his hand.

tty o'er and o'er has told
y, who is her best delight,
hat to follow, what to shun,
o, and what to leave undone,
rn to left, and how to right.

tty's most especial charge,
Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
ome again, nor stop at all, —
ome again, whate'er befall,
nny, do, I pray you do."

did Johnny answer make,
ith his head and with his hand,
oudly shook the bridle too;
en! his words were not a few,
Betty well could understand.

w that Johnny is just going,
Betty 's in a mighty flurry,
tly pats the Pony's side,
ch her Idiot Boy must ride,
ems no longer in a hurry.

en the Pony moved his legs,
en for the poor Idiot Boy!
he cannot hold the bridle,
his head and heels are idle,
lle all for very joy.

ile the Pony moves his legs,
ny's left hand you may see
en bough motionless and dead:
on that shines above his head
nore still and mute than he.

rt it was so full of glee,
full fifty yards were gone,
e forgot his holly whip,
his skill in horsemanship:
ppy, happy, happy John.

And while the Mother, at the door,
Stands fixed, her face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself, and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim,
How quietly her Johnny goes.

The silence of her Idiot Boy,
What hopes it sends to Betty's heart!
He 's at the guide-post — he turns right;
She watches till he 's out of sight,
And Betty will not then depart.

Burr, burr — now Johnny's lips they burr,
As loud as any mill, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the Pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it.

Away she hies to Susan Gale:
Her Messenger 's in merry tune;
The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,
As on he goes beneath the moon.

His steed and he right well agree;
For of this Pony there 's a rumor,
That, should he lose his eyes and ears,
And should he live a thousand years,
He never will be out of humor.

But then he is a horse that thinks!
And when he thinks, his pace is slack;
Now, though he knows poor Johnny well,
Yet, for his life, he cannot tell
What he has got upon his back.

So through the moonlight lanes they go,
And far into the moonlight dale,
And by the church, and o'er the down,
To bring a Doctor from the town,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And Betty, now at Susan's side,
Is in the middle of her story,
What speedy help her Boy will bring,
With many a most diverting thing,
Of Johnny's wit, and Johnny's glory.

And Betty, still at Susan's side,
By this time is not quite so flurried:
Demure with porringer and plate
She sits, as if in Susan's fate
Her life and soul were buried.

But Betty, poor good woman! she,
You plainly in her face may read it,
Could lend out of that moment's store
Five years of happiness or more
To any that might need it.

But yet I guess that now and then
With Betty all was not so well;
And to the road she turns her ears,
And thence full many a sound she hears,
Which she to Susan will not tell.

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
"As sure as there 's a moon in heaven,"
Cries Betty, "he 'll be back again;
They 'll both be here — 't is almost ten —
Both will be here before eleven."

Poor Susan moans, poor Susan groans;
The clock gives warning for eleven;
'T is on the stroke — "He must be near,"
Quoth Betty, "and will soon be here,
As sure as there 's a moon in heaven."

The clock is on the stroke of twelve,
And Johnny is not yet in sight:
— The Moon 's in heaven, as Betty sees,
But Betty is not quite at ease;
And Susan has a dreadful night.

And Betty, half an hour ago,
On Johnny vile reflections cast:
"A little idle sauntering Thing!"
With other names, an endless string;
But now that time is gone and past.

And Betty 's drooping at the heart,
That happy time all past and gone,
"How can it be he is so late?
The Doctor, he has made him wait;
Susan! they 'll both be here anon."

And Susan 's growing worse and worse,
And Betty 's in a sad *quandary;*
And then there 's nobody to say
If she must go, or she must stay!
— She 's in a sad *quandary*.

The clock is on the stroke of one;
But neither Doctor nor his Guide
Appears along the moonlight road;
There 's neither horse nor man abroad,
And Betty 's still at Susan's side.

And Susan now begins to fear
Of sad mischances not a few,
That Johnny may perhaps be drown
Or lost, perhaps, and never found;
Which they must both forever rue.

She prefaced half a hint of this
With, "God forbid it should be tru
At the first word that Susan said
Cried Betty, rising from the bed,
"Susan, I 'd gladly stay with you.

"I must be gone, I must away:
Consider, Johnny 's but half-wise;
Susan, we must take care of him,
If he is hurt in life or limb" —
"Oh God forbid!" poor Susan crie

"What can I do?" says Betty, goi
"What can I do to ease your pain?
Good Susan tell me, and I 'll stay;
I fear you 're in a dreadful way,
But I shall soon be back again."

"Nay, Betty, go! good Betty, go!
There 's nothing that can ease my p
Then off she hies; but with a praye
That God poor Susan's life would s
Till she comes back again.

So, through the moonlight lane she
And far into the moonlight dale;
And how she ran, and how she wal
And all that to herself she talked,
Would surely be a tedious tale.

In high and low, above, below,
In great and small, in round and sq
In tree and tower was Johnny seen,
In bush and brake, in black and gr
'T was Johnny, Johnny, everywher

And while she crossed the bridge,
came
A thought with which her heart is s
Johnny perhaps his horse forsook,
To hunt the moon within the brook
And never will be heard of more.

Now is she high upon the down,
Alone amid a prospect wide;
There 's neither Johnny nor his Ho
Among the fern or in the gorse;
There 's neither Doctor nor his Gui

ints! what is become of him?
ps he 's climbed into an oak,
e he will stay till he is dead;
dly he has been misled,
ined the wandering gypsy-folk.

im that wicked Pony 's carried
dark cave, the goblin's hall;
he castle he 's pursuing
g the ghosts his own undoing;
ying with the waterfall."

r old Susan then she railed,
to the town she posts away;
usan had not been so ill,
I should have had him still,
nny, till my dying day."

Betty, in this sad distemper,
octor's self could hardly spare:
thy things she talked, and wild;
ie, of cattle the most mild,
ony had his share.

w she 's fairly in the town,
the Doctor's door she hies;
lence all on every side;
wn so long, the town so wide,
t as the skies.

ow she 's at the Doctor's door,
s the knocker, rap, rap, rap;
octor at the casement shows
mmering eyes that peep and doze!
e hand rubs his old night-cap.

ctor! Doctor! where 's my John-
ny?"
ere, what is 't you want with me?"
! you know I 'm Betty Foy,
ave lost my poor dear Boy,
ow him — him you often see;

not so wise as some folks be:"
levil take his wisdom!" said
ctor, looking somewhat grim,
,Woman! should I know of him?"
rumbling, he went back to bed!

e is me! O woe is me!
ill I die; here will I die;
ht to find my lost one here,
is neither far nor near,
nat a wretched Mother I!"

She stops, she stands, she looks about;
Which way to turn she cannot tell.
Poor Betty! it would ease her pain
If she had heart to knock again;
— The clock strikes three — a dismal knell!

Then up along the town she hies,
No wonder if her senses fail;
This piteous news so much it shocked her,
She quite forgot to send the Doctor,
To comfort poor old Susan Gale.

And now she 's high upon the down,
And she can see a mile of road:
"O cruel! I 'm almost threescore;
Such night as this was ne'er before,
There 's not a single soul abroad."

She listens, but she cannot hear
The foot of horse, the voice of man;
The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.

The owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still:
Fond lovers! yet not quite hob nob,
They lengthen out the tremulous sob,
That echoes far from hill to hill.

Poor Betty now has lost all hope,
Her thoughts are bent on deadly sin,
A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein.

And now she sits her down and weeps;
Such tears she never shed before;
"Oh dear, dear Pony! my sweet joy!
Oh carry back my Idiot Boy!
And we will ne'er o'erload thee more."

A thought is come into her head:
The Pony he is mild and good,
And we have always used him well;
Perhaps he 's gone along the dell,
And carried Johnny to the wood.

Then up she springs as if on wings;
She thinks no more of deadly sin;
If Betty fifty ponds should see,
The last of all her thoughts would be
To drown herself therein.

O Reader! now that I might tell
What Johnny and his Horse are doing
What they 've been doing all this time,
Oh could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing!

Perhaps, and no unlikely thought!
He with his Pony now doth roam
The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
To lay his hands upon a star,
And in his pocket bring it home.

Perhaps he 's turned himself about,
His face unto his horse's tail,
And, still and mute, in wonder lost,
All silent as a horseman-ghost,
He travels slowly down the vale.

And now, perhaps, is hunting sheep,
A fierce and dreadful hunter he;
Yon valley, now so trim and green,
In five months' time, should he be seen,
A desert wilderness will be!

Perhaps, with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He 's galloping away, away,
And so will gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil!

I to the Muses have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures:
O gentle Muses! let me tell
But half of what to him befell;
He surely met with strange adventures.

O gentle Muses! is this kind?
Why will ye thus my suit repel?
Why of your further aid bereave me?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me
Ye Muses! whom I love so well?

Who 's yon, that, near the waterfall,
Which thunders down with headlong force,
Beneath the moon, yet shining fair,
As careless as if nothing were,
Sits upright on a feeding horse?

Unto his horse — there feeding free,
He seems, I think, the rein to give;
Of moon or stars he takes no heed;
Of such we in romances read:
— 'T is Johnny! Johnny! as I live.

And that 's the very Pony, too!
Where is she, where is Betty Foy?
She hardly can sustain her fears;
The roaring waterfall she hears,
And cannot find her Idiot Boy.

Your Pony 's worth his weight in gol
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
She 's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy.

And Betty sees the Pony too:
Why stand you thus, good Betty Foy
It is no goblin, 't is no ghost,
'T is he whom you so long have lost,
He whom you love, your Idiot Boy.

She looks again — her arms are up —
She screams — she cannot move for j
She darts, as with a torrent 's force,
She almost has o'erturned the Horse,
And fast she holds her Idiot Boy.

And Johnny burrs, and laughs aloud
Whether in cunning or in joy
I cannot tell; but while he laughs,
Betty a drunken pleasure quaffs
To hear again her Idiot Boy.

And now she 's at the Pony's tail,
And now is at the Pony's head, —
On that side now, and now on this;
And, almost stifled with her bliss,
A few sad tears does Betty shed.

She kisses o'er and o'er again
Him whom she loves, her Idiot Boy;
She 's happy here, is happy there,
She is uneasy everywhere;
Her limbs are all alive with joy.

She pats the Pony, where or when
She knows not, happy Betty Foy!
The little Pony glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive his joy.

Johnny, never mind the Doctor;
ve done your best, and that is all:"
ook the reins, when this was said,
gently turned the Pony's head
the loud waterfall.

s the stars were almost gone,
noon was setting on the hill,
le you scarcely looked at her:
ttle birds began to stir,
gh yet their tongues were still.

ony, Betty, and her Boy,
slowly through the woody dale;
vho is she, betimes abroad,
nobbles up the steep rough road?
s it, but old Susan Gale?

time lay Susan lost in thought;
nany dreadful fears beset her,
or her Messenger and Nurse;
as her mind grew worse and worse,
ody — it grew better.

rned, she tossed herself in bed,
sides doubts and terrors met her;
after point did she discuss;
while her mind was fighting thus,
ody still grew better.

! what is become of them?
fears can never be endured;
o the wood." — The word scarce
said,
usan rise up from her bed,
by magic cured.

she goes up hill and down,
o the wood at length is come;
ies her Friends, she shouts a greeting;
e! it is a merry meeting
er was in Christendom.

wls have hardly sung their last,
our four travellers homeward
wend;
wls have hooted all night long,
ith the owls began my song,
ith the owls must end.

For while they all were travelling home,
Cried Betty, "Tell us, Johnny, do,
Where all this long night you have been,
What you have heard, what you have seen:
And, Johnny, mind you tell us true."

Now Johnny all night long had heard
The owls in tuneful concert strive;
No doubt too he the moon had seen;
For in the moonlight he had been
From eight o'clock till five.

And thus, to Betty's question, he
Made answer, like a traveller bold,
(His very words I give to you,)
"The cocks did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold!"
— Thus answered Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story.

1798. 1798.

LINES.

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after in the little volume of which so much has been said in these Notes. — (The Lyrical Ballads, as first published at Bristol by Cottle.)

FIVE years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.[1] — Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress

[1] The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:— feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessèd mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:— that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal fra
And even the motion of our human bl
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by power
Of harmony, and the deep power of
We see into the life of things.
If thi
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how of
In darkness and amid the many shap
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful
Unprofitable, and the fever of the wo
Have hung upon the beatings of heart —
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to th
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' woods,
How often has my spirit turned to th
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and fain
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again
While here I stand, not only with sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleas thoughts
That in this moment there is life and f
For future years. And so I dare to h
Though changed, no doubt, from wh was when first
I came among these hills; when like a
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the s
Of the deep rivers, and the lo streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a m
Flying from something that he dre than one
Who sought the thing he loved. nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish d
And their glad animal movements gone by)
To me was all in all. — I cannot pai
What then I was. The sounding cata
Haunted me like a passion; the tall r
The mountain, and the deep and glo wood,
Their colors and their forms, were to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charr

ught supplied, nor any interest
owed from the eye. — That time
is past,
l its aching joys are now no more,
l its dizzy raptures. Not for this
, nor mourn nor murmur; other
gifts
ollowed; for such loss, I would
believe,
ant recompence. For I have
learned
k on nature, not as in the hour
ightless youth; but hearing often-
times
ll, sad music of humanity,
rsh, nor grating, though of ample
power
sten and subdue. And I have felt
ence that disturbs me with the joy
rated thoughts; a sense sublime
ething far more deeply interfused,
dwelling is the light of setting suns,
e round ocean and the living air,
ie blue sky, and in the mind of
man;
on and a spirit, that impels
nking things, all objects of all
thought,
lls through all things. Therefore
am I still
of the meadows and the woods,
ountains; and of all that we be-
hold
his green earth; of all the mighty
world
, and ear, — both what they half
create,[1]
vhat perceive; well pleased to
recognize
re and the language of the sense,
chor of my purest thoughts, the
nurse,
ide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul
ny moral being.
Nor perchance,
re not thus taught, should I the
more
ny genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long

line has a close resemblance to an admir-
of Young's, the exact expression of which
recollect.

A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

July 13, 1798. 1798.

THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR.

Observed, and with great benefit to my own heart, when I was a child: written at Racedown and Alfoxden in my twenty-third year. The political economists were about that time beginning their war upon mendicity in all its forms, and by implication, if not directly, on alms-giving also. This heartless process has been carried as far as it can go by the AMENDED poor-law bill, though the inhumanity that prevails in this measure is somewhat disguised by the profession that one of its objects is to throw the poor upon the voluntary donations of their neighbors; that is, if rightly interpreted, to force them into a condition between relief in the Union poorhouse, and alms robbed of their Christian grace and spirit, as being *forced* rather from the benevolent than given by them; while the avaricious and selfish, and all in fact but the humane and charitable, are at liberty to keep all they possess from their distressed brethren.

The class of Beggars to which the Old Man here described belongs, will probably soon be extinct. It consisted of poor, and, mostly, old and infirm persons, who confined themselves to a stated round in their neighborhood, and had certain fixed days, on which, at different houses, they regularly received alms, sometimes in money, but mostly in provisions.

I SAW an aged Beggar in my walk;
And he was seated, by the highway side,
On a low structure of rude masonry
Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they
Who lead their horses down the steep rough road
May thence remount with ease. The aged Man
Had placed his staff across the h
smooth stone
That overlays the pile; and, from a
All white with flour, the dole of vi
dames,
He drew his scraps and fragments,
by one;
And scanned them with a fixed and se
look
Of idle computation. In the sun,
Upon the second step of that small
Surrounded by those wild unpeopled
He sat, and ate his food in solitude
And ever, scattered from his palsied h
That, still attempting to prevent
waste,
Was baffled still, the crumbs in
showers
Fell on the ground; and the small m
tain birds
Not venturing yet to peck their des
meal,
Approached within the length of ha
staff.
Him from my childhood have I kn
and then
He was so old, he seems not older
He travels on, a solitary Man,
So helpless in appearance, that for
The sauntering Horseman throws
with a slack
And careless hand his alms upo
ground,
But stops, — that he may safely lodg
coin
Within the old Man's hat; nor quit
so,
But still, when he has given his
the rein,
Watches the aged Beggar with a loo
Sidelong and half-reverted. She
tends
The toll-gate, when in summer at he
She turns her wheel, if on the roa
sees
The aged beggar coming, quits her
And lifts the latch for him that he
pass.
The post-boy, when his rattling w
o'ertake
The aged Beggar in the woody lan
Shouts to him from behind; and if
warned,

old man does not change his course,
the boy
s with less noisy wheels to the road-
side,
passes gently by, without a curse
n his lips, or anger at his heart.
e travels on, a solitary Man;
age has no companion. On the
ground
eyes are turned, and, as he moves
along,
move along the ground; and, ever-
more,
ad of common and habitual sight
ields with rural works; of hill and
dale,
the blue sky, one little span of earth
l his prospect. Thus, from day to
day,
-bent, his eyes forever on the ground,
olies his weary journey; seeing still,
seldom knowing that he sees, some
straw,
e scattered leaf, or marks which, in
one track,
nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left
essed on the white road, — in the
same line,
stance still the same. Poor Traveller!
staff trails with him; scarcely do his
feet
rb the summer dust; he is so still
ok and motion, that the cottage curs,
he has passed the door, will turn
away,
y of barking at him. Boys and girls,
vacant and the busy, maids and
youths,
urchins newly breeched — all pass
him by:
even the slow-paced wagon leaves
behind.
t deem not this Man useless. —
Statesmen! ye
are so restless in your wisdom, ye
have a broom still ready in your
hands
l the world of nuisances; ye proud,
t-swoln, while in your pride ye con-
template
talents, power, or wisdom, deem
him not
then of the earth! 'T is Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Or forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good — a spirit and pulse
of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Inseparably linked. Then be assured
That least of all can aught — that ever
owned
The heaven-regarding eye and front sub-
lime
Which man is born to — sink, howe'er
depressed,
So low as to be scorned without a sin;
Without offence to God cast out of view;
Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower
Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement
Worn out and worthless. While from
door to door,
This old Man creeps, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
The kindly mood in hearts which lapse
of years,
And that half-wisdom, half-experience
gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps
resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged Beggar takes his
rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love; and habit does the work
Of reason; yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes. And thus the
soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find herself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness.
Some there are,
By their good works exalted, lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle: even
such minds
In childhood, from this solitary Being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have re-
ceived
(A thing more precious far than all that
books

Or the solicitudes of love can do!)
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were. The easy man
Who sits at his own door, — and, like the pear
That overhangs his head from the green wall,
Feeds in the sunshine; the robust and young,
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove
Of their own kindred; — all behold in him
A silent monitor, which on their minds
Must needs impress a transitory thought
Of self-congratulation, to the heart
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,
His charters and exemptions; and, perchance,
Though he to no one give the fortitude
And circumspection needful to preserve
His present blessings, and to husband up
The respite of the season, he, at least,
And 't is no vulgar service, makes them felt.
Yet further. — Many, I believe, there are
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide
Are strict observers; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!
— But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
Go, and demand of him, if there be here
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
No — man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they can know and feel that they have been,
Themselves, the fathers and the dealer out
Of some small blessings; have bee kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single caus
That we have all of us one human hear
— Such pleasure is to one kind Bein known,
My neighbor, when with punctual car each week
Duly as Friday comes, though presse herself
By her own wants, she from her store meal
Takes one unsparing handful for th scrip
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her do
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope heaven.
Then let him pass, a blessing on h head!
And while in that vast solitude to whic
The tide of things has borne him, h appears
To breathe and live but for himself alon
Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear abo
The good which the benignant law Heaven
Has hung around him: and, while life his,
Still let him prompt the unlettered vi lagers
To tender offices and pensive thoughts
— Then let him pass, a blessing on h head!
And, long as he can wander, let hi breathe
The freshness of the valleys; let his bloo
Struggle with frosty air and winter snow
And let the chartered wind that swee the heath
Beat his gray locks against his wither face.
Reverence the hope whose vital anxiou ness
Gives the last human interest to his hea
May never HOUSE, misnamed of I DUSTRY,
Make him a captive! — for that pent- din,
Those life-consuming sounds that cl the air,

s the natural silence of old age!
im be free of mountain solitudes;
have around him, whether heard or not,
pleasant melody of woodland birds.
are his pleasures: if his eyes have now
doomed so long to settle upon earth
not without some effort they behold
countenance of the horizontal sun,
g or setting, let the light at least
a free entrance to their languid orbs.
let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down
ath the trees, or on a grassy bank
ighway side, and with the little birds
his chance-gathered meal; and, finally,
the eye of Nature he has lived,
the eye of Nature let him die!

8. 1800.

IMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY.

THE little hedgerow birds,
peck along the roads, regard him not.
avels on, and in his face, his step,
ait, is one expression: every limb,
ook and bending figure, all bespeak
n who does not move with pain, but moves
thought. — He is insensibly subdued
ttled quiet: he is one by whom
fort seems forgotten; one to whom
patience hath such mild composure given,
patience now doth seem a thing of which
ath no need. He is by nature led
eace so perfect that the young behold
envy, what the old Man hardly feels.

. 1798.

PETER BELL.

A TALE.

What 's in a *Name?*

. . . . . .

Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as Cæsar!

Written at Alfoxden. Founded upon an anecdote, which I read in a newspaper, of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched posture. Upon examination a dead body was found in the water and proved to be the body of its master. The countenance, gait, and figure of Peter, were taken from a wild rover with whom I walked from Builth, on the river Wye, downwards nearly as far as the town of Hay. He told me strange stories. It has always been a pleasure to me through life to catch at every opportunity that has occurred in my rambles of becoming acquainted with this class of people. The number of Peter's wives was taken from the trespasses in this way of a lawless creature who lived in the county of Durham, and used to be attended by many women, sometimes not less than half a dozen, as disorderly as himself. Benoni, or the child of sorrow, I knew when I was a school-boy. His mother had been deserted by a gentleman in the neighborhood, she herself being a gentlewoman by birth. The circumstances of her story were told me by my dear old Dame, Anne Tyson, who was her confidante. The Lady died broken-hearted. — In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of asses; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused. — The crescent-moon, which makes such a figure in the prologue, assumed this character one evening while I was watching its beauty in front of Alfoxden House. I intended this poem for the volume before spoken of, but it was not published for more than twenty years afterwards. — The worship of the Methodists or Ranters is often heard during the stillness of the summer evening in the country with affecting accompaniments of rural beauty. In both the psalmody and the voice of the preacher there is, not unfrequently, much solemnity likely to impress the feelings of the rudest characters under favorable circumstances.

TO

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., P.L.,

ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in

its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority:* — for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to make the production less unworthy of a favorable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of our Country. This has, indeed, been the aim of all my endeavors in Poetry, which, you know, have been sufficiently laborious to prove that I deem the Art not lightly to be approached; and that the attainment of excellence in it may laudably be made the principal object of intellectual pursuit by any man, who, with reasonable consideration of circumstances, has faith in his own impulses.

The poem of Peter Bell, as the Prologue will show, was composed under a belief that the Imagination not only does not require for its exercise the intervention of supernatural agency, but that, though such agency be excluded, the faculty may be called forth as imperiously and for kindred results of pleasure, by incidents, within the compass of poetic probability, in the humblest departments of daily life. Since that Prologue was written, *you* have exhibited most splendid effects of judicious daring, in the opposite and usual course. Let this acknowledgment make my peace with the lovers of the supernatural; and I am persuaded it will be admitted, that to you, as a Master in that province of the Art, the following Tale, whether from contrast or congruity, is not an unappropriate offering. Accept it, then, as a public testimony of affectionate admiration from one with whose name yours has been often coupled (to use your own words) for evil and for good; and believe me to be, with earnest wishes that life and health may be granted you to complete the many important works in which you are engaged, and with high respect,

Most faithfully yours,
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.

PROLOGUE.

THERE 'S something in a flying horse,
There 's something in a huge balloon;
But through the clouds I 'll never float
Until I have a little Boat,
Shaped like the crescent-moon.

And now I *have* a little Boat,
In shape a very crescent-moon.
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail;
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up — and you shall see me soon!

The woods, my Friends, are round y
roaring,
Rocking and roaring like a sea;
The noise of danger 's in your ears,
And ye have all a thousand fears
Both for my little Boat and me!

Meanwhile untroubled I admire
The pointed horns of my canoe;
And, did not pity touch my breast,
To see how ye are all distrest,
Till my ribs ached, I 'd laugh at you

Away we go, my Boat and I —
Frail man ne'er sate in such another;
Whether among the winds we strive,
Or deep into the clouds we dive,
Each is contented with the other.

Away we go — and what care we
For treasons, tumults, and for wars?
We are as calm in our delight
As is the crescent-moon so bright
Among the scattered stars.

Up goes my Boat among the stars
Through many a breathless field of lig
Through many a long blue field of eth
Leaving ten thousand stars beneath h
Up goes my little Boat so bright!

The Crab, the Scorpion, and the Bull
We pry among them all; have shot
High o'er the red-haired race of Mar
Covered from top to toe with scars;
Such company I like it not!

The towns in Saturn are decayed,
And melancholy Spectres throng them
The Pleiads, that appear to kiss
Each other in the vast abyss,
With joy I sail among them.

Swift Mercury resounds with mirth,
Great Jove is full of stately bowers;
But these, and all that they contain,
What are they to that tiny grain,
That little Earth of ours?

Then back to Earth, the dear gr
Earth: —
Whole ages if I here should roam,

world for my remarks and me
d not a whit the better be;
left my heart at home.

there she is, the matchless Earth!
e spreads the famed Pacific Ocean!
Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
igh the gray clouds; the Alps are
here,
waters in commotion!

tawny slip is Libya's sands;
silver thread the river Dnieper!
look, where clothed in brightest
green
weet Isle; of isles the Queen;
iries, from all evil keep her!

see the town where I was born!
nd those happy fields we span
yish gambols; — I was lost
e I have been, but on this coast
I am a man.

did fifty things at once
ar so lovely, never, never; —
tunefully the forests ring!
ar the earth's soft murmuring
could I hang forever!

me on you!" cried my little Boat,
s ever such a homesick Loon,
n a living Boat to sit,
nake no better use of it;
at twin-sister of the crescent-moon!

er in the breast of full-grown Poet
red so faint a heart before; —
t the music of the spheres
overpowered your mortal ears?
ch din shall trouble them no more.

se nether precincts do not lack
ns of their own; — then come with
me;
t a comrade, and for you
's nothing that I would not do;
nt is there that you shall not see.

"Haste! and above Siberian snows
We 'll sport amid the boreal morning;
Will mingle with her lustres gliding
Among the stars, the stars now hiding,
And now the stars adorning.

"I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

"Or we 'll into the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings!

"Or, if you thirst with hardy zeal
Less quiet regions to explore,
Prompt voyage shall to you reveal
How earth and heaven are taught to feel
The might of magic lore!"

"My little vagrant Form of light,
My gay and beautiful Canoe,
Well have you played your friendly part;
As kindly take what from my heart
Experience forces — then adieu!

"Temptation lurks among your words;
But, while these pleasures you 're pursuing
Without impediment or let,
No wonder if you quite forget
What on the earth is doing.

"There was a time when all mankind
Did listen with a faith sincere
To tuneful tongues in mystery versed;
Then Poets fearlessly rehearsed
The wonders of a wild career.

"Go — (but the world 's a sleepy world,
And 't is, I fear, an age too late)
Take with you some ambitious Youth!
For, restless Wanderer! I, in truth,
Am all unfit to be your mate.

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me — her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire
To stir, to soothe, or elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find or there create?

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear!
Repentance is a tender Sprite;
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'T is lodged within her silent tear.

"But grant my wishes, — let us now
Descend from this ethereal height;
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,
More daring far than Hippogriff,
And be thy own delight!

"To the stone-table in my garden,
Loved haunt of many a summer hour,
The Squire is come: his daughter Bess
Beside him in the cool recess
Sits blooming like a flower.

"With these are many more convened;
They know not I have been so far; —
I see them there, in number nine,
Beneath the spreading Weymouth-pine!
I see them — there they are!

"There sits the Vicar and his Dame;
And there my good friend Stephen Otter;
And, ere the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the Tale
Of Peter Bell the Potter."

Off flew the Boat — away she flees,
Spurning her freight with indignation!
And I, as well as I was able,
On two poor legs, toward my stone-table
Limped on with sore vexation.

"O, here he is!" cried little Bess —
She saw me at the garden-door;
"We 've waited anxiously and long,'
They cried, and all around me throng
Full nine of them or more!

"Reproach me not — your fears be still
Be thankful we again have met; —
Resume, my Friends! within the shad
Your seats, and quickly shall be paid
The well-remembered debt."

I spake with faltering voice, like one
Not wholly rescued from the pale
Of a wild dream, or worse illusion;
But, straight, to cover my confusion,
Began the promised Tale.

PART FIRST.

ALL by the moonlight riverside
Groaned the poor Beast — alas! in va
The staff was raised to loftier height,
And the blows fell with heavier weigh
As Peter struck — and struck again.

"Hold!" cried the Squire, "against
rules
Of common sense you 're surely sinni
This leap is for us all too bold;
Who Peter was, let that be told,
And start from the beginning."

— "A Potter,[1] Sir, he was by trade,'
Said I, becoming quite collected;
"And wheresoever he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected.

"He, two and thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's tow
And well he knew the spire of Sarur
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen that ponderous kne
A far-renowned alarum!

[1] In the dialect of the North, a hawk
earthenware is thus designated.

Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
merry Carlisle had he been;
all along the Lowlands fair,
rough the bonny shire of Ayr
far as Aberdeen.

d he had been at Inverness;
Peter, by the mountain rills,
danced his round with Highland
lasses;
he had lain beside his asses
fty Cheviot Hills:

d he had trudged through Yorkshire
dales,
ng the rocks and winding *scars;*
e deep and low the hamlets lie
ath their little patch of sky
ittle lot of stars:

d all along the indented coast,
ttered with the salt-sea foam;
e'er a knot of houses lay
eadland, or in hollow bay;—
never man like him did roam!

well might Peter, in the Fleet,
been fast bound, a begging debt-
or;—
avelled here, he travelled there;—
ot the value of a hair
heart or head the better.

roved among the vales and streams,
e green wood and hollow dell;
were his dwellings night and day,—
ature ne'er could find the way
he heart of Peter Bell.

vain, through every changeful year,
Nature lead him as before;
mrose by a river's brim
low primrose was to him,
t was nothing more.

all change it made on Peter's heart
e his gentle panniered train
more than vernal pleasure feeding,
e'er the tender grass was leading
rliest green along the lane.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.

"Within the breast of Peter Bell
These silent raptures found no place;
He was a Carl as wild and rude
As ever hue-and-cry pursued,
As ever ran a felon's race.

"Of all that lead a lawless life,
Of all that love their lawless lives,
In city or in village small,
He was the wildest far of all;—
He had a dozen wedded wives.

"Nay, start not!—wedded wives—and
twelve!
But how one wife could e'er come near
him,
In simple truth I cannot tell;
For, be it said of Peter Bell,
To see him was to fear him.

"Though Nature could not touch his
heart
By lovely forms, and silent weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once, that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

"A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

"To all the unshaped half-human
thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds
'Mid summer storms or winter's ice,
Had Peter joined whatever vice
The cruel city breeds.

"His face was keen as is the wind
That cuts along the hawthorn-fence;—
Of courage you saw little there,
But, in its stead, a medley air
Of cunning and of impudence.

"He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive, his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

"His forehead wrinkled was and furred;
A work, one half of which was done
By thinking of his '*whens*' and '*hows*;'
And half, by knitting of his brows
Beneath the glaring sun.

"There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky!"

ONE NIGHT, (and now my little Bess!
We 've reached at last the promised
Tale:)
One beautiful November night,
When the full moon was shining bright
Upon the rapid river Swale,

Along the river's winding banks
Peter was travelling all alone;—
Whether to buy or sell, or led
By pleasure running in his head,
To me was never known.

He trudged along through copse and
brake,
He trudged along o'er hill and dale;
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle,
And for the stars he cared as little,
And for the murmuring river Swale.

But, chancing to espy a path
That promised to cut short the way,
As many a wiser man hath done,
He left a trusty guide for one
That might his steps betray.

To a thick wood he soon is brought
Where cheerily his course he weaves,
And whistling loud may yet be heard,
Though often buried, like a bird
Darkling, among the boughs and leav

But quickly Peter's mood is changed,
And on he drives with cheeks that bur
In downright fury and in wrath;—
There 's little sign the treacherous pat
Will to the road return!

The path grows dim, and dimmer still;
Now up, now down, the Rover wends
With all the sail that he can carry,
Till brought to a deserted quarry—
And there the pathway ends.

He paused — for shadows of stran
shape,
Massy and black, before him lay;
But through the dark, and through t
cold,
And through the yawning fissures old,
Did Peter boldly press his way

Right through the quarry;—and behe
A scene of soft and lovely hue!
Where blue and gray, and tender gre
Together make as sweet a scene
As ever human eye did view.

Beneath the clear blue sky he saw
A little field of meadow ground;
But field or meadow name it not;
Call it of earth a small green plot,
With rocks encompassed round.

The Swale flowed under the gray roc
But he flowed quiet and unseen;—
You need a strong and stormy gale
To bring the noises of the Swale
To that green spot, so calm and greer

s there no one dwelling here,
rmit with his beads and glass?
oes no little cottage look
this soft and fertile nook?
no one live near this green grass?

s the deep and quiet spot
er driving through the grass —
ow has reached the skirting trees;
, turning round his head, he sees
tary Ass.

rize!" cries Peter — but he first
spy about him far and near:
's not a single house in sight,
oodman's hut, no cottage light —
you need not fear!

's nothing to be seen but woods,
ocks that spread a hoary gleam,
nis one Beast, that from the bed
e green meadow hangs his head
he silent stream.

ead is with a halter bound;
alter seizing, Peter leapt
the Creature's back, and plied
eady heels his shaggy side;
ll the Ass his station kept.

Peter gave a sudden jerk,
that from a dungeon-floor
have pulled up an iron ring;
ll the heavy-headed Thing
just as he had stood before!

Peter, leaping from his seat,
e is some plot against me laid;"
nore the little meadow-ground
l the hoary cliffs around
itiously surveyed.

l is silent — rocks and woods,
l and silent — far and near!
ne Ass, with motion dull,
he pivot of his skull
round his long left ear.

nt Peter, What can mean all this?
igly witchcraft must be here!
e more the Ass, with motion dull,
he pivot of his skull
round his long left ear.

Suspicion ripened into dread;
Yet with deliberate action slow,
His staff high-raising, in the pride
Of skill, upon the sounding hide,
He dealt a sturdy blow.

The poor Ass staggered with the shock;
And then, as if to take his ease,
In quiet uncomplaining mood,
Upon the spot where he had stood,
Dropped gently down upon his knees:

As gently on his side he fell;
And by the river's brink did lie;
And, while he lay like one that mourned,
The patient Beast on Peter turned
His shining hazel eye.

'T was but one mild, reproachful look,
A look more tender than severe;
And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
He turned the eyeball in his head
Towards the smooth river deep and clear.

Upon the Beast the sapling rings;
His lank sides heaved, his limbs they stirred;
He gave a groan, and then another,
Of that which went before the brother,
And then he gave a third.

All by the moonlight riverside
He gave three miserable groans;
And not till now hath Peter seen
How gaunt the Creature is, — how lean
And sharp his staring bones!

With legs stretched out and stiff he lay:—
No word of kind commiseration
Fell at the sight from Peter's tongue;
With hard contempt his heart was wrung,
With hatred and vexation.

The meagre beast lay still as death;
And Peter's lips with fury quiver;
Quoth he, "You little mulish dog,
I 'll fling your carcase like a log
Head-foremost down the river!"

An impious oath confirmed the threat —
Whereat from the earth on which he lay
To all the echoes, south and north,
And east and west, the Ass sent forth
A long and clamorous bray!

This outcry, on the heart of Peter,
Seems like a note of joy to strike, —
Joy at the heart of Peter knocks;
But in the echo of the rocks
Was something Peter did not like.

Whether to cheer his coward breast,
Or that he could not break the chain,
In this serene and solemn hour,
Twined round him by demoniac power,
To the blind work he turned again.

Among the rocks and winding crags;
Among the mountains far away;
Once more the ass did lengthen out
More ruefully a deep-drawn shout,
The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray!

What is there now in Peter's heart!
Or whence the might of this strange sound?
The moon uneasy looked and dimmer,
The broad blue heavens appeared to glimmer,
And the rocks staggered all around —

From Peter's hand the sapling dropped!
Threat has he none to execute;
"If any one should come and see
That I am here, they 'll think," quoth he,
"I 'm helping this poor dying brute."

He scans the ass from limb to limb,
And ventures now to uplift his eyes;
More steady looks the moon, and clear,
More like themselves the rocks appear
And touch more quiet skies.

His scorn returns — his hate revives;
He stoops the Ass's neck to seize
With malice — that again takes flight;
For in the pool a startling sight
Meets him, among the inverted trees.

Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin, — or a shroud?

A grisly idol hewn in stone?
Or imp from witch's lap let fall?
Perhaps a ring of shining fairies?
Such as pursue their fearèd vagaries
In sylvan bower, or haunted hall?

Is it a fiend that to a stake
Of fire his desperate self is tethering?
Or stubborn spirit doomed to yell
In solitary ward or cell,
Ten thousand miles from all his brethr

Never did pulse so quickly throb,
And never heart so loudly panted;
He looks, he cannot choose but look
Like some one reading in a book —
A book that is enchanted.

Ah, well-a-day for Peter Bell!
He will be turned to iron soon,
Meet Statue for the court of Fear!
His hat is up — and every hair
Bristles, and whitens in the moon!

He looks, he ponders, looks again;
He sees a motion — hears a groan;
His eyes will burst — his heart
break —
He gives a loud and frightful shriek,
And back he falls, as if his life were flo

Part Second.

We left our Hero in a trance,
Beneath the alders, near the river;
The Ass is by the riverside,
And, where the feeble breezes glide,
Upon the stream the moonbeams qui

A happy respite! but at length
He feels the glimmering of the moon
Wakes with glazed eye, and feebly si
ing —
To sink, perhaps, where he is lying,
Into a second swoon!

He lifts his head, he sees his staff;
He touches — 't is to him a treasure!
Faint recollection seems to tell
That he is yet where mortals dwell —
A thought received with languid pleasu

ead upon his elbow propped,
ning less and less perplexed,
ard he looks — to rock and wood —
hen — upon the glassy flood
andering eye is fixed.

ght he, that is the face of one
last sleep securely bound!
ward the stream his head he bent,
downward thrust his staff, intent
iver's depth to sound.

— like a tempest-shattered bark,
overwhelmed and prostrate lies,
n a moment to the verge
ed of a foaming surge —
uddenly the Ass doth rise!

aring bones all shake with joy,
lose by Peter's side he stands:
Peter o'er the river bends,
ttle Ass his neck extends,
ondly licks his hands.

life is in the Ass's eyes,
life is in his limbs and ears;
Peter Bell, if he had been
eriest coward ever seen,
now have thrown aside his fears.

ss looks on — and to his work
er quietly resigned;
uches here — he touches there —
ow among the dead man's hair
pling Peter has intwined.

lls — and looks — and pulls again;
e whom the poor Ass had lost,
an who had been four days dead,
foremost from the river's bed
s like a ghost!

Peter draws him to dry land;
hrough the brain of Peter pass
poignant twitches, fast and faster;
doubt," quoth he, "he is the Master
s poor miserable Ass!"

eagre Shadow that looks on —
would he now? what is he doing?
dden fit of joy is flown, —
his knees hath laid him down,
e were his grief renewing;

But no — that Peter on his back
Must mount, he shows well as he can:
Thought Peter then, come weal or woe,
I 'll do what he would have me do,
In pity to this poor drowned man.

With that resolve he boldly mounts
Upon the pleased and thankful Ass;
And then, without a moment's stay,
That earnest Creature turned away
Leaving the body on the grass.

Intent upon his faithful watch,
The Beast four days and nights had past;
A sweeter meadow ne'er was seen,
And there the Ass four days had been,
Nor ever once did break his fast:

Yet firm his step, and stout his heart;
The mead is crossed — the quarry's mouth
Is reached; but there the trusty guide
Into a thicket turns aside,
And deftly ambles towards the south.

When hark a burst of doleful sound!
And Peter honestly might say,
The like came never to his ears,
Though he has been, full thirty years,
A rover — night and day!

'T is not a plover of the moors,
'T is not a bittern of the fen;
Nor can it be a barking fox,
Nor night-bird chambered in the rocks,
Nor wild-cat in a woody glen!

The Ass is startled — and stops short
Right in the middle of the thicket;
And Peter, wont to whistle loud
Whether alone or in a crowd,
Is silent as a silent cricket.

What ails you now, my little Bess?
Well may you tremble and look grave!
This cry — that rings along the wood,
This cry — that floats adown the flood,
Comes from the entrance of a cave:

I see a blooming Wood-boy there,
And if I had the power to say
How sorrowful the wanderer is,
Your heart would be as sad as his
Till you had kissed his tears away!

Grasping a hawthorn branch in hand,
All bright with berries ripe and red,
Into the cavern's mouth he peeps;
Thence back into the moonlight creeps;
Whom seeks he — whom? — the silent
dead:

His father! — Him doth he require —
Him hath he sought with fruitless pains,
Among the rocks, behind the trees;
Now creeping on his hands and knees,
Now running o'er the open plains.

And hither is he come at last,
When he through such a day has gone,
By this dark cave to be distrest
Like a poor bird — her plundered nest
Hovering around with dolorous moan!

Of that intense and piercing cry
The listening Ass conjectures well;
Wild as it is, he there can read
Some intermingled notes that plead
With touches irresistible.

But Peter — when he saw the Ass
Not only stop but turn, and change
The cherished tenor of his pace
That lamentable cry to chase —
It wrought in him conviction strange;

A faith that, for the dead man's sake
And this poor slave who loved him well,
Vengeance upon his head will fall,
Some visitation worse than all
Which ever till this night befell.

Meanwhile the Ass to reach his home,
Is striving stoutly as he may;
But, while he climbs the woody hill,
The cry grows weak — and weaker still;
And now at last it dies away.

So with his freight the Creature turns
Into a gloomy grove of beech,
Along the shade with footsteps true
Descending slowly, till the two
The open moonlight reach.

And there, along the narrow dell,
A fair smooth pathway you discern,
A length of green and open road —
As if it from a fountain flowed —
Winding away between the fern.

The rocks that tower on either side
Build up a wild fantastic scene;
Temples like those among the Hindo
And mosques, and spires, and ab
windows,
And castles all with ivy green!

And, while the Ass pursues his way,
Along this solitary dell,
As pensively his steps advance,
The mosques and spires change cou
nance
And look at Peter Bell!

That unintelligible cry
Hath left him high in preparation, —
Convinced that he, or soon or late,
This very night will meet his fate —
And so he sits in expectation!

The strenuous Animal hath clomb
With the green path; and now he we
Where, shining like the smoothest se
In undisturbed immensity
A level plain extends.

But whence this faintly rustling soun
By which the journeying pair are cha
— A withered leaf is close behind,
Light plaything for the sportive wind
Upon that solitary waste.

When Peter spied the moving thing,
It only doubled his distress;
"Where there is not a bush or tree,
The very leaves they follow me —
So huge hath been my wickedness!"

To a close lane they now are come,
Where, as before, the enduring Ass
Moves on without a moment's stop,
Nor once turns round his head to cro
A bramble-leaf or blade of grass.

Between the hedges as they go,
The white dust sleeps upon the lane
And Peter, ever and anon
Back-looking, sees, upon a stone,
Or in the dust, a crimson stain.

in — as of a drop of blood
ioonlight made more faint and wan;
why these sinkings of despair?
knows not how the blood comes
there —
Peter is a wicked man.

ngth he spies a bleeding wound,
re he had struck the Ass's head;
ees the blood, knows what it is, —
mpse of sudden joy was his,
hen it quickly fled;

m whom sudden death had seized
nought, — of thee, O faithful Ass!
once again those ghastly pains,
t to and fro through heart and reins,
through his brain like lightning pass.

PART THIRD.

heard of one, a gentle Soul,
gh given to sadness and to gloom,
for the fact will vouch, — one night
anced that by a taper's light
man was reading in his room;

ing, as you or I might bend
ght o'er any pious book,
n sudden blackness overspread
now-white page on which he read,
made the good man round him look.

hamber walls were dark all round, —
o his book he turned again;
e light had left the lonely taper,
formed itself upon the paper
arge letters — bright and plain!

odly book was in his hand —
on the page, more black than coal,
ared, set forth in strange array,
rd — which to his dying day
exed the good man's gentle soul.

hostly word, thus plainly seen,
ever from his lips depart;
e hath said, poor gentle wight!
ught full many a sin to light
f the bottom of his heart.

l Spirits! to confound the meek
wander from your course so far,
Disordering color, form, and stature!
— Let good men feel the soul of nature,
And see things as they are.

Yet, potent Spirits! well I know,
How ye, that play with soul and sense,
Are not unused to trouble friends
Of goodness, for most gracious ends —
And this I speak in reverence!

But might I give advice to you,
Whom in my fear I love so well;
From men of pensive virtue go,
Dread Beings! and your empire show
On hearts like that of Peter Bell.

Your presence often have I felt
In darkness and the stormy night;
And, with like force, if need there be,
Ye can put forth your agency
When earth is calm, and heaven is bright.

Then, coming from the wayward world,
That powerful world in which ye dwell,
Come, Spirits of the Mind! and try
To-night, beneath the moonlight sky,
What may be done with Peter Bell!

— O, would that some more skilful voice
My further labor might prevent!
Kind Listeners, that around me sit,
I feel that I am all unfit
For such high argument.

I've played, I've danced, with my narration;
I loitered long ere I began:
Ye waited then on my good pleasure;
Pour out indulgence still, in measure
As liberal as ye can!

Our Travellers, ye remember well,
Are thridding a sequestered lane;
And Peter many tricks is trying,
And many anodynes applying,
To ease his conscience of its pain.

By this his heart is lighter far;
And, finding that he can account
So snugly for that crimson stain,
His evil spirit up again
Does like an empty bucket mount.

And Peter is a deep logician
Who hath no lack of wit mercurial;
"Blood, drops — leaves rustle — yet," quoth he,
"This poor man never, but for me,
Could have had Christian burial.

"And, say the best you can, 't is plain,
That here has been some wicked dealing;
No doubt the devil in me wrought;
I'm not the man who could have thought
An Ass like this was worth the stealing!"

So from his pocket Peter takes
His shining horn tobacco-box;
And, in a light and careless way,
As men who with their purpose play,
Upon the lid he knocks.

Let them whose voice can stop the clouds,
Whose cunning eye can see the wind,
Tell to a curious world the cause
Why, making here a sudden pause,
The Ass turned round his head, and *grinned*.

Appalling process! I have marked
The like on heath, in lonely wood;
And, verily, have seldom met
A spectacle more hideous — yet
It suited Peter's present mood.

And, grinning in his turn, his teeth
He in jocose defiance showed —
When, to upset his spiteful mirth,
A murmur, pent within the earth,
In the dead earth beneath the road

Rolled audibly! it swept along,
A muffled noise — a rumbling sound! —
'T was by a troop of miners made,
Plying with gunpowder their trade,
Some twenty fathoms under ground.

Small cause of dire effect! for, surely,
If ever mortal, King or Cotter,
Believed that earth was charged to quake
And yawn for his unworthy sake,
'T was Peter Bell the Potter.

But, as an oak in breathless air
Will stand though to the centre hewn;
Or as the weakest things, if frost
Have stiffened them, maintain their po
So he, beneath the gazing moon! —

The Beast bestriding thus, he reached
A spot where, in a sheltering cove,
A little chapel stands alone,
With greenest ivy overgrown,
And tufted with an ivy grove;

Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,
It seemed — wall, window, roof, tower —
To bow to some transforming power,
And blend with the surrounding trees

As ruinous a place it was,
Thought Peter, in the shire of Fife
That served my turn, when following
From land to land a reckless will
I married my sixth wife!

The unheeding Ass moves slowly on
And now is passing by an inn
Brim-full of a carousing crew,
That make, with curses not a few,
An uproar and a drunken din.

I cannot well express the thoughts
Which Peter in those noises found; -
A stifling power compressed his fram
While-as a swimming darkness came
Over that dull and dreary sound.

For well did Peter know the sound;
The language of those drunken joys
To him, a jovial soul, I ween,
But a few hours ago, had been
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

Now, turned adrift into the past,
He finds no solace in his course;
Like planet-stricken men of yore,
He trembles, smitten to the core
By strong compunction and remorse.

But, more than all, his heart is stung
To think of one, almost a child;
A sweet and playful Highland girl,
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,
As beauteous and as wild!

dwelling was a lonely house,
tage in a heathy dell;
she put on her gown of green,
left her mother at sixteen,
followed Peter Bell.

nany good and pious thoughts
she; and, in the kirk to pray,
long Scotch miles, through rain or snow
rk she had been used to go,
e every Sabbath-day.

when she followed Peter Bell,
s to lead an honest life;
ıe, with tongue not used to falter,
pledged his troth before the altar
ve her as his wedded wife.

ther's hope is hers; — but soon
drooped and pined like one forlorn;
Scripture she a name did borrow;
ni, or the child of sorrow,
alled her babe unborn.

he had learned how Peter lived,
ook it in most grievous part;
o the very bone was worn,
ere that little child was born,
of a broken heart.

ıow the Spirits of the Mind
usy with poor Peter Bell;
the rights of visual sense
ing, with a prevalence
terrible than magic spell.

by a brake of flowering furze
ve it shivering aspens play)
es an unsubstantial creature,
ery self in form and feature,
our yards from the broad highway:

tretched beneath the furze he sees
Highland girl — it is no other;
ears her crying as she cried,
ery moment that she died,
mother! oh my mother!"

weat pours down from Peter's face,
evous is his heart's contrition;
agony his eye-balls ache
he beholds by the furze-brake
niserable vision!

Calm is the well-deserving brute,
His peace hath no offence betrayed;
But now, while down that slope he wends,
A voice to Peter's ear ascends,
Resounding from the woody glade:

The voice, though clamorous as a horn
Re-echoed by a naked rock,
Comes from that tabernacle — List!
Within, a fervent Methodist
Is preaching to no heedless flock!

"Repent! repent!" he cries aloud,
"While yet ye may find mercy; — strive
To love the Lord with all your might;
Turn to him, seek him day and night,
And save your souls alive!

"Repent! repent! though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot;
And, though your sins be red as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow!"

Even as he passed the door, these words
Did plainly come to Peter's ears;
And they such joyful tidings were,
The joy was more than he could bear! —
He melted into tears.

Sweet tears of hope and tenderness!
And fast they fell, a plenteous shower!
His nerves, his sinews seemed to melt;
Through all his iron frame was felt
A gentle, a relaxing, power!

Each fibre of his frame was weak;
Weak all the animal within;
But, in its helplessness, grew mild
And gentle as an infant child,
An infant that has known no sin.

'T is said, meek Beast! that, through Heaven's grace,
He not unmoved did notice now
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,
For lasting impress, by the Lord
To whom all human-kind shall bow;

Memorial of his touch — that day
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,
Entering the proud Jerusalem.
By an immeasurable stream
Of shouting people deified!

Meanwhile the persevering Ass,
Turned towards a gate that hung in view
Across a shady lane; his chest
Against the yielding gate he pressed
And quietly passed through.

And up the stony lane he goes;
No ghost more softly ever trod;
Among the stones and pebbles, he
Sets down his hoofs inaudibly,
As if with felt his hoofs were shod.

Along the lane the trusty Ass
Went twice two hundred yards or more,
And no one could have guessed his aim, —
Till to a lonely house he came,
And stopped beside the door.

Thought Peter, 't is the poor man's home!
He listens — not a sound is heard
Save from the trickling household rill;
But, stepping o'er the cottage-sill,
Forthwith a little Girl appeared.

She to the Meeting-house was bound
In hopes some tidings there to gather:
No glimpse it is, no doubtful gleam;
She saw — and uttered with a scream,
"My father! here's my father!"

The very word was plainly heard,
Heard plainly by the wretched Mother —
Her joy was like a deep affright:
And forth she rushed into the light,
And saw it was another!

And, instantly, upon the earth,
Beneath the full moon shining bright,
Close to the Ass's feet she fell;
At the same moment Peter Bell
Dismounts in most unhappy plight.

As he beheld the Woman lie
Breathless and motionless, the mind
Of Peter sadly was confused;
But, though to such demands unused,
And helpless almost as the blind,

He raised her up; and, while he held
Her body propped against his knee,
The Woman waked — and when she spied
The poor Ass standing by her side,
She moaned most bitterly.

"Oh! God be praised — my heart's ease —
For he is dead — I know it well!"
— At this she wept a bitter flood;
And, in the best way that he could,
His tale did Peter tell.

He trembles — he is pale as death;
His voice is weak with perturbation;
He turns aside his head, he pauses;
Poor Peter, from a thousand causes,
Is crippled sore in his narration.

At length she learned how he espied
The Ass in that small meadow-groun
And that her Husband now lay dead,
Beside that luckless river's bed
In which he had been drowned.

A piercing look the Widow cast
Upon the Beast that near her stands;
She sees 't is he, that 't is the same;
She calls the poor Ass by his name,
And wrings, and wrings her hands.

"O wretched loss — untimely stroke
If he had died upon his bed!
He knew not one forewarning pain;
He never will come home again —
Is dead, forever dead!"

Beside the woman Peter stands;
His heart is opening more and more;
A holy sense pervades his mind;
He feels what he for human kind
Had never felt before.

At length, by Peter's arm sustained,
The Woman rises from the ground —
"Oh, mercy! something must be do
My little Rachel, you must run, —
Some willing neighbor must be found

"Make haste — my little Rachel — d
The first you meet with — bid come,
Ask him to lend his horse to-night,
And this good Man, whom Heaven quite,
Will help to bring the body home."

goes Rachel weeping loud; —
fant, waked by her distress,
s in the house a piteous cry;
Peter hears the Mother sigh,
en are they, and all fatherless!"

ow is Peter taught to feel
man's heart is a holy thing;
Nature, through a world of death,
es into him a second breath,
searching than the breath of spring.

a stone the Woman sits
ny of silent grief —
his own thoughts did Peter start;
ngs to press her to his heart,
love that cannot find relief.

used, as if through every limb
assed a sudden shock of dread,
Mother o'er the threshold flies,
p the cottage stairs she hies,
n the pillow lays her burning head.

Peter turns his steps aside
shade of darksome trees,
e he sits down, he knows not how,
his hands pressed against his brow,
bows on his tremulous knees.

, self-involved, does Peter sit
no sign of life he makes,
his mind were sinking deep
gh years that have been long asleep
rance is passed away — he wakes;

ts his head — and sees the Ass
anding in the clear moonshine;
en shall I be as good as thou?
would, poor beast, that I had now
rt but half as good as thine!"

e — who deviously hath sought
ather through the lonesome woods,
sought, proclaiming to the ear
ght his grief and sorrowful fear —
omes, escaped from fields and
floods; —

weary pace is drawing nigh;
es the Ass — and nothing living
ver such a fit of joy
As hath this little orphan Boy,
For he has no misgiving!

Forth to the gentle Ass he springs,
And up about his neck he climbs;
In loving words he talks to him,
He kisses, kisses face and limb, —
He kisses him a thousand times!

This Peter sees, while in the shade
He stood beside the cottage-door;
And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,
"O God! I can endure no more!"

— Here ends my Tale: for in a trice
Arrived a neighbor with his horse;
Peter went forth with him straightway;
And, with due care, ere break of day,
Together they brought back the Corse.

And many years did this poor Ass,
Whom once it was my luck to see
Cropping the shrubs of Leming-Lane,
Help by his labor to maintain
The Widow and her family.

And Peter Bell, who, till that night,
Had been the wildest of his clan,
Forsook his crimes, renounced his folly,
And, after ten months' melancholy,
Became a good and honest man.

1798. 1819.

THE SIMPLON PASS.[1]

— Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,

[1] See Prelude, book vi. p. 316.

The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light —
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

1799. 1845.

INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

IN CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.[1]

This Extract is reprinted from "THE FRIEND."

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And giv'st to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man;
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear, — until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

[1] See Prelude, book i. p. 274.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed me
With stinted kindness. In Novem days,
When vapors rolling down the val made
A lonely scene more lonesome; am woods
At noon; and 'mid the calm of sum nights,
When, by the margin of the tremb lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills, homewar went
In solitude, such intercourse was mi
Mine was it in the fields both day night,
And by the waters, all the summer l
And in the frosty season, when the s
Was set, and, visible for many a mil
The cottage-windows through the twil blazed,
I heeded not the summons: happy
It was indeed for all of us; for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and
The village-clock tolled six — I whe about,
Proud and exulting like an untired h
That cares not for his home. — All s with steel
We hissed along the polished ice games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the reso ing horn,
The pack loud-chiming, and the hu hare.
So through the darkness and the col flew,
And not a voice was idle: with the
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far-distant
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while stars,
Eastward, were sparkling clear, an the west
The orange sky of evening died awa
Not seldom from the uproar I reti
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumult throng,

it across the reflex of a star;
e, that, flying still before me, gleamed
the glassy plain: and oftentimes,
i we had given our bodies to the wind,
ll the shadowy banks on either side
sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
apid line of motion, then at once
I, reclining back upon my heels,
ed short; yet still the solitary cliffs
led by me — even as if the earth had rolled
visible motion her diurnal round!
d me did they stretch in solemn train,
er and feebler, and I stood and watched
ll was tranquil as a summer sea.

1809.

THERE WAS A BOY.

ten in Germany. This is an extract from em on my own poetical education. This e of making an instrument of their own is known to most boys, though some are cilful at it than others. William Raincock igg, a fine spirited lad, took the lead of all oolfellows in this art.

E was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
lands of Winander! — many a time,
ening, when the earliest stars began
ve along the edges of the hills,
or setting, would he stand alone,
th the trees, or by the glimmering lake;
here, with fingers interwoven, both hands
d closely palm to palm and to his mouth
ed, he, as through an instrument,
mimic hootings to the silent owls,
hey might answer him. — And they would shout
the watery vale, and shout again,
nsive to his call, — with quivering peals,
oud halloos, and screams, and echoes loud
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild
Of jocund din! And, when there came a pause
Of silence such as baffled his best skill:
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.
This boy was taken from his mates, and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old.
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale
Where he was born and bred: the church-yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village-school;
And, through that church-yard when my way has led
On summer-evenings, I believe, that there
A long half-hour together I have stood
Mute — looking at the grave in which he lies!

1799. 1800.

NUTTING.

Written in Germany; intended as part of a poem on my own life, but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my schoolfellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure, the vale of Esthwaite, abounding in coppice-wood, furnished a very wide range. These verses arose out of the remembrance of feelings I had often had when a boy, and particularly in the extensive woods that still stretch from the side of Esthwaite Lake towards Graythwaite, the seat of the ancient family of Sandys.

It seems a day
(I speak of one from many singled out)
One of those heavenly days that cannot die;
When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,
I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth
With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,

A nutting-crook in hand; and turned my steps
Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,
Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds
Which for that service had been husbanded,
By exhortation of my frugal Dame —
Motley accoutrement, of power to smile
At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, — and, in truth,
More ragged than need was! O'er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook
Unvisited, where not a broken bough
Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign
Of devastation; but the hazels rose
Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,
A virgin scene! — A little while I stood,
Breathing with such suppression of the heart
As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint
Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed
The banquet; — or beneath the trees I sate
Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;
A temper known to those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.
Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons re-appear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
Forever; and I saw the sparkling foam,
And — with my cheek on one of those green stones
That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep —
I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,
The heart luxuriates with indiffer things,
Wasting its kindliness on stocks stones,
And on the vacant air. Then up I r
And dragged to earth both branch bough, with crash
And merciless ravage: and the shady n
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bov
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave
Their quiet being: and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with past;
Ere from the mutilated bower I turne
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kir
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intrud sky —
Then, dearest Maiden, move along th shades
In gentleness of heart; with gentle h
Touch — for there is a spirit in the woo

1799. 180

The next three poems were written in Germany.

STRANGE fits of passion have I know
And I will dare to tell,
But in the Lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June,
I to her cottage bent my way,
Beneath an evening-moon.

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,
All over the wide lea;
With quickening pace my horse drew n
Those paths so dear to me.

And now we reached the orchard-plo
And, as we climbed the hill,
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near, and nearer still.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!
And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon.

orse moved on; hoof after hoof
ised, and never stopped:
down behind the cottage roof,
ce, the bright moon dropped.

fond and wayward thoughts will
slide
Lover's head!
ercy!" to myself I cried,
Lucy should be dead!"
1800.

lwelt among the untrodden ways
ide the springs of Dove,
id whom there were none to praise
d very few to love:

let by a mossy stone
lf hidden from the eye!
ir as a star, when only one
hining in the sky.

ved unknown, and few could know
en Lucy ceased to be;
ne is in her grave, and, oh,
e difference to me!
1800.

VELLED among unknown men,
ands beyond the sea;
England! did I know till then
at love I bore to thee.

past, that melancholy dream!
will I quit thy shore
nd time; for still I seem
love thee more and more.

g thy mountains did I feel
joy of my desire;
he I cherished turned her wheel
ide an English fire.

nornings showed, thy nights con-
cealed
bowers where Lucy played;
hine too is the last green field
t Lucy's eyes surveyed.
1807.

Composed in the Hartz Forest.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This Child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A Lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse: and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the Storm
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward
round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake — The work was
done —
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And nevermore will be.
1799. 1800.

Written in Germany.

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.
1799. 1800.

A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van
Of public conflicts trained and bred?
— First learn to love one living man;
Then may'st thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou? — draw not nigh!
Go, carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

Art thou a Man of purple cheer?
A rosy Man, right plump to see?
Approach; yet, Doctor, not too near,
This grave no cushion is for thee.

Or art thou one of gallant pride,
A Soldier and no man of chaff?
Welcome! — but lay thy sword aside,
And lean upon a peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? one, all eyes,
Philosopher! a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,
O turn aside, — and take, I pray,
That he below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!

A Moralist perchance appears;
Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:
And he has neither eyes nor ears;
Himself his world, and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul c
cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all!

Shut close the door; press down
latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

But who is He, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart, —
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own hea

But he is weak; both Man and Boy,
Hath been an idler in the land;
Contented if he might enjoy the thing
The things which others understand.

— Come hither in thy hour of streng
Come, weak as is a breaking wave!
Here stretch thy body at full length;
Or build thy house upon this grave.
1799. 180

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE VILLAGE SCHOOL OF —

Composed at Goslar, in Germany.

I COME, ye little noisy Crew,
Not long your pastime to prevent;
I heard the blessing which to you
Our common Friend and Father sent.
I kissed his cheek before he died;

hen his breath was fled,
d, while kneeling by his side,
nd: — it dropped like lead.
ands, dear Little-ones, do all
an be done, will never fall
is till they are dead.
ht or day blow foul or fair,
will the best of all your train
ith the locks of his white hair,
nd between his knees again.
e did he sit confined for hours;
could see the woods and plains,
hear the wind and mark the showers
streaming down the streaming
panes.
stretched beneath his grass-green
mound
ts a prisoner of the ground.
ed the breathing air,
ed the sun, but if it rise
, to him where now he lies,
not a moment's care.
what idle words; but take
irge which for our Master's sake
ours, love prompted me to make.
ymes so homely in attire
earned ears may ill agree,
anted by your Orphan Choir
ake a touching melody.

DIRGE.

,Shepherd, near thy old gray stone;
Angler, by the silent flood;
ourn when thou art all alone,
Woodman, in the distant wood!

ne blind Sailor, rich in joy
h blind, thy tunes in sadness hum;
ourn, thou poor half-witted Boy!
eaf, and living deaf and dumb.

drooping sick Man, bless the Guide
hecked or turned thy headstrong
youth,
before had sanctified
fancy with heavenly truth.

iplings, light of heart and gay,
ettlers on some foreign shore,
when your thoughts are turned this
way,
to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain
With one accord our voices raise,
Let sorrow overcharged with pain
Be lost in thankfulness and praise.

And when our hearts shall feel a sting
From ill we meet or good we miss,
May touches of his memory bring
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss.

1799. 1845.

BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS AFTER.

Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat
But benefits, his gift, we trace —
Expressed in every eye we meet
Round this dear Vale, his native place.

To stately Hall and Cottage rude
Flowed from his life what still they hold,
Light pleasures, every day, renewed;
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,
Thy faults, where not already gone
From memory, prolong their stay
For charity's sweet sake alone.

Such solace find we for our loss;
And what beyond this thought we crave
Comes in the promise from the Cross,
Shining upon thy happy grave.

MATTHEW.

In the School of ——— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote the following lines.

Such a Tablet as is here spoken of continued to be preserved in Hawkshead School, though the inscriptions were not brought down to our time. This and other poems connected with Matthew would not gain by a literal detail of facts. Like the Wanderer in "The Excursion," this Schoolmaster was made up of several both of his class and men of other occupations. I do not ask pardon for what there is of untruth in such verses, considered strictly as matters of fact. It is enough

if, being true and consistent in spirit, they move and teach in a manner not unworthy of a Poet's calling.

If Nature, for a favorite child,
In thee hath tempered so her clay,
That every hour thy heart runs wild,
Yet never once doth go astray,

Read o'er these lines; and then review
This tablet, that thus humbly rears
In such diversity of hue
Its history of two hundred years.

— When through this little wreck of fame,
Cipher and syllable! thine eye
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,
Pause with no common sympathy.

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,
Then be it neither checked nor stayed:
For Matthew a request I make
Which for himself he had not made.

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,
Is silent as a standing pool;
Far from the chimney's merry roar,
And murmur of the village school.

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up —
He felt with spirit so profound.

— Thou soul of God's best earthly mould!
Thou happy Soul! and can it be
That these two words of glittering gold
Are all that must remain of thee?

1799. 1800.

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walked along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the gr
And by the steaming rills,
We travelled merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well beg
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cl
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

"And just above yon slope of corn
Such colors, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

"With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the church-yard come, stop
short
Beside my daughter's grave.

"Nine summers had she scarcely see
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang; — she would
been
A very nightingale.

"Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more,
For so it seemed, than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

"And, turning from her grave, I m
Beside the church-yard yew,
A blooming Girl, whose hair was w
With points of morning dew.

asket on her head she bare;
row was smooth and white:
e a child so very fair,
s a pure delight!

fountain from its rocky cave
ripped with foot so free;
eemed as happy as a wave
dances on the sea.

ere came from me a sigh of pain
h I could ill confine;
ed at her, and looked again:
did not wish her mine!"

iew is in his grave, yet now,
inks, I see him stand,
that moment, with a bough
lding in his hand.

1800.

THE FOUNTAIN.

A CONVERSATION.

lked with open heart, and tongue
ionate and true,
r of friends, though I was young,
Matthew seventy-two.

y beneath a spreading oak,
e a mossy seat;
rom the turf a fountain broke,
urgled at our feet.

v, Matthew!" said I, "let us match
vater's pleasant tune
some old border-song, or catch
suits a summer's noon;

of the church-clock and the chimes
ere beneath the shade,
alf-mad thing of witty rhymes
you last April made!"

nce Matthew lay, and eyed
ring beneath the tree;
us the dear old Man replied,
ray-haired man of glee:

heck, no stay, this Streamlet fears;
nerrily it goes!
murmur on a thousand years,
ow as now it flows.

"And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

"My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

"Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

"But we are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own;
It is the man of mirth.

"My days, my Friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved."

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains;
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains;

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!"
At this he grasped my hand, and said,
"Alas! that cannot be."

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock,
And the bewildered chimes.

1799. 1800.

TO A SEXTON.

Written in Germany.

LET thy wheel-barrow alone —
Wherefore, Sexton, piling still
In thy bone-house bone on bone?
'T is already like a hill
In a field of battle made,
Where three thousand skulls are laid;
These died in peace each with the other,—
Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!
From this platform, eight feet square,
Take not even a finger-joint:
Andrew's whole fire-side is there.
Here, alone, before thine eyes,
Simon's sickly daughter lies,
From weakness now, and pain defended,
Whom he twenty winters tended.

Look but at the gardener's pride —
How he glories, when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families!
By the heart of Man, his tears,
By his hopes and by his fears,
Thou, too heedless, art the Warden
Of a far superior garden.

Thus then, each to other dear,
Let them all in quiet lie,
Andrew there, and Susan here,
Neighbors in mortality.
And, should I live through sun and rain
Seven widowed years without my Jane,
O Sexton, do not then remove her,
Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover!

1799. 1800.

THE DANISH BOY.

A FRAGMENT.

Written in Germany. It was entirely a fancy; but intended as a prelude to a ballad-poem never written.

I.

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills
There is a spot that seems to lie
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,
And sacred to the sky.
And in this smooth and open dell
There is a tempest-stricken tree;
A corner-stone by lightning cut,
The last stone of a lonely hut;
And in this dell you see
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

II.

In clouds above, the lark is heard,
But drops not here to earth for rest
Within this lonesome nook the bird
Did never build her nest.
No beast, no bird hath here his hom
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,
Pass high above those fragrant bells
To other flowers: — to other dells
Their burthens do they bear;
The Danish Boy walks here alone:
The lovely dell is all his own.

III.

A Spirit of noon-day is he;
Yet seems a form of flesh and bloo
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,
Nor herd-boy of the wood.
A regal vest of fur he wears,
In color like a raven's wing;
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew
But in the storm 't is fresh and blue
As budding pines in spring;
His helmet has a vernal grace,
Fresh as the bloom upon his face.

IV.

A harp is from his shoulder slung;
Resting the harp upon his knee,
To words of a forgotten tongue
He suits its melody.
Of flocks upon the neighboring hill
He is the darling and the joy;
And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain-ponies prick their ear
— They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone.

V.

There sits he; in his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair.
The lovely Danish Boy is blest

ppy in his flowery cove:
loody deeds his thoughts are far;
et he warbles songs of love,
eem like songs of war,
lm and gentle is his mien;
dead Boy he is serene.

1800.

LUCY GRAY

OR, SOLITUDE.

en at Goslar, in Germany. It was founded
cumstance told me by my Sister, of a little
, not far from Halifax, in Yorkshire, was
red in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were
y her parents to the middle of the lock of
and no other vestige of her, backward or
could be traced. The body, however,
id in the canal. The way in which the
was treated, and the spiritualizing of the
r might furnish hints for contrasting the
tive influences which I have endeavored
over common life with Crabbe's matter-
tyle of treating subjects of the same kind.
not spoken to his disparagement, far from
direct the attention of thoughtful readers,
ose hands these notes may fall, to a com-
that may both enlarge the circle of their
ties, and tend to produce in them a catholic
t.

had heard of Lucy Gray:
hen I crossed the wild,
ced to see at break of day
litary child.

e, no comrade Lucy knew;
elt on a wide moor,
sweetest thing that ever grew
a human door!

t may spy the fawn at play,
re upon the green;
sweet face of Lucy Gray
ver more be seen.

ght will be a stormy night —
the town must go;
e a lantern, Child, to light
other through the snow."

Father! will I gladly do:
arcely afternoon —
ister-clock has just struck two,
nder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot-band;
He plied his work; — and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
"In Heaven we all shall meet;"
— When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

1799. 1800.

RUTH.

Written in Germany. Suggested by an account I had of a wanderer in Somersetshire.

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore —
A military casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
But no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak:
— While he was yet a boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and pl
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought,
And with him many tales he brough
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any maid
By such a Youth, in the green shad
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls — a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and s
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly char
Their blossoms, through a boundless
Of intermingling hues;
With budding, fading, faded flower
They stand the wonder of the bowe
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The cypress and her spire;
— Of flowers that with one scarlet g
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spak
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind;
And build a household fire, and fin
A home in every glade!

"What days and what bright years
me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So passed in quiet bliss,

l the while," said he, "to know
/e were in a world of woe,
:h an earth as this!"

ıen he sometimes interwove
houghts about a father's love;
there," said he, "are spun
d the heart such tender ties,
ur own children to our eyes
arer than the sun.

et Ruth! and could you go with me
lpmate in the woods to be,
ed at night to rear;
, my own adopted bride,
an huntress at my side,
ive the flying deer!

ved Ruth!"—No more he said.
ıkeful Ruth at midnight shed
ary tear:
ought again—and did agree
im to sail across the sea,
ive the flying deer.

now, as fitting is and right,
the church our faith will plight,
and and a wife."
o they did; and I may say
sweet Ruth that happy day
ore than human life.

h dream and vision did she sink,
ed all the while to think
ı those lonesome floods,
een savannahs, she should share
rd with lawful joy, and bear
ne in the wild woods.

you have before been told,
ripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
ith his dancing crest,
ıtiful, through savage lands
amed about, with vagrant bands
ans in the West.

nd, the tempest roaring high,
nult of a tropic sky,
well be dangerous food
ı, a Youth to whom was given
h of earth—so much of heaven,
ch impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favored bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent:
For passions linked to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impaired, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feigned delight
Had wooed the Maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature played?
So kind and so forlorn!

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
"O Ruth! I have been worse than dead;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had crossed the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly:
I looked upon those hills and plains,

And seemed as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

"No more of this; for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth! more happily set free
With nobler zeal I burn:
My soul from darkness is released,
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one, —
They stirred him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wished to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the seashore;
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth! — Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May;
— They all were with her in her cell;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;
She from her prison fled;
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,
There did she rest; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and p
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves — she loved them
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood t
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! bu
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a roadside;
And there she begs at one steep pla
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild —
Such small machinery as she turned
Ere she had wept, ere she had mour
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are to
Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould
Thy corpse shall buried be,
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

1799.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY

ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

itter winter it was when these verses were osed by the side of my Sister, in our lodgings raper's house in the romantic imperial town slar, on the edge of the Hartz Forest. In wn the German emperors of the Franconian ere accustomed to keep their court, and it s vestiges of ancient splendor. So severe ie cold of this winter, that when we passed the parlor warmed by the stove, our cheeks struck by the air as by cold iron. I slept in n over a passage which was not ceiled. The e of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, hey expected I should be frozen to death night; but, with the protection of a pelisse with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as orn by the peasants, I walked daily on the rts, or in a sort of public ground or gardens ch was a pond. Here, I had no companion kingfisher, a beautiful creature, that used to by me. I consequently became much ed to it. During these walks I composed em that follows.

Reader must be apprised, that the Stoves rth-Germany generally have the impression alloping horse upon them, this being part of runswick Arms.

LAGUE on your languages, German
and Norse!
ne have the song of the kettle;
the tongs and the poker, instead of
that horse
gallops away with such fury and force
his dreary dull plate of black metal.

hat Fly, — a disconsolate creature!
perhaps
ld of the field or the grove;
sorrow for him! the dull treacherous
heat
seduced the poor fool from his winter
retreat,
he creeps to the edge of my stove.

how he fumbles about the domains
h this comfortless oven environ!
annot find out in what track he must
crawl,
back to the tiles, then in search of
the wall,
now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller
bemazed:
The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers, methinks, I can see him put
forth
To the east and the west, to the south and
the north;
But he finds neither guide-post nor guide.

His spindles sink under him, foot, leg,
and thigh!
His eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death his blood freezes
and thaws;
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky
gauze
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, no mate has he near him —
while I
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my
Love;
As blest and as glad, in this desolate
gloom,
As if green summer grass were the floor
of my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small help-
less Thing!
Thy life I would gladly sustain
Till summer come up from the south, and
with crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou should'st
sound through the clouds,
And back to the forests again!

1799. 1800.

THE BROTHERS.

This poem was composed in a grove at the north-eastern end of Grasmere lake, which grove was in a great measure destroyed by turning the high-road along the side of the water. The few trees that are left were spared at my intercession. The poem arose out of the fact, mentioned to me at Ennerdale, that a shepherd had fallen asleep upon the top of the rock called The Pillar, and perished as here described, his staff being left midway on the rock.

"THESE Tourists, heaven preserve us! needs must live
A profitable life: some glance along,

Rapid and gay, as if the earth were air,
And they were butterflies to wheel about
Long as the summer lasted: some, as wise,
Perched on the forehead of a jutting crag,
Pencil in hand and book upon the knee,
Will look and scribble, scribble on and look,
Until a man might travel twelve stout miles,
Or reap an acre of his neighbor's corn.
But, for that moping Son of Idleness,
Why can he tarry *yonder?* — In our churchyard
Is neither epitaph nor monument,
Tombstone nor name — only the turf we tread
And a few natural graves."
To Jane, his wife,
Thus spake the homely Priest of Ennerdale.
It was a July evening; and he sate
Upon the long stone-seat beneath the eaves
Of his old cottage, — as it chanced, that day,
Employed in winter's work. Upon the stone
His wife sate near him, teasing matted wool,
While, from the twin cards toothed with glittering wire,
He fed the spindle of his youngest child,
Who, in the open air, with due accord
Of busy hands and back-and-forward steps,
Her large round wheel was turning. Towards the field
In which the Parish Chapel stood alone,
Girt round with a bare ring of mossy wall,
While half an hour went by, the Priest had sent
Many a long look of wonder: and at last,
Risen from his seat, beside the snow-white ridge
Of carded wool which the old man had piled
He laid his implements with gentle care,
Each in the other locked; and, down the path
That from his cottage to the churchyard led,
He took his way, impatient to accost
The Stranger, whom he saw still ling
ing there.
'T was one well known to him in f
mer days,
A Shepherd-lad; who ere his sixtee
year
Had left that calling, tempted to entr
His expectations to the fickle winds
And perilous waters; with the marine
A fellow-mariner; — and so had fared
Through twenty seasons; but he had be
reared
Among the mountains, and he in his he
Was half a shepherd on the stormy se
Oft in the piping shrouds had Leona
heard
The tones of waterfalls, and inland sou
Of caves and trees: — and, when
regular wind
Between the tropics filled the steady sa
And blew with the same breath throu
days and weeks,
Lengthening invisibly its weary line
Along the cloudless Main, he, in th
hours
Of tiresome indolence, would often ha
Over the vessel's side, and gaze and ga
And, while the broad blue wave a
sparkling foam
Flashed round him images and hues t
wrought
In union with the employment of his hea
He, thus by feverish passion overcom
Even with the organs of his bodily ey
Below him, in the bosom of the deep,
Saw mountains; saw the forms of sh
that grazed
On verdant hills — with dwellings am
trees,
And shepherds clad in the same coun
gray
Which he himself had worn.[1]
And now, at l
From perils manifold, with some sm
wealth
Acquired by traffic 'mid the Indian Is
To his paternal home he is returned,
With a determined purpose to resume

[1] This description of the Calenture is sketc
from an imperfect recollection of an admir
one in prose, by Mr. Gilbert, author of
Hurricane.

fe he had lived there; both for the sake
ny darling pleasures, and the love
n to an only brother he has borne
his hardships, since that happy time
, whether it blew foul or fair, they two
brother-shepherds on their native hills.
ey were the last of all their race: and now,
Leonard had approached his home, his heart
l in him; and, not venturing to enquire
gs of one so long and dearly loved,
the solitary churchyard turned;
as he knew in what particular spot
mily were laid, he thence might learn
his Brother lived, or to the file
er grave was added.—He had found
er grave, — near which a full half-hour
d remained; but, as he gazed, there grew
a confusion in his memory,
e began to doubt; and even to hope
he had seen this heap of turf before, —
t was not another grave; but one
d forgotten. He had lost his path,
the vale, that afternoon, he walked
gh fields which once had been well known to him:
h what joy this recollection now
o his heart! he lifted up his eyes,
looking round, imagined that he saw
e alteration wrought on every side
g the woods and fields, and that the rocks,
everlasting hills themselves were changed.
this the Priest, who down the field had come,
n by Leonard, at the churchyard gate
ed short, — and thence, at leisure, limb by limb
d him with a gay complacency.
ought the Vicar, smiling to himself,
ne of those who needs must leave the path
Of the world's business to go wild alone:
His arms have a perpetual holiday;
The happy man will creep about the fields,
Following his fancies by the hour, to bring
Tears down his cheek, or solitary smiles
Into his face, until the setting sun
Write fool upon his forehead. — Planted thus
Beneath a shed that over-arched the gate
Of this rude churchyard, till the stars appeared
The good Man might have communed with himself,
But that the Stranger, who had left the grave,
Approached; he recognized the Priest at once,
And, after greetings interchanged, and given
By Leonard to the Vicar as to one
Unknown to him, this dialogue ensued.

Leonard. You live, Sir, in these dales, a quiet life:
Your years make up one peaceful family;
And who would grieve and fret, if, welcome come
And welcome gone, they are so like each other,
They cannot be remembered? Scarce a funeral
Comes to this churchyard once in eighteen months;
And yet, some changes must take place among you:
And you, who dwell here, even among these rocks,
Can trace the finger of mortality,
And see, that with our threescore years and ten
We are not all that perish. — I remember,
(For many years ago I passed this road)
There was a foot-way all along the fields
By the brook-side — 't is gone — and that dark cleft!
To me it does not seem to wear the face
Which then it had!

Priest. Nay, Sir, for aught I know, That chasm is much the same —

Leonard. But, surely, yonder —

Priest. Ay, there, indeed, your memory is a friend

That does not play you false. — On that tall pike
(It is the loneliest place of all these hills)
There were two springs which bubbled side by side,
As if they had been made that they might be
Companions for each other: the huge crag
Was rent with lightning — one hath disappeared;
The other, left behind, is flowing still.
For accidents and changes such as these,
We want not store of them; — a waterspout
Will bring down half a mountain; what a feast
For folks that wander up and down like you,
To see an acre's breadth of that wide cliff
One roaring cataract! a sharp May-storm
Will come with loads of January snow,
And in one night send twenty score of sheep
To feed the ravens; or a shepherd dies
By some untoward death among the rocks:
The ice breaks up and sweeps away a bridge;
A wood is felled: — and then for our own homes!
A child is born or christened, a field ploughed,
A daughter sent to service, a web spun,
The old house-clock is decked with a new face;
And hence, so far from wanting facts or dates
To chronicle the time, we all have here
A pair of diaries, — one serving, Sir,
For the whole dale, and one for each fireside —
Yours was a stranger's judgment: for historians,
Commend me to these valleys!

Leonard. Yet your Churchyard
Seems, if such freedom may be used with you,
To say that you are heedless of the past:
An orphan could not find his mother's grave:
Here 's neither head nor foot st
plate of brass,
Cross-bones nor skull, — type of
earthly state
Nor emblem of our hopes: the d
man's home
Is but a fellow to that pasture-field.

Priest. Why, there, Sir, is a thou
that 's new to me!
The stone-cutters, 't is true, might
their bread
If every English churchyard were
ours;
Yet your conclusion wanders from
truth:
We have no need of names and
taphs;
We talk about the dead by our firesi
And then, for our immortal part!
want
No symbols, Sir, to tell us that p
tale:
The thought of death sits easy on
man
Who has been born and dies among
mountains.

Leonard. Your Dalesmen, then,
in each other's thoughts
Possess a kind of second life: no d
You, Sir, could help me to the histo
Of half these graves?

Priest. For eightscore winters p
With what I 've witnessed, and with
I 've heard,
Perhaps I might; and, on a winter-e
ing,
If you were seated at my chimn
nook,
By turning o'er these hillocks one by
We two could travel, Sir, throug
strange round;
Yet all in the broad highway of
world.
Now there 's a grave — your foot is
upon it, —
It looks just like the rest; and yet
man
Died broken-hearted.

Leonard. 'T is a common
We 'll take another: who is he that
Beneath yon ridge, the last of those t
graves?
It touches on that piece of native ro

in the churchyard wall.
riest. That 's Walter Ewbank.
had as white a head and fresh a cheek
ver were produced by youth and age
endering in the blood of hale four-score.
ugh five long generations had the heart
Walter's forefathers o'erflowed the bounds
eir inheritance, that single cottage —
see it yonder! and those few green fields.
toiled and wrought, and still, from sire to son,
struggled, and each yielded as before
tle — yet a little, — and old Walter,
left to him the family heart, and land
other burthens than the crop it bore.
after year the old man still kept up
heerful mind, — and buffeted with bond,
est, and mortgages; at last he sank,
went into his grave before his time.
Walter! whether it was care that spurred him
only knows, but to the very last
ad the lightest foot in Ennerdale:
pace was never that of an old man:
ost see him tripping down the path
his two grandsons after him: — but you,
ss our Landlord be your host to-night,
far to travel, — and on these rough paths
in the longest day of midsummer —
nard. But those two Orphans!
iest. Orphans! — Such they were —
ot while Walter lived: for, though their parents
uried side by side as now they lie,
ld man was a father to the boys,
fathers in one father: and if tears,
when he talked of them where they were not,
hauntings from the infirmity of love,
ught of what makes up a mother's heart,
This old Man, in the day of his old age,
Was half a mother to them. — If you weep, Sir,
To hear a stranger talking about strangers,
Heaven bless you when you are among your kindred!
Ay — you may turn that way — it is a grave
Which will bear looking at.
Leonard. These boys — I hope
They loved this good old Man? —
Priest. They did — and truly:
But that was what we almost overlooked,
They were such darlings of each other. Yes,
Though from the cradle they had lived with Walter,
The only kinsman near them, and though he
Inclined to both by reason of his age,
With a more fond, familiar tenderness;
They, notwithstanding, had much love to spare,
And it all went into each other's hearts.
Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller: 't was a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them! — From their house to the school
Is distant three short miles, and in the time
Of storm and thaw, when every watercourse
And unbridged stream, such as you may have noticed
Crossing our roads at every hundred steps,
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet,
Would Leonard then, when elder boys remained
At home, go staggering through the slippery fords,
Bearing his brother on his back. I have seen him,
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks,
Ay, more than once I have seen him, midleg deep,
Their two books lying both on a dry stone,
Upon the hither side: and once I said,

As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God who made the great book of the world
Would bless such piety —
Leonard. It may be then —
Priest. Never did worthier lads break English bread:
The very brightest Sunday Autumn saw
With all its mealy clusters of ripe nuts,
Could never keep those boys away from church,
Or tempt them to an hour of sabbath breach.
Leonard and James! I warrant, every corner
Among these rocks, and every hollow place
That venturous foot could reach, to one or both
Was known as well as to the flowers that grow there.
Like roe-bucks they went bounding o'er the hills;
They played like two young ravens on the crags:
Then they could write, ay and speak too, as well
As many of their betters — and for Leonard!
The very night before he went away,
In my own house I put into his hand
A Bible, and I 'd wager house and field
That, if he be alive, he has it yet.
Leonard. It seems, these Brothers have not lived to be
A comfort to each other —
Priest. That they might
Live to such end is what both old and young
In this our valley all of us have wished,
And what, for my part, I have often prayed:
But Leonard —
Leonard. Then James still is left among you!
Priest. 'T is of the elder brother I am speaking:
They had an uncle; — he was at that time
A thriving man, and trafficked on the seas:
And, but for that same uncle, to this hour
Leonard had never handled rope
shroud:
For the boy loved the life which we l
here;
And though of unripe years, a stripl
only,
His soul was knit to this his native so
But, as I said, old Walter was too we
To strive with such a torrent; when
died,
The estate and house were sold; and
their sheep,
A pretty flock, and which, for augh
know,
Had clothed the Ewbanks for a thous
years: —
Well — all was gone, and they were d
titute,
And Leonard, chiefly for his Broth
sake,
Resolved to try his fortune on the sea
Twelve years are past since we had tidi
from him.
If there were one among us who had he
That Leonard Ewbank was come ho
again,
From the Great Gavel,[1] down by Leez
banks,
And down the Enna, far as Egremont
The day would be a joyous festival;
And those two bells of ours, which th
you see —
Hanging in the open air — but, O g
Sir!
This is sad talk — they 'll never sound
him —
Living or dead. — When last we heard
him,
He was in slavery among the Moors
Upon the Barbary coast. — 'T was no
little
That would bring down his spirit; and
doubt,

[1] The Great Gavel, so called, I imagine, f
its resemblance to the gable end of a house, is
of the highest of the Cumberland mountains.
stands at the head of the several vales of En
dale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale.

The Leeza is a river which flows into the I
of Ennerdale: on issuing from the Lak
changes its name, and is called the End, E
or Enna. It falls into the sea a little b
Egremont.

ore it ended in his death, the Youth
sadly crossed. — Poor Leonard!
when we parted,
took me by the hand, and said to me,
er he should grow rich, he would re-
turn,
ive in peace upon his father's land,
lay his bones among us.
eonard. If that day
uld come, 't would needs be a glad
day for him;
would himself, no doubt, be happy
then
ny that should meet him —
riest. Happy! Sir —
eonard. You said his kindred all were
in their graves,
that he had one Brother —
riest. That is but
llow-tale of sorrow. From his youth
es, though not sickly, yet was delicate;
Leonard being always by his side
done so many offices about him,
, though he was not of a timid nature,
still the spirit of a mountain-boy
m was somewhat checked; and, when
his Brother
gone to sea, and he was left alone,
little color that he had was soon
en from his cheek; he drooped, and
pined, and pined —
eonard. But these are all the graves
of full-grown men!
riest. Ay, Sir, that passed away: we
took him to us;
vas the child of all the dale — he lived
e months with one, and six months
with another,
wanted neither food, nor clothes, nor
love:
many, many happy days were his.
whether blithe or sad, 't is my belief
absent Brother still was at his heart.
when he dwelt beneath our roof, we
found
ractice till this time unknown to him)
often, rising from his bed at night,
n his sleep would walk about, and
sleeping
ought his brother Leonard. — You
are moved!
ive me, Sir: before I spoke to you,
ged you most unkindly.

Leonard. But this Youth,
How did he die at last?
Priest. One sweet May-morning,
(It will be twelve years since when Spring
returns)
He had gone forth among the new-
dropped lambs,
With two or three companions, whom
their course
Of occupation led from height to height
Under a cloudless sun — till he, at length,
Through weariness, or, haply, to indulge
The humor of the moment, lagged be-
hind.
You see yon precipice; — it wears the
shape
Of a vast building made of many crags;
And in the midst is one particular rock
That rises like a column from the vale,
Whence by our shepherds it is called, THE
PILLAR.
Upon its aëry summit crowned with heath,
The loiterer, not unnoticed by his com-
rades,
Lay stretched at ease; but, passing by the
place
On their return, they found that he was
gone.
No ill was feared; till one of them by
chance
Entering, when evening was far spent, the
house
Which at that time was James's home, there learned
That nobody had seen him all that day:
The morning came, and still he was un-
heard of:
The neighbors were alarmed, and to the
brook
Some hastened; some ran to the lake: ere
noon
They found him at the foot of that same
rock
Dead, and with mangled limbs. The
third day after
I buried him, poor Youth, and there he
lies!
Leonard. And that then *is* his grave! —
Before his death
You say that he saw many happy years?
Priest. Ay, that he did —
Leonard. And all went well with
him? —

Priest. If he had one, the Youth had twenty homes.
Leonard. And you believe, then, that his mind was easy? —
Priest. Yes, long before he died, he found that time
Is a true friend to sorrow; and unless
His thoughts were turned on Leonard's luckless fortune,
He talked about him with a cheerful love.
Leonard. He could not come to an unhallowed end!
Priest. Nay, God forbid! — You recollect I mentioned
A habit which disquietude and grief
Had brought upon him; and we all conjectured
That, as the day was warm, he had lain down
On the soft heath, — and, waiting for his comrades,
He there had fallen asleep; that in his sleep
He to the margin of the precipice
Had walked, and from the summit had fallen headlong:
And so no doubt he perished. When the Youth
Fell, in his hand he must have grasped, we think,
His shepherd's staff; for on that Pillar of rock
It had been caught mid-way; and there for years
It hung; — and mouldered there.
The Priest here ended —
The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt
A gushing from his heart, that took away
The power of speech. Both left the spot in silence;
And Leonard, when they reached the churchyard gate,
As the Priest lifted up the latch, turned round, —
And, looking at the grave, he said, "My Brother!"
The Vicar did not hear the words: and now,
He pointed towards his dwelling-place, entreating
That Leonard would partake his homely fare:
The other thanked him with an earn voice;
But added, that, the evening being cal
He would pursue his journey. So th parted.
It was not long ere Leonard reache grove
That overhung the road: he there stopp short,
And, sitting down beneath the trees, viewed
All that the Priest had said: his early ye
Were with him: — his long absence, ch ished hopes,
And thoughts which had been his an h before,
All pressed on him with such a weig that now,
This vale, where he had been so happ seemed
A place in which he could not bear to liv
So he relinquished all his purposes.
He travelled back to Egremont: a thence,
That night, he wrote a letter to the Prie
Reminding him of what had passed tween them;
And adding, with a hope to be forgive
That it was from the weakness of his he
He had not dared to tell him who he w
This done, he went on shipboard, and now
A Seaman, a gray-headed Mariner.

1800. 180

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere, about same time as "The Brothers." The Sheepfo on which so much of the poem turns, remains rather the ruins of it. The character and cumstances of Luke were taken from a family whom had belonged, many years before, house we lived in at Town-end, along with so fields and woodlands on the eastern shore Grasmere. The name of the Evening Star not in fact given to this house, but to another the same side of the valley, more to the north.

If from the public way you turn your ste
Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhe Ghyll,

ill suppose that with an upright path
feet must struggle; in such bold
ascent
istoral mountains front you, face to
face.
ourage! for around that boisterous
brook
ountains have all opened out them-
selves,
ade a hidden valley of their own.
bitation can be seen; but they
ourney thither find themselves alone
a few sheep, with rocks and stones,
and kites
verhead are sailing in the sky.
a truth an utter solitude;
ould I have made mention of this
Dell
r one object which you might pass
by,
see and notice not. Beside the
brook
rs a straggling heap of unhewn
stones!
o that simple object appertains
— unenriched with strange events,
t unfit, I deem, for the fireside,
the summer shade. It was the first
se domestic tales that spake to me
pherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
I already loved; not verily
eir own sakes, but for the fields and
hills
was their occupation and abode.
ence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
ss of books, yet having felt the
power
ure, by the gentle agency
ural objects, led me on to feel
ssions that were not my own, and
think
ndom and imperfectly indeed)
n, the heart of man, and human
life.
ore, although it be a history
y and rude, I will relate the same
e delight of a few natural hearts;
ith yet fonder feeling, for the sake
thful Poets, who among these hills
e my second self when I am gone.
N the forest-side in Grasmere Vale
dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his
name;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of
limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to
age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,
And in his shepherd's calling he was
prompt
And watchful more than ordinary men.
Hence had he learned the meaning of all
winds,
Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes,
When others heeded not, he heard the
South
Make subterraneous music, like the noise
Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.
The Shepherd, at such warning, of his
flock
Bethought him, and he to himself would
say,
"The winds are now devising work for
me!"
And, truly, at all times, the storm, that
drives
The traveller to a shelter, summoned him
Up to the mountains: he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him, and left him, on the
heights.
So lived he till his eightieth year was past.
And grossly that man errs, who should
suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams
and rocks,
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's
thoughts.
Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had
breathed
The common air; hills, which with vigor-
ous step
He had so often climbed; which had
impressed
So many incidents upon his mind
Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear;
Which, like a book, preserved the memory
Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved,
Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts
The certainty of honorable gain;
Those fields, those hills — what could they
less? had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in single-
ness.
His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
Though younger than himself full twenty
years.
She was a woman of a stirring life,
Whose heart was in her house: two wheels
she had
Of antique form; this large, for spinning
wool;
That small, for flax; and if one wheel had
rest
It was because the other was at work.
The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
An only Child, who had been born to them
When Michael, telling o'er his years, be-
gan
To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's
phrase,
With one foot in the grave. This only Son,
With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many
a storm,
The one of an inestimable worth,
Made all their household. I may truly
say,
That they were as a proverb in the vale
For endless industry. When day was
gone,
And from their occupations out of doors
The Son and Father were come home,
even then,
Their labor did not cease; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and
there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed
milk,
Sat round the basket piled with oaten
cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet
when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was
named)
And his old Father both betook them-
selves
To such convenient work as might employ
Their hands by the fireside; perhaps to
card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or re-
pair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.
Down from the ceiling, by the chim-
ney's edge,
That in our ancient uncouth country
With huge and black projection
browed
Large space beneath, as duly as the
Of day grew dim the Housewife hu
lamp;
An aged utensil, which had perform
Service beyond all others of its kind
Early at evening did it burn — and l
Surviving comrade of uncounted ho
Which, going by from year to year,
found,
And left, the couple neither gay per
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and
hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reache
eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp
sate,
Father and Son, while far into the
The Housewife plied her own pe
work,
Making the cottage through the s
hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer
This light was famous in its neigh
hood,
And was a public symbol of the life
That thrifty Pair had lived. For,
chanced,
Their cottage on a plot of rising gro
Stood single, with large prospect,
and south,
High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-R
And westward to the village near the
And from this constant light, so reg
And so far seen, the House itself, b
Who dwelt within the limits of the
Both old and young, was named
Evening Star.
Thus living on through such a leng
years,
The Shepherd, if he loved himself,
needs
Have loved his Helpmate; bu
Michael's heart
This son of his old age was yet
dear —
Less from instinctive tenderness, the
Fond spirit that blindly works in the
of all —
Than that a child, more than all othe

earth can offer to declining man,
s hope with it, and forward-looking
thoughts,
tirrings of inquietude, when they
ndency of nature needs must fail.
ding was the love he bare to him,
eart and his heart's joy! For often-
times
Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
done him female service, not alone
astime and delight, as is the use
hers, but with patient mind enforced
ts of tenderness; and he had rocked
adle, as with a woman's gentle hand.
d, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
ut on boy's attire, did Michael love,
of a stern unbending mind,
ve the Young-one in his sight, when
he
ght in the field, or on his shepherd's
stool
with a fettered sheep before him
stretched
the large old oak, that near his door
single, and, from matchless depth
of shade,
n for the Shearer's covert from the
sun,
e in our rustic dialect was called
CLIPPING TREE,[1] a name which yet
it bears.
, while they two were sitting in the
shade,
others round them, earnest all and
blithe,
d Michael exercise his heart with
looks
d correction and reproof bestowed
the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
ching at their legs, or with his shouts
them, while they lay still beneath
the shears.
d when by Heaven's good grace the
boy grew up
thy Lad, and carried in his cheek
teady roses that were five years old;
Michael from a winter coppice cut
his own hand a sapling, which he
hooped
ron, making it throughout in all

[1] pping is the word used in the North of
d for shearing.

Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt
He as a watchman oftentimes was placed
At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock;
And, to his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a
help;
And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his Father hire of praise;
Though nought was left undone which
staff, or voice,
Or looks, or threatening gestures, could
perform.
But soon as Luke, full ten years old,
could stand
Against the mountain blasts; and to the
heights,
Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
He with his Father daily went, and they
Were as companions, why should I relate
That objects which the Shepherd loved
before
Were dearer now? that from the Boy
there came
Feelings and emanations — things which
were
Light to the sun and music to the wind;
And that the old Man's heart seemed
born again?
Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew
up:
And now, when he had reached his eigh-
teenth year,
He was his comfort and his daily hope.
While in this sort the simple household
lived
From day to day, to Michael's ear there
came
Distressful tidings. Long before the time
Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been
bound
In surety for his brother's son, a man
Of an industrious life, and ample means;
But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
Had prest upon him; and old Michael
now
Was summoned to discharge the for-
feiture,
A grievous penalty, but little less
Than half his substance. This unlooked-
for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took

More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had armed himself with strength
To look his troubles in the face, it seemed
The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
A portion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. "Isabel," said he,
Two evenings after he had heard the news,
"I have been toiling more than seventy years,
And in the open sunshine of God's love
Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours
Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the sun himself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I;
And I have lived to be a fool at last
To my own family. An evil man
That was, and made an evil choice, if he
Were false to us; and if he were not false,
There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
Had been no sorrow. I forgive him;—but
'T were better to be dumb than to talk thus.
When I began, my purpose was to speak
Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land
Shall not go from us, and it shall be free;
He shall possess it, free as is the wind
That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
Another kinsman — he will be our friend
In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
Thriving in trade — and Luke to him shall go,
And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
He quickly will repair this loss, and then
He may return to us. If here he stay,
What can be done? Where every one is poor,
What can be gained?"

At this the old Man paus
And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
Was busy, looking back into past time
There 's Richard Bateman, thought
to herself,
He was a parish-boy — at the church-d
They made a gathering for him, shillin
pence
And halfpennies, wherewith the nei
bors bought
A basket, which they filled with pedl
wares;
And, with this basket on his arm, the
Went up to London, found a master the
Who, out of many, chose the trusty b
To go and overlook his merchandise
Beyond the seas; where he grew w
drous rich,
And left estates and monies to the po
And, at his birthplace, built a chap
floored
With marble which he sent from fore
lands.
These thoughts, and many others of
sort,
Passed quickly through the mind
Isabel,
And her face brightened. The old M
was glad,
And thus resumed:— "Well, Isab
this scheme
These two days, has been meat
drink to me.
Far more than we have lost is left us
— We have enough — I wish ind
that I
Were younger; — but this hope is a g
hope.
— Make ready Luke's best garments,
the best
Buy for him more, and let us send
forth
To-morrow, or the next day, or to-nig
— If he *could* go, the Boy should go
night."
Here Michael ceased, and to the fie
went forth
With a light heart. The Housewife
five days
Was restless morn and night, and all
long
Wrought on with her best fingers to p
pare

needful for the journey of her son.
abel was glad when Sunday came
p her in her work: for, when she
lay
chael's side, she through the last
two nights
him, how he was troubled in his
sleep:
vhen they rose at morning she
could see
ll his hopes were gone. That day
at noon
id to Luke, while they two by
themselves
itting at the door, "Thou must
not go:
ve no other Child but thee to lose,
o remember — do not go away,
hou leave thy Father he will die."
outh made answer with a jocund
voice;
abel, when she had told her fears,
red heart. That evening her best
fare
e bring forth, and all together sat
ppy people round a Christmas fire.
daylight Isabel resumed her
work;
l the ensuing week the house ap-
peared
erful as a grove in Spring: at
length
pected letter from their kinsman
came,
ind assurances that he would do
nost for the welfare of the Boy;
ich, requests were added, that
forthwith
ght be sent to him. Ten times or
more
ter was read over; Isabel
orth to show it to the neighbors
round;
s there at that time on English
land
der heart than Luke's. When
Isabel
her house returned, the old Man
said,
nall depart to-morrow." To this
word
ousewife answered, talking much
of things
Which, if at such short notice he should
go,
Would surely be forgotten. But at length
She gave consent, and Michael was at
ease.
Near the tumultuous brook of Green-
head Ghyll,
In that deep valley, Michael had de-
signed
To build a Sheepfold; and, before he
heard
The tidings of his melancholy loss,
For this same purpose he had gathered
up
A heap of stones, which by the stream-
let's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he
walked:
And soon as they had reached the place
he stopped,
And thus the old Man spake to him:—
"My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me: with full
heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth,
And all thy life hast been my daily joy.
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories; 't will do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should
touch
On things thou canst not know of. —
After thou
First cam'st into the world — as oft be-
falls
To new-born infants — thou didst sleep
away
Two days, and blessings from thy
Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed
on,
And still I loved thee with increasing
love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds
Than when I heard thee by our own fire-
side
First uttering, without words, a natural
tune;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy
joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month fol-
lowed month,

And in the open fields my life was passed
And on the mountains; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, "Nay, do not take it so — I see
That these are things of which I need not speak.
— Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands; for, though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together: here they lived,
As all their Forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived:
But, 't is a long time to look back, my Son,
And see so little gain from threescore years.
These fields were burthened when they came to me;
Till I was forty years of age, not more
Than half of my inheritance was mine.
I toiled and toiled; God blessed me in my work,
And till these three weeks past the land was free.
— It looks as if it never could endure
Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke,
If I judge ill for thee, but it seems
That thou should'st go."
At this the old Man pau
Then, pointing to the stones near w
they stood,
Thus, after a short silence, he resu
"This was a work for us; and now
Son,
It is a work for me. But, lay one sto
Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine
hands.
Nay, Boy, be of good hope; — we
may live
To see a better day. At eighty-fou
I still am strong and hale; — do tho
part;
I will do mine. — I will begin again
With many tasks that were resigne
thee:
Up to the heights, and in among
storms,
Will I without thee go again, and d
All works which I was wont to do a
Before I knew thy face. — Heaven
thee, Boy!
Thy heart these two weeks has
beating fast
With many hopes; it should be
yes — yes —
I knew that thou could'st never ha
wish
To leave me, Luke: thou hast
bound to me
Only by links of love: when tho
gone,
What will be left to us! — But, I f
My purposes. Lay now the corner-s
As I requested; and hereafter, Luke
When thou art gone away, should
men
Be thy companions, think of me
Son,
And of this moment; hither turn
thoughts,
And God will strengthen thee: ami
fear
And all temptation, Luke, I pray
thou
May'st bear in mind the life thy Fa
lived,
Who, being innocent, did for that c
Bestir them in good deeds. Now,
thee well —

thou return'st, thou in this place
wilt see
k which is not here: a covenant
be between us; but, whatever fate
thee, I shall love thee to the last,
bear thy memory with me to the
grave."
Shepherd ended here; and Luke
stooped down,
as his Father had requested, laid
rst stone of the Sheepfold. At the
sight
d Man's grief broke from him; to
his heart
essed his Son, he kissèd him and
wept;
o the house together they returned.
shed was that House in peace, or
seeming peace,
e night fell: — with morrow's dawn
the Boy
his journey, and when he had
reached
ublic way, he put on a bold face;
ll the neighbors, as he passed their
doors,
forth with wishes and with farewell
prayers,
llowed him till he was out of sight.
od report did from their Kinsman
come,
ke and his well-doing: and the Boy
loving letters, full of wondrous
news,
, as the Housewife phrased it, were
throughout
prettiest letters that were ever
seen."
arents read them with rejoicing
hearts.
ny months passed on: and once
again
epherd went about his daily work
confident and cheerful thoughts;
and now
mes when he could find a leisure
hour
that valley took his way, and there
ht at the Sheepfold. Meantime
Luke began
ken in his duty; and, at length,
he dissolute city gave himself
courses: ignominy and shame
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.
There is a comfort in the strength of
love;
'T will make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the
heart:
I have conversed with more than one who
well
Remember the old Man, and what he
was
Years after he had heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to
age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks
He went, and still looked up to sun and
cloud,
And listened to the wind; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labor for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'T is not forgotten
yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man — and 't is believed by
all
That many and many a day he thither
went,
And never lifted up a single stone.
There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes
was he seen
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time
to time,
He at the building of this Sheepfold
wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he
died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at his death the
estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's
hand.
The Cottage which was named the EVENING STAR
Is gone — the ploughshare has been
through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have
been wrought
In all the neighborhood: — yet the oak is
left

That grew beside their door; and the remains
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

1800. 1800.

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS;

OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE.[1]

A PASTORAL.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I will only add a little monitory anecdote concerning this subject. When Coleridge and Southey were walking together upon the Fells, Southey observed that, if I wished to be considered a faithful painter of rural manners, I ought not to have said that my Shepherd-boys trimmed their rustic hats as described in the poem. Just as the words had passed his lips two boys appeared with the very plant entwined round their hats. I have often wondered that Southey, who rambled so much about the mountains, should have fallen into this mistake, and I record it as a warning for others who, with far less opportunity than my dear friend had of knowing what things are, and far less sagacity, give way to presumptuous criticism, from which he was free, though in this matter mistaken. In describing a tarn under Helvellyn, I say—

"There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer."

This was branded by a critic of these days, in a review ascribed to Mrs. Barbauld, as unnatural and absurd. I admire the genius of Mrs. Barbauld, and am certain that, had her education been favorable to imaginative influences, no female of her day would have been more likely to sympathize with that image, and to acknowledge the truth of the sentiment.

THE valley rings with mirth and joy;
Among the hills the echoes play
A never never ending song,
To welcome in the May.
The magpie chatters with delight;
The mountain raven's youngling brood
Have left the mother and the nest;
And they go rambling east and west
In search of their own food;
Or through the glittering vapors dart
In very wantonness of heart.

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,
Two boys are sitting in the sun;
Their work, if any work they have,
Is out of mind — or done.
On pipes of sycamore they play
The fragments of a Christmas hymn
Or with that plant which in our dale
We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,
Their rusty hats they trim:
And thus, as happy as the day,
Those Shepherds wear the time away

Along the river's stony marge
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong.
A thousand lambs are on the rocks,
All newly born! both earth and sky
Keep jubilee, and more than all,
Those boys with their green coronal
They never hear the cry,
That plaintive cry! which up the hill
Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Gh

Said Walter, leaping from the groun
"Down to the stump of yon old yew
We 'll for our whistles run a race."
— Away the shepherds flew;
They leapt — they ran — and when
came
Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,
Seeing that he should lose the prize,
"Stop!" to his comrade Walter cri
James stopped with no good will:
Said Walter then, exulting; "Here
You 'll find a task for half a year.

"Cross, if you dare, where I shall cro
Come on, and tread where I shall trea
The other took him at his word,
And followed as he led.
It was a spot which you may see
If ever you to Langdale go;
Into a chasm a mighty block
Hath fallen, and made a bridge of r
The gulf is deep below;

[1] *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for waterfall.

, in a basin black and small,
eives a lofty waterfall.

n staff in hand across the cleft
challenger pursued his march;
now, all eyes and feet, hath gained
middle of the arch.
n list! he hears a piteous moan—
in!—his heart within him dies—
pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,
otters, pallid as a ghost,
, looking down, espies
mb, that in the pool is pent
in that black and frightful rent.

lamb had slipped into the stream,
safe without a bruise or wound
cataract had borne him down
the gulf profound.
dam had seen him when he fell,
saw him down the torrent borne;
, while with all a mother's love
from the lofty rocks above
forth a cry forlorn,
lamb, still swimming round and
round,
e answer to that plaintive sound.

n he had learnt what thing it was,
sent this rueful cry; I ween
Boy recovered heart, and told
sight which he had seen.
gladly now deferred their task;
was there wanting other aid—
et, one who loves the brooks
better than the sages' books,
nance had thither strayed;
there the helpless lamb he found
ose huge rocks encompassed round.

rew it from the troubled pool,
brought it forth into the light:
Shepherds met him with his charge,
nexpected sight!
their arms the lamb they took,
se life and limbs the flood had spared;
up the steep ascent they hied,
placed him at his mother's side;
gently did the Bard
e idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,
bade them better mind their trade.

1800.

THE PET-LAMB.

A PASTORAL.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Barbara Lewthwaite, now living at Ambleside (1843), though much changed as to beauty, was one of two most lovely sisters. Almost the first words my poor brother John said, when he visited us for the first time at Grasmere, were, "Were those two Angels that I have just seen?" and from his description I have no doubt they were those two sisters. The mother died in childbed; and one of our neighbors at Grasmere told me that the loveliest sight she had ever seen was that mother as she lay in her coffin with her babe in her arm. I mention this to notice what I cannot but think a salutary custom once universal in these vales. Every attendant on a funeral made it a duty to look at the corpse in the coffin before the lid was closed, which was never done (nor I believe is now) till a minute or two before the corpse was removed. Barbara Lewthwaite was not in fact the child whom I had seen and overheard as described in the poem. I chose the name for reasons implied in the above; and will here add a caution against the use of names of living persons. Within a few months after the publication of this poem, I was much surprised, and more hurt, to find it in a child's school-book which, having been compiled by Lindley Murray, had come into use at Grasmere School where Barbara was a pupil; and, alas! I had the mortification of hearing that she was very vain of being thus distinguished; and, in after-life, she used to say that she remembered the incident and what I said to her upon the occasion.

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began
to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty
creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me
I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a
Maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb
was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a
stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little
Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its
evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his
supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and
his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said
in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my
own.

'T was little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child
of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were
a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden
turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps
did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and
from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of
her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured
numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little
Maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young One? what?
Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed
and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as
grass can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is 't that
aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is
wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs are they not strong? And
beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers
they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in
thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch
thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou
canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms! the like
thou need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarce-
ly can come here.

"Rest, little young One, rest; thou h
forgot the day
When my father found thee first in pla
far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but th
wert owned by none,
And thy mother from thy side for ev
more was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in p
brought thee home:
A blessèd day for thee! then whith
wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam th
did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder cou
have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I ha
brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear
ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground
wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm m
it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as st
as they are now,
Then I 'll yoke thee to my cart like a po
in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when t
wind is cold
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our hou
shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest! — Poor cr
ture, can it be
That 't is thy mother's heart which
working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to th
are dear,
And dreams of things which thou ca
neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look
green and fair!
I 've heard of fearful winds and darkn
that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pasti
and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions
their prey.

re thou need'st not dread the raven
in the sky;
and day thou art safe, — our cot-
tage is hard by.
bleat so after me? Why pull so at
thy chain?
— and at break of day I will come
to thee again!"

homeward through the lane I went
with lazy feet,
song to myself did I oftentimes re-
peat;
t seemed, as I retraced the ballad
line by line,
but half of it was hers, and one-half
of it was *mine*.

, and once again, did I repeat the
song;
," said I, "more than half to the
damsel must belong,
ne looked with such a look and she
spake with such a tone,
I almost received her heart into my
own."

1800.

EMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ersons resident in the country and attached
l objects, many places will be found un-
or of unknown names, where little Inci-
ust have occurred, or feelings been expe-
which will have given to such places a
and peculiar interest. From a wish to
ne sort of record to such Incidents, and
he gratification of such feelings, Names
een given to Places by the Author and
f his Friends, and the following Poems
in consequence.

I.

en at Grasmere. This poem was sug-
n the banks of the brook that runs through
e, which is, in some parts of its course, as
l beautiful as brook can be. I have com-
housands of verses by the side of it.

an April morning: fresh and clear
ivulet, delighting in its strength,
Ran with a young man's speed; and yet
the voice
Of waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and wishes, from all living
things
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to
urge on
The steps of June; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile,
prevailed
Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful
day
Were native to the summer. — Up the
brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all.
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound,
that all
Which I till then had heard, appeared
the voice
Of common pleasure: beast and bird, the
lamb,
The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the
thrush
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the
wild growth
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves
were here;
But 't was the foliage of the rocks — the
birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green
thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent
furze;
And, on a summit, distant a short space,
By any who should look beyond the dell,
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,
"Our thoughts at least are ours; and
this wild nook,
My EMMA I will dedicate to thee."

—Soon did the spot become my other
home,
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me
there,
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk
Have told this fancy, two or three, per-
haps,
Years after we are gone and in our graves,
When they have cause to speak of this
wild place,
May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.
1800. 1800.

II.

TO JOANNA.

Written at Grasmere. The effect of her laugh is an extravagance; though the effect of the reverberation of voices in some parts of the mountains is very striking. There is, in the "Excursion," an allusion to the bleat of a lamb thus re-echoed, and described without any exaggeration, as I heard it, on the side of Stickle Tarn, from the precipice that stretches on to Langdale Pikes.

AMID the smoke of cities did you pass
The time of early youth; and there you
learned,
From years of quiet industry, to love
The living Beings by your own fireside,
With such a strong devotion, that your
heart
Is slow to meet the sympathies of them
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,
And make dear friendships with the
streams and groves.
Yet we, who are transgressors in this
kind,
Dwelling retired in our simplicity
Among the woods and fields, we love you
well,
Joanna! and I guess, since you have been
So distant from us now for two long years,
That you will gladly listen to discourse,
However trivial, if you thence be taught
That they, with whom you once were
happy, talk
Familiarly of you and of old times.
While I was seated, now some ten days
past,
Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop
Their ancient neighbor, the old steep
tower,
The Vicar from his gloomy house hard
Came forth to greet me; and when
had asked,
"How fares Joanna, that wild-hear
Maid!
And when will she return to us?"
paused;
And, after short exchanges of vill
news,
He with grave looks demanded, for w
cause,
Reviving obsolete idolatry,
I, like a Runic Priest, in characters
Of formidable size had chiselled out
Some uncouth name upon the native ro
Above the Rotha, by the forest-side.
—Now, by those dear immunities of h
Engendered between malice and t
love,
I was not loth to be so catechised,
And this was my reply:—"As it bef
One summer morning we had wal
abroad
At break of day, Joanna and myself.
—'T was that delightful season when
broom,
Full-flowered, and visible on every ste
Along the copses runs in veins of gol
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's ban
And when we came in front of that
rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped sh
—and stood
Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit; such deligh
found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone
flower
That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,
In one impression, by connecting for
Of their own beauty, imaged in the he
—When I had gazed perhaps two minu
space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laug
aloud.
The Rock, like something starting f
a sleep,
Took up the Lady's voice, and laug
again;

ancient Woman seated on Helm-
crag
ready with her cavern; Hammar-
scar,
the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent
forth
ise of laughter; southern Loughrigg
heard,
Fairfield answered with a mountain
tone;
ellyn far into the clear blue sky
ed the Lady's voice, — old Skiddaw
blew
speaking-trumpet; — back out of the
clouds
laramara southward came the voice;
Kirkstone tossed it from his misty
head.
ow whether (said I to our cordial
Friend,
, in the hey-day of astonishment
ed in my face) this were in simple
truth
ork accomplished by the brotherhood
ncient mountains, or my ear was
touched
dreams and visionary impulses
ie alone imparted, sure I am
there was a loud uproar in the hills.
while we both were listening, to my
side
fair Joanna drew, as if she wished
nelter from some object of her fear.
nd hence, long afterwards, when
eighteen moons
e wasted, as I chanced to walk alone
ath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm
silent morning, I sat down, and there,
emory of affections old and true,
selled out in those rude characters
na's name deep in the living stone: —
I, and all who dwell by my fireside,
called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S
ROCK."

1800.

RE. — In Cumberland and Westmoreland
veral Inscriptions, upon the native rock,
from the wasting of time, and the rude-
f the workmanship, have been mistaken for
They are without doubt Roman.

Rotha, mentioned in this poem, is the
which, flowing through the lakes of Gras-
nd Rydale, falls into Wynandermere. On
Helm-crag, that impressive single mountain at the head of the Vale of Grasmere, is a rock which from most points of view bears a striking resemblance to an old Woman cowering. Close by this rock is one of those fissures or cayerns, which in the language of the country are called dungeons. Most of the mountains here mentioned immediately surround the Vale of Grasmere; of the others, some are at a considerable distance, but they belong to the same cluster.

III.

It is not accurate that the Eminence here alluded to could be seen from our orchard-seat. It rises above the road by the side of Grasmere lake, towards Keswick, and its name is Stone-Arthur.

THERE is an Eminence, — of these our
hills
The last that parleys with the setting sun;
We can behold it from our orchard-seat;
And, when at evening we pursue our
walk
Along the public way, this Peak, so high
Above us, and so distant in its height,
Is visible; and often seems to send
Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts.
The meteors make of it a favorite haunt:
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair
As when he shines above it. 'T is in
truth
The loneliest place we have among the
clouds.
And She who dwells with me, whom I
have loved
With such communion, that no place on
earth
Can ever be a solitude to me,
Hath to this lonely Summit given my
Name.

1800. 1800.

IV.

The character of the eastern shore of Grasmere lake is quite changed, since these verses were written, by the public road being carried along its side. The friends spoken of were Coleridge and my Sister, and the facts occurred strictly as recorded.

A NARROW girdle of rough stones and
crags,
A rude and natural causeway, interposed
Between the water and a winding slope

Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern
shore
Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy:
And there myself and two belovèd
Friends,
One calm September morning, ere the
mist
Had altogether yielded to the sun,
Sauntered on this retired and difficult
way.
— Ill suits the road with one in haste;
but we
Played with our time; and, as we strolled
along,
It was our occupation to observe
Such objects as the waves had tossed
ashore —
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered
bough,
Each on the other heaped, along the line
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant
mood,
Not seldom did we stop to watch some
tuft
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead
calm lake,
Suddenly halting now — a lifeless stand!
And starting off again with freak as sud-
den;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the
while,
Making report of an invisible breeze
That was its wings, its chariot, and its
horse,
Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul.
— And often, trifling with a privilege
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one
now,
And now the other, to point out, per-
chance
To pluck, some flower or water-weed,
too fair
Either to be divided from the place
On which it grew, or to be left alone
To its own beauty. Many such there
are,
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that
tall fern,
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named;
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode
On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the
side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mer
Sole-sitting by the shores of old r
mance.
— So fared we that bright morning: fro
the fields
Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the bu
mirth
Of reapers, men and women, boys a
girls.
Delighted much to listen to those sound
And feeding thus our fancies, we a
vanced
Along the indented shore; when su
denly,
Through a thin veil of glittering haze w
seen
Before us, on a point of jutting land,
The tall and upright figure of a Man
Attired in peasant's garb, who sto
alone,
Angling beside the margin of the lake
"Improvident and reckless," we e
claimed,
"The Man must be, who thus can lo
a day
Of the mid harvest, when the labore
hire
Is ample, and some little might be stor
Wherewith to cheer him in the wint
time."
Thus talking of that Peasant, we a
proached
Close to the spot where with his rod a
line
He stood alone; whereat he turned h
head
To greet us — and we saw a Man wo
down
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunk
cheeks
And wasted limbs, his legs so long a
lean
That for my single self I looked at the
Forgetful of the body they sustained.
Too weak to labor in the harvest field,
The Man was using his best skill to ga
A pittance from the dead unfeeling la
That knew not of his wants. I will r
say
What thoughts immediately were ou
nor how
The happy idleness of that sweet mo
With all its lovely images, was change

erious musing and to self-reproach.
did we fail to see within ourselves
at need there is to be reserved in
speech,
temper all our thoughts with charity.
herefore, unwilling to forget that
day,
Friend, Myself, and She who then
received
same admonishment, have called the
place
memorial name, uncouth indeed
'er by mariner was given to bay
oreland, on a new-discovered coast;
POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name
it bears.
o. 1800.

V.

To M. H.

e pool alluded to is in Rydal Upper Park.

walk was far among the ancient
trees:
e was no road, nor any woodman's
path;
a thick umbrage — checking the
wild growth
veed and sapling, along soft green
turf
ath the branches — of itself had
made
ck, that brought us to a slip of lawn,
a small bed of water in the woods.
ound this pool both flocks and herds
might drink
s firm margin, even as from a well,
me stone-basin which the herds-
man's hand
shaped for their refreshment; nor
did sun,
ind from any quarter, ever come,
s a blessing to this calm recess,
glade of water and this one green
field.
spot was made by Nature for herself;
travellers know it not, and 't will
remain
own to them; but it is beautiful;
f a man should plant his cottage near,
d sleep beneath the shelter of its
trees,
blend its waters with his daily meal,
He would so love it, that in his death-
hour
Its image would survive among his
thoughts:
And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still
Nook,
With all its beeches, we have named
from You!
1800. 1800.

THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE.

Suggested nearer to Grasmere, on the same mountain track as that referred to in the following Note. The Eglantine remained many years afterwards, but is now gone.

I.

"BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,"
Exclaimed an angry Voice,
"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self
Between me and my choice!"
A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,
That, all bespattered with his foam,
And dancing high and dancing low,
Was living, as a child might know,
In an unhappy home.

II.

"Dost thou presume my course to block?
Off, off! or, puny Thing!
I 'll hurl thee headlong with the rock
To which thy fibres cling."
The Flood was tyrannous and strong;
The patient Briar suffered long,
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,
Hoping the danger would be past;
But, seeing no relief, at last,
He ventured to reply.

III.

"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not;
Why should we dwell in strife?
We who in this sequestered spot
Once lived a happy life!
You stirred me on my rocky bed—
What pleasure through my veins you
spread
The summer long, from day to day,
My leaves you freshened and bedewed;
Nor was it common gratitude
That did your cares repay.

IV.

"When spring came on with bud and bell,
Among these rocks did I
Before you hang my wreaths to tell
That gentle days were nigh!
And in the sultry summer hours,
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers;
And in my leaves — now shed and gone,
The linnet lodged, and for us two
Chanted his pretty songs, when you
Had little voice or none.

V.

"But now proud thoughts are in your breast —
What grief is mine you see,
Ah! would you think, even yet how blest
Together we might be!
Though of both leaf and flower bereft,
Some ornaments to me are left —
Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,
With which I, in my humble way,
Would deck you many a winter day,
A happy Eglantine!"

VI.

What more he said I cannot tell,
The Torrent down the rocky dell
Came thundering loud and fast;
I listened, nor aught else could hear;
The Briar quaked — and much I fear
Those accents were his last.

1800. 1800.

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

A PASTORAL.

Suggested upon the mountain pathway that leads from Upper Rydal to Grasmere. The ponderous block of stone which is mentioned in the poem remains, I believe, to this day, a good way up Nab-Scar. Broom grows under it, and in many places on the side of the precipice.

I.

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills.
One winter's night, when through the trees
The wind was roaring, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold:
And while the rest, a ruddy quire,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This Tale the Shepherd told.

II.

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone
As ever tempest beat!
Out of its head an Oak had grown,
A Broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon —
The thaw-wind, with the breath of Jun
Breathed gently from the warm sout
west:
When, in a voice sedate with age,
This Oak, a giant and a sage,
His neighbor thus addressed: —

III.

"'Eight weary weeks, through rock a
clay,
Along this mountain's edge,
The Frost hath wrought both night a
day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up! and think, above your head
What trouble, surely, will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash — 't is true,
The splinters took another road —
I see them yonder — what a load
For such a Thing as you!

IV.

"'You are preparing as before,
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back —
more —
You had a strange escape:
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke
It thundered down, with fire and smok
And hitherward pursued its way;
This ponderous block was caught by n
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'T is hanging to this day!

V.

"'If breeze or bird to this rough stee
Your kind's first seed did bear;
The breeze had better been asleep,
The bird caught in a snare:
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little witless shepherd-boy

me and slumber in your bower;
trust me, on some sultry noon,
you and he, Heaven knows how
soon!
perish in one hour.

VI.

om me this friendly warning take'—
room began to doze,
hus, to keep herself awake,
ently interpose:
hanks for your discourse are due;
nore than what you say is true,
v, and I have known it long;
s the bond by which we hold
eing, whether young or old,
foolish, weak, or strong.

VII.

asters, do the best we can,
each both great and small;
e is oft the wisest man,
s not wise at all.
e, why should I wish to roam?
pot is my paternal home,
y pleasant heritage;
her many a happy year,
l here his careless blossoms, here
ed a good old age.

VIII.

en such as his may be my lot.
cause have I to haunt
art with terrors? Am I not
h a favored plant!
such bounty Summer pours,
am covered o'er with flowers;
vhen the Frost is in the sky,
anches are so fresh and gay
ou might look at me and say,
lant can never die.

IX.

e butterfly, all green and gold,
hath often flown,
n my blossoms to behold
lovely as his own.
grass is chill with rain or dew,
h my shade, the mother-ewe
ith her infant lamb; I see
ve they to each other make,
e sweet joy which they partake,
joy to me.

X.

"Her voice was blithe, her heart was
light;
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech, until the stars of night
Their journey had renewed;
But in the branches of the oak
Two ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To rest, or murmur there.

XI.

"One night, my Children! from the north
There came a furious blast;
At break of day I ventured forth,
And near the cliff I passed.
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirled, and whirled him far away;
And, in one hospitable cleft,
The little careless Broom was left
To live for many a day."

1800. 1800.

HART-LEAP WELL.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The first eight stanzas were composed extempore one winter evening in the cottage; when, after having tired myself with laboring at an awkward passage in "The Brothers," I started with a sudden impulse to this to get rid of the other, and finished it in a day or two. My Sister and I had passed the place a few weeks before in our wild winter journey from Sockburn on the banks of the Tees to Grasmere. A peasant whom we met near the spot told us the story so far as concerned the name of the Well, and the Hart, and pointed out the Stones. Both the Stones and the Well are objects that may easily be missed; the tradition by this time may be extinct in the neighborhood: the man who related it to us was very old.

Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from
Wensley Moor
With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,

And now, as he approached a vassal's door,
"Bring forth another horse!" he cried aloud.

"Another horse!"—That shout the vassal heard
And saddled his best Steed, a comely gray;
Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes;
The horse and horseman are a happy pair;
But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,
There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,
That as they galloped made the echoes roar;
But horse and man are vanished, one and all;
Such race, I think, was never seen before.

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,
Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain:
Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,
Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on
With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern;
But breath and eyesight fail; and, one by one,
The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?
The bugles that so joyfully were blown?
—This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;
Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side;
I will not stop to tell how far he fled,
Nor will I mention by what death he died;
But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting, then, he leaned agains
thorn;
He had no follower, dog, nor man,
boy:
He neither cracked his whip, nor b
his horn,
But gazed upon the spoil with silent

Close to the thorn on which Sir Wa
leaned,
Stood his dumb partner in this glori
feat;
Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yean
And white with foam as if with cleav
sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretch
His nostril touched a spring beneath a
And with the last deep groan his bre
had fetched
The waters of the spring were trembl
still.

And now, too happy for repose or re
(Never had living man such joyful lo
Sir Walter walked all round, north, so
and west,
And gazed and gazed upon that dar
spot.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at l
Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Wa
found
Three several hoof-marks which the h
ed Beast
Had left imprinted on the grassy grou

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "
now
Such sight was never seen by human e
Three leaps have borne him from this l
brow,
Down to the very fountain where he

"I 'll build a pleasure-house upon
spot,
And a small arbor, made for rural jo
'T will be the traveller's shed, the
grim's cot,
A place of love for damsels that are

"A cunning artist will I have to fra
A basin for that fountain in the dell

hey who do make mention of the
same,
this day forth, shall call it HART-
LEAP WELL.

, gallant Stag! to make thy praises
known,
er monument shall here be raised;
several pillars, each a rough-hewn
stone,
planted where thy hoofs the turf
have grazed.

, in the summer-time when days are
long,
come hither with my Paramour;
ith the dancers and the minstrel's
song
ill make merry in that pleasant
bower.

the foundations of the mountains
fail
nsion with its arbor shall endure;—
y of them who till the fields of Swale,
em who dwell among the woods of
Ure!"

home he went, and left the Hart,
stone-dead,
breathless nostrils stretched above
the spring.
n did the Knight perform what he
had said;
ar and wide the fame thereof did
ring.

rice the Moon into her port had
steered,
of stone received the living well;
pillars of rude stone Sir Walter
reared,
uilt a house of pleasure in the dell.

ear the fountain, flowers of stature
tall
railing plants and trees were inter-
twined, —
soon composed a little sylvan hall,
y shelter from the sun and wind.

ither, when the summer days were
long,
alter led his wondering Paramour;
And with the dancers and the minstrel's
song
Made merriment within that pleasant
bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course
of time,
And his bones lie in his paternal vale. —
But there is matter for a second rhyme,
And I to this would add another tale.

PART SECOND.

THE moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'T is my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,
It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square;
And one, not four yards distant, near a
well.

What this imported I could ill divine:
And, pulling now the rein my horse to
stop,
I saw three pillars standing in a line,—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms
nor head;
Half wasted the square mound of tawny
green;
So that you just might say, as then I said,
"Here in old time the hand of man hath
been."

I looked upon the hill both far and near,
More doleful place did never eye survey;
It seemed as if the spring-time came not
here,
And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies
lost,
When one, who was in shepherd's garb
attired,
Came up the hollow:— him did I accost,
And what this place might be I then in-
quired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.
"A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is curst.

"You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood —
Some say that they are beeches, others elms —
These were the bower; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms!

"The arbor does its own condition tell;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream;
But as to the great Lodge! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

"There 's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part,
I 've guessed, when I 've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds — and look, Sir, at this last —
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race;
And in my simple mind we cannot tell
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,
And come and make his deathbed near the well.

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep sank,
Lulled by the fountain in the summ tide;
This water was perhaps the first he dr
When he had wandered from his moth side.

"In April here beneath the flowe thorn
He heard the birds their morning ca sing;
And he, perhaps, for aught we kn was born
Not half a furlong from that self-s spring.

"Now, here is neither grass nor plea shade;
The sun on drearier hollow never sho
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, are gone."

"Gray-headed Shepherd, thou spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy c and mine:
This Beast not unobserved by Nature f
His death was mourned by sympa divine.

"The Being, that is in the clouds and
That is in the green leaves among groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential car
For the unoffending creatures whom loves.

"The pleasure-house is dust: — beh before,
This is no common waste, no com gloom;
But Nature, in due course of time, more
Shall here put on her beauty and bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow de
That what we are, and have been, be known;
But at the coming of the milder day
These monuments shall all be overgr

e lesson, Shepherd, let us two di-
vide,
it both by what she shows, and
what conceals;
to blend our pleasure or our pride
sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels."

1800.

IS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE."

said, that some have died for love:
ere and there a churchyard grave
is found
cold north's unhallowed ground,
se the wretched man himself had
slain,
ve was such a grievous pain.
here is one whom I five years have
known;
vells alone
Helvellyn's side:
ved — the pretty Barbara died;
ius he makes his moan:
years had Barbara in her grave
been laid
thus his moan he made:

move, thou Cottage, from behind
that oak!
the aged tree uprooted lie.
n some other way yon smoke
iount into the sky!
louds pass on; they from the
heavens depart.
— the sky is empty space;
v not what I trace;
ien I cease to look, my hand is on
my heart.

what a weight is in these shades!
Ye leaves,
iurmur once so dear, when will it
cease?
ound my heart of rest bereaves,
my heart of peace.
Thrush, that singest loud — and
loud and free,
on row of willows flit,
hat alder sit;
g another song, or choose another
tree.

"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy
mountain-bounds,
And there forever be thy waters chained!
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds
That cannot be sustained;
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged
bough
Headlong yon waterfall must come,
Oh let it then be dumb!
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which
thou art now.

"Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny
showers,
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the
vale,
Thou one fair shrub, oh! shed thy
flowers,
And stir not in the gale.
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,
Thus rise and thus descend, —
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I
can bear."

The Man who makes this feverish com-
plaint
Is one of giant stature, who could dance
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail.
Ah gentle Love! if ever thought was thine
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face
Turn from me, gentle Love! nor let me
walk
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor
know
Such happiness as I have known to-day.

1800. 1800.

THE CHILDLESS FATHER.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. When I was a child at Cockermouth, no funeral took place without a basin filled with sprigs of boxwood being placed upon a table covered with a white cloth in front of the house. The huntings on foot, in which the old man is supposed to join as here described, were of common, almost habitual, occurrence in our vales when I was a boy; and the people took much delight in them. They are now less frequent.

"Up, Timothy, up with your staff and
away!
Not a soul in the village this morning
will stay;

The hare has just started from Hamilton's
grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the
hounds."
— Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet,
and green,
On the slopes of the pastures all colors
were seen;
With their comely blue aprons, and caps
white as snow,
The girls on the hills made a holiday show.

Fresh sprigs of green boxwood, not six
months before,
Filled the funeral basin[1] at Timothy's
door;
A coffin through Timothy's threshold had
passed;
One Child did it bear, and that Child was
his last.

Now fast up the dell came the noise and
the fray,
The horse and the horn, and the hark!
hark away!
Old Timothy took up his staff, and he
shut
With a leisurely motion the door of his
hut.

Perhaps to himself at that moment he
said;
"The key I must take, for my Ellen is
dead."
But of this in my ears not a word did he
speak;
And he went to the chase with a tear on
his cheek.

1800. 1800.

SONG

FOR THE WANDERING JEW.

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains
Roar down many a craggy steep,
Yet they find among the mountains
Resting-places calm and deep.

Clouds that love through air to haste
Ere the storm its fury stills,
Helmet-like themselves will fasten
On the heads of towering hills.

What, if through the frozen center
Of the Alps the Chamois bound,
Yet he has a home to enter
In some nook of chosen ground:

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean
Yield him no domestic cave,
Slumbers without sense of motion,
Couched upon the rocking wave.

If on windy days the Raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,
Vagrant over desert sands,
Brooding on her eggs reposes
When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,
Never nearer to the goal;
Night and day, I feel the trouble
Of the Wanderer in my soul.

1800. 18

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. These s
tures, as every one knows, are common amo
our hills, being built by shepherds, as conspic
marks, and occasionally by boys in sport.

THERE's George Fisher, Charles Fl
ing, and Reginald Shore,
Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the h
est not more
Than the height of a counsellor's ba
To the top of GREAT HOW[1] did it pl
them to climb:
And there they built up, without mo
or lime,
A Man on the peak of the crag.

[1] In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of boxwood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this boxwood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased.

[1] Great How is a single and conspicuous which rises towards the foot of Thirlmere, o western side of the beautiful dale of Le thwaite, along the high road between Ke and Ambleside.

built him of stones gathered up as
they lay:
built him and christened him all in
one day,
chin both vigorous and hale;
o without scruple they called him
Ralph Jones.
Ralph is renowned for the length of
his bones;
agog of Legberthwaite dale.

alf a week after, the wind sallied
forth,
n anger or merriment, out of the
north,
g on with a terrible pother,
he peak of the crag blew the giant
away.
hat did these school-boys? — The
very next day
vent and they built up another.

ne little I 've seen of blind bois-
terous works
ristian disturbers more savage than
Turks,
busy to do and undo:
embrance whereof my blood some-
times will flag;
light-hearted Boys, to the top of the
crag!
'll build up a giant with you.

1800.

ELLEN IRWIN:

OR,

THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.[1]

y be worth while to observe that as there
ch Poems on this subject in simple ballad
thought it would be both presumptuous
erfluous to attempt treating it in the same
d, accordingly, I chose a construction of
uite new in our language; in fact, the
that of Bürger's *Leonora*, except that
and third lines do not, in my stanzas,
At the outset I threw out a classical
prepare the reader for the style in which
o treat the story, and so to preclude all
on.

Kirtle is a river in the southern part of
, on the banks of which the events here
ook place.

Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many squires
The Bruce had been selected;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble Youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,
His shattered hopes and crosses,
To them, 'mid Kirtle's pleasant braes,
Reclined on flowers and mosses?
Alas that ever he was born!
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts
That through his brain are travelling,
Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce
He launched a deadly javelin!
Fair Ellen saw it as it came,
And, starting up to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The Youth, her chosen lover.

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,
Thus, from the heart of her True-love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain;
And fought with rage incessant
Against the Moorish crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing.
So, coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn Hic jacet!

1800. 1800.

ANDREW JONES.

I HATE that Andrew Jones; he 'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage.
I wish the press-gang or the drum
With its tantara sound would come,
And sweep him from the village!

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tipple;
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling cripple!

For this poor crawling helpless wretch,
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop — no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had long been droughty weather;
So with his staff the cripple wrought
Among the dust till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stopped and took the penny up:
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,
What a man finds is all his own,
And so, my Friend, good-day to you."

And *hence* I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wished the press-gang, or the drum
With its tantara sound, would come
And sweep him from the village.

1800. 1800.

THE TWO THIEVES;

OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARIC

This is described from the life, as I was i
habit of observing when a boy at Hawk
School. Daniel was more than eighty
older than myself when he was daily, thus
pied, under my notice. No book could ha
early taught me to think of the changes to
human life is subject; and while looking a
I could not but say to myself — we may, c
us, I or the happiest of my playmates, li
become still more the object of pity than th
man, this half-doating pilferer!

O NOW that the genius of Bewick
mine,
And the skill which he learned on
banks of the Tyne.
Then the Muses might deal with me
as they chose,
For I 'd take my last leave both of
and of prose.

What feats would I work with my r
cal hand!
Book-learning and books should be
ished the land:
And, for hunger and thirst and
troublesome calls,
Every ale-house should then have a
on its walls.

The traveller would hang his wet cl
on a chair;
Let them smoke, let them burn, r
straw would he care!
For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's D
and his sheaves,
Oh, what would they be to my ta
two Thieves?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not
birthdays old,
His Grandsire that age more than t
times told;
There are ninety good seasons of
and foul weather
Between them, and both go a-pilf
together.

chips is the carpenter strewing his
floor?
art-load of turf at an old woman's
door?
aniel his hand to the treasure will
slide!
is Grandson's as busy at work by
his side.

aniel begins; he stops short — and
his eye,
gh the lost look of dotage, is cun-
ning and sly:
look which at this time is hardly
his own,
lls a plain tale of the days that
are flown.

ıce had a heart which was moved
by the wires
nifold pleasures and many desires:
what if he cherished his purse?
'T was no more
treading a path trod by thousands
before.

s a path trod by thousands; but
Daniel is one
vent something farther than others
have gone,
ow with old Daniel you see how it
fares;
ee to what end he has brought his
gray hairs.

air sally forth hand in hand: ere
the sun
eered o'er the beeches, their work
is begun:
et, into whatever sin they may fall,
hild but half knows it, and that,
not at all.

unt through the streets with delib-
erate tread,
ach, in his turn, becomes leader or
led;
vherever they carry their plots and
their wiles,
face in the village is dimpled with
smiles.

Neither checked by the rich nor the
needy they roam;
For the gray-headed Sire has a daughter
at home,
Who will gladly repair all the damage
that 's done;
And three, were it asked, would be ren-
dered for one.

Old Man! whom so oft I with pity have
eyed,
I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at
thy side:
Long yet may'st thou live! for a teacher
we see
That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee.

1800. 1800.

A CHARACTER.

The principal features are taken from that of my friend Robert Jones.

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find
space
For so many strange contrasts in one
human face:
There 's thought and no thought, and
there 's paleness and bloom
And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure
and gloom.

There 's weakness, and strength both re-
dundant and vain;
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that 's soft
to disease,
Would be rational peace — a philoso-
pher's ease.

There 's indifference, alike when he fails
or succeeds,
And attention full ten times as much as
there needs;
Pride where there 's no envy, there 's so
much of joy;
And mildness, and spirit both forward
and coy.

There 's freedom, and sometimes a diffi
dent stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that
she 's there,

There 's virtue, the title it surely may claim,
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to depart,
Yet the Man would at once run away with your heart;
And I for five centuries right gladly would be
Such an odd, such a kind happy creature as he.

1800. 1800.

INSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENTWATER.

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend
Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts
Will sometimes in the happiness of love
Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence
This quiet spot; and, Stranger! not unmoved
Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,
The desolate ruins of St. Herbert's Cell.
Here stood his threshold; here was spread the roof
That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things,
In utter solitude. — But he had left
A Fellow-laborer, whom the good Man loved
As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised
To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,
While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced
Along the beach of this small isle and thought
Of his Companion, he would pray that both
(Now that their earthly duties were filled)
Might die in the same moment. No vain
So prayed he: — as our chronicles rep
Though here the Hermit numbered last day
Far from St. Cuthbert his belovèd Frie
Those holy Men both died in the sa hour.

1800. 18

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STO IN THE WALL OF THE HOUSE (AN O HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT GRASME

Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast s
Buildings, albeit rude, that have m tained
Proportions more harmonious, and proached
To closer fellowship with ideal grace.
But take it in good part: — alas! the p
Vitruvius of our village had no help
From the great City; never, upon lea
Of red Morocco folio, saw displayed,
In long succession, pre-existing ghos
Of Beauties yet unborn — the rustic Lo
Antique, and Cottage with vera graced,
Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,
Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-li hermitage.
Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to th walls
The heifer comes in the snow-storm, here
The new-dropped lamb finds shelter f the wind.
And hither does one Poet sometimes
His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, piled
With plenteous store of heath and w ered fern,
(A lading which he with his sickle cu
Among the mountains) and beneath roof
He makes his summer couch, and he noon
Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unsh the Sheep,
Panting beneath the burthen of their w
Lie round him, even as if they were a

is own Household: nor, while from his bed
ooks, through the open door-place, toward the lake
to the stirring breezes, does he want
ions lovely as the work of sleep —
sights, and visions of romantic joy!
1800.

TEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A ONE, THE LARGEST OF A HEAP ING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY, ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL.

NGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones
t a Ruin spared or made by time,
as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn
me old British Chief: 't is nothing more
the rude embryo of a little Dome
leasure-house, once destined to be built
ng the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
as it chanced, Sir William having learned
from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
make himself a freeman of this spot
y hour he chose, the prudent Knight
ted, and the quarry and the mound
nonuments of his unfinished task.
lock on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
once selected as the corner-stone
at intended Pile, which would have been
quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,
at, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
other little builders who dwell here,
wondered at the work. But blame him not,
d Sir William was a gentle Knight,
in this vale, to which he appertained
all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
or the outrage which he had devised
e forgiveness! — But if thou art one
e with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains, — if, disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements
Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze
In snow-white splendor, — think again; and, taught
By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose;
There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,
And let the redbreast hop from stone to stone.
1800. 1800.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere. At the end of the garden of my father's house at Cockermouth was a high terrace that commanded a fine view of the river Derwent and Cockermouth Castle. This was our favorite play-ground. The terrace-wall, a low one, was covered with closely-clipt privet and roses, which gave an almost impervious shelter to birds that built their nests there. The latter of these stanzas alludes to one of those names.

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
I started — seeming to espy
The home and sheltered bed,
The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My Father's house, in wet or dry
My sister Emmeline and I
Together visited.

She looked at it and seemed to fear it;
Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it:
Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy:
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
1801. 1807.

"PELION AND OSSA FLOURISH SIDE BY SIDE."

Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled:
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold;
And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetic radiance as of old;
While not an English Mountain we behold
By the celestial Muses glorified.
Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds:
What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,
Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty
Our British Hill is nobler far; he shrouds
His double front among Atlantic clouds,
And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

1801. 1815.

THE PRIORESS'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

"Call up him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold."

In the following Poem no further deviation from the original has been made than was necessary for the fluent reading and instant understanding of the Author: so much, however, is the language altered since Chaucer's time, especially in pronunciation, that much was to be removed, and its place supplied with as little incongruity as possible. The ancient accent has been retained in a few conjunctions, as *alsò* and *alwày*, from a conviction that such sprinklings of antiquity would be admitted, by persons of taste, to have a graceful accordance with the subject. The fierce bigotry of the Prioress forms a fine background for her tender-hearted sympathies with the Mother and Child; and the mode in which the story is told amply atones for the extravagance of the miracle.

I.

"O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously," (quoth she)
"Thy name in this large world is spread abroad!
For not alone by men of dignity
Thy worship is performed and precious laud;
But by the mouths of children, gracio
God!
Thy goodness is set forth; they when th
lie
Upon the breast thy name do glorify.

II.

"Wherefore in praise, the worthiest th
I may,
Jesu! of thee, and the white Lily-flow
Which did thee bear, and is a Maid
aye,
To tell a story I will use my power;
Not that I may increase her hono
dower,
For she herself is honor, and the root
Of goodness, next her Son, our sou
best boot.

III.

"O Mother Maid! O Maid and Moth
free!
O bush unburnt! burning in Moses' sigh
That down didst ravish from the Deity
Through humbleness, the spirit that
alight
Upon thy heart, whence, through th
glory's might,
Conceivèd was the Father's sapience,
Help me to tell it in thy reverence!

IV.

"Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificen
Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
Surpass all science and all utterance;
For sometimes, Lady! ere men pray
thee
Thou goest before in thy benignity,
The light to us vouchsafing of thy pray
To be our guide unto thy Son so dear.

V.

"My knowledge is so weak, O bliss
Queen!
To tell abroad thy mighty worthiness,
That I the weight of it may not sustai
But as a child of twelvemonths old or le
That laboreth his language to express,
Even so fare I; and therefore, I thee pr
Guide thou my song which I of thee sh
say.

VI.

ere was in Asia, in a mighty town,
ıg Christian folk, a street where Jews
might be,
ned to them and given them for their
own
great Lord, for gain and usury,
ful to Christ and to his company;
through this street who list might
ride and wend;
was it, and unbarred at either end.

VII.

ittle school of Christian people stood
n at the farther end, in which there
were
t of children come of Christian blood,
learnèd in that school from year to
year
sort of doctrine as men usèd there,
is to say, to sing and read alsò,
ttle children in their childhood do.

VIII.

ıong these children was a Widow's
son,
le scholar, scarcely seven years old,
day by day unto this school hath gone,
eke, when he the image did behold
esu's Mother, as he had been told,
Child was wont to kneel adown and
say
Maria, as he goeth by the way.

IX.

ıs Widow thus her little Son hath
taught
blissful Lady, Jesu's Mother dear,
orship aye, and he forgat it not;
imple infant hath a ready ear.
t is the holiness of youth: and hence,
ıg to mind this matter when I may,
Nicholas in my presence standeth
aye,
ıe so young to Christ did reverence.

X.

s little Child, while in the school he
sate
rimer conning with an earnest cheer,
whilst the rest their anthem-book
repeat
Alma Redemptoris did he hear;
And as he durst he drew him near and
near,
And hearkened to the words and to the
note,
Till the first verse he learned it all by rote.

XI.

"This Latin knew he nothing what it said,
For he too tender was of age to know;
But to his comrade he repaired, and prayed
That he the meaning of this song would
show,
And unto him declare why men sing so;
This oftentimes, that he might be at ease,
This child did him beseech on his bare
knees.

XII.

"His Schoolfellow, who elder was than
he,
Answered him thus: — 'This song, I have
heard say,
Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free;
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day:
If there is more in this, I know it not;
Song do I learn, — small grammar I have
got.'

XIII.

"'And is this song fashioned in reverence
Of Jesu's Mother?' said this Innocent;
'Now, certès, I will use my diligence
To con it all ere Christmas-tide be spent;
Although I for my Primer shall be shent,
And shall be beaten three times in an hour,
Our Lady I will praise with all my power.'

XIV.

"His Schoolfellow, whom he had so
besought,
As they went homeward taught him privily
And then he sang it well and fearlessly,
From word to word according to the note:
Twice in a day it passèd through his
throat;
Homeward and schoolward whensoe'er
he went,
On Jesu's Mother fixed was his intent.

XV.

"Through all the Jewry (this before said I
This little Child, as he came to and fro,

Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O *Alma Redemptoris!* high and low:
The sweetness of Christ's Mother piercèd so
His heart, that her to praise, to her to pray,
He cannot stop his singing by the way.

XVI.

"The Serpent, Satan, our first foe, that hath
His wasp's nest in Jew's heart, upswelled — 'O woe,
O Hebrew people!' said he in his wrath,
'Is it an honest thing? Shall this be so?
That such a Boy where'er he lists shall go
In your despite, and sing his hymns and saws,
Which is against the reverence of our laws!'

XVII.

"From that day forward have the Jews conspired
Out of the world this Innocent to chase;
And to this end a Homicide they hired,
That in an alley had a privy place,
And, as the Child 'gan to the school to pace,
This cruel Jew him seized, and held him fast
And cut his throat, and in a pit him cast.

XVIII.

"I say that him into a pit they threw,
A loathsome pit, whence noisome scents exhale;
O cursèd folk! away, ye Herods new!
What may your ill intentions you avail?
Murder will out; certès it will not fail;
Know, that the honor of high God may spread,
The blood cries out on your accursèd deed.

XIX.

"O Martyr 'stablished in virginity!
Now may'st thou sing for aye before the throne,
Following the Lamb celestial," quoth she,
"Of which the great Evangelist, Saint John,
In Patmos wrote, who saith of them that go
Before the Lamb singing continually,
That never fleshly woman they did kno

XX.

"Now this poor widow waiteth all t night
After her little Child, and he came no
For which, by earliest glimpse of mo ing light,
With face all pale with dread and b thought,
She at the School and elsewhere him h sought
Until thus far she learned, that he been
In the Jews' street, and there he last seen.

XXI.

"With Mother's pity in her breast closed
She goeth, as she were half out of mind,
To every place wherein she hath suppo
By likelihood her little Son to find;
And ever on Christ's Mother meek kind
She cried, till to the Jewry she brought,
And him among the accursèd Jews sought.

XXII.

"She asketh, and she piteously doth p
To every Jew that dwelleth in that pl
To tell her if her child had passed t way;
They all said — Nay; but Jesu of grace
Gave to her thought, that in a little sp
She for her Son in that same spot did
Where he was cast into a pit hard by.

XXIII.

"O thou great God that dost perform laud
By mouths of Innocents, lo! here might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom this ruby brig
There, where with mangled throat he upright,

lma Redemptoris 'gan to sing,
id, that with his voice the place did
ring.

XXIV.

Christian folk that through the
Jewry went
to the spot in wonder at the thing;
astily they for the Provost sent;
diately he came, not tarrying,
raiseth Christ that is our heavenly
King,
ke his Mother, honor of Mankind:
done he bade that they the Jews
should bind.

XXV.

Child with piteous lamentation
then
aken up, singing his song alwày;
ith procession great and pomp of
men
next Abbey him they bare away;
other swooning by the body lay:
arcely could the people that were
near
e this second Rachel from the bier.

XXVI.

nent and shameful death to every
one
Provost doth for those bad Jews
prepare
f this murder wist, and that anon:
vickedness his judgments cannot
spare;
ill do evil, evil shall he bear;
herefore with wild horses did he
draw,
ter that he hung them by the law.

XXVII.

his bier this Innocent doth lie
the altar while the Mass doth last:
bbot with his convent's company
ped themselves to bury him full
fast;
hen they holy water on him cast,
ke this Child when sprinkled was
the water,
ng, O *Alma Redemptoris Mater!*

XXVIII.

"This Abbot, for he was a holy man,
As all Monks are, or surely ought to be,
In supplication to the Child began
Thus saying, 'O dear Child! I summon thee
In virtue of the holy Trinity
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn
Since that thy throat is cut, as it doth seem.'

XXIX.

"'My throat is cut unto the bone, I trow,'
Said this young Child, 'and by the law of kind
I should have died, yea many hours ago;
But Jesus Christ, as in the books ye find,
Will that his glory last, and be in mind;
And, for the worship of his Mother dear,
Yet may I sing O *Alma!* loud and clear.

XXX.

"'This well of mercy, Jesu's Mother sweet,
After my knowledge I have loved alwày;
And in the hour when I my death did meet
To me she came, and thus to me did say,
"Thou in thy dying sing this holy lay,"
As ye have heard; and soon as I had sung
Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue.

XXXI.

"'Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,
In honor of that blissful Maiden free,
Till from my tongue off-taken is the grain;
And after that thus said she unto me;
'My little Child, then will I come for thee
Soon as the grain from off thy tongue they take:
Be not dismayed, I will not thee forsake!'"

XXXII.

"This holy Monk, this Abbot — him mean I,
Touched then his tongue, and took away the grain;
And he gave up the ghost full peacefully;
And, when the Abbot had this wonder seen,

His salt tears trickled down like showers of rain;
And on his face he dropped upon the ground,
And still he lay as if he had been bound.

XXXIII.

"Eke the whole Convent on the pavement lay,
Weeping and praising Jesu's Mother dear;
And after that they rose, and took their way,
And lifted up this Martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet. —
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet!

XXXIV.

"Young Hew of Lincoln! in like sort laid low
By cursèd Jews — thing well and widely known,
For it was done a little while ago —
Pray also thou for us, while here we tarry
Weak sinful folk, that God, with pitying eye,
In mercy would his mercy multiply
On us, for reverence of his Mother Mary!"

DEC. 5, 1801. 1820.

THE CUCKOO AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

I.

THE God of Love — *ah, benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!
For he of low hearts can make high, of high
He can make low, and unto death bring nigh;
And hard hearts he can make them kind and free.

II.

Within a little time, as hath been found,
He can make sick folk whole and fresh and sound:
Them who are whole in body and in mind,
He can make sick, — bind can he and bind
All that he will have bound, or h unbound.

III.

To tell his might my wit may not suffi
Foolish men he can make them out wise; —
For he may do all that he will devise
Loose livers he can make abate their vi
And proud hearts can make tremble i trice.

IV.

In brief, the whole of what he will, may;
Against him dare not any wight say n
To humble or afflict whome'er he will
To gladden or to grieve, he hath like sk
But most his might he sheds on the ev May.

V.

For every true heart, gentle heart free,
That with him is, or thinketh so to be
Now against May shall have some stirr — whether
To joy, or be it to some mourning; ne
At other time, methinks, in like degr

VI.

For now when they may hear the sn birds' song,
And see the budding leaves the branc throng,
This unto their remembrance doth bri
All kinds of pleasure mixed with s rowing;
And longing of sweet thoughts that e long.

VII.

And of that longing heaviness doth co
Whence oft great sickness grows of h and home:
Sick are they all for lack of their desi
And thus in May their hearts are set fire,
So that they burn forth in great mar dom.

VIII.

ɔoth, I speak from feeling, what though now
m I, and to genial pleasure slow;
ave I felt of sickness through the May,
hot and cold, and heart-aches every day, —
hard, alas! to bear, I only know.

IX.

shaking doth the fever in me keep
ıgh all this May that I have little sleep;
lso 't is not likely unto me,
any living heart should sleepy be
ıich Love's dart its fiery point doth steep.

X.

ɔssing lately on a sleepless bed,
token thought which Lovers heed;
among them it was a common tale,
it was good to hear the Nightingale,
ıe vile Cuckoo's note be utterèd.

XI.

hen I thought anon as it was day,
ly would go somewhere to essay
erchance a Nightingale might hear,
et had I heard none, of all that year,
was then the third night of the May.

XII.

oon as I a glimpse of day espied,
nger would I in my bed abide,
raightway to a wood that was hard by,
did I go, alone and fearlessly,
eld the pathway down by a brook-side;

XIII.

a lawn I came all white and green,
ɔ fair a one had never been.
round was green, with daisy pow-dered over;
ere the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
een and white; and nothing else was seen.

XIV.

There sate I down among the fair fresh flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night; and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honor May with all their powers.

XV.

Well did they know that service all by rote,
And there was many and many a lovely note,
Some, singing loud, as if they had complained;
Some with their notes another manner feigned;
And some did sing all out with the full throat.

XVI.

They pruned themselves, and made themselves right gay,
Dancing and leaping light upon the spray;
And ever two and two together were,
The same as they had chosen for the year,
Upon Saint Valentine's returning day.

XVII.

Meanwhile the stream, whose bank I sate upon,
Was making such a noise as it ran on
Accordant to the sweet Birds' harmony;
Methought that it was the best melody
Which ever to man's ear a passage won.

XVIII.

And for delight, but how I never wot,
I in a slumber and a swoon was caught,
Not all asleep and yet not waking wholly;
And as I lay, the Cuckoo, bird unholy,
Broke silence, or I heard him in my thought.

XIX.

And that was right upon a tree fast by,
And who was then ill satisfied but I?
Now, God, quoth I, that died upon the rood,
From thee and thy base throat, keep all that 's good,
Full little joy have I now of thy cry.

XX.

And, as I with the Cuckoo thus 'gan chide,
In the next bush that was me fast beside,
I heard the lusty Nightingale so sing,
That her clear voice made a loud rioting,
Echoing thorough all the green wood wide.

XXI.

Ah! good sweet Nightingale! for my heart's cheer,
Hence hast thou stayed a little while too long;
For we have had the sorry Cuckoo here,
And she hath been before thee with her song;
Evil light on her! she hath done me wrong.

XXII.

But hear you now a wondrous thing, I pray;
As long as in that swooning-fit I lay,
Methought I wist right well what these birds meant,
And had good knowing both of their intent,
And of their speech, and all that they would say.

XXIII.

The Nightingale thus in my hearing spake: —
Good Cuckoo, seek some other bush or brake,
And, prithee, let us that can sing dwell here;
For every wight eschews thy song to hear,
Such uncouth singing verily dost thou make.

XXIV.

What! quoth she then, what is 't that ails thee now?
It seems to me I sing as well as thou;
For mine 's a song that is both true and plain, —
Although I cannot quaver so in vain
As thou dost in thy throat, I wot not how.

XXV.

All men may understanding have of me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not of thee;
For thou hast many a foolish and qua
cry: —
Thou say'st OSEE, OSEE, then how ma
Have knowledge, I thee pray, what t
may be?

XXVI.

Ah, fool! quoth she, wist thou not wh
it is?
Oft as I say OSEE, OSEE, I wis,
Then mean I, that I should be wondro
fain
That shamefully they one and all we
slain,
Whoever against Love mean aught ami

XXVII.

And also would I that they all were dea
Who do not think in love their life
lead;
For who is loth the God of Love to obe
Is only fit to die, I dare well say,
And for that cause OSEE I cry; take hee

XXVIII.

Ay, quoth the Cuckoo, that is a quaint la
That all must love or die; but I withdra
And take my leave of all such compan
For mine intent it neither is to die,
Nor ever while I live Love's yoke
draw.

XXIX.

For lovers of all folk that be alive,
The most disquiet have and least
thrive;
Most feeling have of sorrow woe and ca
And the least welfare cometh to th
share;
What need is there against the truth
strive?

XXX.

What! quoth she, thou art all out of t
mind,
That in thy churlishness a cause canst fi
To speak of Love's true Servants in t
mood;
For in this world no service is so good
To every wight that gentle is of kind.

XXXI.

For thereof comes all goodness and
worth;
All gentilesse and honor thence co
forth;

e worship comes, content and true
heart's pleasure,
full-assurèd trust, joy without
measure,
llity, fresh cheerfulness, and mirth;

XXXII.

ounty, lowliness, and courtesy,
eemliness, and faithful company,
read of shame that will not do amiss;
e that faithfully Love's servant is,
r than be disgraced, would choose
to die.

XXXIII.

hat the very truth it is which I
ay — in such belief I 'll live and die;
Cuckoo, do thou so, by my advice.
quoth she, let me never hope for
bliss,
h that counsel I do e'er comply.

XXXIV.

Nightingale! thou speakest won-
drous fair,
r all that, the truth is found else-
where;
ove in young folk is but rage, I wis:
Love in old folk a great dotage is;
ost it useth, him 't will most impair.

XXXV.

ereof come all contraries to glad-
ness!
e sickness comes, and overwhelm-
ing sadness,
st and jealousy, despite, debate,
ior, shame, envy importunate,
anger, mischief, poverty, and mad-
ness.

XXXVI.

is aye an office of despair,
e thing is therein which is not fair;
oso gets of love a little bliss,
it alway stay with him, I wis
y full soon go with an old man's
hair.

XXXVII.

therefore, Nightingale! do thou
keep nigh,
st me well, in spite of thy quaint
cry,

If long time from thy mate thou be, or far,
Thou 'lt be as others that forsaken are;
Then shalt thou raise a clamor as do I.

XXXVIII.

Fie, quoth she, on thy name, Bird ill be-
seen!
The God of Love afflict thee with all teen,
For thou art worse than mad a thousand
fold;
For many a one hath virtues manifold,
Who had been nought, if Love had never
been.

XXXIX.

For evermore his servants Love amendeth,
And he from every blemish them de-
fendeth;
And maketh them to burn, as in a fire,
In loyalty, and worshipful desire,
And, when it likes him, joy enough them
sendeth.

XL.

Thou Nightingale! the Cuckoo said, be
still,
For Love no reason hath but his own
will; —
For to th' untrue he oft gives ease and joy;
True lovers doth so bitterly annoy,
He lets them perish through that grievous
ill.

XLI.

With such a master would I never be; [1]
For he, in sooth, is blind, and may not see,
And knows not when he hurts and when
he heals;
Within this court full seldom Truth avails,
So diverse in his wilfulness is he.

XLII.

Then of the Nightingale did I take note,
How from her inmost heart a sigh she
brought,
And said, Alas! that ever I was born,
Not one word have I now, I am so for-
lorn, —
And with that word, she into tears burst
out.

[1] From a manuscript in the Bodleian, as are also stanzas 44 and 45, which are necessary to complete the sense.

XLIII.

Alas, alas! my very heart will break,
Quoth she, to hear this churlish bird thus speak
Of Love, and of his holy services;
Now, God of Love; thou help me in some wise,
That vengeance on this Cuckoo I may wreak.

XLIV.

And so methought I started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
Which at the Cuckoo hardily I cast,
And he for dread did fly away full fast;
And glad, in sooth, was I when he was gone.

XLV.

And as he flew, the Cuckoo, ever and aye,
Kept crying "Farewell! — farewell, Popinjay!"
As if in scornful mockery of me;
And on I hunted him from tree to tree,
Till he was far, all out of sight, away.

XLVI.

Then straightway came the Nightingale to me,
And said, Forsooth, my friend, do I thank thee,
That thou wert near to rescue me; and now,
Unto the God of Love I make a vow,
That all this May I will thy songstress be.

XLVII.

Well satisfied, I thanked her, and she said,
By this mishap no longer be dismayed,
Though thou the Cuckoo heard, ere thou heard'st me;
Yet if I live it shall amended be,
When next May comes, if I am not afraid.

XLVIII.

And one thing will I counsel thee also,
The Cuckoo trust not thou, nor his Love's saw;
All that she said is an outrageous lie.
Nay, nothing shall me bring thereto, quoth I,
For Love, and it hath done me mighty woe.

XLIX.

Yea, hath it? use, quoth she, this m
cine;
This May-time, every day before t
dine,
Go look on the fresh daisy; then sa
Although for pain thou may'st be lik
die,
Thou wilt be eased, and less wilt dr
and pine.

L.

And mind always that thou be good
true,
And I will sing one song, of many n
For love of thee, as loud as I may cr
And then did she begin this song full h
"Beshrew all them that are in love
true."

LI.

And soon as she had sung it to the er
Now farewell, quoth she, for I he
must wend;
And, God of Love, that can right
and may,
Send unto thee as mickle joy this da
As ever he to Lover yet did send.

LII.

Thus takes the Nightingale her leav
me;
I pray to God with her always to be,
And joy of love to send her evermor
And shield us from the Cuckoo and
lore,
For there is not so false a bird as she

LIII.

Forth then she flew, the gentle Nigh
gale,
To all the Birds that lodged within
dale,
And gathered each and all into one pl
And them besought to hear her do
case,
And thus it was that she began her t

LIV.

The Cuckoo — 't is not well that I sh
hide
How she and I did each the other ch

without ceasing, since it was day-
light;
now I pray you all to do me right
hat false Bird whom Love cannot
abide.

LV.

spake one Bird, and full assent all
gave;
matter asketh counsel good as grave,
birds we are — all here together
brought;
in good sooth, the Cuckoo here is
not;
therefore we a Parliament will have.

LVI.

thereat shall the Eagle be our Lord,
other Peers whose names are on
record;
mmons to the Cuckoo shall be sent,
judgment there be given; or that
intent
ng, we finally shall make accord.

LVII.

ll this shall be done, without a nay,
morrow after Saint Valentine's day,
r a maple that is well beseen,
e the chamber-window of the Queen,
oodstock, on the meadow green and
gay.

LVIII.

hankèd them; and then her leave
she took,
lew into a hawthorn by that brook;
here she sate and sung — upon that
tree —
term of life Love shall have hold
of me" —
udly, that I with that song awoke.

rnèd Book and rude, as well I know,
eauty thou hast none, nor eloquence,
did on thee the hardiness bestow
pear before my Lady? but a sense
surely hast of her benevolence,
eof her hourly bearing proof doth
give;
f all good she is the best alive.

Alas, poor Book! for thy unworthiness,
To show to her some pleasant meanings
writ
In winning words, since through her gen-
tiles,
Thee she accepts as for her service fit!
Oh! it repents me I have neither wit
Nor leisure unto thee more worth to give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

Beseech her meekly with all lowliness,
Though I be far from her I reverence,
To think upon my truth and steadfastness,
And to abridge my sorrow's violence,
Caused by the wish, as knows your sa-
pience,
She of her liking proof to me would give;
For of all good she is the best alive.

L'ENVOY.

Pleasure's Aurora, Day of gladsomeness!
Luna by night, with heavenly influence
Illumined! root of beauty and goodnesse,
Write, and allay, by your beneficence,
My sighs breathed forth in silence, —
comfort give!
Since of all good, you are the best alive.

EXPLICIT.

DEC. 8, 1801. 1842.

TROILUS AND CRESIDA.

FROM CHAUCER.

NEXT morning Troilus began to clear
His eyes from sleep, at the first break of
day,
And unto Pandarus, his own Brother dear,
For love of God, full piteously did say,
We must the Palace see of Cresida;
For since we yet may have no other feast,
Let us behold her Palace at the least!

And therewithal to cover his intent
A cause he found into the Town to go,
And they right forth to Cresid's Palace
went;
But, Lord, this simple Troilus was woe,
Him thought his sorrowful heart would
break in two;
For when he saw her doors fast bolted all,
Well nigh for sorrow down he 'gan to fall.

Therewith when this true Lover 'gan behold,
How shut was every window of the place,
Like frost he thought his heart was icy cold;
For which, with changèd, pale, and deadly face,
Without word uttered, forth he 'gan to pace;
And on his purpose bent so fast to ride,
That no wight his continuance espied.

Then said he thus, — O Palace desolate!
O house of houses, once so richly dight!
O Palace empty and disconsolate!
Thou lamp of which extinguished is the light;
O Palace whilom day that now art night,
Thou ought'st to fall and I to die; since she
Is gone who held us both in sovereignty.

O, of all houses once the crownèd boast!
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss;
O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss:
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this rout;
Farewell, thou shrine of which the Saint is out.

Therewith he cast on Pandarus an eye,
With changèd face, and piteous to behold;
And when he might his time aright espy,
Aye as he rode, to Pandarus he told
Both his new sorrow and his joys of old,
So piteously, and with so dead a hue,
That every wight might on his sorrow rue.

Forth from the spot he rideth up and down,
And everything to his rememberànce
Came as he rode by places of the town
Where he had felt such perfect pleasure once.
Lo, yonder saw I mine own Lady dance,
And in that Temple she with her bright eyes,
My Lady dear, first bound me captive-wise.

And yonder with joy-smitten heart hav
Heard my own Cresid's laugh; and o
at play
I yonder saw her eke full blissfully;
And yonder once she unto me 'gan say
Now, my sweet Troilus, love me wel
pray!
And there so graciously did me behol
That hers unto the death my heart I ho

And at the corner of that self-same ho
Heard I my most belovèd Lady dear,
So womanly, with voice melodious
Singing so well, so goodly, and so cle
That in my soul methinks I yet do he
The blissful sound; and in that very pl
My Lady first me took unto her grace

O blissful God of Love! then thus
cried,
When I the process have in memory,
How thou hast wearied me on every si
Men thence a book might make, a l
tory;
What need to seek a conquest over m
Since I am wholly at thy will? what
Hast thou thy own liege subjects
destroy?

Dread Lord! so fearful when provok
thine ire
Well hast thou wreaked on me by p
and grief.
Now mercy, Lord! thou know'st wel
desire
Thy grace above all pleasures first a
chief;
And live and die I will in thy belief;
For which I ask for guerdon but one bo
That Cresida again thou send me soo

Constrain her heart as quickly to retu
As thou dost mine with longing her to s
Then know I well that she would not
journ.
Now, blissful Lord, so cruel do not b
Unto the blood of Troy, I pray of th
As Juno was unto the Theban blood,
From whence to Thebes came griefs
multitude.

after this he to the gate did go,
nce Cresid rode, as if in haste she was;
up and down there went, and to and fro,
to himself full oft he said, alas!
ı hence my hope, and solace forth did pass.
ould the blissful God now for his joy,
ght her see again coming to Troy!

up to yonder hill was I her guide;
and there I took of her my leave;
ler I saw her to her Father ride,
very grief of which my heart shall cleave; —
hither home I came when it was eve;
here I dwell an outcast from all joy,
shall, unless I see her soon in Troy.

of himself did he imagine oft,
he was blighted, pale, and waxen less
he was wont; and that in whispers soft
said, what may it be, can no one guess
Troilus hath all this heaviness?
hich he of himself conceited wholly
f his weakness and his melancholy.

ıer time he took into his head,
every wight, who in the way passed by,
of him ruth, and fancied that they said,
right sorry Troilus will die:
hus a day or two drove wearily;
have heard; such life 'gan he to lead
e that standeth betwixt hope and dread.

hich it pleased him in his songs to show
ccasion of his woe, as best he might;
ıade a fitting song, of words but few,
vhat his woeful heart to make more light;
hen he was removed from all men's sight,

With a soft night voice, he of his Lady dear,
That absent was; 'gan sing as ye may hear.

O star, of which I lost have all the light,
With a sore heart well ought I to bewail,
That ever dark in torment, night by night,
Toward my death with wind I steer and sail;
For which upon the tenth night if thou fail
With thy bright beams to guide me but one hour,
My ship and me Charybdis will devour.

As soon as he this song had thus sung through,
He fell again into his sorrows old;
And every night, as was his wont to do,
Troilus stood the bright moon to behold;
And all his trouble to the moon he told,
And said; I wis, when thou art horn'd anew,
I shall be glad if all the world be true.

Thy horns were old as now upon that morrow,
When hence did journey my bright Lady dear,
That cause is of my torment and my sorrow;
For which, oh, gentle Luna, bright and clear;
For love of God, run fast above thy sphere;
For when thy horns begin once more to spring,
Then shall she come, that with her bliss may bring.

The day is more, and longer every night
Than they were wont to be — for he thought so;
And that the sun did take his course not right,
By longer way than he was wont to go;
And said, I am in constant dread I trow,
That Phaëton his son is yet alive,
His too fond father's car amiss to drive.

Upon the walls fast also would he walk,
To the end that he the Grecian host might see;
And ever thus he to himself would talk:—
Lo! yonder is my own bright Lady free;
Or yonder is it that the tents must be;
And thence does come this air which is so sweet,
That in my soul I feel the joy of it.

And certainly this wind, that more and more
By moments thus increaseth in my face,
Is of my Lady's sighs heavy and sore;
I prove it thus; for in no other space
Of all this town, save only in this place,
Feel I a wind, that soundeth so like pain;
It saith, Alas, why severed are we twain?

A weary while in pain he tosseth thus,
Till fully past and gone was the ninth night;
And ever at his side stood Pandarus,
Who busily made use of all his might
To comfort him, and make his heart more light;
Giving him always hope, that she the morrow
Of the tenth day will come, and end his sorrow.

1801. 1842.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I met this woman near the Wishing-gate, on the high-road that then led from Grasmere to Ambleside. Her appearance was exactly as here described, and such was her account, nearly to the letter.

One morning (raw it was and wet—
A foggy day in winter time)
A Woman on the road I met,
Not old, though something past her prime:
Majestic in her person, tall and straight;
And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait.

The ancient spirit is not dead;
Old times, thought I, are breathing there;
Proud was I that my country bred
Such strength, a dignity so fair:
She begged an alms, like one in p
estate;
I looked at her again, nor did my p
abate.

When from these lofty thoughts I wo
"What is it," said I, "that you be
Beneath the covert of your Cloak,
Protected from this cold damp air?
She answered, soon as she the ques
heard,
"A simple burthen, Sir, a little Sing
bird."

And, thus continuing, she said,
"I had a Son, who many a day
Sailed on the seas, but he is dead;
In Denmark he was cast away:
And I have travelled weary miles to
If aught which he had owned might
remain for me.

"The bird and cage they both were
'T was my Son's bird; and neat and t
He kept it: many voyages
The singing-bird had gone with hi
When last he sailed, he left the
behind;
From bodings, as might be, that h
upon his mind.

"He to a fellow-lodger's care
Had left it, to be watched and fed,
And pipe its song in safety;—ther
I found it when my Son was dead;
And now, God help me for my little
I bear it with me, Sir;—he took so m
delight in it."

March, 1802. 18

ALICE FELL;

OR, POVERTY.

Written to gratify Mr. Graham of Glas
brother of the Author of "The Sabbath."
was a zealous coadjutor of Mr. Clarkson, a
man of ardent humanity. The incident had
pened to himself, and he urged me to put it
verse, for humanity's sake. The humble
meanness if you like, of the subject, toge
with the homely mode of treating it, bro

me a world of ridicule by the small critics,
t in policy I excluded it from many editions
Poems, till it was restored at the request
ne of my friends, in particular my son-in-
Edward Quillinan.

post-boy drove with fierce career,
threatening clouds the moon had
drowned;
n, as we hurried on, my ear
smitten with a startling sound.

the wind blew many ways,
rd the sound, — and more and more,
emed to follow with the chaise,
still I heard it as before.

ngth I to the boy called out;
topped his horses at the word,
neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
aught else like it, could be heard.

oy then smacked his whip, and fast
norses scampered through the rain;
hearing soon upon the blast
cry, I bade him halt again.

with alighting on the ground,
ience comes," said I, "this piteous
moan?"
there a little Girl I found,
g behind the chaise, alone.

cloak!" no other word she spake,
oud and bitterly she wept,
her innocent heart would break;
down from off her seat she leapt.

at ails you, child?" — she sobbed
"Look here!"
it in the wheel entangled,
ather-beaten rag as e'er
any garden scare-crow dangled.

, twisted between nave and spoke,
ag, nor could at once be freed;
ur joint pains unloosed the cloak;
erable rag indeed!

l whither are you going, child,
ght along these lonesome ways?"
Durham," answered she, half wild—
n come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell;
I 'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, Sir, belong."
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

MARCH, 1802. 1807.

BEGGARS.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Met, and described to me by my Sister, near the quarry at the head of Rydal lake, a place still a chosen resort of vagrants travelling with their families.

SHE had a tall man's height or more;
Her face from summer's noontide heat
No bonnet shaded, but she wore
A mantle, to her very feet
Descending with a graceful flow,
And on her head a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown:
Haughty, as if her eye had seen
Its own light to a distance thrown,
She towered, fit person for a Queen
To lead those ancient Amazonian files;
Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian isles.

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand
And begged an alms with doleful plea
That ceased not; on our English land
Such woes, I knew, could never be;
And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature
Was beautiful to see — a weed of glorious feature.

I left her, and pursued my way;
And soon before me did espy
A pair of little Boys at play,
Chasing a crimson butterfly;
The taller followed with his hat in hand,
Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of the land.

The other wore a rimless crown
With leaves of laurel stuck about;
And, while both followed up and down,
Each whooping with a merry shout,
In their fraternal features I could trace
Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit
For finest tasks of earth or air:
Wings let them have, and they might flit
Precursors to Aurora's car,
Scattering fresh flowers; though happier far, I ween,
To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green.

They dart across my path — but lo,
Each ready with a plaintive whine!
Said I, "not half an hour ago
Your Mother has had alms of mine."
"That cannot be," one answered — "she is dead:" —
I looked reproof — they saw — but neither hung his head.

"She has been dead, Sir, many a day." —
"Hush, boys! you 're telling me a lie;
It was your Mother, as I say!"
And, in the twinkling of an eye,
"Come! Come!" cried one, and without more ado,
Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew!

MARCH, 1802. 1807.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasm
My sister and I were parted immediately a
the death of our mother, who died in 1778, b
being very young.

STAY near me — do not take thy fligh
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou a
A solemn image to my heart,
My father's family!

Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days
The time, when, in our childish plays
My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly!
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey: — with leaps and spri
I followed on from brake to bush;
But she, God love her, feared to brus
The dust from off its wings.

MARCH, 1802. 18

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER

Suggested by what I have noticed in more
one French fugitive during the time of the Fr
Revolution. If I am not mistaken, the
were composed at Sockburn, when I was
visit to Mrs. Wordsworth and her brother.

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned
In which a Lady driven from France
dwell;
The big and lesser griefs with which
mourned,
In friendship she to me would often
This Lady, dwelling upon British grou
Where she was childless, daily would
pair

To a poor neighboring cottage; a
found,
For sake of a young Child whose h
was there.
Once having seen her clasp with
embrace
This Child, I chanted to myself a lay

ıvoring, in our English tongue, to trace
hings as she unto the Babe might say:
hus, from what I heard and knew, or guessed,
ng the workings of her heart expressed.

I.

r Babe, thou daughter of another,
ıoment let me be thy mother!
ant's face and looks are thine,
ure a mother's heart is mine:
wn dear mother's far away,
or in the harvest field:
ttle sister is at play; —
warmth, what comfort would it yield
poor heart, if thou wouldst be
ttle hour a child to me!

II.

ɔss the waters I am come,
have left a babe at home:
, long way of land and sea!
to me — I 'm no enemy:
he same who at thy side
esterday, and made a nest
ee, sweet Baby! — thou hast tried,
know'st the pillow of my breast;
good art thou: — alas! to me
ɔre than I can be to thee.

III.

, little Darling, dost thou lie;
ant thou, a mother I!
vilt thou be, thou hast no fears;
rt thou — spite of these my tears.
before I left the spot,
ɔy and its dwelling-place;
rse said to me; 'Tears should not
d upon an infant's face,
unlucky' — no, no, no;
h is in them who say so!

IV.

ɔwn dear Little-one will sigh,
Babe! and they will let him die.
nes,' they 'll say, 'it is his doom,
u may see his hour is come.'
ıd he but thy cheerful smiles,
stout as thine, and lips as gay,
Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,
And countenance like a summer's day,
They would have hopes of him; — and then
I should behold his face again!

V.

"'T is gone — like dreams that we forget;
There was a smile or two — yet — yet
I can remember them, I see
The smiles, worth all the world to me.
Dear Baby! I must lay thee down;
Thou troublest me with strange alarms;
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own;
I cannot keep thee in my arms;
For they confound me; — where — where is
That last, that sweetest smile of his?

VI.

"Oh! how I love thee! — we will stay
Together here this one half day.
My sister's child, who bears my name,
From France to sheltering England came;
She with her mother crossed the sea;
The babe and mother near me dwell:
Yet does my yearning heart to thee
Turn rather, though I love her well:
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here!
Never was any child more dear!

VII.

"— I cannot help it; ill intent
I 've none, my pretty Innocent!
I weep — I know they do thee wrong,
These tears — and my poor idle tongue.
Oh, what a kiss was that! my cheek
How cold it is! but thou art good;
Thine eyes are on me — they would speak,
I think, to help me if they could.
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,
My heart again is in its place!

VIII.

"While thou art mine, my little Love,
This cannot be a sorrowful grove;
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,
I seem to find them all in thee:
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers;
I 'll call thee by my darling's name;
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,

Thy features seem to me the same;
His little sister thou shalt be;
And, when once more my home I see,
I 'll tell him many tales of Thee."

MARCH, 1802. 1807.

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD."

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

MARCH 26, 1802. 1807.

"AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE HAD BEEN."

AMONG all lovely things my Love had been;
Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew
About her home; but she had never seen
A glow-worm, never one, and this I knew.

While riding near her home one stormy night
A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my horse I leapt; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy night:
And, as before, it shone without dismay;
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.
When to the dwelling of my Love I came,
I went into the orchard quietly;
And left the glow-worm, blessing it by name,
Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and ho
with fear;
At night the glow-worm shone ben
the tree;
I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look he
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for r

APRIL 12, 1802. 18

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE
THE FOOT OF BROTHER'S WATER

Extempore. This little poem was a fav
with Joanna Baillie.

THE Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping — ano
anon:
There 's joy in the mountains;
There 's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

1802. 18

THE REDBREAST CHASING T BUTTERFLY.

Observed, as described, in the then bea
orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

ART thou the bird whom Man loves
The pious bird with the scarlet brea
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors
Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?

ird, that by some name or other
en who know thee call their brother,
arling of children and men?
Father Adam [1] open his eyes
ce this sight beneath the skies,
wish to close them again.
he Butterfly knew but his friend,
r his flight he would bend;
ind his way to me,
: the branches of the tree:
d out, he darts about;
his be the bird, to man so good,
after their bewildering,
ed with leaves the little children,
o painfully in the wood?
ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st
pursue
beautiful creature,
s gentle by nature?
th the summer sky
flower to flower let him fly;
ll that he wishes to do.
heerer Thou of our in-door sadness,
the friend of our summer gladness:
hinders, then, that ye should be
ates in the sunny weather,
ly about in the air together!
eautiful wings in crimson are drest,
nson as bright as thine own:
d'st thou be happy in thy nest,
us Bird! whom man loves best,
him, or leave him alone!
L 18, 1802. 1807.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

en in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

watched you now a full half-hour,
oised upon that yellow flower;
little Butterfly! indeed
v not if you sleep or feed.
motionless! — not frozen seas
motionless! and then
joy awaits you, when the breeze
found you out among the trees,
alls you forth again!

[1] *Paradise Lost*, Book XI., where Adam
ut to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle
"two birds of gayest plume," and the
Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.

This plot of orchard-ground is ours;
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are
weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We 'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
APRIL 20, 1802. 1807.

FORESIGHT.

Also composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

THAT is work of waste and ruin —
Do as Charles and I are doing!
Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,
We must spare them — here are many:
Look at it — the flower is small,
Small and low, though fair as any:
Do not touch it! summers two
I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne!
Pull as many as you can.
— Here are daisies, take your fill;
Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower:
Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower;
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom;
Only spare the strawberry-blossom!

Primroses, the Spring may love them —
Summer knows but little of them:
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favored strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charles and I will walk;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower;
And for that promise spare the flower!
APRIL 28, 1802. 1807.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.[1]

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. It is remarkable that this flower, coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air.

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there 's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There 's a flower that shall be mine,
'T is the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I 'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower! — I 'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'T was a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we 've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude:
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers;
But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighborhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane; — there 's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 't is good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

APRIL 30, 1802.

[1] Common Pilewort.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be,
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)
Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

as gentle breezes bring
of winter's vanishing,
he children build their bowers,
ng 'kerchief-plots of mould
out with full-blown flowers,
as sheep in shepherd's fold!
the proudest thou art there,
ing in the tiny square.

have I sighed to measure
self a lonely pleasure,
l to think, I read a book
read, perhaps, by me;
long could overlook
right coronet and Thee,
ny arch and wily ways,
ny store of other praise.

of heart, from week to week
dost play at hide-and-seek;
the patient primrose sits
beggar in the cold,
a flower of wiser wits,
st into thy sheltering hold;
est of the vernal train
ye all are out again.

by what peculiar spell,
at charm of sight or smell,
he dim-eyed curious Bee,
ng for her waxen cells,
settle upon Thee
above all buds and bells
ng daily at thy side,
season multiplied?

rt not beyond the moon,
hing "beneath our shoon:"
e bold Discoverer thrid
bark the polar sea;
ho will a pyramid;
it is enough for me,
e be but three or four
ill love my little Flower.
1, 1802. 1807.

ESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE.

n at Town-end Grasmere. This old
et a few hundred yards from my cottage;
account of him is taken from his own
I was in the state of feeling described in the beginning of the poem, while crossing over Barton Fell from Mr. Clarkson's, at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askham. The image of the hare I then observed on the ridge of the Fell.

I.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

II.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops; — on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth:
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

III.

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly;
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV.

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness — and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could name.

V.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare:
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
But there may come another day to me —
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VI.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
As if life's business were a summer mood;
As if all needful things would come unsought
To genial faith, still rich in genial good;
But how can He expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

VII.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride;
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
Following his plough, along the mountain-side:
By our own spirits are we deified:
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness;
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

VIII.

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,
A leading from above, a something given,
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares:
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs.

IX.

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and whence;
So that it seems a thing endued sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that shelf
Of rock or sand reposeth, there to itself;

X.

Such seemed this Man, not all alive dead,
Nor all asleep — in his extreme old
His body was bent double, feet and
Coming together in life's pilgrimage
As if some dire constraint of pain, or
Of sickness felt by him in times long
A more than human weight upon his had cast.

XI.

Himself he propped, limbs, body, pale face,
Upon a long gray staff of shaven wo
And, still as I drew near with g pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flo
Motionless as a cloud the old Man st
That heareth not the loud winds they call
And moveth all together, if it move a

XII.

At length, himself unsettling, he the
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did
Upon the muddy water, which he con
As if he had been reading in a book
And now a stranger's privilege I too
And, drawing to his side, to him did
"This morning gives us promise glorious day."

XIII.

A gentle answer did the old Man m
In courteous speech which forth he s drew:
And him with further words I thu spake,
"What occupation do you there pu
This is a lonesome place for one like y
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surpr
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet eyes.

XIV.

vords came feebly, from a feeble chest,
ach in solemn order followed each,
something of a lofty utterance drest —
e word and measured phrase, above the reach
dinary men; a stately speech;
as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
ous men, who give to God and man their dues.

XV.

ld, that to these waters he had come
ther leeches, being old and poor:
oyment hazardous and wearisome!
ne had many hardships to endure:
pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
ng, with God's good help, by choice or chance,
in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

XVI.

ld Man still stood talking by my side;
ow his voice to me was like a stream
e heard; nor word from word could I divide;
he whole body of the Man did seem
one whom I had met with in a dream;
e a man from some far region sent,
ve me human strength, by apt admonishment.

XVII.

rmer thoughts returned: the fear that kills;
ope that is unwilling to be fed;
pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;
nighty Poets in their misery dead.
plexed, and longing to be comforted,
uestion eagerly did I renew,
v is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

XVIII.

th a smile did then his words repeat;
aid, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

XIX.

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech — all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually,
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX.

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanor kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I 'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"

MAY 7, 1802. 1807.

"I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ."

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that Man's mind — what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?
'T is not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.

Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

MAY 21, 1802. 1807.

A FAREWELL.

Composed just before my sister and I went to fetch Mrs. Wordsworth from Gallow-hill, near Scarborough.

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare;
Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,
Farewell! — we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care,
Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround.

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,
And there will safely ride when we are gone;
The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door
Will prosper, though untended and alone:
Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none:
These narrow bounds contain our private store
Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon;
Here are they in our sight — we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell!
For two months now in vain we shall be sought:
We leave you here in solitude to dwe
With these our latest gifts of ter
thought;
Thou, like the morning, in thy saf
coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, f
well!
Whom from the borders of the Lake
brought,
And placed together near our rocky W

We go for One to whom ye will be d
And she will prize this Bower, this In
shed,
Our own contrivance, Building wit
peer!
— A gentle Maid, whose heart is lo
bred,
Whose pleasures are in wild fields g
erèd,
With joyousness, and with a though
cheer,
Will come to you; to you herself will w
And love the blessed life that we
here.

Dear Spot! which we have watched
tender heed,
Bringing thee chosen plants and bloss
blown
Among the distant mountains, flower
weed,
Which thou hast taken to thee as
own,
Making all kindness registered
known;
Thou for our sakes, though Nature's d
indeed,
Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,
Hast taken gifts which thou dost
need.

And O most constant, yet most fi
Place,
Thou hast thy wayward moods, as
dost show
To them who look not daily on thy f
Who, being loved, in love no bounds
know,
And say'st, when we forsake thee, '
them go!"

easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild
race
eeds and flowers, till we return be
slow,
ravel with the year at a soft pace.

us to tell Her tales of years gone by,
this sweet spring, the best beloved
and best;
ill be flown in its mortality;
thing must stay to tell us of the rest.
thronged with primroses, the steep
rock's breast
red at evening like a starry sky;
in this bush our sparrow built her
nest,
ich I sang one song that will not die.

py Garden! whose seclusion deep
been so friendly to industrious
hours;
o soft slumbers, that did gently steep
pirits, carrying with them dreams of
flowers,
wild notes warbled among leafy
bowers;
urning months let summer overleap,
coming back with Her who will be
ours,
hy bosom we again shall creep.
29, 1802. 1815.

E SUN HAS LONG BEEN SET."

inted at the request of my Sister, in whose
e the lines were thrown off.
Impromptu appeared, many years ago,
the Author's poems, from which, in sub-
editions, it was excluded.

un has long been set,
stars are out by twos and threes,
ttle birds are piping yet
ong the bushes and trees;
's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,
far-off wind that rushes,
sound of water that gushes,
he cuckoo's sovereign cry
ll the hollow of the sky.
o would "go parading"
ndon, "and masquerading,"
On such a night of June
With that beautiful soft half-moon,
And all these innocent blisses?
On such a night as this is!
JUNE 8, 1802. 1807.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1802.

Written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France.

EARTH has not anything to show more
fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and tem-
ples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless
air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
1802. 1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

FAIR Star of evening, Splendor of the
west,
Star of my Country! — on the horizon's
brink
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem,
to sink
On England's bosom; yet well pleased to
rest,
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest
Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I
think,
Should'st be my Country's emblem; and,
should'st wink,
Bright Star! with laughter on her ban-
ners, drest
In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky
spot

Beneath thee, that is England; there she lies.
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,
Among men who do not love her, linger here.
1802. 1807.

CALAIS, AUGUST, 1802.

Is it a reed that 's shaken by the wind,
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee
In France, before the new-born Majesty.
'T is ever thus. Ye men of prostrate mind,
A seemly reverence may be paid to power;
But that 's a loyal virtue, never sown
In haste, nor springing with a transient shower:
When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown,
What hardship had it been to wait an hour?
Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!
1802. 1807.

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802.

JONES! as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public Way
Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,[1]
When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty:
A homeless sound of joy was in the sky:

[1] 14th July, 1790.

From hour to hour the antiquated Ea
Beat like the heart of Ma...: songs, lands, mirth,
Banners, and happy faces, far and n
And now, sole register that these th were,
Two solitary greetings have I heard,
"*Good-morrow, Citizen!*" a ho word,
As if a dead man spake it! Yet des
Touches me not, though pensive as a
Whose vernal coverts winter hath bare.[2]
1802. 18

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802.

FESTIVALS have I seen that were names:
This is young Buonaparté's natal da
And his is henceforth an establi sway—
Consul for life. With worship Fr proclaims
Her approbation, and with pomps games.
Heaven grant that other Cities ma gay!
Calais is not: and I have bent my w
To the sea-coast, noting that each frames
His business as he likes. Far other s
My youth here witnessed, in a pro time;
The senselessness of joy was then subl
Happy is he, who, caring not for Po
Consul, or King, can sound himse know
The destiny of Man, and live in hop
1802. 1

"IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENI CALM AND FREE."

This was composed on the beach near C in the autumn of 1802.

IT is a beauteous evening, calm and
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broa
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'e Sea:

[2] See Note.

en! the mighty Being is awake,
doth with his eternal motion make
ound like thunder — everlastingly.
r Child! dear Girl! that walkest with
me here,
hou appear untouched by solemn
thought,
nature is not therefore less divine:
u liest in Abraham's bosom all the
year;
worship'st at the Temple's inner
shrine,
being with thee when we know it
not.

GUST, 1802. 1807.

THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC.

E did She hold the gorgeous east in
fee;
was the safeguard of the west: the
worth
Venice did not fall below her birth,
ce, the eldest Child of Liberty.
was a maiden City, bright and free;
uile seduced, no force could violate;
when she took unto herself a Mate,
must espouse the everlasting Sea.
what if she had seen those glories
fade,
e titles vanish, and that strength
decay;
hall some tribute of regret be paid
n her long life hath reached its final
day:
are we, and must grieve when even
the Shade
hat which once was great, is passed
away.

UST, 1802. 1807.

THE KING OF SWEDEN.

Voice of song from distant lands
shall call
at great King; shall hail the crownèd
Youth
taking counsel of unbending Truth,
ne example hath set forth to all
they with dignity may stand; or fall,
If fall they must. Now, whither doth it
tend?
And what to him and his shall be the end?
That thought is one which neither can
appal
Nor cheer him; for the illustrious Swede
hath done
The thing which ought to be; is raised
above
All consequences: work he hath begun
Of fortitude, and piety, and love,
Which all his glorious ancestors approve:
The heroes bless him, him their rightful
son.[1]

AUGUST, 1802. 1807.

TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of
men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his
plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless
den; —
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not;
do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left
behind
Powers that will work for thee; air, earth,
and skies;
There 's not a breathing of the common
wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great
allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

AUGUST, 1802. 1807.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING.

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe
once more.
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls,
that sound
Of bells; those boys who in yon meadow-
ground

[1] See Note.

In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore; —
All, all are English. Oft have I looked round
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found
Myself so satisfied in heart before.
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,
Thought for another moment. Thou art free,
My Country! and 't is joy enough and pride
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again, and hear and see,
With such a dear Companion at my side.

AUGUST 29, 1802. 1807.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802.

Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government: we had a Fellow-passenger who was one of the expelled.

WE had a female Passenger who came
From Calais with us, spotless in array, —
A white-robed Negro, like a lady gay,
Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;
Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim
She sate, from notice turning not away,
But on all proffered intercourse did lay
A weight of languid speech, or to the same
No sign of answer made by word or face:
Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,
That, burning independent of the mind,
Joined with the lustre of her rich attire
To mock the Outcast. — O ye Heavens, be kind!
And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

1802. 1807.

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER, 1802.

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France — the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighborhoo
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fa
A span of waters; yet what power there!
What mightiness for evil and for good
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, a waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, a Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One d cree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by t soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and fre

1802. 1807.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBE 1802.

This was written immediately after my retu from France to London, when I could not b be struck, as here described, with the vanity a parade of our own country, especially in gr towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, a I may say the desolation, that the revolution h produced in France. This must be borne mind, or else the reader may think that in t and the succeeding Sonnets I have exaggerat the mischief engendered and fostered among by undisturbed wealth. It would not be easy conceive with what a depth of feeling I ente into the struggle carried on by the Spaniards their deliverance from the usurped power of French. Many times have I gone from Al Bank in Grasmere vale, where we were then siding, to the top of the Raise-gap as it is call so late as two o'clock in the morning, to meet carrier bringing the newspaper from Keswi Imperfect traces of the state of mind in whicl then was may be found in my Tract on the Co vention of Cintra, as well as in these Sonnets.

O FRIEND! I know not which way must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
To think that now our life is only dres
For show; mean handy-work of craf man, cook,
Or groom! — We must run glittering li a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unbles
The wealthiest man among us is the bes
No grandeur now in nature or in book

ights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
s is idolatry; and these we adore:
in living and high thinking are no more:
homely beauty of the good old cause
one; our peace, our fearful innocence,
d pure religion breathing household
laws.

02. 1807.

LONDON, 1802.

TON! thou should'st be living at this
hour:
gland hath need of thee: she is a fen
stagnant waters! altar, sword, and
pen,
eside, the heroic wealth of hall and
bower,
ve forfeited their ancient English dower
nward happiness. We are selfish men;
! raise us up, return to us again;
d give us manners, virtue, freedom,
power.
soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
ou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea:
e as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
didst thou travel on life's common way,
cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
lowliest duties on herself did lay.

EPTEMBER, 1802. 1807.

"GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG US."

EAT men have been among us; hands
that penned
l tongues that uttered wisdom — better
none:
later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
ng Vane, and others who called Mil-
ton friend.
se moralists could act and compre-
hend:
y knew how genuine glory was put on;
ght us how rightfully a nation shone
splendor: what strength was, that
would not bend
in magnanimous meekness. France,
't is strange,
h brought forth no such souls as we
had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

SEPTEMBER, 1802. 1807.

"IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF."

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open
sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, un-
withstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and
morals hold
Which Milton held. — In everything we
are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles mani-
fold.

SEPTEMBER, 1802. 1807.

"WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY."

WHEN I have borne in memory what has
tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts
depart
When men change swords for ledgers,
and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears
unnamed
I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?
Now, when I think of thee, and what
thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
For dearly must we prize thee; we who
find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:

And I by my affection was beguiled:
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

SEPTEMBER, 1802. 1807.

COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE.

Composed October 4th, 1802, after a journey over the Hambleton Hills, on a day memorable to me — the day of my marriage. The horizon commanded by those hills is most magnificent. — The next day, while we were travelling in a post-chaise up Wensleydale, we were stopt by one of the horses proving restive, and were obliged to wait two hours in a severe storm before the post-boy could fetch from the inn another to supply its place. The spot was in front of Bolton Hall, where Mary Queen of Scots was kept prisoner soon after her unfortunate landing at Workington. The place then belonged to the Scroopes, and memorials of her are yet preserved there. To beguile the time I composed a Sonnet. The subject was our own confinement contrasted with hers; but it was not thought worthy of being preserved.

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell;
The wished-for point was reached — but at an hour
When little could be gained from that rich dower
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell.
Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power
Salute us; there stood Indian citadel,
Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower
Substantially expressed — a place for bell
Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,
With groves that never were imagined, lay
'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye
Of silent rapture; but we felt the while
We should forget them; they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away.

OCT. 4, 1802. 1807.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, Coleridge living with us much at the time his son Hartley has said, that his father's character and habits are here preserved in a livelier way than in anything that has been written about him.

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One
Whom without blame I may not overlook
For never sun on living creature shone
Who more devout enjoyment with us took
Here on his hours he hung as on a book;
On his own time here would he float away
As doth a fly upon a summer brook;
But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,
Seek for him, — he is fled; and whither none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful home,
And find elsewhere his business or delight
Out of our Valley's limits did he roam:
Full many a time, upon a stormy night
His voice came to us from the neighbouring height:
Oft could we see him driving full in view
At mid-day when the sun was shining bright;
What ill was on him, what he had to do
A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this Man
When he came back to us, a withered flower, —
Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan
Down would he sit; and without strength or power
Look at the common grass from hour to hour:
And oftentimes, how long I fear to say
Where apple-trees in blossom made a bower,
Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay;
And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.

Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was
Whenever from our Valley he withdrew

happier soul no living creature has
n he had, being here the long day
through.
e thought he was a lover, and did woo:
e thought far worse of him, and
judged him wrong;
verse was what he had been wedded
to;
his own mind did like a tempest
strong
e to him thus, and drove the weary
Wight along.

him there often walked in friendly
guise,
y upon the moss by brook or tree,
ticeable Man with large gray eyes,
a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
a blooming face it ought to be;
ry his low-hung lip did oft appear,
est by weight of musing Phantasy;
ound his forehead was, though not
severe;
ome did think that he had little busi-
ness here:

t heaven forfend! his was a lawful
right;
r he was, and gamesome as a boy;
imbs would toss about him with de-
light
branches when strong winds the trees
annoy.
acked his calmer hours device or toy
anish listlessness and irksome care;
ould have taught you how you might
employ
self; and many did to him repair, —
certes not in vain; he had inventions
rare.

dients, too, of simplest sort he tried:
blades of grass, plucked round him
as he lay,
, to his ear attentively applied,
be on which the wind would deftly
play;
es he had, that little things display,
beetle panoplied in gems and gold,
ilèd angel on a battle-day;
nysteries that cups of flowers enfold,
ll the gorgeous sights which fairies
do behold.

He would entice that other Man to hear
His music, and to view his imagery:
And, sooth, these two were each to the
other dear:
No livelier love in such a place could be:
There did they dwell — from earthly labor
free,
As happy spirits as were ever seen;
If but a bird, to keep them company,
Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
As pleased as if the same had been a
Maiden-queen.

1802. 1815

TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O THOU! whose fancies from afar are
brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock ap-
parel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born
carol;
Thou faery voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one
imagery;
O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.
I thought of times when Pain might be
thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
O too industrious folly!
O vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-
grown flocks.
What hast thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn
brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,

Or to be trailed along the soiling earth;
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife
Slips in a moment out of life.

1802. 1807.

TO THE DAISY.[1]

This and the two following were composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described.

"Her[2] divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw
I could some instruction draw,
And raise pleasure to the height
Through the meanest object's sight.
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustelling;
By a Daisy whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree;
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man."

G. WITHER.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
From hill to hill in discontent
Of pleasure high and turbulent,
Most pleased when most uneasy;
But now my own delights I make, —
My thirst at every rill can slake,
And gladly Nature's love partake,
Of Thee, sweet Daisy!

Thee Winter in the garland wears
That thinly decks his few gray hairs;
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
That she may sun thee;
Whole Summer-fields are thine by right;
And Autumn, melancholy Wight!
Doth in thy crimson head delight
When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane;
Pleased at his greeting thee again;
Yet nothing daunted,
Nor grieved if thou be set at nought:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

[1] See Note. [2] His muse.

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choo
Proud be the rose, with rains and dew
Her head impearling,
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim
The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April sky,
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly,
And wearily at length should fare;
He needs but look about, and there
Thou art! — a friend at hand, to scar
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour
Have I derived from thy sweet powe
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief deligh
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn,
And one chance look to Thee should tu
I drink out of an humbler urn
A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
When thou art up, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits pl
With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,
All seasons through, another debt,
Which I, wherever thou art met,
To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how, nor whe
Nor whither going.

of the Year! that round dost run
leasant course,— when day 's begun
ady to salute the sun
As lark or leveret,
ong-lost praise thou shalt regain;
e less dear to future men
in old time;— thou not in vain
Art Nature's favorite.[1]
. 1807.

TO THE SAME FLOWER.

little here to do or see
ings that in the great world be,
! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
unassuming Common-place
ature, with that homely face,
et with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

n the dappled turf at ease
and play with similes,
types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
nany a fond and idle name
to thee, for praise or blame,
he humor of the game,
While I am gazing.

demure of lowly port;
ightly maiden, of Love's court,
simplicity the sport
f all temptations;
en in crown of rubies drest;
veling in a scanty vest;
l, as seems to suit thee best,
hy appellations.

e cyclops, with one eye
to threaten and defy,
nought comes next — and instantly
ne freak is over,
ape will vanish — and behold
r shield with boss of gold,
preads itself, some faery bold
fight to cover!

nee glittering from afar —
en thou art a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest; —
May peace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Bright *Flower!* for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!
1802. 1807.

[1], in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the ormerly paid to this flower.

TO THE DAISY.

This and the other Poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there. I have been censured for the last line but one — "thy function apostolical" — as being little less than profane. How could it be thought so? The word is adopted with reference to its derivation, implying something sent on a mission; and assuredly this little flower, especially when the subject of verse, may be regarded, in its humble degree, as administering both to moral and to spiritual purposes.

Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow;
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest thorough!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?
A thoughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason,
And Thou would'st teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind
And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,
Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,

With friends to greet thee, or without,
Yet pleased and willing;
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
And all things suffering from all
Thy function apostolical
In peace fulfilling.

1802. 1807.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment:
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair;
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,
A Brother of the dancing leaves;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
Pours forth his song in gushes;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign
While fluttering in the bushes.

1803. 18

YEW-TREES.

Written at Grasmere. These yew-trees still standing, but the spread of that at Lor much diminished by mutilation. I will mention that a little way up the hill, on the leading from Rosthwaite to Stonethwait Borrowdale), lay the trunk of a yew-tree, appeared as you approached, so vast wa diameter, like the entrance of a cave, and small one. Calculating upon what I observed of the slow growth of this tree in situations, and of its durability, I have thought that the one I am describing must been as old as the Christian era. The tree the line of a fence. Great masses of its were strewn about, and some had been down the hillside and lay near the road a bottom. As you approached the tree, you struck with the number of shrubs and y plants, ashes, etc., which had found a bed the decayed trunk and grew to no inconside height, forming, as it were, a part of the h row. In no part of England, or of Europe, I ever seen a yew-tree at all approaching th magnitude, as it must have stood. By the Hutton, the old Guide, of Keswick, had be impressed with the remains of this tree, th used gravely to tell strangers that there cou no doubt of its having been in existence b the flood.

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lo
Vale,
Which to this day stands single, in
midst
Of its own darkness, as it stood of y
Not loth to furnish weapons for the b
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they mar
To Scotland's heaths; or those
crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at A
cour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers
Of vast circumference and gloom profo
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed. But worthier sti
note

se fraternal Four of Borrowdale,
n one solemn and capacious grove;
runks! and each particular trunk a
growth
rtwisted fibres serpentine
ing, and inveterately convolved;
formed with Phantasy, and looks
areaten the profane; — a pillared
shade,
whose grassless floor of red-brown
hue,
ddings from the pining umbrage
tinged
ally — beneath whose sable roof
ghs, as if for festal purpose, decked
rejoicing berries — ghostly Shapes
eet at noontide; Fear and trem-
bling Hope,
and Foresight; Death the Skele-
on
me the Shadow; — there to cele-
brate,
natural temple scattered o'er
tars undisturbed of mossy stone,
worship; or in mute repose
and listen to the mountain flood
ring from Glaramara's inmost
caves.

1815.

"FANCIED WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT."

ncied what a pretty sight
ck would be if edged around
ing snow-drops? circlet bright!
brious to this orchard-ground!
ved the little Rock, and set
s head this coronet?

he humor of a child?
r of some gentle maid,
brows, the day that she was styled
pherd-queen, were thus arrayed?
mature, or matron sage?
nan toying with his age!

— 't was whispered; The device
and all might well belong:
Spirit of Paradise
mpts such work, a Spirit strong,
es to all the self-same bent
ife is wise and innocent.

1807.

"IT IS NO SPIRIT WHO FROM HEAVEN HATH FLOWN."

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. I remember the instant my sister, S. H., called me to the window of our Cottage, saying, "Look how beautiful is yon star! It has the sky all to itself." I composed the verses immediately.

It is no Spirit who from heaven hath
flown,
And is descending on his embassy;
Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens
to espy!
'T is Hesperus — there he stands with
glittering crown,
First admonition that the sun is down!
For yet it is broad daylight: clouds pass
by;
A few are near him still — and now the
sky,
He hath it to himself — 't is all his own.
O most ambitious Star! an inquest
wrought
Within me when I recognized thy light;
A moment I was startled at the sight:
And, while I gazed, there came to me a
thought
That I might step beyond my natural race
As thou seem'st now to do; might one day
trace
Some ground not mine; and, strong her
strength above,
My Soul, an Apparition in the place,
Tread there with steps that no one shall
reprove!

1803. 1807.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1803.

Mr. Coleridge, my Sister, and myself started together from Town-end to make a tour in Scotland. Poor Coleridge was at that time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection; and he departed from us, as is recorded in my Sister's Journal, soon after we left Loch Lomond. The verses that stand foremost among these Memorials were not actually written for the occasion, but transplanted from my "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont."

I.

DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

AUGUST, 1803.

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains;
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,
Methinks 't would heighten joy, to overleap
At will the crystal battlements, and peep
Into some other region, though less fair,
To see how things are made and managed there.
Change for the worse might please, incursion bold
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold;
O'er Limbo lake with aëry flight to steer,
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear.
Such animation often do I find,
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,
Perchance without one look behind me cast.
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.
O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine;
Not like an outcast with himself at strife;
The slave of business, time, or care for life,
But moved by choice; or, if constrained in part,
Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart;—
To cull contentment upon wildest shores,
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors;
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold.
And having rights in all that we behold.
—Then why these lingering steps?—A bright adieu,
For a brief absence, proves that love is true;
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn
That winds into itself for sweet return.

1803. 1827.

II.

AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803,

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEAT

For illustration, see my Sister's Journa
may be proper to add that the second of
pieces, though *felt* at the time, was not com
till many years after.

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold:
As vapors breathed from dungeons c
Strike pleasure dead,
So sadness comes from out the mou
Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that 's here
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Off weight—nor press on weigh
away
Dark thoughts!—they came, but n
stay;
With chastened feelings would I pa
The tribute due
To him, and aught that hides his cl
From mortal view.

Fresh as the flower, whose modest v
He sang, his genius "glinted" fort
Rose like a star that touching earth
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful br
The struggling heart, where be
now?—
Full soon the Aspirant of the ploug
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the lov
And silent grave.

I mourned with thousands, but as o
More deeply grieved, for He was g
Whose light I hailed when first it s
And showed my youth

Verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

where'er the current tends,
pursues and with it blends, —
Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen, —
oors we were, and loving friends
We might have been;

iends though diversely inclined;
art with heart and mind with mind,
the main fibres are entwined,
Through Nature's skill,
ven by contraries be joined
More closely still.

ar will start, and let it flow;
" poor Inhabitant below,"
dread moment — even so —
Might we together
ate and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

treasures would have then been
placed
my reach; of knowledge graced
cy what a rich repast!
But why go on? —
oare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass-grown.

too, a Son, his joy and pride,
ree weeks past the Stripling died,)
thered to his Father's side,
Soul-moving sight!
e to which is not denied
Some sad delight:

is safe, a quiet bed
arly found among the dead,
ed where none can be misled,
Wronged, or distrest;
rely here it may be said
That such are blest.

for Thee, by pitying grace
d oft-times in a devious race,
e who halloweth the place
Where Man is laid
thy Spirit in the embrace
For which it prayed!

Sighing I turned away; but ere
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,
Music that sorrow comes not near,
A ritual hymn,
Chanted in love that casts out fear
By Seraphim.

1803. 1845.

III.

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF NITH, NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

Too frail to keep the lofty vow
That must have followed when his brow
Was wreathed — "The Vision" tells us
how —
With holly spray,
He faltered, drifted to and fro,
And passed away.

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister,
throng
Our minds when, lingering all too long,
Over the grave of Burns we hung
In social grief —
Indulged as if it were a wrong
To seek relief.

But, leaving each unquiet theme
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,
And prompt to welcome every gleam
Of good and fair,
Let us beside this limpid Stream
Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wreck, and blight;
Think rather of those moments bright
When to the consciousness of right
His course was true,
When Wisdom prospered in his sight
And virtue grew.

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,
Freely as in youth's season bland,
When side by side, his Book in hand,
We wont to stray,
Our pleasure varying at command
Of each sweet Lay.

How oft inspired must he have trod
These pathways, yon far-stretching road!
There lurks his home; in that Abode,
With mirth elate,
Or in his nobly-pensive mood,
The Rustic sate.

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,
Before it humbly let us pause,
And ask of Nature, from what cause
And by what rules
She trained her Burns to win applause
That shames the Schools.

Through busiest street and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen;
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives.

What need of fields in some far clime
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme
From genuine springs,
Shall dwell together till old Time
Folds up his wings?

Sweet Mercy! to the gates of Heaven
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavor,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,
Effaced forever.

But why to Him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all that live? —
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive![1]

1803. 1845.

IV.

TO THE SONS OF BURNS

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER.

The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard. We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each oth own verses —

"'Is there a man whose judgment clear,'
Extract from the Journal Fellow-Traveller.

'MID crowded obelisks and urns
I sought the untimely grave of Burn
Sons of the Bard, my heart still mo
With sorrow true;
And more would grieve, but that it
Trembling to you!

Through twilight shades of good an
Ye now are panting up life's hill,
And more than common strength
skill
Must ye display;
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to
Intemperance with less harm, bewa
But if the Poet's wit ye share,
Like him can speed
The social hour — of tenfold care
There will be need;

For honest men delight will take
To spare your failings for his sake,
Will flatter you, — and fool and rak
Your steps pursue;
And of your Father's name will ma
A snare for you.

Far from their noisy haunts retire,
And add your voices to the quire
That sanctify the cottage fire
With service meet;
There seek the genius of your Sire,
His spirit greet;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights
hows,"
He paid to Nature tuneful vows;
Or wiped his honorable brows
Bedewed with toil,
While reapers strove, or busy ploug
Upturned the soil;

His judgment with benignant ray
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your w

[1] See Note.

e'er to a seductive lay
Let faith be given;
eem that "light which leads astray,
Is light from Heaven."

o mean hope your souls enslave;
dependent, generous, brave;
Father such example gave,
And such revere;
e admonished by his grave,
And think, and fear!

1807.

V.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL

VERSNEYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND.

delightful creature and her demeanor are larly described in my Sister's Journal. rt of prophecy with which the verses con- as, through God's goodness, been realized; w, approaching the close of my 73d year, a most vivid remembrance of her and the ul objects with which she was surrounded. alluded to in the Poem of "The Three e Girls" among my Continental Memorials. stration of this class of Poems I have y anything to say beyond what is antici- in my Sister's faithful and admirable l.

T Highland Girl, a very shower
auty is thy earthly dower!
seven consenting years have shed
utmost bounty on thy head:
these gray rocks; that household
lawn;
trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
all of water that doth make
mur near the silent lake;
ttle bay; a quiet road
olds in shelter Thy abode —
th together do ye seem
omething fashioned in a dream;
Forms as from their covert peep
earthly cares are laid asleep!
) fair Creature! in the light
nmon day, so heavenly bright,
; Thee, Vision as thou art,
; thee with a human heart;
nield thee to thy latest years!
neither know I, nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien, or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered, like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a Mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech:
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving-kind —
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighborhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder Brother I would be,
Thy Father — anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loth to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part:

For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

1803. 1807.

VI.

GLEN-ALMAIN;

OR, THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one:
He sang of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And everything unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.
Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it? — I blame them not
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot
Was moved; and in such way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell,
Would break the silence of this Dell:
It is not quiet, is not ease;
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave; and of austere
Yet happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place.

1803. 1807.

VII.

STEPPING WESTWARD.

While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterine, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in course of our Tour, we had been hospitably tertained some weeks before, we met, in on the loneliest parts of that solitary region, well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us way of greeting, "What, are you stepping w ward?"

"*What, you are stepping westward?*"
"*Yea.*"

—'T would be a *wildish* destiny,
If we, who thus together roam
In a strange Land, and far from hom
Were in this place the guests of Chan
Yet who would stop, or fear to advan
Though home or shelter he had none
With such a sky to lead him on?

The dewy ground was dark and cold;
Behind, all gloomy to behold;
And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of *heavenly* destiny:
I liked the greeting; 't was a sound
Of something without place or bound
And seemed to give me spiritual righ
To travel through that region bright.

The voice was soft, and she who spa
Was walking by her native lake:
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy:
Its power was felt; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,
The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that
Before me in my endless way.

1803. 18

VIII.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands

vellers in some shady haunt,
g Arabian sands:
ce so thrilling ne'er was heard,
ing-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
ing the silence of the seas
g the farthest Hebrides.

o one tell me what she sings? —
ps the plaintive numbers flow
d, unhappy, far-off things,
attles long ago:
t some more humble lay,
iar matter of to-day?
natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
as been, and may be again?

e'er the theme, the Maiden sang
ier song could have no ending;
her singing at her work,
'er the sickle bending; —
ned, motionless and still;
as I mounted up the hill,
usic in my heart I bore,
after it was heard no more.

1807.

IX.

RESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE.

irst three lines were thrown off at the I first caught sight of the Ruin from a minence by the wayside; the rest was nany years after.

m the top of the hill a most impressive pened upon our view, — a ruined Castle sland (for an Island the flood had made it) distance from the shore, backed by a the Mountain Cruachan, down which foaming stream. The Castle occupied pot of the Island that was visible to us, g to rise out of the water, — mists rested e mountain side, with spots of sunshine; as a mild desolation in the low grounds, n grandeur in the mountains, and the vas wild, yet stately — not dismantled of — nor the walls broken down, though ob- a ruin." — *Extract from the Journal of panion.*

of loud-throated War! the moun-
tain Stream
n thy hearing; but thy hour of rest
e, and thou art silent in thy age;
Save when the wind sweeps by and
sounds are caught
Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor
theirs.
Oh! there is life that breathes not;
Powers there are
That touch each other to the quick in
modes
Which the gross world no sense hath to
perceive,
No soul to dream of. What art Thou,
from care
Cast off — abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
Nor by soft Peace adopted; though, in
place
And in dimension, such that thou
might'st seem
But a mere footstool to yon sovereign
Lord,
Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner
hills
Might crush, nor know that it had suf-
fered harm;)
Yet he, not loth, in favor of thy claims
To reverence, suspends his own; sub-
mitting
All that the God of Nature hath con-
ferred,
All that he holds in common with the
stars,
To the memorial majesty of Time
Impersonated in thy calm decay!
Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unre-
proved!
Now, while a farewell gleam of evening
light
Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,
Do thou, in turn, be paramount; and
rule
Over the pomp and beauty of a scene
Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and
woods, unite
To pay thee homage; and with these are
joined
In willing admiration and respect,
Two Hearts, which in thy presence might
be called
Youthful as Spring. — Shade of departed
Power,
Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,
The chronicle were welcome that should
call
Into the compass of distinct regard

The toils and struggles of thy infant years!
Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice;
Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,
Frozen by distance; so, majestic Pile,
To the perception of this Age, appear
Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued
And quieted in character — the strife,
The pride, the fury uncontrollable,
Lost on the aërial heights of the Crusades! [1]

1803. 1827.

X.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy. If so, I may plead in excuse that I wrote on apparently good authority, namely, that of a well-educated Lady who lived at the head of the Lake, within a mile or less of the point indicated as containing the remains of One so famous in the neighborhood.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known; his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,
The English ballad-singer's joy!
And Scotland has a thief as good,
An outlaw of as daring mood;
She has her brave ROB ROY!

Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,
And let us chant a passing stave,
In honor of that Hero brave!

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart
And wondrous length and strength of arm:
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,
Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave;
Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy
Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave
As wise in thought as bold in deed:
For in the principles of things
He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need
books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelve
They stir us up against our kind;
And worse, against ourselves.

"We have a passion — make a law,
Too false to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we los
Distinctions that are plain and few:
These find I graven on my heart:
That tells me what to do.

"The creatures see of flood and fiel
And those that travel on the wind!
With them no strife can last; they li
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why? — because the good old
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have
power,
And they should keep who can.

"A lesson that is quickly learned,
A signal this which all can see!
Thus nothing here provokes the stro
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checke
He tamed, who foolishly aspires;
While to the measure of his might
Each fashions his desires.

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and
By strength of prowess or of wit:
'T is God's appointment who must s
And who is to submit.

"Since, then, the rule of right is pl
And longest life is but a day;
To have my ends, maintain my right
I 'll take the shortest way."

[1] The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

us among these rocks he lived,
gh summer heat and winter snow:
agle, he was lord above,
nd Rob was lord below.

it — *would*, at least, have been
rough untowardness of fate;
olity was then too strong —
e came an age too late;

ll we say an age too soon?
ere the bold Man living *now*,
night he flourish in his pride,
Vith buds on every bough!

ents and factors, rights of chase,
s, and lairds and their domains,
all have seemed but paltry things,
ot worth a moment's pains.

oy had never lingered here,
se few meagre Vales confined;
ought how wide the world, the
times
ow fairly to his mind!

his Sword he would have said,
Thou my sovereign will enact
and to land through half the earth!
dge thou of law and fact!

fit that we should do our part,
ing, that mankind should learn
e are not to be surpassed
fatherly concern.

d things all are over old,
d things none are good enough: —
show that we can help to frame
world of other stuff.

o, will have my kings that take
ne the sign of life and death:
oms shall shift about, like clouds,
oedient to my breath."

the word had been fulfilled,
ht have been, then, thought of joy!
would have had her present Boast,
nd we our own Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not;
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave!
Would wrong thee nowhere; least of all
Here standing by thy grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts,
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan!
Hadst this to boast of; thou didst love
The *liberty* of man.

And, had it been thy lot to live
With us who now behold the light,
Thou would'st have nobly stirred thyself,
And battled for the Right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand;
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,
Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill,
Are faces that attest the same;
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,
At sound of ROB ROY'S name.

1803. 1807.

XI.

SONNET.

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE.

The Castle here mentioned was Nidpath near Peebles. The person alluded to was the then Duke of Queensbury. The fact was told me by Walter Scott.

DEGENERATE Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,

Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggared and outraged! — Many hearts deplored
The fate of those old Trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

SEPT. 18, 1803. 1807.

XII.

YARROW UNVISITED.

See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite ballad of Hamilton beginning
"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow! —"

FROM Stirling castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we 'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 't is their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There 's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There 's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What 's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
— Strange words they seemed of s
and scorn
My True-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarr
holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,[1]
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
We 'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not tur
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine par
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There 's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknov
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long
We 'll keep them, winsome Marrow
For when we 're there, although 't is
'T will be another Yarrow!

"If Care with freezing years should c
And wandering seem but folly, —
Should we be loth to stir from home
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'T will soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to sho
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

1803. 1

[1] See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

XIII.

MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER HUSBAND.

dborough, my companion and I went into lodgings for a few days: and the following were called forth by the character and c situation of our Hostess.

twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,
ll a train of laughing Hours;
d them dance, and bid them sing;
ou, too, mingle in the ring!
o thy heart a new delight;
make merry in despite
there is One who scorns thy power: —
nce! for under Jedborough Tower,
ron dwells who, though she bears
eight of more than seventy years,
n the light of youthful glee,
e will dance and sing with thee.
! start not at that Figure — there!
ho is rooted to his chair!
t him — look again! for he
ong been of thy family.
egs that move not, if they can,
eless arms, a trunk of man,
, and with a vacant eye;
to make a stranger sigh!
drooping, that is now his doom:
rld is in this single room:
a place for mirthful cheer?
erry-making enter here?
joyous Woman is the Mate
in that forlorn estate!
athes a subterraneous damp;
ght as Vesper shines her lamp:
s mute as Jedborough Tower:
und as it was of yore,
ll its bravery on; in times
ll alive with merry chimes,
sun-bright morn of May,
ed the Vale to holiday.
ise thee, Matron! and thy due
e, heroic praise, and true!
dmiration I behold
dness unsubdued and bold:
oks, thy gestures, all present
ture of a life well spent:
I see; and something more;
gth unthought of heretofore!
Delighted am I for thy sake;
And yet a higher joy partake:
Our Human-nature throws away
Its second twilight, and looks gay;
A land of promise and of pride
Unfolding, wide as life is wide.
Ah! see her helpless Charge! enclosed
Within himself it seems, composed;
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,
The strife of happiness and pain,
Utterly dead! yet in the guise
Of little infants, when their eyes
Begin to follow to and fro
The persons that before them go,
He tracks her motions, quick or slow,
Her buoyant spirit can prevail
Where common cheerfulness would fail;
She strikes upon him with the heat
Of July suns; he feels it sweet;
An animal delight though dim!
'T is all that now remains for him!
The more I looked, I wondered more —
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,
Some inward trouble suddenly
Broke from the Matron's strong black eye —
A remnant of uneasy light,
A flash of something over-bright!
Nor long this mystery did detain
My thoughts; — she told in pensive strain
That she had borne a heavy yoke,
Been stricken by a twofold stroke;
Ill health of body; and had pined
Beneath worse ailments of the mind.
So be it! — but let praise ascend
To Him who is our lord and friend!
Who from disease and suffering
Hath called for thee a second spring;
Repaid thee for that sore distress
By no untimely joyousness;
Which makes of thine a blissful state;
And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

1803. 1807.

XIV.

"FLY, SOME KIND HARBINGER, TO GRASMERE-DALE!"

This was actually composed the last day of our tour between Dalston and Grasmere.

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale!
Say that we come, and come by this day's light;

Fly upon swiftest wing round field and
height,
But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;
There let a mystery of joy prevail,
The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,
And Rover whine, as at a second sight
Of near-approaching good that shall not
fail:
And from that Infant's face let joy appear;
Yea, let our Mary's one companion
child —
That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled
With intimations manifold and dear,
While we have wandered over wood and
wild —
Smile on his Mother now with bolder
cheer.

1803. 1815.

XV.

THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY.

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRESIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

The story was told me by George Mackereth, for many years parish-clerk of Grasmere. He had been an eye-witness of the occurrence. The vessel in reality was a washing-tub, which the little fellow had met with on the shore of the Loch.

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,
Have romped enough, my little Boy!
Jane hangs her head upon my breast,
And you shall bring your stool and rest;
This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly:
And, as I promised, I will tell
That strange adventure which befell
A poor blind Highland Boy.

A *Highland* Boy! — why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know
That, under hills which rise like towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had lived.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight
The sun, the day; the stars, the night;
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,
Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pin
Nor had a melancholy mind;
For God took pity on the Boy,
And was his friend; and gave him
Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above
Her other children him did love:
For, was she here, or was she there
She thought of him with constant ca
And more than mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when,
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,
And bonnet with a feather gay,
To Kirk he on the Sabbath day
Went hand in hand with her.

A dog too, had he; not for need,
But one to play with and to feed;
Which would have led him, if beref
Of company or friends, and left
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blo
And thus from house to house would
And all were pleased to hear and se
For none made sweeter melody
Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream;
Both when he heard the eagles scre
And when he heard the torrents roa
And heard the water beat the shore
Near which their cottage stood.

Beside a lake their cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood
But one of mighty size, and strange
That, rough or smooth, is full of cha
And stirring in its bed.

For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the
And drinks up all the pretty rills
And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came
Returns, on errand still the same;
This did it when the earth was new
And this for evermore will do
As long as earth shall last.

with the coming of the tide,
e boats and ships that safely ride
een the woods and lofty rocks;
to the shepherds with their flocks
Bring tales of distant lands.

of those tales, whate'er they were,
blind Boy always had his share;
her of mighty towns, or vales
warmer suns and softer gales,
Or wonders of the Deep.

nore it pleased him, more it stirred,
n, from the water-side he heard
houting, and the jolly cheers;
ustle of the mariners
In stillness or in storm.

what do his desires avail?
He must never handle sail;
nount the mast, nor row, nor float
lor's ship, or fisher's boat,
Upon the rocking waves.

Mother often thought, and said,
sin would be upon her head
e should suffer this: "My Son,
e'er you do, leave this undone;
The danger is so great.

lived he by Loch Leven's side,
ounding with the sounding tide,
neard the billows leap and dance,
ut a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

one day (and now mark me well,
on shall know how this befell)
a vessel of his own,
e swift flood is hurrying down,
Down to the mighty Sea.

h a vessel never more
uman creature leave the shore!
s or that way he should stir,
o the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

y what bears him? — Ye have seen
ndian's bow, his arrows keen,
beasts, and birds with plumage
bright;

Gifts which, for wonder or delight,
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men
Spread round that haven in the glen;
Each hut, perchance, might have its own;
And to the Boy they all were known —
He knew and prized them all.

The rarest was a Turtle-shell
Which he, poor Child, had studied well;
A shell of ample size, and light
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gayly lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.

And this the little blind Boy knew:
And he a story strange yet true
Had heard, how in a shell like this
An English Boy, O thought of bliss!
Had stoutly launched from shore;

Launched from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian isles, where lay
His father's ship, and had sailed far —
To join that gallant ship of war,
In his delightful shell.

Our Highland Boy oft visited
The house that held this prize; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate, alone and blind,
That story flashed upon his mind; —
A bold thought roused him, and he took
The shell from out its secret nook,
And bore it on his head.

He launched his vessel, — and in pride
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,
Stepped into it — his thoughts all free
As the light breezes that with glee
Sang through the adventurer's hair.

A while he stood upon his feet;
He felt the motion — took his seat;

Still better pleased as more and more
The tide retreated from the shore,
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven.
How rapidly the Child is driven!
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,
He thus had gone, ere he was seen
By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me
What shrieking and what misery!
For many saw; among the rest
His Mother, she who loved him best,
She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the child, the sightless Boy,
It is the triumph of his joy!
The bravest traveller in balloon,
Mounting as if to reach the moon,
Was never half so blessed.

And let him, let him go his way,
Alone, and innocent, and gay!
For, if good Angels love to wait
On the forlorn unfortunate,
This Child will take no harm.

But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Are stifled — all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A boat is ready to pursue;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace;
So have ye seen the fowler chase
On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest
With deftly-lifted oar;

Or as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be mad
They follow, more and more afraid,
More cautious as they draw more nea
But in his darkness he can hear,
And guesses their intent.

"*Lei-gha*—*Lei-gha*"—he then cried o
"*Lei-gha*—*Lei-gha*"—with eager sho
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,
And what he meant was, "Keep awa
And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands—
You 've often heard of magic wands,
That with a motion overthrow
A palace of the proudest show,
Or melt it into air:

So all his dreams — that inward light
With which his soul had shone so bright
All vanished; — 't was a heartfelt cr
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,
As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice,
With which the very hills rejoice:
'T is from the crowd, who tremblingl
Have watched the event, and now
see
That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to la
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which, gathering round, did on the ba
Of that great Water give God thanks
And welcomed the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,
She who had fainted with her fear,
Rejoiced when waking she espies
The Child; when she can trust her ey
And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain,
When he was in the house again:

s flowed in torrents from her eyes;
kissed him — how could she chastise?
She was too happy far.

, after he had fondly braved
perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
though his fancies had been wild,
ne was pleased and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

in the lonely Highland dell
do they keep the Turtle-shell
long the story will repeat
ne blind Boy's adventurous feat,
And how he was preserved.

1807.

TE. — It is recorded in Dampier's *Voyages*, boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War, himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it he shore to his father's ship, which lay at r at the distance of half a mile. In defer- o the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted shell for the less elegant vessel in which nd Voyager did actually entrust himself to ngerous current of Loch Leven, as was d to me by an eye-witness.

OCTOBER, 1803.

might believe that natural miseries
blasted France, and made of it a land
for men; and that in one great band
ons were bursting forth, to dwell at
ease.
t is a chosen soil, where sun and
breeze
gentle favors: rural works are there,
ordinary business without care;
rich in all things that can soothe and
please!
piteous then that there should be
such dearth
owledge; that whole myriads should
unite
ork against themselves such fell
despite:
d come in phrensy and in drunken
mirth,
ient to put out the only light
berty that yet remains on earth!

1807.

"THERE IS A BONDAGE WORSE, FAR WORSE, TO BEAR."

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to
bear
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor,
and wall,
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall:
'T is his who walks about in the open air,
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must
wear
Their fetters in their souls. For who
could be,
Who, even the best, in such condition, free
From self-reproach, reproach that he must
share
With Human-nature? Never be it ours
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,
And know that noble feelings, manly
powers,
Instead of gathering strength, must droop
and pine;
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and
flowers
Fade, and participate in man's decline.

OCTOBER, 1803. 1807.

OCTOBER, 1803.

THESE times strike monied worldlings
with dismay:
Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the
air
With words of apprehension and despair:
While tens of thousands, thinking on the
affray,
Men unto whom sufficient for the day
And minds not stinted or untilled are
given,
Sound, healthy, children of the God of
heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual
breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital, — and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and
death?

1803. 1807.

"ENGLAND! THE TIME IS COME WHEN THOU SHOULD'ST WEAN."

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou
should'st wean
Thy heart from its emasculating food;
The truth should now be better under-
stood;
Old things have been unsettled; we have
seen
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have
been
But for thy trespasses; and, at this day,
If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,
Aught good were destined, thou would'st
step between.
England! all nations in this charge agree:
But worse, more ignorant in love and
hate,
Far — far more abject, is thine Enemy:
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though
the freight
Of thy offences be a heavy weight:
Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all
with Thee!

OCTOBER, 1803. 1807.

OCTOBER, 1803.

WHEN, looking on the present face of
things,
I see one Man, of men the meanest too!
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,
With mighty Nations for his underlings,
The great events with which old story rings
Seem vain and hollow; I find nothing
great:
Nothing is left which I can venerate;
So that a doubt almost within me springs
Of Providence, such emptiness at length
Seems at the heart of all things. But,
great God!
I measure back the steps which I have
trod:
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the
strength
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts
sublime
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

1803. 1807.

TO THE MEN OF KENT.

OCTOBER, 1803.

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast
France,
Now is the time to prove your hardimen
To France be words of invitation sent!
They from their fields can see the cou
tenance
Of your fierce war, may ken the glitteri
lance
And hear you shouting forth your bra
intent.
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore
Did from the Norman win a galla
wreath;
Confirmed the charters that were you
before;—
No parleying now! In Britain is o
breath;
We all are with you now from shore
shore: —
Ye men of Kent, 't is victory or death
1803. 1807.

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANK

An invasion being expected, October, 1803.

SIX thousand veterans practised in wa
game,
Tried men, at Killicranky were arraye
Against an equal host that wore the plai
Shepherds and herdsmen. — Like a whi
wind came
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread li
flame;
And Garry, thundering down his mou
tain-road,
Was stopped, and could not breathe
neath the load
Of the dead bodies. — 'T was a day
shame
For them whom precept and the pedan
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave.
O for a single hour of that Dundee,
Who on that day the word of onset gav
Like conquest would the Men of Engla
see;
And her Foes find a like inglorious gra
1803. 180

ANTICIPATION, October, 1803.

OUT, for a mighty Victory is won!
British ground the Invaders are laid low;
breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,
l left them lying in the silent sun,
er to rise again! — the work is done.
ne forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show
greet your sons! drums beat and trumpets blow!
ke merry, wives! ye little children, stun
r grandame's ears with pleasure of your noise!
, infants, clap your hands! Divine must be
t triumph, when the very worst, the pain,
even the prospect of our brethren slain,
h something in it which the heart enjoys: —
lory will they sleep and endless sanctity.
3. 1807.

LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION, 1803.

E ye — who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land
e with herself at strife, would take your stand,
gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,
like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride —
e ye — who, not less zealous, might display
ers at enmity with regal sway,
like the Pyms and Miltons of that day,
k that a State would live in sounder health
ngship bowed its head to Commonwealth —
o — whom no discreditable fear
ld keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,
Uncertain what to choose and how to steer —
And ye — who might mistake for sober sense
And wise reserve the plea of indolence —
Come ye — whate'er your creed — O waken all,
Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call;
Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)
To have one Soul, and perish to a man,
Or save this honored Land from every Lord
But British reason and the British sword.
1803. 1845.

THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE.[1]

The character of this man was described to me, and the incident upon which the verses turn was told me, by Mr. Pool of Nether Stowey, with whom I became acquainted through our common friend, S. T. Coleridge. During my residence at Alfoxden I used to see much of him and had frequent occasions to admire the course of his daily life, especially his conduct to his laborers and poor neighbors: their virtues he carefully encouraged, and weighed their faults in the scales of charity. If I seem in these verses to have treated the weaknesses of the farmer, and his transgression, too tenderly, it may in part be ascribed to my having received the story from one so averse to all harsh judgment. After his death, was found in his escritoir a lock of gray hair carefully preserved, with a notice that it had been cut from the head of his faithful shepherd, who had served him for a length of years. I need scarcely add that he felt for all men as his brothers. He was much beloved by distinguished persons — Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Southey, Sir H. Davy, and many others; and in his own neighborhood was highly valued as a magistrate, a man of business, and in every other social relation. The latter part of the poem, perhaps, requires some apology as being too much of an echo to the "Reverie of Poor Susan."

'T is not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,
The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,
And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,
That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

[1] See Note.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town;
His staff is a sceptre — his gray hairs a crown;
And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by the streak
Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn, — 'mid the joy
Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy,
That countenance there fashioned, which, spite of a stain
That his life hath received, to the last will remain.

A Farmer he was; and his house far and near
Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer:
How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale
Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his mild ale!

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,
His fields seemed to know what their Master was doing:
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,
All caught the infection — as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl, —
The fields better suited the ease of his soul:
He strayed through the fields like an indolent wight,
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought; and the poor,
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door:
He gave them the best that he had; or, to say
What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive o
his farm:
The Genius of plenty preserved him fro
harm:
At length, what to most is a season
sorrow,
His means are run out, — he must beg,
must borrow.

To the neighbors he went, — all were fr
with their money;
For his hive had so long been replenishe
with honey,
That they dreamt not of dearth; — H
continued his rounds,
Knocked here — and knocked there
pounds still adding to pounds.

He paid what he could with his ill-gotte
pelf,
And something, it might be, reserved f
himself:
Then (what is too true) without hintin
a word,
Turned his back on the country — and o
like a bird.

You lift up your eyes! — but I guess tha
you frame
A judgment too harsh of the sin and th
shame;
In him it was scarcely a business of art
For this he did all in the *ease* of his hear

To London — a sad emigration I ween –
With his gray hairs he went from th
brook and the green;
And there, with small wealth but his leg
and his hands,
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sand

All trades, as need was, did old Ada
assume, —
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porte
and groom;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lu
in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is gree
and is stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood r
about;

u would say that each hair of his beard
was alive,
d his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

he 's not like an Old Man that leisurely
goes
out work that he knows, in a track that
he knows;
often his mind is compelled to demur,
d you guess that the more then his body
must stir.

he throng of the town like a stranger
is he,
e one whose own country's far over
the sea;
d Nature, while through the great city
he hies,
l ten times a day takes his heart by
surprise.

s gives him the fancy of one that is
young,
re of soul in his face than of words on
his tongue;
e a maiden of twenty he trembles and
sighs,
l tears of fifteen will come into his
eyes.

at 's a tempest to him, or the dry
parching heats?
he watches the clouds that pass over
the streets;
h a look of such earnestness often will
stand,
might think he 'd twelve reapers at
work in the Strand.

ere proud Covent-garden, in desolate
hours
now and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits
and her flowers,
Adam will smile at the pains that have
made
winter look fine in such strange
masquerade.

l coaches and chariots, a wagon of
straw,
a magnet, the heart of old Adam can
draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory
will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the
sounds of a dream.

Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his
way,
Thrusts his hands in a wagon, and smells
at the hay;
He thinks of the fields he so often hath
mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were
his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair, —
If you pass by at morning, you 'll meet
with him there.
The breath of the cows you may see him
inhale,
And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury
Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam! when low thou
art laid,
May one blade of grass spring up over thy
head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever
it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves
of a tree.

1803. 1815.

TO THE CUCKOO.

Composed in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

O BLITHE New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me

No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place;
That is fit home for Thee!
1804. 1807.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious.

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, an
smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.
1804. 1807.

"I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD."

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Th Daffodils grew and still grow on the margin Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this da as beautiful in the month of March, noddin their golden heads beside the dancing and foan ing waves.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but the
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thoug
What wealth the show to me had brough

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
1804. 1807.

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET ——

ritten at Town-end, Grasmere. This was n from the case of a poor widow who lived e town of Penrith. Her sorrow was well vn to Mrs. Wordsworth, to my Sister, and, I ve, to the whole town. She kept a shop, when she saw a stranger passing by, she was e habit of going out into the street to inquire im after her son.

I.

ERE art thou, my belovèd Son,
ere art thou, worse to me than dead?
find me, prosperous or undone!
if the grave be now thy bed,
y am I ignorant of the same,
t I may rest; and neither blame
sorrow may attend thy name?

II.

en years, alas! to have received
tidings of an only child;
iave despaired, have hoped, believed,
been for evermore beguiled,
ietimes with thoughts of very bliss!
tch at them, and then I miss;
s ever darkness like to this?

III.

was among the prime in worth,
bject beauteous to behold;
l born, well bred; I sent him forth
enuous, innocent, and bold:
nings ensued that wanted grace,
iath been said, they were not base;
never blush was on my face.

IV.

little doth the young one dream,
n full of play and childish cares,
t power is in his wildest scream,
rd by his mother unawares!
knows it not, he cannot guess:
rs to a mother bring distress;
do not make her love the less.

V.

éct me! no, I suffered long
n that ill thought; and, being blind,
, "Pride shall help me in my wrong;
l mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed:" and that is true;
I 've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

VI.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honor and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain:
I now can see with better eyes;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

VII.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount — how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

VIII.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den;
Or hast been summoned to the deep,
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

IX.

I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me: 't is falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead;
For, surely, then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night,
With love and longings infinite.

X.

My apprehensions come in crowds;
I dread the rustling of the grass;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass:
I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind.

XI.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:

If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend!
1804. 1807.

THE FORSAKEN.

This was an overflow from the "Affliction of Margaret ——," and was excluded as superfluous there, but preserved in the faint hope that it may turn to account by restoring a shy lover to some forsaken damsel. My poetry has been complained of as deficient in interests of this sort, — a charge which the piece beginning, "Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live," will scarcely tend to obviate. The natural imagery of these verses was supplied by frequent, I might say intense, observation of the Rydal torrent. What an animating contrast is the ever-changing aspect of that, and indeed of every one of our mountain brooks, to the monotonous tone and unmitigated fury of such streams among the Alps as are fed all the summer long by glaciers and melting snows. A traveller observing the exquisite purity of the great rivers, such as the Rhine at Geneva, and the Reuss at Lucerne, when they issue out of their respective lakes, might fancy for a moment that some power in nature produced this beautiful change, with a view to make amends for those Alpine sullyings which the waters exhibit near their fountain heads; but, alas! how soon does that purity depart before the influx of tributary waters that have flowed through cultivated plains and the crowded abodes of men.

THE peace which others seek they find;
The heaviest storms not longest last;
Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind
An amnesty for what is past;
When will my sentence be reversed?
I only pray to know the worst;
And wish as if my heart would burst.

O weary struggle! silent years
Tell seemingly no doubtful tale;
And yet they leave it short, and fears
And hopes are strong and will prevail.
My calmest faith escapes not pain;
And, feeling that the hope is vain,
I think that he will come again.
1804. 1845.

REPENTANCE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Suggest by the conversation of our next neighbor, Mi garet Ashburner.

THE fields which with covetous spirit w
sold,
Those beautiful fields, the delight of th
day,
Would have brought us more good tha
a burthen of gold,
Could we but have been as contented
they.

When the troublesome Tempter beset u
said I,
"Let him come, with his purse proud
grasped in his hand;
But, Allan, be true to me, Allan, — we
die
Before he shall go with an inch of th
land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in the
bowers;
Unfettered as bees that in gardens abid
We could do what we liked with the lan
it was ours;
And for us the brook murmured that ra
by its side.

But now we are strangers; go early or lat
And often, like one overburthened wi
sin,
With my hand on the latch of the ha
opened gate,
I look at the fields, but I cannot go in

When I walk by the hedge on a brig
summer's day,
Or sit in the shade of my grandfathe
tree,
A stern face it puts on, as if ready to sa
"What ails you, that you must co
creeping to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could n
be sad;
Our comfort was near if we ever wo
crost:

the comfort, the blessings, and wealth
that we had,
slighted them all, — and our birth-
right was lost.

ill-judging sire of an innocent son
o must now be a wanderer! but peace
to that strain!
nk of evening's repose when our labor
was done,
sabbath's return; and its leisure's soft
chain!

l in sickness, if night had been spar-
ing of sleep,
w cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where
I stood,
king down on the kine, and our treas-
ure of sheep
t besprinkled the field; 't was like
youth in my blood!

v I cleave to the house, and am dull
as a snail;
l, oftentimes, hear the church-bell
with a sigh,
t follows the thought — We 've no land
in the vale,
e six feet of earth where our forefathers
lie!

94. 1820.

THE SEVEN SISTERS;[1]

OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

I.

EN Daughters had Lord Archibald,
children of one mother:
could not say in one short day
at love they bore each other.
rland, of seven lilies, wrought!
n Sisters that together dwell;
he, bold Knight as ever fought,
r Father, took of them no thought,
loved the wars so well.
, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
solitude of Binnorie!

II.

h blows the wind, a western wind,
from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
The warriors leap upon the land,
And hark! the Leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

III.

Beside a grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of man and steed,
Away they fly to left, to right —
Of your fair household, Father-knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

IV.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,
And, over hill and hollow,
With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they, "Your Father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty house when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!"
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

V.

Some close behind, some side to side,
Like clouds in stormy weather;
They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,
And let us die together."
A lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plunged into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

VI.

The stream that flows out of the lake,
As through the glen it rambles,

[1] See Note.

Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,
For those seven lovely Campbells.
Seven little Islands, green and bare,
Have risen from out the deep:
The fishers say, those sisters fair,
By faeries all are buried there,
And there together sleep.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

1804. 1807.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, DORA,

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD THAT DAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

— HAST thou then survived —
Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn — one life of that bright star,
The second glory of the Heavens? — Thou hast,
Already hast survived that great decay,
That transformation through the wide earth felt,
And by all nations. In that Being's sight
From whom the Race of human kind proceed,
A thousand years are but as yesterday;
And one day's narrow circuit is to Him
Not less capacious than a thousand years.
But what is time? What outward glory? neither
A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend
Through "heaven's eternal year." — Yet hail to Thee,
Frail, feeble Monthling! — by that name, methinks,
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out
Not idly. — Hadst thou been of Indian birth,
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,
Or to the churlish elements exposed
On the blank plains, — the coldness of the night,
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,
Would, with imperious admonition, then
Have scored thine age, and punctua timed
Thine infant history, on the minds of tho
Who might have wandered with thee. Mother's love,
Nor less than mother's love in oth breasts,
Will, among us warm-clad and warm housed,
Do for thee what the finger of the heave
Doth all too often harshly execute
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds
Where fancy hath small liberty to grac
The affections, to exalt them or refine;
And the maternal sympathy itself,
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyl tie
Of naked instinct, wound about the hea
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ou
Even now — to solemnize thy helpl state,
And to enliven in the mind's regard
Thy passive beauty — parallels have rise
Resemblances, or contrasts, that co nect,
Within the region of a father's though
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sk
And first; — thy sinless progress, throu a world
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbe
Apt likeness bears to hers, through ga ered clouds,
Moving untouched in silver purity,
And cheering oft-times their reluct gloom.
Fair are ye both, and both are free fr stain:
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st horn
With brightness! leaving her to p along,
And range about, disquieted in change
And still impatient of the shape she wea
Once up, once down the hill, one journ Babe,
That will suffice thee; and it seems t now
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such t is thine;
Thou travellest so contentedly, sleep'st
In such a heedless peace. Alas! full s
Hath this conception, grateful to beh

nged countenance, like an object
sullied o'er
breathing mist; and thine appears to be
nournful labor, while to her is given
be, and a renovation without end.
That smile forbids the thought; for on
thy face
les are beginning, like the beams of
dawn,
shoot and circulate; smiles have there
been seen
nquil assurances that Heaven supports
feeble motions of thy life, and cheers
loneliness: or shall those smiles be
called
lers of love, put forth as if to explore
s untried world, and to prepare thy
way
ough a strait passage intricate and dim?
h are they; and the same are tokens,
signs,
ich, when the appointed season hath
arrived,
as her holiest language, shall adopt;
l Reason's godlike Power be proud to
own.

04. 1815.

HE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

en at Town-end, Grasmere. The elder-bush
ong since disappeared: it hung over the wall
the Cottage; and the Kitten continued to
up, catching the leaves as here described.
infant was Dora.

T way look, my Infant, lo!
at a pretty baby-show!
the Kitten on the wall,
ting with the leaves that fall,
nered leaves — one — two — and
three —
n the lofty elder-tree!
ough the calm and frosty air
his morning bright and fair,
ying round and round they sink
ly, slowly: one might think,
n the motions that are made,
y little leaf conveyed
h or Faery hither tending, —
his lower world descending,
n invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
— But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now — now one —
Now they stop and there are none.
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!
'T is a pretty baby-treat;
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet;
Here, for neither Babe nor me,
Other playmate can I see.
Of the countless living things,
That with stir of feet and wings
(In the sun or under shade,
Upon bough or grassy blade)
And with busy revellings,
Chirp and song, and murmurings,
Made this orchard's narrow space,
And this vale so blithe a place;
Multitudes are swept away
Never more to breathe the day:
Some are sleeping; some in bands
Travelled into distant lands;
Others slunk to moor and wood,
Far from human neighborhood;
And, among the Kinds that keep
With us closer fellowship,
With us openly abide,
All have laid their mirth aside.
Where is he that giddy Sprite,
Blue-cap, with his colors bright,
Who was blest as bird could be,
Feeding in the apple-tree;
Made such wanton spoil and rout,
Turning blossoms inside out;

Hung — head pointing towards the ground —
Fluttered, perched, into a round
Bound himself, and then unbound;
Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin!
Prettiest Tumbler ever seen!
Light of heart and light of limb;
What is now become of Him?
Lambs, that through the mountains went
Frisking, bleating merriment,
When the year was in its prime,
They are sobered by this time.
If you look to vale or hill,
If you listen, all is still,
Save a little neighboring rill,
That from out the rocky ground
Strikes a solitary sound.
Vainly glitter hill and plain,
And the air is calm in vain;
Vainly Morning spreads the lure
Of a sky serene and pure;
Creature none can she decoy
Into open sign of joy:
Is it that they have a fear
Of the dreary season near?
Or that other pleasures be
Sweeter even than gayety?
Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell
In the impenetrable cell
Of the silent heart which Nature
Furnishes to every creature;
Whatsoe'er we feel and know
Too sedate for outward show,
Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks, —
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Dora's face;
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine,
That I do not wholly fare
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair!
And I will have my careless season
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way
That, when time brings on decay,
Now and then I may possess
Hours of perfect gladsomeness.
— Pleased by any random toy;
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take,
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

1804. 1807

TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST).

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABORING TOGETHER IN HIS PLEASURE-GROUND

This person was Thomas Wilkinson, a Qual by religious profession; by natural constitut of mind, or shall I venture to say, by God's gra he was something better. He had inherited small estate, and built a house upon it n Yanwath, upon the banks of the Emont. I ha heard him say that his heart used to beat, in boyhood, when he heard the sound of a drum a fife. Nevertheless, the spirit of enterprise in h confined itself to tilling his ground, and conqu ing such obstacles as stood in the way of fertility. Persons of his religious persuasion now, in a far greater degree than formerly, att themselves to trade and commerce. He kept old track. As represented in this poem, employed his leisure hours in shaping pleas walks by the side of his beloved river, where also built something between a hermitage an summer-house, attaching to it inscriptions al the manner of Shenstone at his Leasowes. used to travel from time to time, partly from l of nature, and partly with religious friends in service of humanity. His admiration of ger in every department did him much hon Through his connection with the family in wh Edmund Burke was educated, he became quainted with that great man, who used to rece him with great kindness and consideration; many times have I heard Wilkinson speak those interesting interviews. He was hono also by the friendship of Elizabeth Smith, and Thomas Clarkson and his excellent wife, and much esteemed by Lord and Lady Lonsdale, every member of that family. Among his ve (he wrote many) are some worthy of preserva — one little poem in particular upon disturbi by prying curiosity, a bird while hatching young in his garden. The latter part of innocent and good man's life was melanch He became blind, and also poor by becom

ty for some of his relations. He was a
nelor. He bore, as I have often witnessed,
calamities with unfailing resignation. I will
add that, while working in one of his fields,
unearthed a stone of considerable size, then
ther, then two more, and, observing that they
been placed in order as if forming the segment
circle, he proceeded carefully to uncover the
and brought into view a beautiful Druid's
ple of perfect though small dimensions. In
r to make his farm more compact, he ex-
ged this field for another; and, I am sorry
ld, the new proprietor destroyed this interest-
relic of remote ages for some vulgar purpose.

DE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled
his lands,
d shaped these pleasant walks by
Emont's side,
u art a tool of honor in my hands;
ress thee, through the yielding soil,
with pride.

e master has it been thy lot to know;
g hast Thou served a man to reason
true;
ose life combines the best of high and
low,
laboring many and the resting few;

lth, meekness, ardor, quietness secure,
industry of body and of mind;
elegant enjoyments, that are pure
nature is; too pure to be refined.

e often hast Thou heard the Poet sing
oncord with his river murmuring by;
n some silent field, while timid spring
et uncheered by other minstrelsy.

o shall inherit Thee when death has
laid
in the darksome cell thine own dear
lord?
man will have a trophy, humble
Spade!
ophy nobler than a conqueror's sword.

e be one that feels, with skill to part
e praise from true, or, greater from
the less,
e will he welcome to his hand and
heart,
a monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome
day —
Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate!
And, when thou art past service, worn
away,
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate.

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;
An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou
be: —
High will he hang thee up, well pleased
to adorn
His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!
1804. 1807.

THE SMALL CELANDINE.

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
That shrinks, like many more, from cold
and rain;
And, the first moment that the sun may
shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 't is out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm
on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees
distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
In close self-shelter like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I
passed
And recognized it, though an altered form,
Now standing forth an offering to the
blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered
voice,
"It doth not love the shower, nor seek
the cold:
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the
dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, withered, changed
of hue."
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was
gray.

To be a Prodigal's Favorite — then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner — behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

1804. 1807.

AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK.

This place was presented to me by Sir George Beaumont with a view to the erection of a house upon it, for the sake of being near to Coleridge, then living, and likely to remain, at Greta Hall near Keswick. The *severe* necessities that prevented this arose from his domestic situation. This little property, with a considerable addition that still leaves it very small, lies beautifully upon the banks of a rill that gurgles down the side of Skiddaw, and the orchard and other parts of the grounds command a magnificent prospect of Derwent Water, and of the mountains of Borrowdale and Newlands. Many years ago I gave the place to my daughter.

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should rear
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,
On favored ground, thy gift, where I might dwell
In neighborhood with One to me most dear,
That undivided we from year to year
Might work in our high Calling — a bright hope
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope
Till checked by some necessities severe.
And should these slacken, honored BEAUMONT! still
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil.
Whether this boon be granted us or not,
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot
With pride, the Muses love it evermore.

1804. 1845.

TO THE SUPREME BEING.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGEL

THE prayers I make will then be sw
indeed
If Thou the spirit give by which I pra
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing fe
Of good and pious works thou art
seed,
That quickens only where thou say'st
may:
Unless Thou show to us thine own t
way
No man can find it: Father! Thou m
lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoug
into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be b
That in thy holy footsteps I may trea
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbi
That I may have the power to sing of th
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

1804. 180

ODE TO DUTY.

This ode is on the model of Gray's Od
Adversity, which is copied from Horace's
to Fortune. Many and many a time have I b
twitted by my wife and sister for having forgo
this dedication of myself to the stern lawgi
Transgressor indeed I have been, from hou
hour, from day to day: I would fain hope, h
ever, not more flagrantly or in a worse way t
most of my tuneful brethren. But these
words are in a wrong strain. We should
rigorous to ourselves and forbearing, if not
dulgent, to others, and, if we make comparis
at all, it ought to be with those who have mo
excelled us.

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò per
tus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed
rectè facere non possim."

STERN Daughter of the Voice of Go
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;

om vain temptations dost set free;
d calm'st the weary strife of frail
humanity!

ere are who ask not if thine eye
on them; who, in love and truth,
here no misgiving is, rely
on the genial sense of youth:
ad Hearts! without reproach or blot
no do thy work, and know it not:
! if through confidence misplaced
ey fail, thy saving arms, dread Power!
around them cast.

rene will be our days and bright,
d happy will our nature be,
nen love is an unerring light,
d joy its own security.
d they a blissful course may hold
en now, who, not unwisely bold,
e in the spirit of this creed;
t seek thy firm support, according to
their need.

oving freedom, and untried;
sport of every random gust,
being to myself a guide,
o blindly have reposed my trust:
d oft, when in my heart was heard
y timely mandate, I deferred
e task, in smoother walks to stray;
thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

rough no disturbance of my soul,
strong compunction in me wrought,
pplicate for thy control;
in the quietness of thought:
this unchartered freedom tires;
el the weight of chance-desires:
hopes no more must change their
name,
ng for a repose that ever is the same.

rn Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
Godhead's most benignant grace;
know we anything so fair
is the smile upon thy face:
wers laugh before thee on their beds
l fragrance in thy footing treads;
u dost preserve the stars from wrong;
l the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman
let me live!

1805. 1807.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a Faery,
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy
divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning
Thou art laughing and scorning;
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
Happy, happy Liver,
With a soul as strong as a mountain river
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
Through prickly moors or dusty ways
must wind;
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,
And hope for higher raptures, when life's
day is done.

1805. 1807.

FIDELITY.

The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Paterdale for the sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Grasmere he slipped from a steep part of the rock where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His body was discovered as is told in this poem. Walter Scott heard of the accident, and both he and I, without either of us knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity. His contains a most beautiful stanza:—

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber,
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start."

I will add that the sentiment in the last four lines of the last stanza in my verses was uttered by a shepherd with such exactness, that a traveller, who afterwards reported his account in print, was induced to question the man whether he had read them, which he had not.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;
He halts — and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now at distance can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern;
And instantly a dog is seen,
Glancing through that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something, as the Shepherd thinks,
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight
All round, in hollow or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear;
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn[1] below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway, or cultivated land;
From trace of human foot or hand.

There sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere;
Thither the rainbow comes — the cloud
And mists that spread the flying shrou
And sunbeams; and the sounding blas
That, if it could, would hurry past;
But that enormous barrier holds it fast

Not free from boding thoughts, a whil
The Shepherd stood; then makes his w
O'er rocks and stones, following the D
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone before he found
A human skeleton on the ground;
The appalled Discoverer with a sigh
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks
The Man had fallen, that place of fea
At length upon the Shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear:
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the Traveller passed this wa

But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well.
The Dog, which still was hovering nig
Repeating the same timid cry,
This Dog, had been through three mont
space
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that, since the
When this ill-fated Traveller died,
The Dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here through such l
time
He knows, who gave that love sublim
And gave that strength of feeling, gr
Above all human estimate!

1805. 180

[1] Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

INCIDENT

ARACTERISTIC OF A FAVORITE DOG.

his Dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs. dsworth's brother, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, then lived at Sockburn on the Tees, a iful retired situation where I used to visit and his sisters before my marriage. My and I spent many months there after our n from Germany in 1799.

his morning rounds the Master
s to learn how all things fare;
ches pasture after pasture,
ep and cattle eyes with care;
, for silence or for talk,
hath comrades in his walk;
dogs, each pair of different breed,
nguished two for scent, and two for speed.

a hare before him started!
ff they fly in earnest chase;
y dog is eager-hearted,
he four are in the race:
the hare whom they pursue,
ws from instinct what to do;
hope is near: no turn she makes;
like an arrow, to the river takes.

o the river was, and crusted
ly by a one night's frost;
he nimble Hare hath trusted
ne ice, and safely crost;
hath crost, and without heed
re following at full speed,
n, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,
ks — and the greyhound, DART, is overhead!

r fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW —
hem cleaving to the sport!
c has no heart to follow,
MUSIC, she stops short.
hath neither wish nor heart,
is now another part:
ing creature she, and brave!
fondly strives her struggling friend to save.

the brink her paws she stretches,
hands as you would say!
And afflicting moans she fetches,
As he breaks the ice away.
For herself she hath no fears, —
Him alone she sees and hears, —
Makes efforts with complainings; nor gives o'er
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

1805. 1807.

TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,
Beneath a covering of the common earth!
It is not from unwillingness to praise,
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;
More thou deserv'st; but *this* man gives to man,
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can.
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear
Shall find thee through all changes of the year:
This Oak points out thy grave; the silent tree
Will gladly stand a monument of thee.
We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past;
And willingly have laid thee here at last:
For thou hadst lived till everything that cheers
In thee had yielded to the weight of years;
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,
And left thee but a glimmering of the day;
Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees, —
I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,
Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,
And ready for the gentlest stroke of death.
It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed;
Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;
Not only for a thousand thoughts that were,
Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share;
But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,

Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!
For love, that comes wherever life and sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind
Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind:
Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw
A soul of love, love's intellectual law: —
Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame;
Our tears from passion and from reason came,
And, therefore, shalt thou be an honored name!

1805. 1807.

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET Flower! belike one day to have
A place upon thy Poet's grave,
I welcome thee once more:
But He, who was on land, at sea,
My Brother, too, in loving thee,
Although he loved more silently,
Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way,
To govern and to guide:
His wish was gained: a little time
Would bring him back in manhood's prime
And free for life, these hills to climb;
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green;
And, floating there, in pomp serene,
That Ship was goodly to be seen,
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought
The tender peace of rural thought:
In more than happy mood
To your abodes, bright daisy Flowers!
He then would steal at leisure hours,
And loved you glittering in your bowers
A starry multitude.

But hark the word! — the ship is gone;
Returns from her long course: — anon
Sets sail: — in season due,
Once more on English earth they stan
But, when a third time from the land
They parted, sorrow was at hand
For Him and for his crew.

Ill-fated Vessel! — ghastly shock!
— At length delivered from the rock,
The deep she hath regained;
And through the stormy night they ste
Laboring for life, in hope and fear,
To reach a safer shore — how near,
Yet not to be attained!

"Silence!" the brave Commander crie
To that calm word a shriek replied,
It was the last death-shriek.
— A few (my soul oft sees that sight)
Survive upon the tall mast's height;
But one dear remnant of the night —
For Him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea
He lay in slumber quietly;
Unforced by wind or wave
To quit the Ship for which he died,
(All claims of duty satisfied;)
And there they found him at her side;
And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done
For this, if other end were none,
That He, who had been cast
Upon a way of life unmeet
For such a gentle Soul and sweet,
Should find an undisturbed retreat
Near what he loved, at last —

That neighborhood of grove and field
To Him a resting-place should yield,
A meek man and a brave!
The birds shall sing and ocean make
A mournful murmur for *his* sake;
And Thou, sweet Flower, shalt sleep a
wake
Upon his senseless grave.

1805. 181

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

GESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE ASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR EORGE BEAUMONT.

ir George Beaumont painted two pictures of subject, one of which he gave to Mrs. dsworth, saying she ought to have it; but y Beaumont interfered, and after Sir George's h she gave it to Sir Uvedale Price, in whose e at Foxley I have seen it.

'AS thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!
ır summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
.w thee every day; and all the while
Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
like, so very like, was day to day!
ene'er I looked, thy Image still was there;
rembled, but it never passed away.

w perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
mood, which season takes away, or brings:
uld have fancied that the mighty Deep
s even the gentlest of all gentle Things.

! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
light that never was, on sea or land,
consecration, and the Poet's dream;

ould have planted thee, thou hoary Pile
d a world how different from this!
de a sea that could not cease to smile;
tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

u shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
ll the sunbeams that did ever shine
very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made:
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'t is so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanized my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 't is a passionate Work!—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labors in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armor of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 't is surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be
borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me
here. —
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.
1805. 1807.

"WHEN TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE BUSY WORLD."

The grove still exists, but the plantation has been walled in, and is not so accessible as when my brother John wore the path in the manner here described. The grove was a favorite haunt with us all while we lived at Town-end.

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy
world,
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,
Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter; and, from week to
week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were
clogged
With frequent showers of snow. Upon a
hill
At a short distance from my cottage,
stands
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor.
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible
earth,
The redbreast near me hopped; nor was
I loth
To sympathize with vulgar coppice birds
That, for protection from the nipping
blast,
Hither repaired. — A single beech-tree
grew
Within this grove of firs! and, on the fork
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush's
nest;
A last year's nest, conspicuously built
At such small elevation from the ground
As gave sure sign that they, who in that
house
Of nature and of love had made their home
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long
Dwelt in a tranquil spot. And oftentim
A few sheep, stragglers from some mou
tain-flock,
Would watch my motions with suspici
stare,
From the remotest outskirts of
grove, —
Some nook where they had made th
final stand,
Huddling together from two fears —
fear
Of me and of the storm. Full many
hour
Here did I lose. But in this grove
trees
Had been so thickly planted, and
thriven
In such perplexed and intricate array;
That vainly did I seek, beneath their ste
A length of open space, where to and
My feet might move without concern
care;
And, baffled thus, though earth from
to day
Was fettered, and the air by storm
turbed,
I ceased the shelter to frequent, — a
prized,
Less than I wished to prize, that ca
recess.
The snows dissolved, and genial Spr
returned
To clothe the fields with verdure. Ot
haunts
Meanwhile were mine; till, one bri
April day,
By chance retiring from the glare of no
To this forsaken covert, there I found
A hoary pathway traced between the tre
And winding on with such an easy lin
Along a natural opening, that I stood
Much wondering how I could have sou
in vain
For what was now so obvious. To abi
For an allotted interval of ease,
Under my cottage-roof, had gladly co
From the wild sea a cherished Visitan
And with the sight of this same path
begun,
Begun and ended, in the shady grove
Pleasant conviction flashed upon my m
That, to this opportune recess allured
He had surveyed it with a finer eye,

eart more wakeful; and had worn the track
pacing here, unwearied and alone,
hat habitual restlessness of foot
t haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and o'er
short domain upon the vessel's deck,
le she pursues her course through the dreary sea.
Vhen thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,
taken thy first leave of those green hills
rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,
followed year, my Brother! and we two,
versing not, knew little in what mould
n other's mind was fashioned; and at length,
n once again we met in Grasmere Vale,
veen us there was little other bond
n common feelings of fraternal love.
thou, a Schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried
ying recollections! Nature there
with thee; she, who loved us both, she still
with thee; and even so didst thou become
lent Poet; from the solitude
he vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
couchant, an inevitable ear,
an eye practised like a blind man's touch.
ack to the joyless Ocean thou art gone;
from this vestige of thy musing hours
l I withhold thy honored name, — and now
e the fir-grove with a perfect love.
ier do I withdraw when cloudless suns
e hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong;
here I sit at evening, when the steep
ilver-how, and Grasmere's peaceful lake,
one green island, gleam between the stems
e dark firs, a visionary scene!
And, while I gaze upon the spectacle
Of clouded splendor, on this dream-like sight
Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,
My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,
Muttering the verses which I muttered first
Among the mountains, through the midnight watch
Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel's deck
In some far region, here, while o'er my head,
At every impulse of the moving breeze,
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,
Alone I tread this path; — for aught I know,
Timing my steps to thine; and, with a store
Of undistinguishable sympathies,
Mingling most earnest wishes for the day
When we, and others whom we love, shall meet
A second time, in Grasmere's happy Vale.

1805. 1815.

NOTE. — This wish was not granted; the lamented Person not long after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as commander of the Honorable East India Company's Vessel, the Earl of Abergavenny.

ELEGIAC VERSES.

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH.

COMMANDER OF THE E.I. COMPANY'S SHIP THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6, 1805.

Composed near the Mountain track that leads from Grasmere through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Paterdale.

"Here did we stop; and here looked round,
While each into himself descends."

The point is two or three yards below the outlet of Grisdale tarn, on a foot-road by which a horse may pass to Paterdale — a ridge of Helvellyn on the left, and the summit of Fairfield on the right.

I.

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
That instant, startled by the shock,

The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow:
Lord of the air, he took his flight;
Oh! could he on that woful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to Thee,
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near.

II.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power
That meets me in this unknown Flower.
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III.

Here did we stop; and here looked round
While each into himself descends,
For that last thought of parting Friends
That is not to be found.
Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,
Our home and his, his heart's delight,
His quiet heart's selected home.
But time before him melts away,
And he hath feeling of a day
Of blessedness to come.

IV.

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,
Taught that the mutual hope was dust,
In sorrow, but for higher trust,
How miserably deep!
All vanished in a single word,
A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard:
Sea — Ship — drowned — Shipwreck — so it came,
The meek, the brave, the good, was gone;
He who had been our living John
Was nothing but a name.

V.

That was indeed a parting! oh,
Glad am I, glad that it is past;
For there were some on whom it cast
Unutterable woe.
But they as well as I have gains;—
From many a humble source, to pains
Like these, there comes a mild release
Even here I feel it, even this Plant
Is in its beauty ministrant
To comfort and to peace.

VI.

He would have loved thy modest grace
Meek Flower! To Him I would have
said,
"It grows upon its native bed
Beside our Parting-place;
There, cleaving to the ground, it lies
With multitude of purple eyes,
Spangling a cushion green like moss;
But we will see it, joyful tide!
Some day, to see it in its pride,
The mountain will we cross."

VII.

— Brother and Friend, if verse of mine
Have power to make thy virtues known
Here let a monumental Stone
Stand — sacred as a Shrine;
And to the few who pass this way,
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,
Long as these mighty rocks endure, —
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,
Although deserving of all good,
On any earthly hope, however pure!

1805. 184

LOUISA.

AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN EXCURSION.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

I MET Louisa in the shade,
And, having seen that lovely Maid,
Why should I fear to say
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong
And down the rocks can leap along
Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
In weather rough and bleak;
And, when against the wind she strains,
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains
That sparkle on her cheek.

[1] The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis* of Linnæus). See Note.

e all that's mine "beneath the moon,"
with her but half a noon
y sit beneath the walls
some old cave, or mossy nook,
en up she winds along the brook
hunt the waterfalls.

05. 1807.

TO A YOUNG LADY

O HAD BEEN REPROACHED FOR TAKG LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY.

mposed at the same time and on the same as "I met Louisa in the shade:" indeed, were designed to make one piece.

AR Child of Nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
arbor and a hold;
ere thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see
own heart-stirring days, and be
ght to young and old.

re, healthy as a shepherd boy,
treading among flowers of joy
ch at no season fade,
u, while thy babes around thee cling,
t show us how divine a thing
Woman may be made.

thoughts and feelings shall not die,
leave thee, when gray hairs are nigh,
elancholy slave;
an old age serene and bright,
lovely as a Lapland night,
l lead thee to thy grave.

5. 1807.

VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.[1]

itten at Town-end, Grasmere. Faithfully ted, though with the omission of many tic circumstances, from the mouth of a ch lady, who had been an eye-and-ear-witness that was done and said. Many long years I was told that Dupligne was then a monk Convent of La Trappe.

e following tale was written as an Episode, work from which its length may perhaps exit. The facts are true; no invention as to has been exercised, as none was needed.

he first four lines occur in The Prelude, ix. p. 346.

O HAPPY time of youthful lovers (thus
My story may begin) O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven!
To such inheritance of blessed fancy
(Fancy that sports more desperately with minds
Than ever fortune hath been known to do)
The high-born Vaudracour was brought, by years
Whose progress had a little overstepped
His stripling prime. A town of small repute,
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,
Was the Youth's birth-place. There he wooed a Maid
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,
Plebeian, though ingenuous, the stock,
From which her graces and her honors sprung:
And hence the father of the enamored Youth,
With haughty indignation, spurned the thought
Of such alliance. — From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several homes,
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;
Each other's advocate, each other's stay;
And, in their happiest moments, not content,
If more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea-fowl, conscious both that they are hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighboring billows from each other's sight.
Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy, and placid truth;
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination; — he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world

With half the wonders that were wrought
for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of
the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her imple-
ments,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted
shrine;
Her chamber-window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him: — pathways,
walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit
sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!
So passed the time, till whether through
effect
Of some unguarded moment that dissolved
Virtuous restraint — ah, speak it, think
it, not!
Deem rather that the fervent Youth, who
saw
So many bars between his present state
And the dear haven where he wished to be
In honorable wedlock with his Love,
Was in his judgment tempted to decline
To perilous weakness, and entrust his
cause
To nature for a happy end of all;
Deem that by such fond hope the Youth
was swayed,
And bear with their transgression, when I
add
That Julia, wanting yet the name of wife,
Carried about her for a secret grief
The promise of a mother.
To conceal
The threatened shame, the parents of the
Maid
Found means to hurry her away by night,
And unforewarned, that in some distant
spot
She might remain shrouded in privacy,
Until the babe was born. When morning
came
The Lover, thus bereft, stung with his
loss,
And all uncertain whither he should turn,
Chafed like a wild beast in the toils; b
soon
Discovering traces of the fugitives,
Their steps he followed to the Maid's r
treat.
Easily may the sequel be divined —
Walks to and fro — watchings at eve
hour;
And the fair Captive, who, whene'er s
may,
Is busy at her casement as the swallow
Fluttering its pinions, almost within reac
About the pendent nest, did thus espy
Her Lover! — thence a stolen intervie
Accomplished under friendly shade
night.
I pass the raptures of the pair; — su
theme
Is, by innumerable poets, touched
In more delightful verse than skill of mi
Could fashion; chiefly by that darli
bard
Who told of Juliet and her Romeo,
And of the lark's note heard before
time,
And of the streaks that laced the severi
clouds
In the unrelenting east. — Through all h
courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy c
played
Her fires, that like mysterious pulses b
Aloft; — momentous but uneasy bliss!
To their full hearts the universe seem
hung
On that brief meeting's slender filamer
They parted; and the generous Va
dracour
Reached speedily the native thresho
bent
On making (so the Lovers had agreed
A sacrifice of birthright to attain
A final portion from his father's hand
Which granted, Bride and Bridegro
then would flee
To some remote and solitary place,
Shady as night, and beautiful as heav
Where they may live, with no one to
hold
Their happiness, or to disturb their lo
But *now* of this no whisper; not the le

ever an obtrusive word were dropped
uching the matter of his passion, still,
his stern father's hearing, Vaudracour
rsisted openly that death alone
ould abrogate his human privilege
vine, of swearing everlasting truth,
on the altar, to the Maid he loved.
"You shall be baffled in your mad intent
here be justice in the court of France,"
ttered the Father.— From these words the Youth
nceived a terror; and, by night or day,
rred nowhere without weapons, that full soon
und dreadful provocation: for at night
ien to his chamber he retired, attempt
as made to seize him by three armèd men,
ting, in furtherance of the father's will,
der a private signet of the State.
e the rash Youth's ungovernable hand
w, and as quickly to a second gave
erilous wound— he shuddered to behold
e breathless corse; then peacefully resigned
s person to the law, was lodged in prison,
d wore the fetters of a criminal.
Have you observed a tuft of wingèd seed
at, from the dandelion's naked stalk,
unted aloft, is suffered not to use
natural gifts for purposes of rest,
ven by the autumnal whirlwind to and fro
rough the wide element? or have you marked
e heavier substance of a leaf-clad bough,
thin the vortex of a foaming flood,
rmented? by such aid you may conceive
e perturbation that ensued; — ah, no!
sperate the Maid — the Youth is stained with blood;
matchable on earth is their disquiet!
as the troubled seed and tortured bough
Man, subjected to despotic sway.
For him, by private influence with the Court,
s pardon gained, and liberty procured;
not without exaction of a pledge,
Which liberty and love dispersed in air.
He flew to her from whom they would divide him —
He clove to her who could not give him peace —
Yea, his first word of greeting was, — "All right
Is gone from me; my lately-towering hopes,
To the least fibre of their lowest root,
Are withered; thou no longer canst be mine,
I thine — the conscience-stricken must not woo
The unruffled Innocent, — I see thy face,
Behold thee, and my misery is complete!"
"One, are we not?" exclaimed the Maiden — "One,
For innocence and youth, for weal and woe?"
Then with the father's name she coupled words
Of vehement indignation; but the Youth
Checked her with filial meekness; for no thought
Uncharitable crossed his mind, no sense
Of hasty anger rising in the eclipse
Of true domestic loyalty, did e'er
Find place within his bosom. — Once again
The persevering wedge of tyranny
Achieved their separation: and once more
Were they united, — to be yet again
Disparted, pitiable lot! But here
A portion of the tale may well be left
In silence, though my memory could add
Much how the Youth, in scanty space of time,
Was traversed from without; much, too, of thoughts
That occupied his days in solitude
Under privation and restraint; and what,
Through dark and shapeless fear of things to come,
And what, through strong compunction for the past,
He suffered — breaking down in heart and mind!
Doomed to a third and last captivity,
His freedom he recovered on the eve
Of Julia's travail. When the babe was born,

Its presence tempted him to cherish schemes
Of future happiness. "You shall return,
Julia," said he, "and to your father's house
Go with the child. — You have been wretched; yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
Go! — 't is a town where both of us were born;
None will reproach you, for our truth is known;
And if, amid those once-bright bowers, our fate
Remain unpitied, pity is not in man.
With ornaments — the prettiest, nature yields
Or art can fashion, shall you deck our boy,
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks
Till no one can resist him. — Now, even now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My father from the window sees him too;
Startled, as if some new-created thing
Enriched the earth, or Faery of the woods
Bounded before him; — but the unweeting Child
Shall by his beauty win his grandsire's heart
So that it shall be softened, and our loves
End happily, as they began!"
These gleams
Appeared but seldom; oftener was he seen
Propping a pale and melancholy face
Upon the Mother's bosom; resting thus
His head upon one breast, while from the other
The Babe was drawing in its quiet food.
— That pillow is no longer to be thine,
Fond Youth! that mournful solace now must pass
Into the list of things that cannot be!
Unwedded Julia, terror-smitten, hears
The sentence, by her mother's lip pronounced,
That dooms her to a convent. — Who shall tell,
Who dares report, the tidings to the lord
Of her affections? so they blindly aske
Who knew not to what quiet depths
weight
Of agony had pressed the Sufferer dow
The word, by others dreaded, he can he
Composed and silent, without visible si
Of even the least emotion. Noting th
When the impatient object of his love
Upbraided him with slackness, he return
No answer, only took the mother's ha
And kissed it; seemingly devoid of pa
Or care, that what so tenderly he presse
Was a dependant on the obdurate hea
Of one who came to disunite their live
Forever — sad alternative! preferred,
By the unbending Parents of the Maid
To secret 'spousals meanly disavowed.
— So be it!
In the city he remained
A season after Julia had withdrawn
To those religious walls. He, too,
parts —
Who with him? — even the sensel
Little-one.
With that sole charge he passed the ci
gates,
For the last time, attendant by the sid
Of a close chair, a litter, or sedan,
In which the Babe was carried. To a h
That rose a brief league distant from
town,
The dwellers in that house where he
lodged
Accompanied his steps, by anxious lo
Impelled; — they parted from him the
and stood
Watching below till he had disappear
On the hill top. His eyes he scarc
took,
Throughout that journey, from the veh
(Slow-moving ark of all his hopes!)
veiled
The tender infant: and, at every inn,
And under every hospitable tree
At which the bearers halted or repos
Laid him with timid care upon his kn
And looked, as mothers ne'er were kn
to look,
Upon the nursling which his arms
braced.
This was the manner in which V
dracour
Departed with his infant; and thus reac

father's house, where to the innocent child
nittance was denied. The young man spake
word of indignation or reproof,
of his father begged, a last request,
t a retreat might be assigned to him
ere in forgotten quiet he might dwell,
h such allowance as his wants required;
wishes he had none. To a lodge that stood
p in a forest, with leave given, at the age
four-and-twenty summers he withdrew;
thither took with him his motherless Babe,
one domestic for their common needs,
aged woman. It consoled him here
ttend upon the orphan, and perform
equious service to the precious child,
ch, after a short time, by some mistake
ndiscretion of the Father, died. —
Tale I follow to its last recess
suffering or of peace, I know not which:
rs be the blame who caused the woe, not mine!
rom this time forth he never shared a smile
mortal creature. An Inhabitant
hat same town, in which the pair had left
vely a remembrance of their griefs,
hance of business, coming within reach
is retirement, to the forest lodge
aired, but only found the matron there,
told him that his pains were thrown away,
hat her Master never uttered word
ving thing — not even to her. — Behold!
e they were speaking, Vaudracour approached;
seeing some one near, as on the latch
e garden-gate his hand was laid, he shrunk —
like a shadow, glided out of view.
ked at his savage aspect, from the place
The visitor retired.
Thus lived the Youth
Cut off from all intelligence with man,
And shunning even the light of common day;
Nor could the voice of Freedom, which through France
Full speedily resounded, public hope,
Or personal memory of his own deep wrongs,
Rouse him: but in those solitary shades
His days he wasted, an imbecile mind!

1805. 1820.

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT.

BY MY SISTER.

Suggested to her while beside my sleeping children.

THE days are cold, the nights are long,
The north-wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest,
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;
There's nothing stirring in the house
Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;
'T is but the moon that shines so bright
On the window pane bedropped with rain:
Then, little Darling! sleep again,
And wake when it is day.

1805. 1815.

THE WAGGONER.[1]

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The characters and story from fact.

In Cairo's crowded streets
The impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
THOMSON.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

When I sent you, a few weeks ago, the tale of Peter Bell, you asked "why THE

[1] See Note.

WAGGONER was not added?" — To say the truth — from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion aimed at in the former, I apprehended this little Piece could not accompany it without disadvantage. In the year 1806, if I am not mistaken, THE WAGGONER was read to you in manuscript, and, as you have remembered it for so long a time, I am the more encouraged to hope, that, since the localities on which the Poem partly depends did not prevent its being interesting to you, it may prove acceptable to others. Being therefore in some measure the cause of its present appearance, you must allow me the gratification of inscribing it to you; in acknowledgment of the pleasure I have derived from your Writings, and of the high esteem with which

I am very truly yours,
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, *May* 20, 1819.

CANTO FIRST.

'T IS spent — this burning day of June!
Soft darkness o'er its latest gleams is stealing;
The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling,[1] —
That solitary bird
Is all that can be heard
In silence deeper far than that of deepest noon!
Confiding Glow-worms, 't is a night
Propitious to your earth-born light!
But, where the scattered stars are seen
In hazy straits the clouds between,
Each, in his station twinkling not,
Seems changed into a pallid spot.
The mountains against heaven's grave weight
Rise up, and grow to wondrous height.
The air, as in a lion's den,
Is close and hot; — and now and then
Comes a tired and sultry breeze
With a haunting and a panting,
Like the stifling of disease;
But the dews allay the heat,
And the silence makes it sweet.
Hush, there is some one on the stir!
'T is Benjamin the Waggoner;
Who long hath trod this toilsome way,
Companion of the night and day.
That far-off tinkling's drowsy cheer,
Mixed with a faint yet grating sound

[1] See Note.

In a moment lost and found,
The Wain announces — by whose sid
Along the banks of Rydal Mere
He paces on, a trusty Guide, —
Listen! you can scarcely hear!
Hither he his course is bending; —
Now he leaves the lower ground,
And up the craggy hill ascending
Many a stop and stay he makes,
Many a breathing-fit he takes; —
Steep the way and wearisome,
Yet all the while his whip is dumb!
The Horses have worked with r
good-will,
And so have gained the top of the hi
He was patient, they were strong,
And now they smoothly glide along,
Recovering breath, and pleased to w
The praises of mild Benjamin.
Heaven shield him from mishap
snare!
But why so early with this prayer? —
Is it for threatenings in the sky?
Or for some other danger nigh?
No; none is near him yet, though he
Be one of much infirmity;
For at the bottom of the brow,
Where once the DOVE and OLIVE-BO
Offered a greeting of good ale
To all who entered Grasmere Vale;
And called on him who must depart
To leave it with a jovial heart;
There, where the DOVE and OLIVE-BO
Once hung, a Poet harbors now,
A simple water-drinking Bard;
Why need our Hero then (though fr
His best resolves) be on his guard?
He marches by, secure and bold;
Yet while he thinks on times of old,
It seems that all looks wondrous col
He shrugs his shoulders, shakes his h
And, for the honest folk within,
It is a doubt with Benjamin
Whether they be alive or dead!
Here is no danger, — none at all!
Beyond his wish he walks secure;
But pass a mile — and *then* for trial,
Then for the pride of self-denial;
If he resist that tempting door,
Which with such friendly voice will
If he resist those casement panes,
And that bright gleam which thence
fall

n his Leaders' bells and manes,
ting him with cheerful lure:
still, though all be dark elsewhere,
e shining notice will be *there*,
pen house and ready fare.
ne place to Benjamin right well
nown, and by as strong a spell
sed to be that sign of love
hope — the OLIVE-BOUGH and
DOVE;
knows it to his cost, good Man!
does not know the famous SWAN?
ct uncouth! and yet our boast,
it was painted by the Host;
own conceit the figure planned,
as colored all by his own hand;
that frail Child of thirsty clay,
whom I sing this rustic lay,
d tell with self-dissatisfaction
nt stories of the bird's attraction![1]
ell! that is past — and in despite
pen door and shining light.
now the conqueror essays
long ascent of Dunmail-raise;
with his team is gentle here
hen he clomb from Rydal Mere;
whip they do not dread — his voice
only hear it to rejoice.
tand or go is at *their* pleasure;
r efforts and their time they measure
enerous pride within the breast;
while they strain, and while they
rest,
hus pursues his thoughts at leisure.
w am I fairly safe to-night —
with proud cause my heart is light:
spassed lately worse than ever —
Heaven has blest a good endeavor;
to my soul's content, I find
evil One is left behind.
let my master fume and fret,
am I — with my horses yet!
olly team, he finds that ye
work for nobody but me!
proof of this the Country gained;
ows how ye were vexed and strained,
forced unworthy stripes to bear,
n trusted to another's care.
was it — on this rugged slope,

Which now ye climb with heart and hope,
I saw you, between rage and fear,
Plunge, and fling back a spiteful ear,
And ever more and more confused,
As ye were more and more abused:
As chance would have it, passing by
I saw you in that jeopardy:
A word from me was like a charm;
Ye pulled together with one mind;
And your huge burthen, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind!
— Yes, without me, up hills so high
'T is vain to strive for mastery.
Then grieve not, jolly team! though tough
The road we travel, steep, and rough;
Though Rydal-heights and Dunmail-raise,
And all their fellow banks and braes,
Full often make you stretch and strain,
And halt for breath and halt again,
Yet to their sturdiness 't is owing
That side by side we still are going!
While Benjamin in earnest mood
His meditations thus pursued,
A storm, which had been smothered long,
Was growing inwardly more strong;
And, in its struggles to get free,
Was busily employed as he.
The thunder had begun to growl —
He heard not, too intent of soul;
The air was now without a breath —
He marked not that 't was still as death,
But soon large rain-drops on his head
Fell with the weight of drops of lead; —
He starts — and takes, at the admonition,
A sage survey of his condition.
The road is black before his eyes,
Glimmering faintly where it lies;
Black is the sky — and every hill,
Up to the sky, is blacker still —
Sky, hill, and dale, one dismal room,
Hung round and overhung with gloom;
Save that above a single height
Is to be seen a lurid light,
Above Helm-crag[1] — a streak half dead,
A burning of portentous red;
And near that lurid light, full well
The ASTROLOGER, sage Sidrophel,
Where at his desk and book he sits,

his rude piece of self-taught art (such is the
ss of refinement) has been supplanted by a
sional production.

[1] A mountain of Grasmere, the broken summit of which presents two figures, full as distinctly shaped as that of the famous Cobbler near Arroquhar in Scotland.

Puzzling aloft his curious wits;
He whose domain is held in common
With no one but the ANCIENT WOMAN,
Cowering beside her rifted cell,
As if intent on magic spell;—
Dread pair, that, spite of wind and weather,
Still sit upon Helm-crag together!
The ASTROLOGER was not unseen
By solitary Benjamin;
But total darkness came anon,
And he and everything was gone:
And suddenly a ruffling breeze,
(That would have rocked the sounding trees
Had aught of sylvan growth been there)
Swept through the Hollow long and bare:
The rain rushed down — the road was battered,
As with the force of billows shattered;
The horses are dismayed, nor know
Whether they should stand or go;
And Benjamin is groping near them
Sees nothing, and can scarcely hear them.
He is astounded, — wonder not, —
With such a charge in such a spot;
Astounded in the mountain gap
With thunder-peals, clap after clap,
Close-treading on the silent flashes —
And somewhere, as he thinks, by crashes
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions long and slow,
That to a dreary distance go —
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
A rending o'er his head begins the fray again.
Meanwhile, uncertain what to do,
And oftentimes compelled to halt,
The horses cautiously pursue
Their way, without mishap or fault;
And now have reached that pile of stones,
Heaped over brave King Dunmail's bones;
His who had once supreme command,
Last king of rocky Cumberland;
His bones, and those of all his Power,
Slain here in a disastrous hour!
When, passing through this narrow strait,
Stony, and dark, and desolate,
Benjamin can faintly hear
A voice that comes from some one ne
A female voice: — "Who e'er you be
Stop," it exclaimed, "and pity me!"
And, less in pity than in wonder,
Amid the darkness and the thunder,
The Waggoner, with prompt comman
Summons his horses to a stand.
While, with increasing agitation,
The Woman urged her supplication,
In rueful words, with sobs between —
The voice of tears that fell unseen;
There came a flash — a startling glare
And all Seat-Sandal was laid bare!
'T is not a time for nice suggestion,
And Benjamin, without a question,
Taking her for some way-worn rover,
Said, "Mount, and get you un
cover!"
Another voice, in tone as hoarse
As a swoln brook with rugged course
Cried out, "Good brother, why so fa
I've had a glimpse of you — *avast!*
Or, since it suits you to be civil,
Take her at once — for good and evil
"It is my Husband," softly said
The Woman, as if half afraid:
By this time she was snug within,
Through help of honest Benjamin;
She and her Babe, which to her brea
With thankfulness the Mother presse
And now the same strong voice n
near
Said cordially, "My Friend, what che
Rough doings these! as God's my juc
The sky owes somebody a grudge!
We've had in half an hour or less
A twelvemonth's terror and distress!
Then Benjamin entreats the Man
Would mount, too, quickly as he can
The Sailor — Sailor now no more,
But such he had been heretofore —
To courteous Benjamin replied,
"Go you your way, and mind not m
For I must have, whate'er betide,
My Ass and fifty things beside, —
Go, and I'll follow speedily!"
The Wagon moves — and with its
Descends along the sloping road;
And the rough Sailor instantly
Turns to a little tent hard by:
For when, at closing-in of day,
The family had come that way,
Green pasture and the soft warm air

empted them to settle there. —
reen is the grass for beast to graze,
round the stones of Dunmail-raise!
The Sailor gathers up his bed,
akes down the canvas overhead;
nd, after farewell to the place,
parting word — though not of grace,
ursues, with Ass and all his store,
he way the Wagon went before.

CANTO SECOND.

Wytheburn's modest House of prayer,
s lowly as the lowliest dwelling,
ad, with its belfry's humble stock,
little pair that hang in air,
een mistress also of a clock,
And one, too, not in crazy plight)
velve strokes that clock would have been telling
nder the brow of old Helvellyn —
s bead-roll of midnight,
nen, when the Hero of my tale
as passing by, and, down the vale
The vale now silent, hushed I ween
s if a storm had never been)
oceeding with a mind at ease;
hile the old Familiar of the seas,
tent to use his utmost haste,
ained ground upon the Wagon fast,
nd gives another lusty cheer;
r spite of rumbling of the wheels,
welcome greeting he can hear; —
is a fiddle in its glee
nning from the CHERRY TREE!
Thence the sound — the light is there —
Benjamin is now aware,
ho, to his inward thoughts confined,
ad almost reached the festive door,
hen, startled by the Sailor's roar,
e hears a sound and sees a light,
d in a moment calls to mind
at 't is the village MERRY-NIGHT![1]
Although before in no dejection,
this insidious recollection
s heart with sudden joy is filled, —
s ears are by the music thrilled,
s eyes take pleasure in the road
Glittering before him bright and broad;
And Benjamin is wet and cold,
And there are reasons manifold
That make the good, tow'rds which he's yearning,
Look fairly like a lawful earning.
Nor has thought time to come and go,
To vibrate between yes and no;
For, cries the Sailor, "Glorious chance
That blew us hither! — let him dance,
Who can or will! — my honest soul,
Our treat shall be a friendly bowl!"
He draws him to the door — "Come in,
Come, come," cries he to Benjamin!
And Benjamin — ah, woe is me!
Gave the word — the horses heard
And halted, though reluctantly.
"Blithe souls and lightsome hearts have we,
Feasting at the CHERRY TREE!"
This was the outside proclamation,
This was the inside salutation;
What bustling — jostling — high and low!
A universal overflow!
What tankards foaming from the tap!
What store of cakes in every lap!
What thumping — stumping — overhead!
The thunder had not been more busy:
With such a stir you would have said,
This little place may well be dizzy!
'T is who can dance with greatest vigor —
'T is what can be most prompt and eager;
As if it heard the fiddle's call,
The pewter clatters on the wall;
The very bacon shows its feeling,
Swinging from the smoky ceiling!
A steaming bowl, a blazing fire,
What greater good can heart desire?
'T were worth a wise man's while to try
The utmost anger of the sky:
To *seek* for thoughts of a gloomy cast,
If such the bright amends at last.
Now should you say I judge amiss,
The CHERRY TREE shows proof of this;
For soon of all the happy there,
Our Travellers are the happiest pair;
All care with Benjamin is gone —
A Cæsar past the Rubicon!
He thinks not of his long, long strife; —
The Sailor, Man by nature gay,
Hath no resolves to throw away;
And he hath now forgot his Wife,
Hath quite forgotten her — or may be

[1] A term well known in the North of England, applied to rural Festivals where young persons meet in the evening for the purpose of dancing.

Thinks her the luckiest soul on earth,
Within that warm and peaceful berth,
Under cover,
Terror over,
Sleeping by her sleeping Baby.
With bowl that sped from hand to hand,
The gladdest of the gladsome band,
Amid their own delight and fun,
They hear — when every dance is done,
When every whirling bout is o'er —
The fiddle's *squeak*[1] — that call to bliss,
Ever followed by a kiss;
They envy not the happy lot,
But enjoy their own the more!
While thus our jocund Travellers fare,
Up springs the Sailor from his chair —
Limps (for I might have told before
That he was lame) across the floor —
Is gone — returns — and with a prize;
With what? — a Ship of lusty size;
A gallant stately Man-of-war,
Fixed on a smoothly-sliding car.
Surprise to all, but most surprise
To Benjamin, who rubs his eyes,
Not knowing that he had befriended
A Man so gloriously attended!
"This," cries the Sailor, "a Third-rate is —
Stand back, and you shall see her gratis!
This was the Flag-ship at the Nile,
The Vanguard — you may smirk and smile,
But, pretty Maid, if you look near,
You'll find you 've much in little here!
A nobler ship did never swim,
And you shall see her in full trim:
I'll set, my friends, to do you honor,
Set every inch of sail upon her."
So said, so done; and masts, sails, yards,
He names them all; and interlards
His speech with uncouth terms of art,
Accomplished in the showman's part;
And then, as from a sudden check,
Cries out — "'Tis there, the quarter-deck
On which brave Admiral Nelson stood —
A sight that would have roused your blood!
One eye he had, which, bright as ten,
Burned like a fire among his men;

[1] At the close of each strathspey, or jig, a particular note from the fiddle summons the Rustic to the agreeable duty of saluting his partner.

Let this be land, and that be sea,
Here lay the French — and *thus* can we!"
Hushed was by this the fiddle's soun
The dancers all were gathered round,
And, such the stillness of the house,
You might have heard a nibbling mous
While, borrowing helps where'er he ma
The Sailor through the story runs
Of ships to ships and guns to guns;
And does his utmost to display
The dismal conflict, and the might
And terror of that marvellous night!
"A bowl, a bowl of double measure,"
Cries Benjamin, "a draught of length,
To Nelson, England's pride and treasur
Her bulwark and her tower of strength!
When Benjamin had seized the bowl,
The mastiff, from beneath the wagon,
Where he lay, watchful as a dragon,
Rattled his chain; — 't was all in vain,
For Benjamin, triumphant soul!
He heard the monitory growl;
Heard — and in opposition quaffed
A deep, determined, desperate draugh
Nor did the battered Tar forget,
Or flinch from what he deemed his deb
Then, like a hero crowned with laurel,
Back to her place the ship he led;
Wheeled her back in full apparel;
And so, flag flying at mast head,
Re-yoked her to the Ass: — anon,
Cries Benjamin, "We must be gone."
Thus, after two hours' hearty stay,
Again behold them on their way!

CANTO THIRD.

RIGHT gladly had the horses stirred,
When they the wished-for greeting hea
The whip's loud notice from the door,
That they were free to move once mo
You think, those doings must have br
In them disheartening doubts and drea
No, not a horse of all the eight,
Although it be a moonless night,
Fears either for himself or freight;
For this they know (and let it hide,
In part, the offences of their guide)
That Benjamin, with clouded brains,
Is worth the best with all their pains;
And, if they had a prayer to make,
The prayer would be that they may ta

h him whatever comes in course,
better fortune or the worse;
t no one else may have business near
them,
, drunk or sober, he may steer them.
), forth in dauntless mood they fare,
with them goes the guardian pair.
ow, heroes, for the true commotion,
triumph of your late devotion
aught on earth impede delight,
mounting to a higher height;
higher still — a greedy flight!
any low-born care pursue her.
any mortal clog come to her?[1]
notion have they — not a thought,
is from joyless regions brought!
, while they coast the silent lake,
r inspiration I partake;
e their empyreal spirits — yea,
n their enraptured vision, see —
ncy — what a jubilee!
t shifting pictures — clad in gleams
ŏlor bright as feverish dreams!
h, spangled sky, and lake serene,
lved and restless all — a scene
nant with mutual exaltation,
change, and multiplied creation!
sight to me the Muse imparts; —
then, what kindness in their hearts!
t tears of rapture, what vow-making,
ound entreaties, and hand-shaking!
t solemn, vacant, interlacing,
they 'd fall asleep embracing!
, in the turbulence of glee,
in the excess of amity,
Benjamin, "That Ass of thine,
poils thy sport, and hinders mine:
were tethered to the wagon,
l drag as well what he is dragging,
we, as brother should with brother,
t trudge it alongside each other!"
rthwith, obedient to command,
norses made a quiet stand;
to the wagon's skirts was tied
Creature, by the Mastiff's side,
Mastiff wondering, and perplext
dread of what will happen next;
thinking it but sorry cheer,
ve such company so near!
is new arrangement made, the Wain
igh the still night proceeds again;
oon hath risen her light to lend;

[1] See Note.

But indistinctly may be kenned
The VANGUARD, following close behind,
Sails spread, as if to catch the wind!
"Thy wife and child are snug and warm,
Thy ship will travel without harm;
I like," said Benjamin, "her shape and
stature:
And this of mine — this bulky creature
Of which I have the steering — this,
Seen fairly, is not much amiss!
We want your streamers, friend, you
know;
But, altogether as we go,
We make a kind of handsome show!
Among these hills, from first to last,
We 've weathered many a furious blast;
Hard passage forcing on, with head
Against the storm, and canvas spread.
I hate a boaster; but to thee
Will say 't, who know'st both land and
sea,
The unluckiest hulk that stems the brine
Is hardly worse beset than mine,
When cross-winds on her quarter beat;
And, fairly lifted from my feet,
I stagger onward — heaven knows how;
But not so pleasantly as now:
Poor pilot I, by snows confounded,
And many a foundrous pit surrounded!
Yet here we are, by night and day
Grinding through rough and smooth our
way;
Through foul and fair our task fulfilling:
And long shall be so yet — God willing!"
"Ay," said the Tar, "through fair and
foul —
But save us from yon screeching owl!"
That instant was begun a fray
Which called their thoughts another way:
The mastiff, ill-conditioned carl!
What must he do but growl and snarl,
Still more and more dissatisfied
With the meek comrade at his side!
Till, not incensed though put to proof,
The Ass, uplifting a hind hoof,
Salutes the Mastiff on the head;
And so were better manners bred,
And all was calmed and quieted.
"Yon screech-owl," says the Sailor,
turning
Back to his former cause of mourning,
"Yon owl! — pray God that all be well!
'T is worse than any funeral bell;

As sure as I 've the gift of sight,
We shall be meeting ghosts to-night!"
— Said Benjamin, "This whip shall lay
A thousand, if they cross our way.
I know that Wanton's noisy station,
I know him and his occupation;
The jolly bird hath learned his cheer
Upon the banks of Windermere;
Where a tribe of them make merry,
Mocking the Man that keeps the ferry;
Hallooing from an open throat,
Like travellers shouting for a boat.
— The tricks he learned at Windermere
This vagrant owl is playing here —
That is the worst of his employment:
He 's at the top of his enjoyment!"
This explanation stilled the alarm,
Cured the foreboder like a charm;
This, and the manner, and the voice,
Summoned the Sailor to rejoice;
His heart is up — he fears no evil
From life or death, from man or devil;
He wheels — and, making many stops,
Brandished his crutch against the mountain tops;
And, while he talked of blows and scars,
Benjamin, among the stars,
Beheld a dancing — and a glancing;
Such retreating and advancing
As, I ween, was never seen
In bloodiest battle since the days of Mars!

CANTO FOURTH.

Thus they, with freaks of proud delight,
Beguile the remnant of the night;
And many a snatch of jovial song
Regales them as they wind along;
While to the music, from on high,
The echoes make a glad reply. —
But the sage Muse the revel heeds
No farther than her story needs;
Nor will she servilely attend
The loitering journey to its end.
— Blithe spirits of her own impel
The Muse, who scents the morning air,
To take of this transported pair
A brief and unreproved farewell;
To quit the slow-paced wagon's side,
And wander down yon hawthorn dell,
With murmuring Greta for her guide.
— There doth she ken the awful form
Of Raven-crag — black as a storm —
Glimmering through the twilight pale
And Ghimmer-crag,[1] his tall twin brot
Each peering forth to meet the other
And, while she roves through St. Jo
Vale,
Along the smooth unpathwayed plain
By sheep-track or through cottage la
Where no disturbance comes to intru
Upon the pensive solitude,
Her unsuspecting eye, perchance,
With the rude shepherd's favored gla
Beholds the faeries in array,
Whose party-colored garments gay
The silent company betray:
Red, green, and blue; a moment's sig
For Skiddaw-top with rosy light
Is touched — and all the band take fli
— Fly also, Muse! and from the del
Mount to the ridge of Nathdale Fell;
Thence, look thou forth o'er wood
lawn
Hoar with the frost-like dews of daw
Across yon meadowy bottom look,
Where close fogs hide their parent bro
And see, beyond that hamlet small,
The ruined towers of Threlkeld-hall,
Lurking in a double shade,
By trees and lingering twilight made
There, at Blencathara's rugged feet,
Sir Lancelot gave a safe retreat
To noble Clifford; from annoy
Concealed the persecuted boy,
Well pleased in rustic garb to feed
His flock, and pipe on shepherd's re
Among this multitude of hills,
Crags, woodlands, waterfalls, and ril
Which soon the morning shall enfold
From east to west, in ample vest
Of massy gloom and radiance bold.
The mists, that o'er the streamlet's
Hung low, begin to rise and spread;
Even while I speak, their skirts of g
Are smitten by a silver ray;
And lo! — up Castrigg's naked steep
(Where, smoothly urged, the va
sweep
Along — and scatter and divide,
Like fleecy clouds self-multiplied)
The stately wagon is ascending,
With faithful Benjamin attending,
Apparent now beside his team —
Now lost amid a glittering steam:

[1] The crag of the ewe lamb.

nd with him goes his Sailor-friend,
y this time near their journey's end;
nd, after their high-minded riot,
ckening into thoughtful quiet;
s if the morning's pleasant hour
ad for their joys a killing power.
nd, sooth, for Benjamin a vein
opened of still deeper pain
s if his heart by notes were stung
om out the lowly hedge-rows flung;
s if the Warbler lost in light
eproved his soarings of the night,
strains of rapture pure and holy
obraided his distempered folly.
Drooping is he, his step is dull;
t the horses stretch and pull;
ith increasing vigor climb,
ger to repair lost time;
hether, by their own desert,
nowing what cause there is for shame,
ey are laboring to avert
much as may be of the blame,
hich, they foresee, must soon alight
on *his* head, whom, in despite
all his failings, they love best;
hether for him they are distrest,
, by length of fasting roused,
e impatient to be housed:
o against the hill they strain
gging at the iron chain,
gging all with might and main,
st and foremost, every horse
the utmost of his force!
d the smoke and respiration,
sing like an exhalation,
end with the mist — a moving shroud
form, an undissolving cloud;
nich, with slant ray, the merry sun
kes delight to play upon.
ver golden-haired Apollo,
ased some favorite chief to follow
rough accidents of peace or war,
a perilous moment threw
ound the object of his care
l of such celestial hue;
erposed so bright a screen —
n and his enemies between!
Alas! what boots it? — who can hide,
en the malicious Fates are bent
working out an ill intent?
destiny be turned aside?
— sad progress of my story!
jamin, this outward glory
Cannot shield thee from thy Master,
Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
Sour and surly as the north;
And, in fear of some disaster,
Comes to give what help he may,
And to hear what thou canst say;
If, as needs he must forbode,
Thou hast been loitering on the road!
His fears, his doubts, may now take flight —
The wished-for object is in sight;
Yet, trust the Muse, it rather hath
Stirred him up to livelier wrath;
Which he stifles, moody man!
With all the patience that he can;
To the end that, at your meeting,
He may give thee decent greeting.
There he is — resolved to stop,
Till the wagon gains the top;
But stop he cannot — must advance:
Him Benjamin, with lucky glance,
Espies — and instantly is ready,
Self-collected, poised, and steady:
And, to be the better seen,
Issues from his radiant shroud,
From his close-attending cloud,
With careless air and open mien.
Erect his port, and firm his going;
So struts yon cock that now is crowing;
And the morning light in grace
Strikes upon his lifted face,
Hurrying the pallid hue away
That might his trespasses betray.
But what can all avail to clear him,
Or what need of explanation,
Parley or interrogation?
For the Master sees, alas!
That unhappy Figure near him,
Limping o'er the dewy grass,
Where the road it fringes, sweet,
Soft and cool to way-worn feet;
And, O indignity! an Ass,
By his noble Mastiff's side,
Tethered to the wagon's tail:
And the ship, in all her pride,
Following after in full sail!
Not to speak of babe and mother;
Who, contented with each other,
And snug as birds in leafy arbor,
Find, within, a blessed harbor!
With eager eyes the Master pries;
Looks in and out, and through and through;

Says nothing — till at last he spies
A wound upon the Mastiff's head,
A wound, where plainly might be read
What feats an Ass's hoof can do!
But drop the rest: — this aggravation,
This complicated provocation,
A hoard of grievances unsealed;
All past forgiveness it repealed;
And thus, and through distempered blood
On both sides, Benjamin the good,
The patient, and the tender-hearted,
Was from his team and wagon parted;
When duty of that day was o'er,
Laid down his whip — and served no more. —
Nor could the wagon long survive,
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive:
It lingered on; — guide after guide
Ambitiously the office tried;
But each unmanageable hill
Called for *his* patience and *his* skill; —
And sure it is, that through this night,
And what the morning brought to light,
Two losses had we to sustain,
We lost both WAGGONER and WAIN!

Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,
The gift of this adventurous song;
A record which I dared to frame,
Though timid scruples checked me long;
They checked me — and I left the theme
Untouched — in spite of many a gleam
Of fancy which thereon was shed,
Like pleasant sunbeams shifting still
Upon the side of a distant hill:
But Nature might not be gainsaid;
For what I have and what I miss
I sing of these; — it makes my bliss!
Nor is it I who play the part,
But a shy spirit in my heart,
That comes and goes — will sometimes leap
From hiding-places ten years deep;
Or haunts me with familiar face,
Returning, like a ghost unlaid,
Until the debt I owe be paid.
Forgive me, then; for I had been
On friendly terms with this Machine:
In him, while he was wont to trace
Our roads, through many a long year's space,
A living almanac had we;
We had a speaking diary,
That in this uneventful place
Gave to the days a mark and name
By which we knew them when they cam
— Yes, I, and all about me here,
Through all the changes of the year,
Had seen him through the mountai
go,
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,
Majestically huge and slow:
Or, with a milder grace adorning
The landscape of a summer's morning
While Grasmere smoothed her liquid pla
The moving image to detain;
And mighty Fairfield, with a chime
Of echoes, to his march kept time;
When little other business stirred,
And little other sound was heard;
In that delicious hour of balm,
Stillness, solitude, and calm,
While yet the valley is arrayed,
On this side with a sober shade;
On that is prodigally bright —
Crag, lawn, and wood — with rosy ligl
— But most of all, thou Lordly Wain
I wish to have thee here again,
When windows flap and chimney roar
And all is dismal out of doors;
And, sitting by my fire, I see
Eight sorry carts, no less a train;
Unworthy successors of thee,
Come straggling through the wind a
rain!
And oft, as they pass slowly on,
Beneath my windows, one by one,
See, perched upon the naked height
The summit of a cumbrous freight,
A single traveller — and there
Another; then perhaps a pair —
The lame, the sickly, and the old;
Men, women, heartless with the cold;
And babes in wet and starveling plight
Which once, be weather as it might,
Had still a nest within a nest,
Thy shelter — and their mother's breas
Then most of all, then far the most,
Do I regret what we have lost;
Am grieved for that unhappy sin
Which robbed us of good Benjamin;
And of his stately Charge, which none
Could keep alive when He was gone!

1805. 1819

FRENCH REVOLUTION

IT APPEARED TO ENTHUSIASTS AT ITS COMMENCEMENT.[1] REPRINTED FROM "THE FRIEND."[2]

An extract from the long poem on my own tical education. It was first published by eridge in his "Friend," which is the reason its having had a place in every edition of my ms since.

! pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
r mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
on our side, we who were strong in love!
ss was it in that dawn to be alive,
t to be young was very heaven! — Oh! times,
which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
custom, law, and statute, took at once
e attraction of a country in romance!
ien Reason seemed the most to assert her rights,
ien most intent on making of herself
rime Enchantress — to assist the work,
iich then was going forward in her name!
t favored spots alone, but the whole earth,
e beauty wore of promise, that which sets
s at some moment might not be unfelt
ong the bowers of paradise itself)
e budding rose above the rose full blown.
at temper at the prospect did not wake
happiness unthought of? The inert
re roused, and lively natures rapt away!
y who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
playfellows of fancy, who had made
powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
ir ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred

This and the Extract, p. 136, and the first e of this Class, are from the [then] unpub- d Poem of which some account is given in Preface to the EXCURSION.
Prelude, book xi. p. 357.

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it; — they, too, who, of gentle mood,
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
And in the region of their peaceful selves; —
Now was it that both found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their heart's desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish;
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us, — the place where in the end
We find our happiness, or not at all!

1805. 1810.

THE PRELUDE

OR, GROWTH OF A POET'S MIND;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Poem was commenced in the beginning of the year 1799, and completed in the summer of 1805.

The design and occasion of the work are described by the Author in his Preface to the EXCURSION, first published in 1814, where he thus speaks: —

"Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had qualified him for such an employment.

"As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them.

"That work, addressed to a dear friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and

to whom the Author's intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it, was a determination to compose a philosophical Poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society, and to be entitled the 'Recluse'; as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.

"The preparatory poem is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself; and the two works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the Ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor pieces, which have been long before the public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive reader to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices."

Such was the Author's language in the year 1814.

It will thence be seen, that the present Poem was intended to be introductory to the RECLUSE, and that the RECLUSE, if completed, would have consisted of Three Parts. Of these, the Second Part alone, viz. the EXCURSION, was finished, and given to the world by the Author.

The First Book of the First Part of the RECLUSE still remains in manuscript;[1] but the Third Part was only planned. The materials of which it would have been formed have, however, been incorporated, for the most part, in the Author's other Publications, written subsequently to the EXCURSION.

The Friend, to whom the present Poem is addressed, was the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, who was resident in Malta, for the restoration of his health, when the greater part of it was composed.

Mr. Coleridge read a considerable portion of the Poem while he was abroad; and his feelings, on hearing it recited by the Author (after his return to his own country), are recorded in his Verses, addressed to Mr. Wordsworth, which will be found in the *Sibylline Leaves*, p. 197, ed. 1817, or *Poetical Works by S. T. Coleridge*, vol. i. p. 206.

RYDAL MOUNT,
July 13th, 1850.

[1] Now printed, see p. 378.

BOOK FIRST.

INTRODUCTION — CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL-TIME.

OH there is a blessing in this gentle bree
A visitant that while it fans my cheek
Doth seem half-conscious of the joy
brings
From the green fields, and from yon azu
sky.
Whate'er its mission, the soft breeze c
come
To none more grateful than to me;
caped
From the vast city, where I long had pin
A discontented sojourner: now free,
Free as a bird to settle where I will.
What dwelling shall receive me? in wh
vale
Shall be my harbor? underneath wh
grove
Shall I take up my home? and what cl
stream
Shall with its murmur lull me into res
The earth is all before me. With a he
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
I look about; and should the chosen gu
Be nothing better than a wandering clou
I cannot miss my way. I breathe aga
Trances of thought and mountings of
mind
Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural sel
The heavy weight of many a weary da
Not mine, and such as were not made
me.
Long months of peace (if such bold w
accord
With any promises of human life),
Long months of ease and undistur
delight
Are mine in prospect; whither shall I tu
By road or pathway, or through trackl
field,
Up hill or down, or shall some float
thing
Upon the river point me out my cours

Dear Liberty! Yet what would it a
But for a gift that consecrates the joy
For I, methought, while the sweet bre
of heaven

s blowing on my body, felt within
correspondent breeze, that gently moved
n quickening virtue, but is now become
mpest, a redundant energy,
ing its own creation. Thanks to both,
their congenial powers, that, while they join
reaking up a long-continued frost,
g with then vernal promises, the hope
ctive days urged on by flying hours,—
s of sweet leisure, taxed with patient thought
ruse, nor wanting punctual service high,
ins and vespers of harmonious verse!

nus far, O Friend! did I, not used to make
esent joy the matter of a song,
forth that day my soul in measured strains
would not be forgotten, and are here
orded: to the open fields I told
ophecy: poetic numbers came
taneously to clothe in priestly robe
novated spirit singled out,
hope was mine, for holy services.
own voice cheered me, and, far more, the mind's
rnal echo of the imperfect sound;
oth I listened, drawing from them both
eerful confidence in things to come.

ntent and not unwilling now to give
spite to this passion, I paced on
brisk and eager steps; and came, at length,
green shady place, where down I sate
ath a tree, slackening my thoughts by choice
settling into gentler happiness.
as autumn, and a clear and placid day,
warmth, as much as needed, from a sun
hours declined towards the west; a day
silver clouds, and sunshine on the grass,
in the sheltered and the sheltering grove
A perfect stillness. Many were the thoughts
Encouraged and dismissed, till choice was made
Of a known Vale, whither my feet should turn,
Nor rest till they had reached the very door
Of the one cottage which methought I saw.
No picture of mere memory ever looked
So fair; and while upon the fancied scene
I gazed with growing love, a higher power
Than Fancy gave assurance of some work
Of glory there forthwith to be begun,
Perhaps too there performed. Thus long I mused,
Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon,
Save when, amid the stately grove of oaks,
Now here, now there, an acorn, from its cup
Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once
To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound.
From that soft couch I rose not, till the sun
Had almost touched the horizon; casting then
A backward glance upon the curling cloud
Of city smoke, by distance ruralized;
Keen as a Truant or a Fugitive,
But as a Pilgrim resolute, I took,
Even with the chance equipment of that hour,
The road that pointed toward the chosen Vale.
It was a splendid evening, and my soul
Once more made trial of her strength, nor lacked
Æolian visitations; but the harp
Was soon defrauded, and the banded host
Of harmony dispersed in straggling sounds,
And lastly utter silence! "Be it so;
Why think of anything but present good?"
So, like a home-bound laborer, I pursued
My way beneath the mellowing sun, that shed
Mild influence; nor left in me one wish
Again to bend the Sabbath of that time
To a servile yoke. What need of many words?

A pleasant loitering journey, through three days
Continued, brought me to my hermitage.
I spare to tell of what ensued, the life
In common things — the endless store of things,
Rare, or at least so seeming, every day
Found all about me in one neighborhood —
The self-congratulation, and, from morn
To night, unbroken cheerfulness serene.
But speedily an earnest longing rose
To brace myself to some determined aim,
Reading or thinking; either to lay up
New stores, or rescue from decay the old
By timely interference: and therewith
Came hopes still higher, that with outward life
I might endue some airy phantasies
That had been floating loose about for years,
And to such beings temperately deal forth
The many feelings that oppressed my heart.
That hope hath been discouraged; welcome light
Dawns from the east, but dawns to disappear
And mock me with a sky that ripens not
Into a steady morning: if my mind,
Remembering the bold promise of the past,
Would gladly grapple with some noble theme,
Vain is her wish; where'er she turns she finds
Impediments from day to day renewed.

And now it would content me to yield up
Those lofty hopes awhile, for present gifts
Of humbler industry. But, oh, dear Friend!
The Poet, gentle creature as he is,
Hath, like the Lover, his unruly times;
His fits when he is neither sick nor well,
Though no distress be near him but his own
Unmanageable thoughts: his mind, best pleased
While she as duteous as the mother dove
Sits brooding, lives not always to that end,

But like the innocent bird, hath goadi
on
That drive her as in trouble through
groves;
With me is now such passion, to be blar
No otherwise than as it lasts too long

When, as becomes a man who wo
prepare
For such an arduous work, I through
self
Make rigorous inquisition, the report
Is often cheering; for I neither seem
To lack that first great gift, the vital s
Nor general Truths, which are themse
a sort
Of Elements and Agents, Under-pow
Subordinate helpers of the living min
Nor am I naked of external things,
Forms, images, nor numerous other a
Of less regard, though won perhaps v
toil
And needful to build up a Poet's pra
Time, place, and manners do I seek,
these
Are found in plenteous store, but nowl
such
As may be singled out with steady cho
No little band of yet remembered nar
Whom I, in perfect confidence, m
hope
To summon back from lonesome ban
ment,
And make them dwellers in the heart
men
Now living, or to live in future years
Sometimes the ambitious Power of cho
mistaking
Proud spring-tide swellings for a reg
sea,
Will settle on some British theme, s
old
Romantic tale by Milton left unsung
More often turning to some gentle p
Within the groves of Chivalry, I pip
To shepherd swains, or seated har
hand,
Amid reposing knights by a river sid
Or fountain, listen to the grave repo
Of dire enchantments faced and c
come
By the strong mind, and tales of wa
feats,

ıere spear encountered spear, and
sword with sword
ıght, as if conscious of the blazonry
ıt the shield bore, so glorious was the
strife;
ience inspiration for a song that winds
rough ever-changing scenes of votive
quest
ongs to redress, harmonious tribute
paid
patient courage and unblemished
truth,
firm devotion, zeal unquenchable,
d Christian meekness hallowing faith-
ful loves.
netimes, more sternly moved, I would
relate
w vanquished Mithridates northward
passed,
d, hidden in the cloud of years, became
n, the Father of a race by whom
ished the Roman Empire: how the
friends
d followers of Sertorius, out of Spain
ing, found shelter in the Fortunate
Isles,
d left their usages, their arts and laws,
disappear by a slow gradual death,
dwindle and to perish one by one,
rved in those narrow bounds: but not
the soul
Liberty, which fifteen hundred years
vived, and, when the European came
h skill and power that might not be
withstood,
, like a pestilence, maintain its hold
d wasted down by glorious death that
race
natural heroes: or I would record
w, in tyrannic times, some high-souled
man,
named among the chronicles of kings,
ered in silence for Truth's sake: or
tell,
w that one Frenchman,[1] through con-
tinued force
meditation on the inhuman deeds
those who conquered first the Indian
Isles,
Went single in his ministry across
The Ocean; not to comfort the oppressed,
But, like a thirsty wind, to roam about
Withering the Oppressor: how Gustavus
sought
Help at his need in Dalecarlia's mines:
How Wallace fought for Scotland; left
the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of Ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.
Sometimes it suits me better to invent
A tale from my own heart, more near akin
To my own passions and habitual
thoughts;
Some variegated story, in the main
Lofty, but the unsubstantial structure
melts
Before the very sun that brightens it,
Mist into air dissolving! Then a wish,
My last and favorite aspiration, mounts
With yearning toward some philosophic
song
Of Truth that cherishes our daily life;
With meditations passionate from deep
Recesses in man's heart, immortal verse
Thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre;
But from this awful burthen I full soon
Take refuge and beguile myself with trust
That mellower years will bring a riper
mind
And clearer insight. Thus my days are
past
In contradiction; with no skill to part
Vague longing, haply bred by want of
power,
From paramount impulse not to be with-
stood,
A timorous capacity, from prudence,
From circumspection, infinite delay.
Humility and modest awe, themselves
Betray me, serving often for a cloak
To a more subtle selfishness; that now
Locks every function up in blank reserve,
Now dupes me, trusting to an anxious eye
That with intrusive restlessness beats off
Simplicity and self-presented truth.
Ah! better far than this, to stray about
Voluptuously through fields and rural
walks,

[1] Dominique de Gourgues, a French gentleman went in 1568 to Florida to avenge the mas- of the French by the Spaniards there.

And ask no record of the hours, resigned
To vacant musing, unreproved neglect
Of all things, and deliberate holiday.
Far better never to have heard the name
Of zeal and just ambition, than to live
Baffled and plagued by a mind that every hour
Turns recreant to her task; takes heart again,
Then feels immediately some hollow thought
Hang like an interdict upon her hopes.
This is my lot; for either still I find
Some imperfection in the chosen theme,
Or see of absolute accomplishment
Much wanting, so much wanting, in myself,
That I recoil and droop, and seek repose
In listlessness from vain perplexity,
Unprofitably travelling toward the grave,
Like a false steward who hath much received
And renders nothing back.

Was it for this
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse's song,
And, from his alder shades and rocky falls,
And from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this, didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind
A foretaste, a dim earnest, of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves.

When he had left the mountains and received
On his smooth breast the shadow of those towers
That yet survive, a shattered monument
Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
Along the margin of our terrace walk;
A tempting playmate whom we dearly loved.

Oh, many a time have I, a five yea
child,
In a small mill-race severed from
stream,
Made one long bathing of a summer's da
Basked in the sun, and plunged a
basked again
Alternate, all a summer's day, or scour
The sandy fields, leaping through flowe
groves
Of yellow ragwort; or, when rock and h
The woods, and distant Skiddaw's lo
height,
Were bronzed with deepest radian
stood alone
Beneath the sky, as if I had been bor
On Indian plains, and from my mothe
hut
Had run abroad in wantonness, to spo
A naked savage, in the thunder showe

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I gr
up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favored in my birth-place, and
less
In that belovèd Vale to which erelong
We were transplanted; — there were
let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had t
Ten birth-days, when among the mo
tain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind,
snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 't was my
With store of springes o'er my shoul
hung
To range the open heights where wo
cocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Thro
half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I p
That anxious visitation; — moon and s
Were shining o'er my head. I was alo
And seemed to be a trouble to the pe
That dwelt among them. Sometim
befell
In these night wanderings, that a str
desire
O'erpowered my better reason, and
bird
Which was the captive of another's t

came my prey; and when the deed was done
eard among the solitary hills
w breathings coming after me, and sounds
undistinguishable motion, steps
most as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less, when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,
ved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
d in high places built her lodge; though mean
r object and inglorious, yet the end
as not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
ove the raven's nest, by knots of grass
d half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
t ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
spended by the blast that blew amain,
ouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
nile on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
th what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
w through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
earth — and with what motion moved the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
e harmony in music; there is a dark
crutable workmanship that reconciles
cordant elements, makes them cling together
one society. How strange, that all
e terrors, pains, and early miseries,
grets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
hin my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
l that a needful part, in making up
e calm existence that is mine when I
worthy of myself! Praise to the end!
nks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;
ether her fearless visitings, or those
t came with soft alarm, like hurtless light
ening the peaceful clouds; or she would use
erer interventions, ministry
re palpable, as best might suit her aim.

One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain-echoes did my boat move on;
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck and struck again,
And growing still in stature the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
And measured motion like a living thing
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert of the willow tree;
There in her mooring-place I left my bark, —
And through the meadows homeward went, in grave
And serious mood; but after I had seen
That spectacle, for many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being; o'er my thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colors of green fields;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

[1] Wisdom and Spirit of the universe!
Thou Soul that art the eternity of thought
That givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion, not in vain
By day or star-light thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things —
With life and nature — purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying, by such discipline,
Both pain and fear, until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness. In November days,
When vapors rolling down the valley made
A lonely scene more lonesome, among woods,
At noon and 'mid the calm of summer nights,
When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
Beneath the gloomy hills homeward I went
In solitude, such intercourse was mine;
Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
And by the waters, all the summer long.

And in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twi-light gloom,

[1] These lines have been printed before. See p 136.

I heeded not their summons: happy tir
It was indeed for all of us — for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and lo
The village clock tolled six, — I wheel about,
Proud and exulting like an untired hor
That cares not for his home. All sh with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in gam
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures, — the resoun ing horn,
The pack loud chiming, and the hunt hare.
So through the darkness and the cold flew,
And not a voice was idle; with the din
Smitten, the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron; while far distant hi
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while t stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuo throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before m gleamed
Upon the glassy plain; and oftentimes
When we had given our bodies to t wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either s
Came sweeping through the darkne spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at onc
Have I, reclining back upon my heels
Stopped short; yet still the solitary cl
Wheeled by me — even as if the earth h rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round
Behind me did they stretch in solemn tra
Feebler and feebler, and I stood a watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sle

Ye Presences of Nature in the sky
And on the earth! Ye Visions of the hil
And Souls of lonely places! can I thi

vulgar hope was yours when ye em-
ployed
ich ministry, when ye, through many a
year
aunting me thus among my boyish
sports,
n caves and trees, upon the woods and
hills,
npressed, upon all forms, the characters
danger or desire; and thus did make
ie surface of the universal earth,
ith triumph and delight, with hope and
fear,
ork like a sea?
Not uselessly employed,
ight I pursue this theme through every
change
exercise and play, to which the year
d summon us in his delightful round.

We were a noisy crew; the sun in heaven
held not vales more beautiful than ours;
or saw a band in happiness and joy
cher, or worthier of the ground they
trod.
could record with no reluctant voice
ie woods of autumn, and their hazel
bowers
ith milk-white clusters hung; the rod
and line,
ue symbol of hope's foolishness, whose
strong
d unreproved enchantment led us on
rocks and pools shut out from every
star,
the green summer, to forlorn cascades
nong the windings hid of mountain
brooks.
Unfading recollections! at this hour
e heart is almost mine with which I felt,
om some hill-top on sunny afternoons,
e paper kite high among fleecy clouds
ll at her rein like an impetuous courser;
from the meadows sent on gusty days,
neld her breast the wind, then suddenly
shed headlong, and rejected by the
storm.

Ye lowly cottages wherein we dwelt,
ninistration of your own was yours;
n I forget you, being as you were
beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood? or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with
which
Ye dealt out your plain comforts? Yet
had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.
Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-
fire
At evening, when with pencil, and smooth
slate
In square divisions parcelled out and all
With crosses and with ciphers scribbled
o'er,
We schemed and puzzled, head opposed
to head
In strife too humble to be named in verse:
Or round the naked table, snow-white
deal,
Cherry or maple, sate in close array,
And to the combat, Loo or Whist, led on
A thick-ribbed army; not, as in the world,
Neglected and ungratefully thrown by
Even for the very service they had
wrought,
But husbanded through many a long cam-
paign.
Uncouth assemblage was it, where no few
Had changed their functions: some, ple-
beian cards
Which Fate, beyond the promise of their
birth,
Had dignified, and called to represent
The persons of departed potentates.
Oh, with what echoes on the board they
fell!
Ironic diamonds, — clubs, hearts, dia-
monds, spades,
A congregation piteously akin!
Cheap matter offered they to boyish wit,
Those sooty knaves, precipitated down
With scoffs and taunts, like Vulcan out of
heaven:
The paramount ace, a moon in her
eclipse,
Queens gleaming through their splendor's
last decay,
And monarchs surly at the wrongs sus-
tained
By royal visages. Meanwhile abroad
Incessant rain was falling, or the frost
Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth;
And, interrupting oft that eager game,

From under Esthwaite's splitting fields of ice
The pent-up air, struggling to free itself,
Gave out to meadow grounds and hills a loud
Protracted yelling, like the noise of wolves
Howling in troops along the Bothnic Main.

Nor, sedulous as I have been to trace
How Nature by extrinsic passion first
Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair,
And made me love them, may I here omit
How other pleasures have been mine, and joys
Of subtler origin; how I have felt,
Not seldom even in that tempestuous time,
Those hallowed and pure motions of the sense
Which seem, in their simplicity, to own
An intellectual charm; that calm delight
Which, if I err not, surely must belong
To those first-born affinities that fit
Our new existence to existing things,
And, in our dawn of being, constitute
The bond of union between life and joy.

Yes, I remember when the changeful earth,
And twice five summers on my mind had stamped
The faces of the moving year, even then
I held unconscious intercourse with beauty
Old as creation, drinking in a pure
Organic pleasure from the silver wreaths
Of curling mist, or from the level plain
Of waters colored by impending clouds.

The sands of Westmoreland, the creeks and bays
Of Cumbria's rocky limits, they can tell
How, when the Sea threw off his evening shade,
And to the shepherd's hut on distant hills
Sent welcome notice of the rising moon,
How I have stood, to fancies such as these
A stranger, linking with the spectacle
No conscious memory of a kindred sight,
And bringing with me no peculiar sense
Of quietness or peace; yet have I stood,

Even while mine eye hath moved o
many a league
Of shining water, gathering as it seeme
Through every hair-breadth in that fi
of light,
Néw pleasure like a bee among the flowe

Thus oft amid those fits of vulgar jo
Which, through all seasons, on a chil
pursuits
Are prompt attendants, 'mid that gid
bliss
Which, like a tempest, works along t
blood
And is forgotten; even then I felt
Gleams like the flashing of a shield;
the earth
And common face of Nature spake to
Rememberable things; sometimes,
true,
By chance collisions and quaint accide
(Like those ill-sorted unions, work s
posed
Of evil-minded fairies), yet not vain
Nor profitless, if haply they impresse
Collateral objects and appearances,
Albeit lifeless then, and doomed to sle
Until maturer seasons call them forth
To impregnate and to elevate the min
— And if the vulgar joy by its own weig
Wearied itself out of the memory,
The scenes which were a witness of t
joy
Remained in their substantial lineame
Depicted on the brain, and to the eye
Were visible, a daily sight; and thus
By the impressive discipline of fear,
By pleasure and repeated happiness,
So frequently repeated, and by force
Of obscure feelings representative
Of things forgotten, these same sce
so bright,
So beautiful, so majestic in themselve
Though yet the day was distant, did
come
Habitually dear, and all their forms
And changeful colors by invisible link
Were fastened to the affections.
I beg
My story early — not misled, I trust,
By an infirmity of love for days
Disowned by memory — ere the bre
of spring

anting my snowdrops among winter
snows:
or will it seem to thee, O Friend! so
prompt
sympathy, that I have lengthened out
ith fond and feeble tongue a tedious tale.
eanwhile, my hope has been, that I
might fetch
vigorating thoughts from former years;
ght fix the wavering balance of my
mind,
d haply meet reproaches too, whose
power
y spur me on, in manhood now mature
honorable toil. Yet should these
hopes
ove vain, and thus should neither I be
taught
understand myself, nor thou to know
ith better knowledge how the heart
was framed
him thou lovest; need I dread from
thee
rsh judgments; if the song be loth to
quit
ose recollected hours that have the
charm
visionary things, those lovely forms
d sweet sensations that throw back
our life,
d almost make remotest infancy
visible scene, on which the sun is shin-
ing?

One end at least hath been attained;
my mind
th been revived, and if this genial
mood
sert me not, forthwith shall be brought
down
rough later years the story of my life.
e road lies plain before me;—'t is a
theme
gle and of determined bounds; and
hence
hoose it rather at this time, than work
ampler or more varied argument,
ere I might be discomfited and lost:
d certain hopes are with me, that to
thee
s labor will be welcome, honored
Friend!

Book Second.

SCHOOL-TIME (*continued*).

Thus far, O Friend! have we, though
leaving much
Unvisited, endeavored to retrace
The simple ways in which my childhood
walked;
Those chiefly that first led me to the love
Of rivers, woods, and fields. The pas-
sion yet
Was in its birth, sustained as might befall
By nourishment that came unsought; for
still
From week to week, from month to
month, we lived
A round of tumult. Duly were our games
Prolonged in summer till the daylight
failed:
No chair remained before the doors; the
bench
And threshold steps were empty; fast
asleep
The laborer, and the old man who had
sate
A later lingerer; yet the revelry
Continued and the loud uproar: at last,
When all the ground was dark, and
twinkling stars
Edged the black clouds, home and to bed
we went,
Feverish with weary joints and beating
minds.
Ah! is there one who ever has been
young,
Nor needs a warning voice to tame the
pride
Of intellect and virtue's self-esteem?
One is there, though the wisest and the
best
Of all mankind, who covets not at times
Union that cannot be;—who would not
give
If so he might, to duty and to truth
The eagerness of infantine desire?
A tranquillizing spirit presses now
On my corporeal frame, so wide appears
The vacancy between me and those days
Which yet have such self-presence in my
mind,
That, musing on them, often do I seem
Two consciousnesses, conscious of myself
And of some other Being. A rude mass

Of native rock, left midway in the square
Of our small market village, was the goal
Or centre of these sports; and when, returned
After long absence, thither I repaired,
Gone was the old gray stone, and in its place
A smart Assembly-room usurped the ground
That had been ours. There let the fiddle scream,
And be ye happy! Yet, my Friends! I know
That more than one of you will think with me
Of those soft starry nights, and that old Dame
From whom the stone was named, who there had sate,
And watched her table with its huckster's wares
Assiduous, through the length of sixty years.

We ran a boisterous course; the year span round
With giddy motion. But the time approached
That brought with it a regular desire
For calmer pleasures, when the winning forms
Of Nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every boyish sport, less grateful else
And languidly pursued.
When summer came,
Our pastime was, on bright half-holidays,
To sweep along the plain of Windermere
With rival oars; and the selected bourne
Was now an Island musical with birds
That sang and ceased not; now a Sister Isle
Beneath the oaks' umbrageous covert, sown
With lilies of the valley like a field;
And now a third small Island, where survived
In solitude the ruins of a shrine
Once to Our Lady dedicate, and served
Daily with chaunted rites. In such a race
So ended, disappointment could be none,
Uneasiness, or pain, or jealousy:
We rested in the shade, all pleased ali
Conquered and conqueror. Thus
pride of strength,
And the vain-glory of superior skill,
Were tempered; thus was gradually p
duced
A quiet independence of the heart;
And to my Friend who knows me I n
add,
Fearless of blame, that hence for fut
days
Ensued a diffidence and modesty,
And I was taught to feel, perhaps
much,
The self-sufficing power of Solitude.

Our daily meals were frugal, Sab
fare!
More than we wished we knew the ble
ing then
Of vigorous hunger — hence corpor
strength
Unsapped by delicate viands; for, exclu
A little weekly stipend, and we lived
Through three divisions of the quarter
year
In penniless poverty. But now to sch
From the half-yearly holidays returned
We came with weightier purses, that s
ficed
To furnish treats more costly than t
Dame
Of the old gray stone, from her sca
board, supplied.
Hence rustic dinners on the cool gre
ground,
Or in the woods, or by a river side
Or shady fountains, while among t
leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the mid-d
sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us in our jo
Nor is my aim neglected if I tell
How sometimes, in the length of th
half-years,
We from our funds drew largely; — pro
to curb,
And eager to spur on, the galloping stee
And with the courteous inn-keeper, wh
stud
Supplied our want, we haply might e
ploy
Sly subterfuge, if the adventure's bou

re distant: some famed temple where
of yore
Druids worshipped, or the antique
walls
that large abbey, where within the
Vale
Nightshade, to St. Mary's honor built,
nds yet a mouldering pile with frac-
tured arch,
ry, and images, and living trees;
oly scene! — Along the smooth green
turf
horses grazed. To more than in-
land peace,
by the west wind sweeping overhead
m a tumultuous ocean, trees and
towers
hat sequestered valley may be seen,
n silent and both motionless alike;
n the deep shelter that is there, and
such
safeguard for repose and quietness.

ur steeds remounted and the sum-
mons given,
h whip and spur we through the
chauntry flew
ncouth race, and left the cross-legged
knight,
the stone-abbot, and that single
wren
ch one day sang so sweetly in the
nave
he old church, that — though from
recent showers
earth was comfortless, and, touched
by faint
rnal breezes, sobbings of the place
respirations, from the roofless walls
shuddering ivy dripped large drops
— yet still
weetly 'mid the gloom the invisible
bird
to herself, that there I could have
made
dwelling-place, and lived for ever
there
ear such music. Through the walls
we flew
down the valley, and, a circuit made
vantonness of heart, through rough
and smooth

We scampered homewards. Oh, ye
rocks and streams,
And that still spirit shed from evening air!
Even in this joyous time I sometimes felt
Your presence, when with slackened step
we breathed
Along the sides of the steep hills, or when
Lighted by gleams of moonlight from the
sea
We beat with thundering hoofs the level
sand.

Midway on long Winander's eastern
shore,
Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood; no homely-featured
house,
Primeval like its neighboring cottages,
But 't was a splendid place, the door
beset
With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and
within
Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red
wine.
In ancient times, and ere the Hall was
built
On the large island, had this dwelling
been
More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and syca-
more shade.
But — though the rhymes were gone that
once inscribed
The threshold, and large golden charac-
ters,
Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had
dislodged
The old Lion and usurped his place, in
slight
And mockery of the rustic painter's
hand —
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear
With all its foolish pomp. The garden
lay
Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green; beneath us
stood
A grove, with gleams of water through
the trees
And over the tree-tops; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and mellow
cream.

There, while through half an afternoon we played
On the smooth platform, whether skill prevailed
Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But, ere night-fall,
When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course with one,
The Minstrel of the troop, and left him there,
And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
Alone upon the rock — oh, then, the calm
And dead still water lay upon my mind
Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream!
Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus
Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me: already I began
To love the sun; a boy I loved the sun,
Not as I since have loved him, as a pledge
And surety of our earthly life, a light
Which we behold and feel we are alive;
Nor for his bounty to so many worlds —
But for this cause, that I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb,
In many a thoughtless hour, when, from excess
Of happiness, my blood appeared to flow
For its own pleasure, and I breathed with joy.
And, from like feelings, humble though intense,
To patriotic and domestic love
Analogous, the moon to me was dear;
For I could dream away my purposes,
Standing to gaze upon her while she hung
Midway between the hills, as if she knew
No other region, but belonged to thee,
Yea, appertained by a peculiar right
To thee and thy gray huts, thou one dear Vale!

Those incidental charms which attached
My heart to rural objects, day by day
Grew weaker, and I hasten on to tell
How Nature, intervenient till this time
And secondary, now at length was sought
For her own sake. But who shall parcel out
His intellect by geometric rules,
Split like a province into round square?
Who knows the individual hour in which
His habits were first sown, even as a seed
Who that shall point as with a wand and say
"This portion of the river of my mind
Came from yon fountain?" Thou, my Friend! art one
More deeply read in thy own thoughts than to thee
Science appears but what in truth it is,
Not as our glory and our absolute boast
But as a succedaneum, and a prop
To our infirmity. No officious slave
Art thou of that false secondary power
By which we multiply distinctions, then
Deem that our puny boundaries are things
That we perceive, and not that we have made.
To thee, unblinded by these formal arts,
The unity of all hath been revealed,
And thou wilt doubt, with me less artfully skilled
Than many are to range the faculties
In scale and order, class the cabinet
Of their sensations, and in voluble phrase
Run through the history and birth of each
As of a single independent thing.
Hard task, vain hope, to analyze the mind,
If each most obvious and particular thought,
Not in a mystical and idle sense,
But in the words of Reason deeply weighed,
Hath no beginning.
Blest the infant Babe,
(For with my best conjecture I would trace
Our Being's earthly progress,) blest the Babe,
Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep

ked on his Mother's breast; who with
his soul
ks in the feelings of his Mother's
eye!
him, in one dear Presence, there
exists
rtue which irradiates and exalts
cts through widest intercourse of
sense.
utcast he, bewildered and depressed:
g his infant veins are interfused
gravitation and the filial bond
nature that connect him with the
world.
ere a flower, to which he points with
hand
weak to gather it, already love
vn from love's purest earthly fount
for him
beautified that flower; already
shades
ity cast from inward tenderness
all around him upon aught that bears
ghtly marks of violence or harm.
hatically such a Being lives,
creature as he is, helpless as frail,
nmate of this active universe:
feeling has to him imparted power
through the growing faculties of
sense
like an agent of the one great Mind
e, creator and receiver both,
king but in alliance with the works
h it beholds. — Such, verily, is the
first
c spirit of our human life,
niform control of after years,
ost, abated or suppressed; in some,
ugh every change of growth and of
decay,
minent till death.
From early days,
ning not long after that first time
nich, a Babe, by intercourse of touch
l mute dialogues with my Mother's
heart,
e endeavored to display the means
reby this infant sensibility,
birthright of our being, was in me
nented and sustained. Yet is a path
difficult before me; and I fear
in its broken windings we shall
need
The chamois' sinews, and the eagle's
wing:
For now a trouble came into my mind
From unknown causes. I was left alone
Seeking the visible world, nor knowing
why.
The props of my affections were removed,
And yet the building stood, as if sustained
By its own spirit! All that I beheld
Was dear, and hence to finer influxes
The mind lay open to a more exact
And close communion. Many are our
joys
In youth, but oh! what happiness to live
When every hour brings palpable access
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is
delight,
And sorrow is not there! the seasons
came,
And every season wheresoe'er I moved
Unfolded transitory qualities,
Which, but for this most watchful power
of love,
Had been neglected; left a register
Of permanent relations, else unknown.
Hence life, and change, and beauty, soli-
tude
More active ever than "best society" —
Society made sweet as solitude
By silent inobtrusive sympathies,
And gentle agitations of the mind
From manifold distinctions, difference
Perceived in things, where, to the un-
watchful eye,
No difference is, and hence, from the
same source,
Sublimer joy; for I would walk alone,
Under the quiet stars, and at that time
Have felt what e'er there is of power in
sound
To breathe an elevated mood, by form
Or image unprofaned; and I would stand,
If the night blackened with a coming
storm,
Beneath some rock, listening to notes that
are
The ghostly language of the ancient earth,
Or make their dim abode in distant winds.
Thence did I drink the visionary power;
And deem not profitless those fleeting
moods
Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
That they are kindred to our purer mind

And intellectual life; but that the soul,
Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
Of possible sublimity, whereto
With growing faculties she doth aspire,
With faculties still growing, feeling still
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
Have something to pursue.
And not alone,
'Mid gloom and tumult, but no less 'mid fair
And tranquil scenes, that universal power
And fitness in the latent qualities
And essences of things, by which the mind
Is moved with feelings of delight, to me
Came strengthened with a superadded soul,
A virtue not its own. My morning walks
Were early; — oft before the hours of school
I travelled round our little lake, five miles
Of pleasant wandering. Happy time! more dear
For this, that one was by my side, a Friend,[1]
Then passionately loved; with heart how full
Would he puruse these lines! For many years
Have since flowed in between us, and, our minds
Both silent to each other, at this time
We live as if those hours had never been.
Nor seldom did I lift our cottage latch
Far earlier, ere one smoke-wreath had risen
From human dwelling, or the vernal thrush
Was audible; and sate among the woods
Alone upon some jutting eminence,
At the first gleam of dawn-light, when the Vale,
Yet slumbering, lay in utter solitude.
How shall I seek the origin? where find
Faith in the marvellous things which then I felt?
Oft in these moments such a holy calm

[1] The late Rev. John Fleming, of Rayrigg, Windermere.

Would overspread my soul, that bo
eyes
Were utterly forgotten, and what I s
Appeared like something in myself
dream,
A prospect in the mind.
'T were long to
What spring and autumn, what the wi
snows,
And what the summer shade, what
and night,
Evening and morning, sleep and waki
thought
From sources inexhaustible, poured f
To feed the spirit of religious love
In which I walked with Nature. But
this
Be not forgotten, that I still retained
My first creative sensibility;
That by the regular action of the wo
My soul was unsubdued. A plastic po
Abode with me; a forming hand, at ti
Rebellious, acting in a devious mood
A local spirit of his own, at war
With general tendency, but, for the m
Subservient strictly to external things
With which it communed. An aux
light
Came from my mind, which on the set
sun
Bestowed new splendor; the melod
birds,
The fluttering breezes, fountains that
on
Murmuring so sweetly in themsel
obeyed
A like dominion, and the midnight st
Grew darker in the presence of my e
Hence my obeisance, my devotion he
And hence my transport.
Nor should this, percha
Pass unrecorded, that I still had love
The exercise and produce of a toil,
Than analytic industry to me
More pleasing, and whose characte
deem
Is more poetic as resembling more
Creative agency. The song would sp
Of that interminable building reared
By observation of affinities
In objects where no brotherhood exis
To passive minds. My seventeenth
was come

, whether from this habit rooted now
leeply in my mind, or from excess
he great social principle of life
rcing all things into sympathy,
inorganic natures were transferred
own enjoyments; or the power of
truth
ing in revelation, did converse
h things that really are; I, at this
time,
blessings spread around me like a sea.
s while the days flew by, and years
passed on,
n Nature and her overflowing soul,
ad received so much, that all my
thoughts
e steeped in feeling; I was only then
ented, when with bliss ineffable
t the sentiment of Being spread
all that moves and all that seemeth
still;
all that, lost beyond the reach of
thought
human knowledge, to the human eye
ible, yet liveth to the heart;
all that leaps and runs, and shouts
and sings,
eats the gladsome air; o'er all that
glides
ath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
mighty depth of waters. Wonder
not
gh the transport, great the joy I felt,
muning in this sort through earth and
heaven
every form of creature, as it looked
ards the Uncreated with a counte-
nance
doration, with an eye of love.
song they sang, and it was audible,
audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
come by humblest prelude of that
strain,
ot her functions, and slept undis-
turbed.

this be error, and another faith
easier access to the pious mind,
vere I grossly destitute of all
e human sentiments that make this
earth
ar, if I should fail with grateful voice
To speak of you, ye mountains, and ye
lakes
And sounding cataracts, ye mists and
winds
That dwell among the hills where I was
born.
If in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have
lived
With God and Nature communing, re-
moved
From little enmities and low desires —
The gift is yours; if in these times of
fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'er-
thrown,
If, 'mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds; if, in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life — the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts! 't is
yours,
Ye mountains! thine, O Nature! Thou
hast fed
My lofty speculations; and in thee,
For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
A never-failing principle of joy
And purest passion.
Thou, my Friend! wert reared
In the great city, 'mid far other scenes;
But we, by different roads, at length have
gained
The selfsame bourne. And for this cause
to thee
I speak, unapprehensive of contempt,
The insinuated scoff of coward tongues,
And all that silent language which so oft
In conversation between man and man
Blots from the human countenance all
trace
Of beauty and of love. For thou hast
sought
The truth in solitude, and, since the days
That gave thee liberty, full long desired,

To serve in Nature's temple, thou hast been
The most assiduous of her ministers;
In many things my brother, chiefly here
In this our deep devotion.
Fare thee well!
Health and the quiet of a healthful mind
Attend thee! seeking oft the haunts of men,
And yet more often living with thyself,
And for thyself, so haply shall thy days
Be many, and a blessing to mankind.

Book Third.

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air;
He passed — nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught,
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;
And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous Inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who there
Seemed friends, poor simple schoolboys, now hung round
With honor and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fr
day
Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seer
A man of business and expense, and w
From shop to shop about my own affa
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befell,
From street to street with loose and c
less mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream
roamed
Delighted through the motley specta
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, stude
streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, g
ways, towers:
Migration strange for a stripling of
hills,
A northern villager.
As if the change
Had waited on some Fairy's wand
once
Behold me rich in monies, and attire
In splendid garb, with hose of silk,
hair
Powdered like rimy trees, when fros
keen.
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by
With other signs of manhood that supp
The lack of beard. — The weeks w
roundly on,
With invitations, suppers, wine and f
Smooth housekeeping within, and
without
Liberal, and suiting gentleman's arra

The Evangelist St. John my patron w
Three Gothic courts are his, and in
first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscu
Right underneath, the College kitch
made
A humming sound, less tuneable t
bees,
But hardly less industrious; with s
notes
Of sharp command and scolding in
mixed.
Near me hung Trinity's loquacious cl
Who never let the quarters, night or
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told
hours
Twice over with a male and female v

r pealing organ was my neighbor too;
d from my pillow, looking forth by light
moon or favoring stars, I could behold
e antechapel where the statue stood
Newton with his prism and silent face,
e marble index of a mind forever
yaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

Of College labors, of the Lecturer's room
studded round, as thick as chairs could stand,
th loyal students, faithful to their books,
lf-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
l honest dunces — of important days,
aminations, when the man was weighed
in a balance! of excessive hopes,
mblings withal and commendable fears,
all jealousies, and triumphs good or bad —
others that know more speak as they know.
h glory was but little sought by me,
l little won. Yet from the first crude days
settling time in this untried abode,
vas disturbed at times by prudent thoughts,
hing to hope without a hope, some fears
ut my future worldly maintenance,
, more than all, a strangeness in the mind,
eling that I was not for that hour,
for that place. But wherefore be cast down?
(not to speak of Reason and her pure
ective acts to fix the moral law
p in the conscience, nor of Christian Hope,
ing her head before her sister Faith
ne far mightier), hither I had come,
witness Truth, endowed with holy powers
faculties, whether to work or feel.
when the dazzling show no longer new
ceased to dazzle, oft-times did I quit
My comrades, leave the crowd, buildings and groves,
And as I paced alone the level fields
Far from those lovely sights and sounds sublime
With which I had been conversant, the mind
Drooped not; but there into herself returning,
With prompt rebound seemed fresh as heretofore.
At least I more distinctly recognized
Her native instincts: let me dare to speak
A higher language, say that now I felt
What independent solaces were mine,
To mitigate the injurious sway of place
Or circumstance, how far soever changed
In youth, or *to* be changed in after years.
As if awakened, summoned, roused, constrained,
I looked for universal things; perused
The common countenance of earth and sky:
Earth, nowhere unembellished by some trace
Of that first Paradise whence man was driven;
And sky, whose beauty and bounty are expressed
By the proud name she bears — the name of Heaven.
I called on both to teach me what they might;
Or, turning the mind in upon herself,
Pored, watched, expected, listened, spread my thoughts
And spread them with a wider creeping; felt
Incumbencies more awful, visitings
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
That tolerates the indignities of Time,
And, from the centre of Eternity
All finite motions overruling, lives
In glory immutable. But peace! enough
Here to record that I was mounting now
To such community with highest truth —
A track pursuing, not untrod before,
From strict analogies by thought supplied
Or consciousnesses not to be subdued.
To every natural form, rock, fruits, or flower,
Even the loose stones that cover the high way,

I gave a moral life: I saw them feel,
Or linked them to some feeling: the great mass
Lay bedded in a quickening soul, and all
That I beheld respired with inward meaning.
Add that whate'er of Terror or of Love
Or Beauty, Nature's daily face put on
From transitory passion, unto this
I was as sensitive as waters are
To the sky's influence in a kindred mood
Of passion; was obedient as a lute
That waits upon the touches of the wind.
Unknown, unthought of, yet I was most rich —
I had a world about me — 'twas my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me,
And to the God who sees into the heart.
Such sympathies, though rarely, were betrayed
By outward gestures and by visible looks:
Some called it madness — so indeed it was,
If child-like fruitfulness in passing joy,
If steady moods of thoughtfulness matured
To inspiration, sort with such a name;
If prophecy be madness; if things viewed
By poets in old time, and higher up
By the first men, earth's first inhabitants,
May in these tutored days no more be seen
With undisordered sight. But leaving this,
It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast; an eye
Which, from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

And here, O Friend! have I retraced my life
Up to an eminence, and told a tale
Of matters which not falsely may be called
The glory of my youth. Of genius, pow
Creation and divinity itself
I have been speaking, for my theme h
been
What passed within me. Not of outwa
things
Done visibly for other minds, words, sig
Symbols or actions, but of my own he
Have I been speaking, and my youth
mind.
O Heavens! how awful is the might
souls,
And what they do within themselves wh
yet
The yoke of earth is new to them, t
world
Nothing but a wild field where they w
sown.
This is, in truth, heroic argument,
This genuine prowess, which I wished
touch
With hand however weak, but in the m
It lies far hidden from the reach of wor
Points have we all of us within our so
Where all stand single; this I feel, a
make
Breathings for incommunicable power
But is not each a memory to himself,
And, therefore, now that we must q
this theme,
I am not heartless, for there 's not a m
That lives who hath not known his g
like hours,
And feels not what an empire we inhe
As natural beings in the strength
Nature.

No more: for now into a populous pl
We must descend. A Traveller I am
Whose tale is only of himself; even s
So be it, if the pure of heart be prom
To follow, and if thou, my hono
Friend!
Who in these thoughts art ever at my si
Support, as heretofore, my fainting ste

It hath been told, that when the f
delight
That flashed upon me from this novel sh
Had failed, the mind returned into h
self;
Yet true it is, that I had made a chan
In climate, and my nature's outward c

nged also slowly and insensibly.
oft the quiet and exalted thoughts
oneliness gave way to empty noise
superficial pastimes; now and then
ced labor, and more frequently forced
hopes;
, worst of all, a treasonable growth
ndecisive judgments, that impaired
shook the mind's simplicity. — And
yet
was a gladsome time. Could I be-
hold —
, less insensible than sodden clay
sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
d have beheld, — with undelighted
heart,
nany happy youths, so wide and fair
ongregation in its budding-time
ealth, and hope, and beauty, all at
once
nany divers samples from the growth
fe's sweet season — could have seen
unmoved
miscellaneous garland of wild flow-
ers
king the matron temples of a place
amous through the world? To me,
at least,
as a goodly prospect: for, in sooth,
igh I had learnt betimes to stand un-
propped,
independent musings pleased me so
spells seemed on me when I was
alone,
could I only cleave to solitude
nely places; if a throng was near
way I leaned by nature; for my
heart
social, and loved idleness and joy.

t seeking those who might participate
eeper pleasures (nay, I had not once,
gh not unused to mutter lonesome
songs,
with myself divided such delight,
oked that way for aught that might
be clothed
man language), easily I passed
the remembrances of better things,
slipped into the ordinary works
careless youth, unburthened, un-
alarmed.

Caverns there were within my mind which
sun
Could never penetrate, yet did there not
Want store of leafy *arbors* where the light
Might enter in at will. Companionships,
Friendships, acquaintances, were wel-
come all.
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we
talked
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and walks,
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind
zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the
breast
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the
stars
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet
thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act
In this new life. Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly. I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to
the steps
Of generations of illustrious men,
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where
they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that in-
closure old,
That garden of great intellects, undis-
turbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal
self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence
to be
The more endeared. Their several memo-
ries here
(Even like their persons in their portraits
clothed
With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Tromp-
ington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn
shade;

Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State —
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend!
Yea, our blind Poet, who in his later day,
Stood almost single; uttering odious truth —
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful — if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul — I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth —
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honored by Milton's name. O temperate Bard!
Be it confest that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride
And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran
From the assembly; through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind,
The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove

Of the plain Burghers, who in audi stood
On the last skirts of their perm ground,
Under the pealing organ. E thoughts!
I am ashamed of them: and that Bard,
And thou, O Friend! who in thy a mind
Hast placed me high above my deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.
In this mixed
The months passed on, remissly, given up
To wilful alienation from the right,
Or walks of open scandal, but in va
And loose indifference, easy likings,
Of a low pitch — duty and zeal dismi
Yet Nature, or a happy course of th
Not doing in their stead the needful
The memory languidly revolved, the
Reposed in noontide rest, the inner
Of contemplation almost failed to b
Such life might not inaptly be comp
To a floating island, an amphibious
Unsound, of spongy texture, yet wi
Not wanting a fair face of water we
And pleasant flowers. The thirs living praise,
Fit reverence for the glorious Dead sight
Of those long vistas, sacred catacom
Where mighty *minds* lie visibly tombed,
Have often stirred the heart of y and bred
A fervent love of rigorous disciplin
Alas! such high emotion touched me
Look was there none within these to shame
My easy spirits, and discountenance
Their light composure, far less to i
A calm resolve of mind, firmly addr
To puissant efforts. Nor was thi blame
Of others but my own; I should, in
As far as doth concern my single se
Misdeem most widely, lodging it where:

or I, bred up 'mid Nature's luxuries,
as a spoiled child, and, rambling like
the wind,
I had done in daily intercourse
ith those crystalline rivers, solemn
heights,
d mountains, ranging like a fowl of
the air,
vas ill-tutored for captivity;
quit my pleasure, and, from month
to month,
ke up a station calmly on the perch
sedentary peace. Those lovely forms
d also left less space within my mind,
nich, wrought upon instinctively, had
found
freshness in those objects of her love,
vinning power, beyond all other power.
t that I slighted books, — that were
to lack
sense, — but other passions in me
ruled,
sions more fervent, making me less
prompt
in-door study than was wise or well,
suited to those years. Yet I, though
used
magisterial liberty to rove,
ling such flowers of learning as might
tempt
andom choice, could shadow forth a
place
now I yield not to a flattering dream)
ose studious aspect should have bent
me down
instantaneous service; should at once
ve made me pay to science and to arts
l written lore, acknowledged my liege
lord,
omage frankly offered up, like that
ich I had paid to Nature. Toil and
pains
his recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
uld spread from heart to heart; and
stately groves,
estic edifices, should not want
orresponding dignity within.
congregating temper that pervades
unripe years, not wasted, should be
taught
minister to works of high attempt —
ks which the enthusiast would per-
form with love.

Youth should be awed, religiously pos-
sessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought
and prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labor won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off
abashed
Before antiquity and steadfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over
all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.
If these thoughts
Are a gratuitous emblazonry
That mocks the recreant age *we* live in,
then
Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own
esteem —
Let them parade among the Schools at
will,
But spare the House of God. Was ever
known
The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the
spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be
trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 't is a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English
Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village
trees,
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at
hand
In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
Loses her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given
loose

To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile
Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,
Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe;
A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures; a domain
For quiet things to wander in; a haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself. — Alas! Alas!
In vain for such solemnity I looked;
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed
By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.
Different sight
Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous walls
Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung
Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then
At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labor, and plain weeds.
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the world!
Far different service in those homely days
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
From their first childhood: in that glorious time
When Learning, like a stranger come f
far,
Sounding through Christian lands
trumpet, roused
Peasant and king; when boys and you
the growth
Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Forsook their homes, and, errant in
quest
Of Patron, famous school or friendly nc
Where, pensioned, they in shelter m
sit down,
From town to town and through w
scattered realms
Journeyed with ponderous folios in t
hands;
And often, starting from some co
place,
Saluted the chance comer on the roa
Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
To a poor scholar!" — when illustr
men,
Lovers of truth, by penury constrain
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melanchthon, re
Before the doors or windows of their
By moonshine through mere lack of t
light.

But peace to vain regrets! We see
darkly
Even when we look behind us, and
things
Are not so pure by nature that they n
Must keep to all, as fondly all believ
Their highest promise. If the marin
When at reluctant distance he hath pa
Some tempting island, could but know
ills
That must have fallen upon him ha
brought
His bark to land upon the wishe
shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank
surf
Whose white belt scared him thenc
wind that blew
Inexorably adverse: for myself
I grieve not; happy is the gownèd y
Who only misses what I missed, who
No lower than I fell.
I did not lo
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid c

our scholastic studies; could have
wished
see the river flow with ampler range
l freer pace; but more, far more, I
grieved
see displayed among an eager few,
o in the field of contest persevered,
ions unworthy of youth's generous
heart
mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,
en so disturbed, whatever palms are
won.
m these I turned to travel with the
shoal
nore unthinking natures, easy minds
pillowy; yet not wanting love that
makes
day pass lightly on, when foresight
sleeps,
wisdom and the pledges interchanged
n our own inner being are forgot.

et was this deep vacation not given up
tter waste. Hitherto I had stood
ny own mind remote from social life
least from what we commonly so
name),
a lone shepherd on a promontory
o lacking occupation looks far forth
the boundless sea, and rather makes
n finds what he beholds. And sure it is,
this first transit from the smooth de-
lights
wild outlandish walks of simple youth
omething that resembles an approach
ards human business, to a privileged
world
in a world, a midway residence
n all its intervenient imagery,
better suit my visionary mind,
better, than to have been bolted forth,
st out abruptly into Fortune's way
ng the conflicts of substantial life;
more just gradation did lead on
igher things; more naturally matured,
permanent possession, better fruits,
ther of truth or virtue, to ensue.
rious mood, but oftener, I confess,
playful zest of fancy, did we note
w could we less?) the manners and
the ways
hose who lived distinguished by the
badge
Of good or ill report; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline
We were perforce connected, men whose
sway
And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no
more.
Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring
Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, gro-
tesque
In character, tricked out like aged trees
Which through the lapse of their infirmity
Give ready place to any random seed
That chooses to be reared upon their
trunks.

Here on my view, confronting vividly
Those shepherd swains whom I had lately
left
Appeared a different aspect of old age;
How different! yet both distinctly marked,
Objects embossed to catch the general eye,
Or portraitures for special use designed,
As some might seem, so aptly do they
serve
To illustrate Nature's book of rudiments—
That book upheld as with maternal care
When she would enter on her tender
scheme
Of teaching comprehension with delight,
And mingling playful with pathetic
thoughts.

The surfaces of artificial life
And manners finely wrought, the delicate
race
Of colors, lurking, gleaming up and down
Through that state arras woven with silk
and gold;
This wily interchange of snaky hues,
Willingly or unwillingly revealed,
I neither knew nor cared for; and as such
Were wanting here, I took what might be
found
Of less elaborate fabric. At this day
I smile, in many a mountain solitude
Conjuring up scenes as obsolete in freaks
Of character, in points of wit as broad,
As aught by wooden images performed
For entertainment of the gaping crowd
At wake or fair. And oftentimes do flit
Remembrances before me of old men —

Old humorists, who have been long in their graves,
And having almost in my mind put off
Their human names, have into phantoms passed
Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 't is enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed
The limbs of the great world; its eager strifes
Collaterally portrayed, as in mock fight,
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
Though short of mortal combat; and whate'er
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
More that way, was not wasted upon me —
And yet the spectacle may well demand
A more substantial name, no mimic show,
Itself a living part of a live whole,
A creek in the vast sea; for, all degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labor, his own bond-slave; Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
Honor misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile,
Murmuring submission, and bald government
(The idol weak as the idolater),
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him; Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Of these and other kindred notices
I cannot say what portion is in truth
The naked recollection of that time,
And what may rather have been calle
life
By after-meditation. But delight
That, in an easy temper lulled asleep
Is still with Innocence its own reward
This was not wanting. Carelessly
roamed
As through a wide museum from wh
stores
A casual rarity is singled out
And has its brief perusal, then gives
To others, all supplanted in their turn
Till 'mid this crowded neighborhood
things
That are by nature most unneighborly
The head turns round and cannot ri
itself;
And though an aching and a barren se
Of gay confusion still be uppermost,
With few wise longings and but little lo
Yet to the memory something cleaves
last,
Whence profit may be drawn in times
come.

Thus in submissive idleness, my Frie
The laboring time of autumn, win
spring,
Eight months! rolled pleasingly aw
the ninth
Came and returned me to my native h

Book Fourth.

summer vacation.

Bright was the summer's noon w
quickening steps
Followed each other till a dreary moo
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, u
whose top
Standing alone, as from a rampart's ed
I overlooked the bed of Windermere
Like a vast river, stretching in the su
With exultation, at my feet I saw
Lake, islands, promontories, gleam
bays,
A universe of Nature's fairest forms
Proudly revealed with instantane
burst,
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.
I bounded down the hill shouting am

the old Ferryman; to the shout the rocks
lied, and when the Charon of the flood
l stayed his oars, and touched the jutting pier,
d not step into the well-known boat
hout a cordial greeting. Thence with speed
the familiar hill I took my way
ards that sweet Valley[1] where I had been reared;
vas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round
w the snow-white church upon her hill
ike a thronèd Lady, sending out
acious look all over her domain.
azure smoke betrays the lurking town;
n eager footsteps I advance and reach
cottage threshold where my journey closed.
l welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,
n my old Dame, so kind and motherly,
le she perused me with a parent's pride.
thoughts of gratitude shall fall like dew
n thy grave, good creature! While my heart
beat never will I forget thy name.
ven's blessing be upon thee where thou liest
r thy innocent and busy stir
arrow cares, thy little daily growth
alm enjoyments, after eighty years,
more than eighty, of untroubled life;
dless, yet by the strangers to thy blood
ored with little less than filial love.
t joy was mine to see thee once again,
and thy dwelling, and a crowd of things
ut its narrow precincts all beloved,
many of them seeming yet my own!
should I speak of what a thousand hearts
e felt, and every man alive can guess?
rooms, the court, the garden were not left

[1] Hawkshead.

Long unsaluted, nor the sunny seat
Round the stone table under the dark pine,
Friendly to studious or to festive hours;
Nor that unruly child of mountain birth,
The famous brook, who, soon as he was boxed
Within our garden, found himself at once,
As if by trick insidious and unkind,
Stripped of his voice and left to dimple down
(Without an effort and without a will)
A channel paved by man's officious care.
I looked at him and smiled, and smiled again,
And in the press of twenty thousand thoughts,
"Ha," quoth I, "pretty prisoner, are you there!"
Well might sarcastic Fancy then have whispered,
"An emblem here behold of thy own life;
In its late course of even days with all
Their smooth enthralment;" but the heart was full,
Too full for that reproach. My aged Dame
Walked proudly at my side: she guided me;
I willing, nay — nay, wishing to be led.
— The face of every neighbor whom I met
Was like a volume to me; some were hailed
Upon the road, some busy at their work,
Unceremonious greetings interchanged
With half the length of a long field between.
Among my schoolfellows I scattered round
Like recognitions, but with some constraint
Attended, doubtless, with a little pride,
But with more shame, for my habiliments,
The transformation wrought by gay attire.
Not less delighted did I take my place
At our domestic table: and, dear Friend!
In this endeavor simply to relate
A Poet's history, may I leave untold
The thankfulness with which I laid me down
In my accustomed bed, more welcome now
Perhaps than if it had been more desired

Or been more often thought of with regret;
That lowly bed whence I had heard the wind
Roar, and the rain beat hard; where I so oft
Had lain awake on summer nights to watch
The moon in splendor couched among the leaves
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood;
Had watched her with fixed eyes while to and fro
In the dark summit of the waving tree
She rocked with every impulse of the breeze.

Among the favorites whom it pleased me well
To see again, was one by ancient right
Our inmate, a rough terrier of the hills;
By birth and call of nature pre-ordained
To hunt the badger and unearth the fox
Among the impervious crags, but having been
From youth our own adopted, he had passed
Into a gentler service. And when first
The boyish spirit flagged, and day by day
Along my veins I kindled with the stir,
The fermentation, and the vernal heat
Of poesy, affecting private shades
Like a sick Lover, then this dog was used
To watch me, an attendant and a friend,
Obsequious to my steps early and late,
Though often of such dilatory walk
Tired, and uneasy at the halts I made.
A hundred times when, roving high and low,
I have been harassed with the toil of verse,
Much pains and little progress, and at once
Some lovely Image in the song rose up
Full-formed, like Venus rising from the sea;
Then have I darted forwards to let loose
My hand upon his back with stormy joy,
Caressing him again and yet again.
And when at evening on the public way
I sauntered, like a river murmuring
And talking to itself when all things else
Are still, the creature trotted on before:

Such was his custom; but whene'e
met
A passenger approaching, he would
To give me timely notice, and strai
way,
Grateful for that admonishment, I hus
My voice, composed my gait, and,
the air
And mien of one whose thoughts are f
advanced
To give and take a greeting that mi
save
My name from piteous rumors, such
wait
On men suspected to be crazed in bra

Those walks well worthy to be pri
and loved —
Regretted! — that word, too, was on
tongue,
But they were richly laden with all go
And cannot be remembered but
thanks
And gratitude, and perfect joy of hear
Those walks in all their freshness
came back
Like a returning Spring. When firs
made
Once more the circuit of our little lak
If ever happiness hath lodged with m
That day consummate happiness was mi
Wide-spreading, steady, calm, conte
plative.
The sun was set, or setting, when I le
Our cottage door, and evening s
brought on
A sober hour, not winning or serene,
For cold and raw the air was, and untun
But as a face we love is sweetest then
When sorrow damps it, or, whatever l
It chance to wear, is sweetest if the he
Have fulness in herself; even so with
It fared that evening. Gently did my s
Put off her veil, and, self-transmut
stood
Naked, as in the presence of her God
While on I walked, a comfort seemed
touch
A heart that had not been disconsolate
Strength came where weakness was
known to be,
At least not felt; and restoration came
Like an intruder knocking at the door

unacknowledged weariness. I took
e balance, and with firm hand weighed
myself.
Of that external scene which round me
lay,
le, in this abstraction, did I see;
nembered less; but I had inward hopes
d swellings of the spirit, was rapt and
soothed,
ıversed with promises, had glimmering
views
w life pervades the undecaying mind;
w the immortal soul with God-like
power
ɔrms, creates, and thaws the deepest
sleep
t time can lay upon her; how on earth,
ı, if he do but live within the light
ıigh endeavors, daily spreads abroad
being armed with strength that cannot
fail.
was there want of milder thoughts, of
love,
nnocence, and holiday repose;
more than pastoral quiet,' mid the stir
ɔoldest projects, and a peaceful end
ast, or glorious, by endurance won.
s musing, in a wood I sate me down
ıe, continuing there to muse: the
slopes
heights meanwhile were slowly over-
spread
h darkness, and before a rippling
breeze
long lake lengthened out its hoary
line,
in the sheltered coppice where I sate,
und me from among the hazel leaves,
here, now there, moved by the strag-
gling wind,
e ever and anon a breath-like sound,
k as the pantings of the faithful dog,
off and on companion of my walk;
such, at times, believing them to be,
ned my head to look if he were there;
ı into solemn thought I passed once
more.

freshness also found I at this time
ıman Life, the daily life of those
se occupations really I loved;
peaceful scene oft filled me with sur-
prise
Changed like a garden in the heat of spring
After an eight-days' absence. For (to
omit
The things which were the same and yet
appeared
Far otherwise) amid this rural solitude,
A narrow Vale where each was known to
all,
'T was not indifferent to a youthful mind
To mark some sheltering bower or sunny
nook
Where an old man had used to sit alone,
Now vacant; pale-faced babes whom I had
left
In arms, now rosy prattlers at the feet
Of a pleased grandame tottering up and
down;
And growing girls whose beauty, filched
away
With all its pleasant promises, was gone
To deck some slighted playmate's homely
cheek.

Yes, I had something of a subtler sense,
And often looking round was moved to
smiles
Such as a delicate work of humor breeds;
I read, without design, the opinions,
thoughts,
Of those plain-living people now observed
With clearer knowledge; with another eye
I saw the quiet woodman in the woods,
The shepherd roam the hills. With new
delight,
This chiefly, did I note my gray-haired
Dame;
Saw her go forth to church or other work
Of state equipped in monumental trim;
Short velvet cloak, (her bonnet of the like),
A mantle such as Spanish Cavaliers
Wore in old times. Her smooth domestic
life,
Affectionate without disquietude,
Her talk, her business, pleased me; and no
less
Her clear though shallow stream of piety
That ran on Sabbath days a fresher course;
With thoughts unfelt till now I saw her
read
Her Bible on hot Sunday afternoons,
And loved the book, when she had
dropped asleep
And made of it a pillow for her head.

Nor less do I remember to have felt,
Distinctly manifested at this time,
A human-heartedness about my love
For objects hitherto the absolute wealth
Of my own private being and no more;
Which I had loved, even as a blessed spirit
Or Angel, if he were to dwell on earth,
Might love in individual happiness.
But now there opened on me other thoughts
Of change, congratulation or regret,
A pensive feeling! It spread far and wide;
The trees, the mountains shared it, and the brooks,
The stars of Heaven, now seen in their old haunts —
White Sirius glittering o'er the southern crags,
Orion with his belt, and those fair Seven,
Acquaintances of every little child,
And Jupiter, my own belovèd star!
Whatever shadings of mortality,
Whatever imports from the world of death
Had come among these objects heretofore,
Were, in the main, of mood less tender: strong,
Deep, gloomy were they, and severe; the scatterings
Of awe or tremulous dread, that had given way
In later youth to yearnings of a love
Enthusiastic, to delight and hope.

As one who hangs down-bending from the side
Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
Of a still water, solacing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,
Sees many beauteous sights — weeds, fishes, flowers,
Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,
Yet often is perplexed, and cannot part
The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,
Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth
Of the clear flood, from things which there abide
In their true dwelling; now is crossed by gleam
Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
And wavering motions sent he knows whence,
Impediments that make his task more sweet;
Such pleasant office have we long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time
With like success, nor often have appeared
Shapes fairer or less doubtfully discerned
Than these to which the Tale, indulgent Friend!
Would now direct thy notice. Yet in spite
Of pleasure won, and knowledge not withheld,
There was an inner falling off — I loved
Loved deeply all that had been loved before,
More deeply even than ever: but a swarm
Of heady schemes jostling each other gawds,
And feast and dance, and public revelry
And sports and games (too grateful themselves,
Yet in themselves less grateful, I believe
Than as they were a badge glossy and fresh
Of manliness and freedom) all conspired
To lure my mind from firm habitual quest
Of feeding pleasures, to depress the zeal
And damp those yearnings which had other been mine —
A wild, unworldly-minded youth, given up
To his own eager thoughts. It would demand
Some skill, and longer time than may be spared
To paint these vanities, and how they wrought
In haunts where they, till now, had been unknown.
It seemed the very garments that I wore
Preyed on my strength, and stopped the quiet stream
Of self-forgetfulness.
Yes, that heartless chase
Of trivial pleasures was a poor exchange
For books and nature at that early age.
'T is true, some casual knowledge might be gained
Of character or life; but at that time,
Of manners put to school I took small note,
And all my deeper passions lay elsewhere:
Far better had it been to exalt the mind

solitary study, to uphold
ense desire through meditative peace;
l yet, for chastisement of these regrets,
memory of one particular hour
h here rise up against me. 'Mid a throng
maids and youths, old men, and matrons staid,
edley of all tempers, I had passed
night in dancing, gayety, and mirth,
h din of instruments and shuffling feet,
glancing forms, and tapers glittering,
unaimed prattle flying up and down;
its upon the stretch, and here and there
ht shocks of young love-liking interspersed,
ose transient pleasure mounted to the head,
tingled through the veins. Ere we retired,
cock had crowed, and now the eastern sky
kindling, not unseen, from humble copse
open field, through which the pathway wound,
homeward led my steps. Magnificent
morning rose, in memorable pomp,
ious as e'er I had beheld — in front,
sea lay laughing at a distance; near,
solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
n-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light;
in the meadows and the lower grounds
all the sweetness of a common dawn —
s, vapors, and the melody of birds,
laborers going forth to till the fields.
need I say, dear Friend! that to the brim
heart was full; I made no vows, but vows
e then made for me; bond unknown to me
given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
dicated Spirit. On I walked
hankful blessedness, which yet survives.

Strange rendezvous! My mind was at that time
A parti-colored show of grave and gay,
Solid and light, short-sighted and profound;
Of inconsiderate habits and sedate,
Consorting in one mansion unreproved.
The worth I knew of powers that I possessed,
Though slighted and too oft misused. Besides,
That summer, swarming as it did with thoughts
Transient and idle, lacked not intervals
When Folly from the frown of fleeting Time
Shrunk, and the mind experienced in herself
Conformity as just as that of old
To the end and written spirit of God's works,
Whether held forth in Nature or in Man,
Through pregnant vision, separate or conjoined.

When from our better selves we have too long
Been parted by the hurrying world, and droop,
Sick of its business, of its pleasures tired,
How gracious, how benign, is Solitude;
How potent a mere image of her sway;
Most potent when impressed upon the mind
With an appropriate human centre — hermit,
Deep in the bosom of the wilderness;
Votary (in vast cathedral, where no foot
Is treading, where no other face is seen)
Kneeling at prayers; or watchman on the top
Of lighthouse, beaten by Atlantic waves;
Or as the soul of that great Power is met
Sometimes embodied on a public road,
When, for the night deserted, it assumes
A character of quiet more profound
Than pathless wastes.

Once, when those summer months
Were flown, and autumn brought its annual show
Of oars with oars contending, sails with sails,

Upon Winander's spacious breast, it chanced
That — after I had left a flower-decked room
(Whose in-door pastime, lighted up, survived
To a late hour), and spirits overwrought
Were making night do penance for a day
Spent in a round of strenuous idleness —
My homeward course led up a long ascent,
Where the road's watery surface, to the top
Of that sharp rising, glittered to the moon
And bore the semblance of another stream
Stealing with silent lapse to join the brook
That murmured in the vale. All else was still;
No living thing appeared in earth or air,
And, save the flowing water's peaceful voice,
Sound there was none — but, lo! an uncouth shape,
Shown by a sudden turning of the road,
So near that, slipping back into the shade
Of a thick hawthorn, I could mark him well,
Myself unseen. He was of stature tall,
A span above man's common measure, tall,
Stiff, lank, and upright; a more meagre man
Was never seen before by night or day.
Long were his arms, pallid his hands; his mouth
Looked ghastly in the moonlight: from behind,
A mile-stone propped him; I could also ken
That he was clothed in military garb,
Though faded, yet entire. Companionless,
No dog attending, by no staff sustained,
He stood, and in his very dress appeared
A desolation, a simplicity,
To which the trappings of a gaudy world
Make a strange background. From his lips, ere long,
Issued low muttered sounds, as if of pain
Or some uneasy thought; yet still his form
Kept the same awful steadiness — at his feet
His shadow lay, and moved not. Fr
self-blame
Not wholly free, I watched him thus;
length
Subduing my heart's specious cowardi
I left the shady nook where I had sto
And hailed him. Slowly from his r
ing-place
He rose, and with a lean and wasted a
In measured gesture lifted to his head
Returned my salutation; then resume
His station as before; and when I as
His history, the veteran, in reply,
Was neither slow nor eager; but, moved,
And with a quiet uncomplaining voi
A stately air of mild indifference,
He told in few plain words a soldie
tale —
That in the Tropic Islands he had serv
Whence he had landed scarcely th
weeks past;
That on his landing he had been
missed,
And now was travelling towards his
tive home.
This heard, I said, in pity, "Come w
me."
He stooped, and straightway from
ground took up
An oaken staff by me yet unobserved
A staff which must have dropped fr
his slack hand
And lay till now neglected in the gras
Though weak his step and cautious,
appeared
To travel without pain, and I beheld,
With an astonishment but ill suppress
His ghostly figure moving at my side;
Nor could I, while we journeyed th
forbear
To turn from present hardships to the pa
And speak of war, battle, and pestilen
Sprinkling this talk with questions, be
spared,
On what he might himself have seen
felt.
He all the while was in demeanor cal
Concise in answer; solemn and sublin
He might have seemed, but that in all
said
There was a strange half-absence, as
one

owing too well the importance of his theme,
feeling it no longer. Our discourse
n ended, and together on we passed
silence through a wood gloomy and still.
turning, then, along an open field,
reached a cottage. At the door I knocked,
earnestly to charitable care
mended him as a poor friendless man,
ated and by sickness overcome.
ired that now the traveller would repose
omfort, I entreated that henceforth
would not linger in the public ways,
ask for timely furtherance and help
n as his state required. At this reproof,
h the same ghastly mildness in his look,
said, "My trust is in the God of Heaven,
in the eye of him who passes me!"

he cottage door was speedily unbarred,
now the soldier touched his hat once more
n his lean hand, and in a faltering voice,
ose tone bespake reviving interests
hen unfelt, he thanked me; I returned
farewell blessing of the patient man,
so we parted. Back I cast a look,
lingered near the door a little space,
n sought with quiet heart my distant home.

Book Fifth.

BOOKS.

EN Contemplation, like the night-calm felt
ough earth and sky, spreads widely, and sends deep
the soul its tranquillizing power,
n then I sometimes grieve for thee, O Man,
h's paramount Creature! not so much for woes
thou endurest; heavy though that weight be,
d-like it mounts, or touched with light divine
Doth melt away; but for those palms achieved
Through length of time, by patient exercise
Of study and hard thought; there, there, it is
That sadness finds its fuel. Hitherto,
In progress through this Verse, my mind hath looked
Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven
As her prime teacher, intercourse with man
Established by the sovereign Intellect,
Who through that bodily image hath diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
A deathless spirit. Thou also, man! hast wrought,
For commerce of thy nature with herself,
Things that aspire to unconquerable life;
And yet we feel — we cannot choose but feel —
That they must perish. Tremblings of the heart
It gives, to think that our immortal being
No more shall need such garments; and yet man,
As long as he shall be the child of earth,
Might almost "weep to have" what he may lose,
Nor be himself extinguished, but survive,
Abject, depressed, forlorn, disconsolate.
A thought is with me sometimes, and I say, —
Should the whole frame of earth by inward throes
Be wrenched, or fire come down from far to scorch
Her pleasant habitations, and dry up
Old ocean, in his bed left singed and bare,
Yet would the living Presence still subsist
Victorious, and composure would ensue,
And kindlings like the morning — presage sure
Of day returning and of life revived.
But all the meditations of mankind,
Yea, all the adamantine holds of truth
By reason built, or passion, which itself
Is highest reason in a soul sublime;
The consecrated works of Bard and Sage,
Sensuous or intellectual, wrought by men,
Twin laborers and heirs of the same hopes;
Where would they be? Oh! why hath not the Mind

Some element to stamp her image on
In nature somewhat nearer to her own?
Why, gifted with such powers to send abroad
Her spirit, must it lodge in shrines so frail?

One day, when from my lips a like complaint
Had fallen in presence of a studious friend,
He with a smile made answer, that in truth
'T was going far to seek disquietude;
But on the front of his reproof confessed
That he himself had oftentimes given way
To kindred hauntings. Whereupon I told,
That once in the stillness of a summer's noon,
While I was seated in a rocky cave
By the seaside, perusing, so it chanced,
The famous history of the errant knight
Recorded by Cervantes, these same thoughts
Beset me, and to height unusual rose,
While listlessly I sate, and, having closed
The book, had turned my eyes toward the wide sea.
On poetry and geometric truth,
And their high privilege of lasting life,
From all internal injury exempt,
I mused; upon these chiefly: and at length,
My senses yielding to the sultry air,
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.
I saw before me stretched a boundless plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
And as I looked around, distress and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared
Upon a dromedary, mounted high.
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes:
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide
Was present, one who with unerring skill
Would through the desert lead me; and while yet
I looked and looked, self-questioned what this freight
Which the new-comer carried through the waste
Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone
(To give it in the language of the dre
Was "Euclid's Elements," and "Th
said he,
"Is something of more worth;" an
the word
Stretched forth the shell, so beautifu
shape,
In color so resplendent, with comma
That I should hold it to my ear. I di
And heard that instant in an unkn
tongue,
Which yet I understood, articulate sou
A loud prophetic blast of harmony;
An Ode, in passion uttered, which fore
Destruction to the children of the ear
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ce
The song, than the Arab with calm
declared
That all would come to pass of which
voice
Had given forewarning, and that he
self
Was going then to bury those two bo
The one that held acquaintance with
stars,
And wedded soul to soul in purest b
Of reason, undisturbed by space or ti
The other that was a god, yea many g
Had voices more than all the winds,
power
To exhilarate the spirit, and to sooth
Through every clime, the heart of hu
kind.
While this was uttering, strange as it
seem,
I wondered not, although I plainly s
The one to be a stone, the other a sh
Nor doubted once but that they both
books,
Having a perfect faith in all that pas
Far stronger, now, grew the desire I
To cleave unto this man; but when I pra
To share his enterprise, he hurried o
Reckless of me: I followed, not unse
For oftentimes he cast a backward lo
Grasping his twofold treasure.— Lan
rest,
He rode, I keeping pace with him;
now
He, to my fancy, had become the kn
Whose tale Cervantes tells; yet not
knight,
But was an Arab of the desert too;

f these was neither, and was both at once.
is countenance, meanwhile, grew more
disturbed;
nd, looking backwards when he looked,
mine eyes
w, over half the wilderness diffused,
bed of glittering light: I asked the cause:
It is," said he, "the waters of the deep
thering upon us;" quickening then the
pace
the unwieldy creature he bestrode,
e left me: I called after him aloud;
e heeded not; but, with his twofold
charge
ll in his grasp, before me, full in view,
ent hurrying o'er the illimitable waste,
ith the fleet waters of a drowning world
chase of him; whereat I waked in terror,
d saw the sea before me, and the book,
which I had been reading, at my side.

Full often, taking from the world of
sleep
is Arab phantom, which I thus beheld,
is semi-Quixote, I to him have given
substance, fancied him a living man,
gentle dweller in the desert, crazed
love and feeling, and internal thought
otracted among endless solitudes;
ve shaped him wandering upon this
quest!
r have I pitied him; but rather felt
verence was due to a being thus em-
ployed;
d thought that, in the blind and awful
lair
such a madness, reason did lie couched.
ow there are on earth to take in charge
eir wives, their children, and their vir-
gin loves,
whatsoever else the heart holds dear;
ow to stir for these; yea, will I say,
ntemplating in soberness the approach
an event so dire, by signs in earth
heaven made manifest, that I could
share
t maniac's fond anxiety, and go
on like errand. Oftentimes at least
hath such strong entrancement over-
come,
en I have held a volume in my hand,
r earthly casket of immortal verse,
kespeare, or Milton, laborers divine!

Great and benign, indeed, must be the
power
Of living nature, which could thus so long
Detain me from the best of other guides
And dearest helpers, left unthanked, un-
praised,
Even in the time of lisping infancy;
And later down, in prattling childhood
even,
While I was travelling back among those
days,
How could I ever play an ingrate's part?
Once more should I have made those
bowers resound,
By intermingling strains of thankfulness
With their own thoughtless melodies; at
least
It might have well beseemed me to repeat
Some simply fashioned tale, to tell again,
In slender accents of sweet verse, some tale
That did bewitch me then, and soothes me
now.
O Friend! O Poet! brother of my soul,
Think not that I could pass along un-
touched
By these remembrances. Yet wherefore
speak?
Why call upon a few weak words to say
What is already written in the hearts
Of all that breathe?—what in the path of
all
Drops daily from the tongue of every child,
Wherever man is found? The trickling
tear
Upon the cheek of listening Infancy
Proclaims it, and the insuperable look
That drinks as if it never could be full.

That portion of my story I shall leave
There registered: whatever else of power
Or pleasure sown, or fostered thus, may be
Peculiar to myself, let that remain
Where still it works, though hidden from
all search
Among the depths of time. Yet is it just
That here, in memory of all books which
lay
Their sure foundations in the heart of man,
Whether by native prose, or numerous
verse,
That in the name of all inspirèd souls—
From Homer the great Thunderer, from
the voice

That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England, — from those loftiest notes
Down to the low and wren-like warblings, made
For cottagers and spinners at the wheel,
And sun-burnt travellers resting their tired limbs,
Stretched under wayside hedge-rows, ballad tunes,
Food for the hungry ears of little ones,
And of old men who have survived their joys —
'T is just that in behalf of these, the works,
And of the men that framed them, whether known
Or sleeping nameless in their scattered graves,
That I should here assert their rights, attest
Their honors, and should, once for all, pronounce
Their benediction; speak of them as Powers
Forever to be hallowed; only less,
For what we are and what we may become,
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
Or His pure Word by miracle revealed.

Rarely and with reluctance would I stoop
To transitory themes; yet I rejoice,
And, by these thoughts admonished, will pour out
Thanks with uplifted heart, that I was reared
Safe from an evil which these days have laid
Upon the children of the land, a pest
That might have dried me up, body and soul.
This verse is dedicate to Nature's self,
And things that teach as Nature teaches: then,
Oh! where had been the Man, the Poet where,
Where had we been, we two, belovèd Friend!
If in the season of unperilous choice,

In lieu of wandering, as we did, throu
vales
Rich with indigenous produce, op
ground
Of Fancy, happy pastures ranged at w
We had been followed, hourly watch
and noosed,
Each in his several melancholy walk
Stringed like a poor man's heifer at its fe
Led through the lanes in forlorn servitud
Or rather like a stallèd ox debarred
From touch of growing grass, that m
not taste
A flower till it have yielded up its swe
A prelibation to the mower's scythe.

Behold the parent hen amid her broo
Though fledged and feathered, and w
pleased to part
And straggle from her presence, still
brood,
And she herself from the maternal bon
Still undischarged; yet doth she little m
Than move with them in tenderness a
love,
A centre to the circle which they mak
And now and then, alike from need
theirs
And call of her own natural appetites,
She scratches, ransacks up the earth
food,
Which they partake at pleasure. Ea
died
My honored Mother, she who was t
heart
And hinge of all our learnings and c
loves:
She left us destitute, and, as we might
Trooping together. Little suits it me
To break upon the sabbath of her rest
With any thought that looks at othe
blame;
Nor would I praise her but in perfect lo
Hence am I checked: but let me bol
say,
In gratitude, and for the sake of truth
Unheard by her, that she, not fals
taught,
Fetching her goodness rather from tim
past,
Than shaping novelties for times to con
Had no presumption, no such jealousy
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistr

nature, but had virtual faith that He
o fills the mother's breast with inno-
cent milk,
h also for our nobler part provide,
ler His great correction and control,
innocent instincts, and as innocent
food;
draws, for minds that are left free to
trust
he simplicities of opening life,
et honey out of spurned or dreaded
weeds.
s was her creed, and therefore she was
pure
n anxious fear of error or mishap,
evil, overweeningly so called;
s not puffed up by false unnatural
hopes,
selfish with unnecessary cares,
with impatience from the season asked
e than its timely produce; rather loved
hours for what they are, than from
regard
ıced on their promises in restless
pride.
ı was she — not from faculties more
strong
ı others have, but from the times,
perhaps,
spot in which she lived, and through
a grace
ıodest meekness, simple-mindedness,
eart that found benignity and hope,
g itself benign.
My drift I fear
carcely obvious; but, that common
sense
try this modern system by its fruits,
re let me take to place before her sight
ecimen portrayed with faithful hand.
early trained to worship seemliness,
model of a child is never known
ıix in quarrels; that were far beneath
ignity; with gifts he bubbles o'er
enerous as a fountain; selfishness
not come near him, nor the little
throng
itting pleasures tempt him from his
path;
wandering beggars propagate his
name,
b creatures find him tender as a nun,
natural or supernatural fear,
Unless it leap upon him in a dream,
Touches him not. To enhance the
wonder, see
How arch his notices, how nice his sense
Of the ridiculous; not blind is he
To the broad follies of the licensed world,
Yet innocent himself withal, though
shrewd,
And can read lectures upon innocence;
A miracle of scientific lore,
Ships he can guide across the pathless sea,
And tell you all their cunning; he can read
The inside of the earth, and spell the stars;
He knows the policies of foreign lands;
Can string you names of districts, cities,
towns,
The whole world over, tight as beads of
dew
Upon a gossamer thread; he sifts, he
weighs;
All things are put to question; he must
live
Knowing that he grows wiser every day
Or else not live at all, and seeing too
Each little drop of wisdom as it falls
Into the dimpling cistern of his heart:
For this unnatural growth the trainer
blame,
Pity the tree. — Poor human vanity,
Wert thou extinguished, little would be
left
Which he could truly love; but how
escape?
For, ever as a thought of purer birth
Rises to lead him toward a better clime,
Some intermeddler still is on the watch
To drive him back, and pound him, like
a stray,
Within the pinfold of his own conceit.
Meanwhile old grandame earth is grieved
to find
The playthings, which her love designed
for him,
Unthought of: in their woodland beds
the flowers
Weep, and the river sides are all forlorn.
Oh! give us once again the wishing-cap
Of Fortunatus, and the invisible coat
Of Jack the Giant-killer, Robin Hood,
And Sabra in the forest with St. George!
The child, whose love is here, at least,
doth reap
One precious gain, that he forgets himself.

These mighty workmen of our later age,
Who, with a broad highway, have overbridged
The froward chaos of futurity,
Tamed to their bidding; they who have the skill
To manage books, and things, and make them act
On infant minds as surely as the sun
Deals with a flower; the keepers of our time,
The guides and wardens of our faculties,
Sages who in their prescience would control
All accidents, and to the very road
Which they have fashioned would confine us down,
Like engines; when will their presumption learn,
That in the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs, most prodigal
Of blessings, and most studious of our good,
Even in what seem our most unfruitful hours?

[1]There was a Boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander! — many a time
At evening, when the earliest stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din; and, when a lengthened pause

[1] See p. 137.

Of silence came and baffled his best s
Then sometimes, in that silence whil
hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surp
Has carried far into his heart the voi
Of mountain torrents; or the visible sc
Would enter unawares into his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rock
Its woods, and that uncertain hea
received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This Boy was taken from his ma
and died
In childhood, ere he was full twelve y
old.
Fair is the spot, most beautiful the v
Where he was born; the grassy chu
yard hangs
Upon a slope above the village scho
And through that churchyard when
way has led
On summer evenings, I believe that t
A long half hour together I have sto
Mute, looking at the grave in which
lies!
Even now appears before the mi
clear eye
That self-same village church; I see
sit
(The thronèd Lady whom erewhile
hailed)
On her green hill, forgetful of this B
Who slumbers at her feet, — forget
too,
Of all her silent neighborhood of gra
And listening only to the gladsome sou
That, from the rural school ascend
play
Beneath her and about her. May she
Behold a race of young ones like to t
With whom I herded! — (easily, ind
We might have fed upon a fatter soil
Of arts and letters — but be that
given) —
A race of real children; not too wis
Too learned, or too good; but wan
fresh,
And bandied up and down by love
hate;
Not unresentful where self-justified;
Fierce, moody, patient, ventur
modest, shy;

d at their sports like withered leaves
in winds;
ough doing wrong and suffering, and
full oft
ding beneath our life's mysterious
weight
pain, and doubt, and fear, yet yielding
not
happiness to the happiest upon earth.
plicity in habit, truth in speech,
these the daily strengtheners of their
minds;
y books and Nature be their early joy!
d knowledge, rightly honored with
that name —
owledge not purchased by the loss of
power!

Vell do I call to mind the very week
en I was first intrusted to the care
that sweet Valley; when its paths,
its shores,
l brooks were like a dream of novelty
my half-infant thoughts; that very
week,
ile I was roving up and down alone,
king I knew not what, I chanced to
cross
of those open fields, which, shaped
like ears,
ce green peninsulas on Esthwaite's
Lake:
light was coming on, yet through the
gloom
eared distinctly on the opposite shore
eap of garments, as if left by one
o might have there been bathing.
Long I watched,
no one owned them; meanwhile the
calm lake
w dark with all the shadows on its
breast,
, now and then, a fish up-leaping
snapped
breathless stillness. The succeed-
ing day,
se unclaimed garments telling a plain
tale
w to the spot an anxious crowd;
some looked
assive expectation from the shore,
le from a boat others hung o'er the
deep,
Sounding with grappling irons and long
poles.
At last, the dead man, 'mid that beaute-
ous scene
Of trees and hills and water, bolt upright
Rose, with his ghastly face, a spectre
shape
Of terror; yet no soul-debasing fear,
Young as I was, a child not nine years
old,
Possessed me, for my inner eye had seen
Such sights before, among the shining
streams
Of faëry land, the forest of romance.
Their spirit hallowed the sad spectacle
With decoration of ideal grace;
A dignity, a smoothness, like the works
Of Grecian art, and purest poesy.

A precious treasure had I long pos-
sessed,
A little yellow, canvas-covered book,
A slender abstract of the Arabian tales;
And, from companions in a new abode,
When first I learnt that this dear prize
of mine
Was but a block hewn from a mighty
quarry —
That there were four large volumes,
laden all
With kindred matter, 't was to me, in
truth,
A promise scarcely earthly. Instantly,
With one not richer than myself, I made
A covenant that each should lay aside
The moneys he possessed, and hoard up
more,
Till our joint savings had amassed enough
To make this book our own. Through
several months,
In spite of all temptation, we preserved
Religiously that vow; but firmness failed,
Nor were we ever masters of our wish.

And when thereafter to my father's
house
The holidays returned me, there to find
That golden store of books which I had
left,
What joy was mine! How often in the
course
Of those glad respites, though a soft
west wind

Ruffled the waters to the angler's wish,
For a whole day together, have I lain
Down by thy side, O Derwent! murmuring stream,
On the hot stones, and in the glaring sun,
And there have read, devouring as I read,
Defrauding the day's glory, desperate!
Till with a sudden bound of smart reproach,
Such as an idler deals with in his shame,
I to the sport betook myself again.

A gracious spirit o'er this earth presides,
And o'er the heart of man; invisibly
It comes, to works of unreproved delight,
And tendency benign, directing those
Who care not, know not, think not, what they do.
The tales that charm away the wakeful night
In Araby, romances; legends penned
For solace by dim light of monkish lamps;
Fictions, for ladies of their love, devised
By youthful squires; adventures endless, spun
By the dismantled warrior in old age,
Out of the bowels of those very schemes
In which his youth did first extravagate;
These spread like day, and something in the shape
Of these will live till man shall be no more.
Dumb yearnings, hidden appetites, are ours,
And *they must* have their food. Our childhood sits,
Our simple childhood, sits upon a throne
That hath more power than all the elements.
I guess not what this tells of Being past,
Nor what it augurs of the life to come;
But so it is; and, in that dubious hour —
That twilight — when we first begin to see
This dawning earth, to recognize, expect,
And, in the long probation that ensues,
The time of trial, ere we learn to live
In reconcilement with our stinted powers;
To endure this state of meagre vassalage,
Unwilling to forego, confess, submit,
Uneasy and unsettled, yoke-fellows
To custom, mettlesome, and not tamed
And humbled down — oh! then we f
we feel,
We know where we have friends.
dreamers, then,
Forgers of daring tales! we bless
then,
Impostors, drivellers, dotards, as the
Philosophy will call you: *then* we fe
With what and how great might ye
in league,
Who make our wish, our power,
thought a deed,
An empire, a possession, — ye wh
time
And seasons serve; all Faculties to wh
Earth crouches, the elements are pott
clay,
Space like a heaven filled up with no
ern lights,
Here, nowhere, there, and everywh
at once.

Relinquishing this lofty eminence
For ground, though humbler, not less a tract
Of the same isthmus, which our sp
cross
In progress from their native contine
To earth and human life, the S
might dwell
On that delightful time of growing yo
When craving for the marvellous g
way
To strengthening love for things that
have seen;
When sober truth and steady sympath
Offered to notice by less daring pens
Take firmer hold of us, and words th
selves
Move us with conscious pleasure.
I am
At thought of rapture now forever flo
Almost to tears I sometimes could be
To think of, to read over, many a pa
Poems withal of name, which at that
Did never fail to entrance me, and
now
Dead in my eyes, dead as a theatre
Fresh emptied of spectators. Twice
years

less I might have seen, when first my mind
h conscious pleasure opened to the charm
words in tuneful order, found them sweet
their own *sakes*, a passion, and a power;
l phrases pleased me chosen for delight,
pomp, or love. Oft, in the public roads
unfrequented, while the morning light
s yellowing the hill tops, I went abroad
h a dear friend, and for the better part
two delightful hours we strolled along
the still borders of the misty lake,
peating favorite verses with one voice,
conning more, as happy as the birds
t round us chanted. Well might we be glad,
ed above the ground by airy fancies,
re bright than madness or the dreams of wine;
l, though full oft the objects of our love
re false, and in their splendor overwrought,
was there surely then no vulgar power
rking within us, — nothing less, in truth,
n that most noble attribute of man,
ugh yet untutored and inordinate,
t wish for something loftier, more adorned,
n is the common aspect, daily garb,
human life. What wonder, then, if sounds
exultation echoed through the groves!
, images, and sentiments, and words,
everything encountered or pursued
hat delicious world of poesy,
t holiday, a never-ending show,
h music, incense, festival, and flowers!

Here must we pause: this only let me add,
n heart-experience, and in humblest sense
nodesty, that he, who in his youth
A daily wanderer among woods and fields
With living Nature hath been intimate,
Not only in that raw unpractised time
Is stirred to ecstasy, as others are,
By glittering verse; but further, doth receive,
In measure only dealt out to himself,
Knowledge and increase of enduring joy
From the great Nature that exists in works
Of mighty Poets. Visionary power
Attends the motions of the viewless winds,
Embodied in the mystery of words:
There, darkness makes abode, and all the host
Of shadowy things work endless changes, — there,
As in a mansion like their proper home,
Even forms and substances are circumfused
By that transparent veil with light divine,
And, through the turnings intricate of verse,
Present themselves as objects recognized,
In flashes, and with glory not their own.

Book Sixth.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE ALPS.

The leaves were fading when to Esthwaite's banks
And the simplicities of cottage life
I bade farewell; and, one among the youth
Who, summoned by that season, reunite
As scattered birds troop to the fowler's lure,
Went back to Granta's cloisters, not so prompt
Or eager, though as gay and undepressed
In mind, as when I thence had taken flight
A few short months before. I turned my face
Without repining from the coves and heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern;
Quitted, not loth, the mild magnificence
Of calmer lakes and louder streams; and you,
Frank-hearted maids of rocky Cumberland,

You and your not unwelcome days of mirth,
Relinquished, and your nights of revelry,
And in my own unlovely cell sate down
In lightsome mood — such privilege has youth
That cannot take long leave of pleasant thoughts.

The bonds of indolent society
Relaxing in their hold, henceforth I lived
More to myself. Two winters may be passed
Without a separate notice: many books
Were skimmed, devoured, or studiously perused,
But with no settled plan. I was detached
Internally from academic cares;
Yet independent study seemed a course
Of hardy disobedience toward friends
And kindred, proud rebellion and unkind.
This spurious virtue, rather let it bear
A name it now deserves, this cowardice,
Gave treacherous sanction to that overlove
Of freedom which encouraged me to turn
From regulations even of my own
As from restraints and bonds. Yet who can tell —
Who knows what thus may have been gained, both then
And at a later season, or preserved;
What love of nature, what original strength
Of contemplation, what intuitive truths
The deepest and the best, what keen research,
Unbiassed, unbewildered, and unawed?

The Poet's soul was with me at that time;
Sweet meditations, the still overflow
Of present happiness, while future years
Lacked not anticipations, tender dreams,
No few of which have since been realized;
And some remain, hopes for my future life.
Four years and thirty, told this very week,
Have I been now a sojourner on earth,
By sorrow not unsmitten; yet for me
Life's morning radiance hath not left the hills,

Her dew is on the flowers. Those v
the days
Which also first emboldened me to t
With firmness, hitherto but slig
touched
By such a daring thought, that I m
leave
Some monument behind me which
hearts
Should reverence. The instinctive h
bleness,
Maintained even by the very name
thought
Of printed books and authorship, be
To melt away; and further, the dread
Of mighty names was softened down
seemed
Approachable, admitting fellowship
Of modest sympathy. Such aspect n
Though not familiarly, my mind put
Content to observe, to achieve, an
enjoy.

All winter long, whenever free
choose,
Did I by night frequent the College g
And tributary walks; the last, and o
The only one, who had been linge
there
Through hours of silence, till the port
bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of n
Rang with its blunt unceremonious vo
Inexorable summons! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighborh
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquis
wreathed,
Grew there; an ash which Winter for
self
Decked out with pride, and with outla
ish grace:
Up from the ground, and almost to
top,
The trunk and every master branch
green
With clustering ivy, and the lights
twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped
seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while th

rred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
ot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
neath a frosty moon. The hemisphere
magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
y never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
uld have more tranquil visions in his youth,
could more bright appearances create
human forms with superhuman powers,
an I beheld, loitering on calm clear nights
one, beneath this fairy work of earth.

On the vague reading of a truant youth
were idle to descant. My inner judgment
t seldom differed from my taste in books,
if it appertained to another mind,
d yet the books which then I valued most
dearest to me *now;* for, having scanned,
heedlessly, the laws, and watched the forms
Nature, in that knowledge I possessed
tandard, often usefully applied,
en when unconsciously, to things removed
m a familiar sympathy. — In fine,
as a better judge of thoughts than words,
led in estimating words, not only
common inexperience of youth,
by the trade in classic niceties,
dangerous craft, of culling term and phrase
m languages that want the living voice
carry meaning to the natural heart;
tell us what is passion, what is truth,
at reason, what simplicity and sense.

Yet may we not entirely overlook
pleasure gathered from the rudiments
eometric science. Though advanced
hese inquiries, with regret I speak,
farther than the threshold, there I found
n elevation and composed delight:
With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led,
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system on to system without end.

More frequently from the same source I drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief; there, recognized
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which — to the boundaries of space and time,
Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior and incapable of change,
Nor touched by welterings of passion — is,
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace
And silence did await upon these thoughts
That were a frequent comfort to my youth.

'T is told by one whom stormy waters threw,
With fellow-sufferers by the shipwreck spared,
Upon a desert coast, that having brought
To land a single volume, saved by chance,
A treatise of Geometry, he wont,
Although of food and clothing destitute,
And beyond common wretchedness depressed,
To part from company and take this book
(Then first a self-taught pupil in its truths)
To spots remote, and draw his diagrams
With a long staff upon the sand, and thus
Did oft beguile his sorrow, and almost
Forget his feeling: so (if like effect
From the same cause produced, 'mid outward things
So different, may rightly be compared),
So was it then with me, and so will be
With Poets ever. Mighty is the charm
Of those abstractions to a mind beset
With images and haunted by herself,

And specially delightful unto me
Was that clear synthesis built up aloft
So gracefully; even then when it appeared
Not more than a mere plaything, or a toy
To sense embodied: not the thing it is
In verity, an independent world,
Created out of pure intelligence.

Such dispositions then were mine unearned
By aught, I fear, of genuine desert —
Mine, through heaven's grace and inborn aptitudes.
And not to leave the story of that time
Imperfect, with these habits must be joined,
Moods melancholy, fits of spleen, that loved
A pensive sky, sad days, and piping winds,
The twilight more than dawn, autumn than spring;
A treasured and luxurious gloom of choice
And inclination mainly, and the mere
Redundancy of youth's contentedness.
— To time thus spent, add multitudes of hours
Pilfered away, by what the Bard who sang
Of the Enchanter Indolence hath called
"Good-natured lounging," and behold a map
Of my collegiate life — far less intense
Than duty called for, or, without regard
To duty, *might* have sprung up of itself
By change of accidents, or even, to speak
Without unkindness, in another place.
Yet why take refuge in that plea? — the fault,
This I repeat, was mine; mine be the blame.

In summer, making quest for works of art,
Or scenes renowned for beauty, I explored
That streamlet whose blue current works its way
Between romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks;
Pried into Yorkshire dales, or hidden tracts
Of my own native region, and was blest
Between these sundry wanderings with a joy
Above all joys, that seemed another morn
Risen on mid noon; blest with the p
ence, Friend!
Of that sole Sister, her who hath b
long
Dear to thee also, thy true friend
mine,
Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me — such absence that
seemed
A gift then first bestowed. The va
banks
Of Emont, hitherto unnamed in song,
And that monastic castle, 'mid tall tr
Low standing by the margin of the stre
A mansion visited (as fame reports)
By Sidney, where, in sight of our H
vellyn,
Or stormy Cross-fell, snatches he mi
pen
Of his Arcadia, by fraternal love
Inspired; — that river and those mould
ing towers
Have seen us side by side, when, hav
clomb
The darksome windings of a broken st
And crept along a ridge of fractured w
Not without trembling, we in safety loo
Forth, through some Gothic windo
open space,
And gathered with one mind a rich rew
From the far-stretching landscape, by
light
Of morning beautified, or purple eve;
Or, not less pleased, lay on some turr
head,
Catching from tufts of grass and hare-b
flowers
Their faintest whisper to the passi
breeze,
Given out while mid-day heat oppress
the plains.

Another maid there was, who also sh
A gladness o'er that season, then to m
By her exulting outside look of youth
And placid under-countenance, first e
deared;
That other spirit, Coleridge! who is n
So near to us, that meek confiding hea
So reverenced by us both. O'er pa
and fields
In all that neighborhood, through narr
lanes

eglantine, and through the shady woods,
o'er the Border Beacon, and the waste
aked pools, and common crags that lay
sed on the bare fell, were scattered love,
spirit of pleasure, and youth's golden gleam.
iend! we had not seen thee at that time,
yet a power is on me, and a strong usion, and I seem to plant thee there.
rt thou wandered now in search of health
milder breezes, — melancholy lot!
hou art with us, with us in the past,
present, with us in the times to come.
e is no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
nguor, no dejection, no dismay,
bsence scarcely can there be, for those
love as we do. Speed thee well! divide
us thy pleasure; thy returning strength,
ve it daily as a joy of ours;
with us thy fresh spirits, whether gift
les Etesian or of tender thoughts.

oo, have been a wanderer; but, alas!
different the fate of different men.
gh mutually unknown, yea nursed and reared
n several elements, we were framed
nd at last to the same discipline,
stined, if two beings ever were,
ek the same delights, and have one health,
appiness. Throughout this narra-'ive,
ooner ended, I have borne in mind
whom it registers the birth, and marks the growth,
ıtleness, simplicity, and truth,
oyous loves, that hallow innocent days
ce and self-command. Of rivers, fields,
roves I speak to thee, my Friend! to thee,
Who, yet a liveried schoolboy, in the depths
Of the huge city, on the leaded roof
Of that wide edifice, thy school and home,
Wert used to lie and gaze upon the clouds
Moving in heaven; or, of that pleasure tired,
To shut thine eyes, and by internal light
See trees, and meadows, and thy native stream,
Far distant, thus beheld from year to year
Of a long exile. Nor could I forget,
In this late portion of my argument,
That scarcely, as my term of pupilage
Ceased, had I left those academic bowers
When thou wert thither guided. From the heart
Of London, and from cloisters there, thou camest,
And didst sit down in temperance and peace,
A rigorous student. What a stormy course
Then followed. Oh! it is a pang that calls
For utterance, to think what easy change
Of circumstances might to thee have spared
A world of pain, ripened a thousand hopes,
Forever withered. Through this retrospect
Of my collegiate life I still have had
Thy after-sojourn in the self-same place
Present before my eyes, have played with times
And accidents as children do with cards,
Or as a man, who, when his house is built,
A frame locked up in wood and stone, doth still,
As impotent fancy prompts, by his fireside,
Rebuild it to his liking. I have thought
Of thee, thy learning, gorgeous eloquence,
And all the strength and plumage of thy youth,
Thy subtle speculations, toils abstruse
Among the schoolmen, and Platonic forms
Of wild ideal pageantry, shaped out
From things well-matched or ill, and words for things,
The self-created sustenance of a mind
Debarred from Nature's living images,
Compelled to be a life unto herself,
And unrelentingly possessed by thirst
Of greatness, love, and beauty. Not alone,

Ah! surely not in singleness of heart
Should I have seen the light of evening fade
From smooth Cam's silent waters: had we met,
Even at that early time, needs must I trust
In the belief, that my maturer age,
My calmer habits, and more steady voice,
Would with an influence benign have soothed,
Or chased away, the airy wretchedness
That battened on thy youth. But thou hast trod
A march of glory, which doth put to shame
These vain regrets; health suffers in thee, else
Such grief for thee would be the weakest thought
That ever harbored in the breast of man.

A passing word erewhile did lightly touch
On wanderings of my own, that now embraced
With livelier hope a region wider far.

When the third summer freed us from restraint,
A youthful friend, he too a mountaineer,
Not slow to share my wishes, took his staff,
And sallying forth, we journeyed side by side,
Bound to the distant Alps. A hardy slight,
Did this unprecedented course imply,
Of college studies and their set rewards;
Nor had, in truth, the scheme been formed by me
Without uneasy forethought of the pain,
The censures, and ill-omening, of those
To whom my worldly interests were dear.
But Nature then was sovereign in my mind,
And mighty forms, seizing a youthful fancy,
Had given a charter to irregular hopes.
In any age of uneventful calm
Among the nations, surely would my heart
Have been possessed by similar desire;
But Europe at that time was thrilled with joy,
France standing on the top of g
hours,
And human nature seeming born ag

Lightly equipped, and but a few
looks
Cast on the white cliffs of our native
From the receding vessel's deck
chanced
To land at Calais on the very eve
Of that great federal day; and ther
saw,
In a mean city, and among a few,
How bright a face is worn when joy o
Is joy for tens of millions. South
thence
We held our way, direct through ham
towns,
Gaudy with reliques of that festival,
Flowers left to wither on triumphal
And window-garlands. On the p
roads,
And, once, three days successi
through paths
By which our toilsome journey
abridged,
Among sequestered villages we walk
And found benevolence and blessed
Spread like a fragrance everywhere,
spring
Hath left no corner of the land untouc
Where elms for many and many a le
in files
With their thin umbrage, on the st
roads
Of that great kingdom, rustled o'er
heads,
Forever near us as we paced along:
How sweet at such a time, with such
light
On every side, in prime of you
strength,
To feed a Poet's tender melancholy
And fond conceit of sadness, with
sound
Of undulations varying as might ple
The wind that swayed them; once,
more than once,
Unhoused beneath the evening sta
saw
Dances of liberty, and, in late hours
Of darkness, dances in the open air

tly prolonged, though gray-haired lookers on
ght waste their breath in chiding.
Under hills —
vine-clad hills and slopes of Burgundy,
on the bosom of the gentle Saône
glided forward with the flowing stream.
ft Rhone! thou wert the *wings* on which we cut
inding passage with majestic ease
ween thy lofty rocks. Enchanting show
se woods and farms and orchards did present,
single cottages and lurking towns,
ch after reach, succession without end
leep and stately vales! A lonely pair
strangers, till day closed, we sailed along
tered together with a merry crowd
hose emancipated, a blithe host
ravellers, chiefly delegates, returning
n the great spousals newly solemnized
ieir chief city, in the sight of Heaven.
bees they swarmed, gaudy and gay as bees;
e vapored in the unruliness of joy,
with their swords flourished as if to fight
saucy air. In this proud company
landed — took with them our evening meal,
sts welcome almost as the angels were
Abraham of old. The supper done,
flowing cups elate and happy thoughts
rose at signal given, and formed a ring
hand in hand, danced round and round the board;
hearts were open, every tongue was loud
amity and glee; we bore a name
ored in France, the name of English-men,
hospitably did they give us hail,
ieir forerunners in a glorious course;
round and round the board we danced again.
these blithe friends our voyage we renewed
rly dawn. The monastery bells
Made a sweet jingling in our youthful ears;
The rapid river flowing without noise,
And each uprising or receding spire
Spake with a sense of peace, at intervals
Touching the heart amid the boisterous crew
By whom we were encompassed. Taking leave
Of this glad throng, foot-travellers side by side,
Measuring our steps in quiet, we pursued
Our journey, and ere twice the sun had set
Beheld the Convent of Chartreuse, and there
Rested within an awful *solitude*:
Yes; for even then no other than a place
Of soul-affecting *solitude* appeared
That far-famed region, though our eyes had seen,
As toward the sacred mansion we advanced,
Arms flashing, and a military glare
Of riotous men commissioned to expel
The blameless inmates, and belike subvert
That frame of social being, which so long
Had bodied forth the ghostliness of things
In silence visible and perpetual calm.
— "Stay, stay your sacrilegious hands!" — The voice
Was Nature's, uttered from her Alpine throne;
I heard it then and seem to hear it now —
"Your impious work forbear, perish what may,
Let this one temple last, be this one spot
Of earth devoted to eternity!"
She ceased to speak, but while St. Bruno's pines
Waved their dark tops, not silent as they waved,
And while below, along their several beds,
Murmured the sister streams of Life and Death,
Thus by conflicting passions pressed, my heart
Responded; "Honor to the patriot's zeal!
Glory and hope to new-born Liberty!
Hail to the mighty projects of the time!
Discerning sword that Justice wields, do thou
Go forth and prosper; and, ye purging fires,
Up to the loftiest towers of Pride ascend,

Fanned by the breath of angry Providence.
But oh! if Past and Future be the wings
On whose support harmoniously conjoined
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge, spare
These courts of mystery, where a step advanced
Between the portals of the shadowy rocks
Leaves far behind life's treacherous vanities,
For penitential tears and trembling hopes
Exchanged — to equalize in God's pure sight
Monarch and peasant: be the house redeemed
With its unworldly votaries, for the sake
Of conquest over sense, hourly achieved
Through faith and meditative reason, resting
Upon the word of heaven-imparted truth,
Calmly triumphant; and for humbler claim
Of that imaginative impulse sent
From these majestic floods, yon shining cliffs,
The untransmuted shapes of many worlds,
Cerulean ether's pure inhabitants,
These forests unapproachable by death,
That shall endure as long as man endures,
To think, to hope, to worship, and to feel,
To struggle, to be lost within himself
In trepidation, from the blank abyss
To look with bodily eyes, and be consoled."
Not seldom since that moment have I wished
That thou, O Friend! the trouble or the calm
Hadst shared, when, from profane regards apart,
In sympathetic reverence we trod
The floors of those dim cloisters, till that hour,
From their foundation, strangers to the presence
Of unrestricted and unthinking man.
Abroad, how cheeringly the sunshine lay
Upon the open lawns! Vallombre's groves
Entering, we fed the soul with darkness; thence
Issued, and with uplifted eyes beheld,
In different quarters of the bending sky,
The cross of Jesus stand erect, as if
Hands of angelic powers had fixed it th
Memorial reverenced by a thou storms;
Yet then, from the undiscriminating sv
And rage of one State-whirlwind, secure.

' T is not my present purpose to ret
That variegated journey step by step
A march it was of military speed,
And Earth did change her images forms
Before us, fast as clouds are change heaven.
Day after day, up early and down la
From hill to vale we dropped, from to hill
Mounted — from province on to prov swept,
Keen hunters in a chase of fourteen we
Eager as birds of prey, or as a ship
Upon the stretch, when winds are b ing fair:
Sweet coverts did we cross of pastoral
Enticing valleys, greeted them and l
Too soon, while yet the very flash gleam
Of salutation were not passed away.
Oh! sorrow for the youth who c have seen,
Unchastened, unsubdued, unawed, raised
To patriarchal dignity of mind,
And pure simplicity of wish and wil
Those sanctified abodes of peaceful r
Pleased (though to hardship born, compassed round
With danger, varying as the sea change),
Pleased with his daily task, or, if pleased,
Contented, from the moment that dawn
(Ah! surely not without attendant gle
Of soul-illumination) calls him forth
To industry, by glistenings flung on ro
Whose evening shadows lead him repose.

Well might a stranger look bounding heart
Down on a green recess, the first I s
Of those deep haunts, an aboriginal v

t and lorded over and possessed
aked huts, wood-built, and sown like
tents
ndian cabins over the fresh lawns
by the river side.
That very day,
n a bare ridge we also first beheld
eiled the summit of Mont Blanc, and
grieved
ave a soulless image on the eye
had usurped upon a living thought
never more could be. The won-
drous Vale
Chamouny stretched far below, and
soon
its dumb cataracts and streams of ice,
otionless array of mighty waves,
rivers broad and vast, made rich
amends,
reconciled us to realities;
e small birds warble from the leafy
trees,
eagle soars high in the element,
e doth the reaper bind the yellow
sheaf,
naiden spread the haycock in the sun,
e Winter like a well-tamed lion
walks,
ending from the mountain to make
sport
ng the cottagers by beds of flowers.

nate'er in this wide circuit we beheld,
eard, was fitted to our unripe state
tellect and heart. With such a book
e our eyes, we could not choose but
read
ns of genuine brotherhood, the plain
niversal reason of mankind,
ruths of young and old. Nor, side
by side
g, two social pilgrims, or alone
with his humor, could we fail to
abound
eams and fictions, pensively com-
posed:
lion taken up for pleasure's sake,
ilded sympathies, the willow wreath,
ober posies of funereal flowers,
red among those solitudes sublime
formal gardens of the lady Sorrow,
veeten many a meditative hour.

Yet still in me with those soft luxuries
Mixed something of stern mood, an
underthirst
Of vigor seldom utterly allayed:
And from that source how different a
sadness
Would issue, let one incident make
known.
When from the Vallais we had turned,
and clomb
Along the Simplon's steep and rugged
road,
Following a band of muleteers, we reached
A halting-place, where all together took
Their noon-tide meal. Hastily rose our
guide,
Leaving us at the board; awhile we
lingered,
Then paced the beaten downward way
that led
Right to a rough stream's edge, and
there broke off;
The only track now visible was one
That from the torrent's further brink
held forth
Conspicuous invitation to ascend
A lofty mountain. After brief delay
Crossing the unbridged stream, that road
we took,
And clomb with eagerness, till anxious
fears
Intruded, for we failed to overtake
Our comrades gone before. By fortunate
chance,
While every moment added doubt to
doubt,
A peasant met us, from whose mouth we
learned
That to the spot which had perplexed us
first
We must descend, and there should find
the road,
Which in the stony channel of the stream
Lay a few steps, and then along its banks;
And, that our future course, all plain to
sight,
Was downwards, with the current of that
stream.
Loth to believe what we so grieved to
hear,
For still we had hopes that pointed to
the clouds,
We questioned him again, and yet again;

But every word that from the peasant's lips
Came in reply, translated by our feelings,
Ended in this, — *that we had crossed the Alps.*

Imagination — here the Power so called
Through sad incompetence of human speech,
That awful Power rose from the mind's abyss
Like an unfathered vapor that enwraps,
At once, some lonely traveller. I was lost;
Halted without an effort to break through;
But to my conscious soul I now can say —
"I recognize thy glory:" in such strength
Of usurpation, when the light of sense
Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world, doth greatness make abode,
There harbors; whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant, the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts
That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
To fertilize the whole Egyptian plain.

The melancholy slackening that ensued
Upon those tidings by the peasant given
Was soon dislodged. Downwards we hurried fast,
And, with the half-shaped road which we had missed,
Entered a narrow chasm. [1] The brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy strait,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow pace. The immeasurable height

[1] See p. 135.

Of woods decaying, never to be dec
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every tur
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear sky,
The rocks that muttered close upo ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake b wayside
As if a voice were in them, the sick
And giddy prospect of the raving str
The unfettered clouds and region o Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and light —
Were all like workings of one mind features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and wit end.

That night our lodging was a house stood
Alone within the valley, at a point
Where, tumbling from aloft, a to swelled
The rapid stream whose margin we trod;
A dreary mansion, large beyond all n
With high and spacious rooms, deaf and stunned
By noise of waters, making innocent s
Lie melancholy among weary bones.

Uprisen betimes, our journey we newed,
Led by the stream, ere noon-day magn
Into a lordly river, broad and deep,
Dimpling along in silent majesty,
With mountains for its neighbors, an view
Of distant mountains and their snowy t
And thus proceeding to Locarno's L
Fit resting-place for such a visitant.
Locarno! spreading out in width Heaven,
How dost thou cleave to the poetic he
Bask in the sunshine of the memory;

Como! thou, a treasure whom the earth
ps to herself, confined as in a depth
Abyssinian privacy. I spake
hee, thy chestnut woods, and garden plots
ndian corn tended by dark-eyed maids;
lofty steeps, and pathways roofed with vines,
ding from house to house, from town to town,
link that binds them to each other; walks,
gue after league, and cloistral avenues,
re silence dwells if music be not there:
le yet a youth undisciplined in verse,
ough fond ambition of that hour I strove
hant your praise; nor can approach you now
reeted by a more melodious Song,
re tones of Nature smoothed by learnèd Art
flow in lasting current. Like a breeze
unbeam over your domain I passed
otion without pause; but ye have left
beauty with me, a serene accord
rms and colors, passive, yet endowed
heir submissiveness with power as sweet
gracious, almost, might I dare to say,
irtue is, or goodness; sweet as love,
ne remembrance of a generous deed,
ildest visitations of pure thought,
n God, the giver of all joy, is thanked
iously, in silent blessedness;
t as this last herself, for such it is.

ith those delightful pathways we advanced,
wo days' space, in presence of the Lake,
stretching far among the Alps, assumed
racter more stern. The second night,
sleep awakened, and misled by sound
e church clock telling the hours with strokes
se import then we had not learned, we rose
oonlight, doubting not that day was nigh,
And that meanwhile, by no uncertain path,
Along the winding margin of the lake,
Led, as before, we should behold the scene
Hushed in profound repose. We left the town
Of Gravedona with this hope; but soon
Were lost, bewildered among woods immense,
And on a rock sate down, to wait for day.
An open place it was, and overlooked,
From high, the sullen water far beneath,
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lay bedded, changing oftentimes its form
Like an uneasy snake. From hour to hour
We sate and sate, wondering, as if the night
Had been ensnared by witchcraft. On the rock
At last we stretched our weary limbs for sleep,
But *could not* sleep, tormented by the stings
Of insects, which, with noise like that of noon,
Filled all the woods: the cry of unknown birds;
The mountains more by blackness visible
And their own size, than any outward light;
The breathless wilderness of clouds; the clock
That told, with unintelligible voice,
The widely parted hours; the noise of streams,
And sometimes rustling motions nigh at hand,
That did not leave us free from personal fear;
And, lastly, the withdrawing moon, that set
Before us, while she still was high in heaven;—
These were our food; and such a summer's night
Followed that pair of golden days that shed
On Como's Lake, and all that round it lay,
Their fairest, softest, happiest influence.

But here I must break off, and bid farewell
To days, each offering some new sight, or fraught

With some untried adventure, in a course
Prolonged till sprinklings of autumnal snow
Checked our unwearied steps. Let this alone
Be mentioned as a parting word, that not
In hollow exultation, dealing out
Hyperboles of praise comparative,
Not rich one moment to be poor forever;
Not prostrate, overborne, as if the mind
Herself were nothing, a mere pensioner
On outward forms — did we in presence stand
Of that magnificent region. On the front
Of this whole Song is written that my heart
Must, in such Temple, needs have offered up
A different worship. Finally, whate'er
I saw, or heard, or felt, was but a stream
That flowed into a kindred stream; a gale,
Confederate with the current of the soul,
To speed my voyage; every sound or sight,
In its degree of power, administered
To grandeur or to tenderness, — to the one
Directly, but to tender thoughts by means
Less often instantaneous in effect;
Led me to these by paths that, in the main,
Were more circuitous, but not less sure
Duly to reach the point marked out by Heaven.

Oh, most belovèd Friend! a glorious time,
A happy time that was; triumphant looks
Were then the common language of all eyes;
As if awaked from sleep, the Nations hailed
Their great expectancy; the fife of war
Was then a spirit-stirring sound indeed,
A blackbird's whistle in a budding grove.
We left the Swiss exulting in the fate
Of their near neighbors; and, when shortening fast
Our pilgrimage, nor distant far from home,
We crossed the Brabant armies on the fret
For battle in the cause of Liberty.
A stripling, scarcely of the household then
Of social life, I looked upon these things
As from a distance; heard, and saw, and felt,
Was touched, but with no intimate concern;
I seemed to move along them, as a bird
Moves through the air, or as a fish pur
Its sport, or feeds in its proper elem
I wanted not that joy, I did not need
Such help; the ever-living universe,
Turn where I might, was opening ou
glories,
And the independent spirit of pure y
Called forth, at every season, new deli
Spread round my steps like sunshine
green fields.

Book Seventh.

Residence in London.

Six changeful years have vanished sin
first
Poured out (saluted by that quicker
breeze
Which met me issuing from the Cit
walls)
A glad preamble to this Verse: I sar
Aloud, with fervor irresistible
Of short-lived transport, like a tor
bursting,
From a black thunder-cloud, down
fell's side
To rush and disappear. But soon br
forth
(So willed the Muse) a less impetu
stream,
That flowed awhile with unaba
strength,
Then stopped for years; not aud
again
Before last primrose-time. Belo
Friend!
The assurance which then cheered s
heavy thoughts
On thy departure to a foreign land
Has failed; too slowly moves the pr
ised work.
Through the whole summer have I b
at rest,
Partly from voluntary holiday,
And part through outward hindra
But I heard,
After the hour of sunset yester-even,
Sitting within doors between light
dark,
A choir of redbreasts gathered so
where near

[1] The City of Goslar, in Lower Saxony.

threshold, — minstrels from the distant woods
t in on Winter's service, to announce,
th preparation artful and benign,
at the rough lord had left the surly North
his accustomed journey. The delight,
e to this timely notice, unawares
ote me, and, listening, I in whispers said,
Ye heartsome Choristers, ye and I will be
sociates, and, unscared by blustering winds,
ll chant together." Thereafter, as the shades
twilight deepened, going forth, I spied
low-worm underneath a dusky plume
canopy of yet unwithered fern,
ar-shining, like a hermit's taper seen
rough a thick forest. Silence touched me here
less than sound had done before; the child
Summer, lingering, shining, by herself,
voiceless worm on the unfrequented hills,
med sent on the same errand with the choir
Winter that had warbled at my door,
l the whole year breathed tenderness and love.

he last night's genial feeling overflowed
on this morning, and my favorite grove,
sing in sunshine its dark boughs aloft,
f to make the strong wind visible,
kes in me agitations like its own,
pirit friendly to the Poet's task,
ich we will now resume with lively hope,
checked by aught of tamer argument
t lies before us, needful to be told.

eturned from that excursion,[1] soon I bade
ewell forever to the sheltered seats
gownèd students, quitted hall and bower,

[1] See p. 312.

And every comfort of that privileged ground,
Well pleased to pitch a vagrant tent among
The unfenced regions of society.

Yet, undetermined to what course of life
I should adhere, and seeming to possess
A little space of intermediate time
At full command, to London first I turned,
In no disturbance of excessive hope,
By personal ambition unenslaved,
Frugal as there was need, and, though self-willed,
From dangerous passions free. Three years had flown
Since I had felt in heart and soul the shock
Of the huge town's first presence, and had paced
Her endless streets, a transient visitant:
Now, fixed amid that concourse of mankind
Where Pleasure whirls about incessantly,
And life and labor seem but one, I filled
An idler's place; an idler well content
To have a house (what matter for a home?)
That owned him; living cheerfully abroad
With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,
And all my young affections out of doors.

There was a time when whatsoe'er is feigned
Of airy palaces, and gardens built
By Genii of romance; or hath in grave
Authentic history been set forth of Rome,
Alcairo, Babylon, or Persepolis;
Or given upon report by pilgrim friars,
Of golden cities ten months' journey deep
Among Tartarian wilds — fell short, far short,
Of what my fond simplicity believed
And thought of London — held me by a chain
Less strong of wonder and obscure delight.
Whether the bolt of childhood's Fancy shot
For me beyond its ordinary mark,

'T were vain to ask; but in our flock of boys
Was One, a cripple from his birth, whom chance
Summoned from school to London; fortunate
And envied traveller! When the Boy returned,
After short absence, curiously I scanned
His mien and person, nor was free, in sooth,
From disappointment, not to find some change
In look and air, from that new region brought,
As if from Fairy-land. Much I questioned him;
And every word he uttered, on my ears
Fell flatter than a cagèd parrot's note,
That answers unexpectedly awry,
And mocks the prompter's listening. Marvellous things
Had vanity (quick Spirit that appears
Almost as deeply seated and as strong
In a Child's heart as fear itself) conceived
For my enjoyment. Would that I could now
Recall what then I pictured to myself,
Of mitred Prelates, Lords in ermine clad,
The King, and the King's Palace, and, not last,
Nor least, Heaven bless him! the renowned Lord Mayor.
Dreams not unlike to those which once begat
A change of purpose in young Whittington,
When he, a friendless and a drooping boy,
Sate on a stone, and heard the bells speak out
Articulate music. Above all, one thought
Baffled my understanding: how men lived
Even next-door neighbors, as we say, yet still
Strangers, not knowing each the other's name.

Oh, wondrous power of words, by simple faith
Licensed to take the meaning that we love!

Vauxhall and Ranelagh! I then heard
Of your green groves, and wildernes
lamps
Dimming the stars, and fireworks m
cal,
And gorgeous ladies, under splen
domes,
Floating in dance, or warbling high in
The songs of spirits! Nor had Fancy
With less delight upon that other cla
Of marvels, broad-day wonders per
nent:
The River proudly bridged; the dizzy
And Whispering Gallery of St. Pau
the tombs
Of Westminster; the Giants of Guildh
Bedlam, and those carved maniacs at
gates,
Perpetually recumbent; Statues — m
And the horse under him — in gil
pomp
Adorning flowery gardens, 'mid
squares;
The Monument, and that Chamber
the Tower
Where England's sovereigns sit in l
array,
Their steeds bestriding, — every mi
shape
Cased in the gleaming mail the mona
wore,
Whether for gorgeous tournament
dressed,
Or life or death upon the battle-field.
Those bold imaginations in due time
Had vanished, leaving others in t
stead:
And now I looked upon the living sce
Familiarly perused it; oftentimes,
In spite of strongest disappointm
pleased
Through courteous self-submission, a
tax
Paid to the object by prescriptive rig

Rise up, thou monstrous ant-hill
the plain
Of a too busy world! Before me fl
Thou endless stream of men and mo
things!
Thy every-day appearance, as it strike

n wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe —
strangers, of all ages; the quick dance
olors, lights, and forms; the deafening din;
comers and the goers face to face,
after face; the string of dazzling wares,
o after shop, with symbols, blazoned names,
all the tradesman's honors overhead:
e, fronts of houses, like a title-page,
n letters huge inscribed from top to toe,
oned above the door, like guardian saints;
e, allegoric shapes, female or male,
hysiognomies of real men,
l-warriors, kings, or admirals of the sea,
e, Shakspeare, Newton, or the attractive head
ome quack-doctor, famous in his day.

eanwhile the roar continues, till at length,
ped as from an enemy, we turn
ptly into some sequestered nook,
as a sheltered place when winds blow loud!
isure, thence, through tracts of thin resort,
sights and sounds that come at intervals,
ake our way. A raree-show is here,
children gathered round; another street
nts a company of dancing dogs,
omedary, with an antic pair
onkeys on his back; a minstrel band
avoyards; or, single and alone,
nglish ballad-singer. Private courts,
ny as coffins, and unsightly lanes
ed by some female vendor's scream,
belike
ery shrillest of all London cries,
hen entangle our impatient steps;
ucted through those labyrinths, unawares,
ivileged regions and inviolate,
Where from their airy lodges studious lawyers
Look out on waters, walks, and gardens green.

Thence back into the throng, until we reach,
Following the tide that slackens by degrees,
Some half-frequented scene, where wider streets
Bring straggling breezes of suburban air.
Here files of ballads dangle from dead walls;
Advertisements, of giant-size, from high
Press forward, in all colors, on the sight;
These, bold in conscious merit, lower down;
That, fronted with a most imposing word,
Is, peradventure, one in masquerade.
As on the broadening causeway we advance,
Behold, turned upwards, a face hard and strong
In lineaments, and red with over-toil.
'T is one encountered here and everywhere;
A travelling cripple, by the trunk cut short,
And stumping on his arms. In sailor's garb
Another lies at length, beside a range
Of well-formed characters, with chalk inscribed
Upon the smooth flat stones: the Nurse is here,
The Bachelor, that loves to sun himself,
The military Idler, and the Dame,
That field-ward takes her walk with decent steps.

Now homeward through the thickening hubbub, where
See, among less distinguishable shapes,
The begging scavenger, with hat in hand;
The Italian, as he thrids his way with care,
Steadying, far-seen, a frame of images
Upon his head; with basket at his breast
The Jew; the stately and slow-moving Turk,
With freight of slippers piled beneath his arm!

Enough; — the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no unthinking mind, well pleased to note
Among the crowd all specimens of man,
Through all the colors which the sun bestows,
And every character of form and face:
The Swede, the Russian; from the genial south,
The Frenchman and the Spaniard; from remote
America, the Hunter-Indian; Moors,
Malays, Lascars, the Tartar, the Chinese,
And Negro Ladies in white muslin gowns.

At leisure, then, I viewed, from day to day,
The spectacles within doors, — birds and beasts
Of every nature, and strange plants convened
From every clime; and, next, those sights that ape
The absolute presence of reality,
Expressing, as in mirror, sea and land,
And what earth is, and what she has to show.
I do not here allude to subtlest craft,
By means refined attaining purest ends,
But imitations, fondly made in plain
Confession of man's weakness and his loves.
Whether the Painter, whose ambitious skill
Submits to nothing less than taking in
A whole horizon's circuit, do with power,
Like that of angels or commissioned spirits,
Fix us upon some lofty pinnacle,
Or in a ship on waters, with a world
Of life, and life-like mockery beneath,
Above, behind, far stretching and before;
Or more mechanic artist represent
By scale exact, in model, wood or clay,
From blended colors also borrowing help,
Some miniature of famous spots or things, —
St. Peter's Church; or, more aspiring aim,
In microscopic vision, Rome herself;
Or, haply, some choice rural haunt, — the Falls
Of Tivoli; and, high upon that steep,
The Sibyl's mouldering Temple! tree,
Villa, or cottage, lurking among roc
Throughout the landscape; tuft, scratch minute —
All that the traveller sees when he is t

Add to these exhibitions, mute and
Others of wider scope, where living
Music, and shifting pantomimic scer
Diversified the allurement. Need I
To mention by its name, as in degre
Lowest of these and humblest in atte
Yet richly graced with honors of her
Half-rural Sadler's Wells? Thoug that time
Intolerant, as is the way of youth
Unless itself be pleased, here more once
Taking my seat, I saw (nor blush to
With ample recompense) giants dwarfs,
Clowns, conjurers, posture-masters, lequins,
Amid the uproar of the rabblement,
Perform their feats. Nor was it delight
To watch crude Nature work in unta minds;
To note the laws and progress of be
Though obstinate on this way, yet on
How willingly we travel, and how fa
To have, for instance, brought upon scene
The champion, Jack the Giant-ki Lo!
He dons his coat of darkness; on stage
Walks and achieves his wonders, fron eye.
Of living Mortal covert, "as the mo
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave."
Delusion bold! and how can it wrought?
The garb he wears is black as death, word
"*Invisible*" flames forth upon his cl

Here, too, were "forms and press of the time,"
Rough, bold, as Grecian comedy played

n Art was young; dramas of living men,
recent things yet warm with life; a sea-fight,
wreck, or some domestic incident
lged by Truth and magnified by Fame;
as the daring brotherhood of late
orth, too serious theme for that light place —
an, O distant Friend! a story drawn
n our own ground, — the Maid of Buttermere, —
how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife
rted and deceived, the Spoiler came
wooed the artless daughter of the hills,
wedded her, in cruel mockery
love and marriage bonds. These words to thee
needs bring back the moment when we first,
the broad world rang with the maiden's name,
ld her serving at the cottage inn;
stricken, as she entered or withdrew,
admiration of her modest mien
carriage, marked by unexampled grace.
ince that time not unfamiliarly
seen her, — her discretion have observed,
ust opinions, delicate reserve,
patience, and humility of mind
oiled by commendation and the excess
ublic notice — an offensive light
meek spirit suffering inwardly.

om this memorial tribute to my theme
returning, when, with sundry forms
ningled — shapes which met me in the way
we must tread — thy image rose again,
en of Buttermere! She lives in peace
the spot where she was born and reared;
out contamination doth she live
ietness, without anxiety:
e the mountain chapel, sleeps in earth
Her new-born infant, fearless as a lamb
That, thither driven from some unsheltered place,
Rests underneath the little rock-like pile
When storms are raging. Happy are they both —
Mother and child! — These feelings, in themselves
Trite, do yet scarcely seem so when I think
On those ingenuous moments of our youth
Ere we have learnt by use to slight the crimes
And sorrows of the world. Those simple days
Are now my theme; and, foremost of the scenes,
Which yet survive in memory, appears
One, at whose centre sate a lovely Boy,
A sportive infant, who, for six months' space,
Not more, had been of age to deal about
Articulate prattle — Child as beautiful
As ever clung around a mother's neck,
Or father fondly gazed upon with pride.
There, too, conspicuous for stature tall
And large dark eyes, beside her infant stood
The mother; but, upon her cheeks diffused,
False tints too well accorded with the glare
From playhouse lustres thrown without reserve
On every object near. The Boy had been
The pride and pleasure of all lookers-on
In whatsoever place, but seemed in this
A sort of alien scattered from the clouds.
Of lusty vigor, more than infantine
He was in limb, in cheek a summer rose
Just three parts blown — a cottage-child — if e'er,
By cottage-door on breezy mountain-side,
Or in some sheltering vale, was seen a babe
By Nature's gifts so favored. Upon a board
Decked with refreshments had this child been placed
His little stage in the vast theatre,
And there he sate, surrounded with a throng
Of chance spectators, chiefly dissolute men

And shameless women, treated and caressed;
Ate, drank, and with the fruit and glasses played,
While oaths and laughter and indecent speech
Were rife about him as the songs of birds
Contending after showers. The mother now
Is fading out of memory, but I see
The lovely Boy as I beheld him then
Among the wretched and the falsely gay,
Like one of those who walked with hair unsinged
Amid the fiery furnace. Charms and spells
Muttered on black and spiteful instigation
Have stopped, as some believe, the kindliest growths.
Ah, with how different spirit might a prayer
Have been preferred, that this fair creature, checked
By special privilege of Nature's love,
Should in his childhood be detained forever!
But with its universal freight the tide
Hath rolled along, and this bright innocent,
Mary! may now have lived till he could look
With envy on thy nameless babe that sleeps,
Beside the mountain chapel, undisturbed.

Four rapid years had scarcely then been told
Since, travelling southward from our pastoral hills,
I heard, and for the first time in my life,
The voice of woman utter blasphemy —
Saw woman as she is, to open shame
Abandoned, and the pride of public vice;
I shuddered, for a barrier seemed at once
Thrown in that from humanity divorced
Humanity, splitting the race of man
In twain, yet leaving the same outward form.
Distress of mind ensued upon the sight,
And ardent meditation. Later years
Brought to such spectacle a milder sadness,
Feelings of pure commiseration, grief

For the individual and the overthro
Of her soul's beauty; farther I wa
But seldom led, or wished to go; in
The sorrow of the passion stopp
there.

But let me now, less moved, in
take
Our argument. Enough is said to
How casual incidents of real life,
Observed where pastime only had
sought,
Outweighed, or put to flight, th
events
And measured passions of the
albeit
By Siddons trod in the fulness o
power.
Yet was the theatre my dear deligh
The very gilding, lamps and pa
scrolls,
And all the mean upholstery of the
Wanted not animation, when the ti
Of pleasure ebbed but to return as
With the ever-shifting figures of the s
Solemn or gay: whether some beau
dame
Advanced in radiance through a
recess
Of thick entangled forest, like the
Opening the clouds; or sovereign
announced
With flourishing trumpet, came in
blown state
Of the world's greatness, winding
with train
Of courtiers, banners, and a leng
guards;
Or captive led in abject weeds, and
gling
His slender manacles; or romping
Bounced, leapt, and pawed the ai
mumbling sire,
A scare-crow pattern of old age dress
In all the tatters of infirmity
All loosely put together, hobbled in
Stumping upon a cane with whic
smites,
From time to time, the solid boards
makes them
Prate somewhat loudly of the where
Of one so overloaded with his years

t what of this! the laugh, the grin, grimace,
e antics striving to outstrip each other,
ere all received, the least of them not lost,
ith an unmeasured welcome. Through the night,
tween the show, and many-headed mass
the spectators, and each several nook
led with its fray or brawl, how eagerly
d with what flashes, as it were, the mind
rned this way — that way! sportive and alert
d watchful, as a kitten when at play,
nile winds are eddying round her, among straws
d rustling leaves. Enchanting age and sweet!
mantic almost, looked at through a space,
w small, of intervening years! For then,
ough surely no mean progress had been made
meditations holy and sublime,
something of a girlish child-like gloss
novelty survived for scenes like these;
joyment haply handed down from times
en at a country-playhouse, some rude barn
cked out for that proud use, if I perchance
ght, on a summer evening through a chink
he old wall, an unexpected glimpse
daylight, the bare thought of where I was
ddened me more than if I had been led
a dazzling cavern of romance,
wded with Genii busy among works
to be looked at by the common sun.

he matter that detains us now may seem,
many, neither dignified enough
arduous, yet will not be scorned by them,
o, looking inward, have observed the ties
t bind the perishable hours of life
h to the other, and the curious props
By which the world of memory and thought
Exists and is sustained. More lofty themes,
Such as at least do wear a prouder face,
Solicit our regard; but when I think
Of these, I feel the imaginative power
Languish within me; even then it slept,
When, pressed by tragic sufferings, the heart
Was more than full; amid my sobs and tears
It slept, even in the pregnant season of youth.
For though I was most passionately moved
And yielded to all changes of the scene
With an obsequious promptness, yet the storm
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the mind;
Save when realities of act and mien,
The incarnation of the spirits that move
In harmony amid the Poet's world,
Rose to ideal grandeur, or, called forth
By power of contrast, made me recognize,
As at a glance, the things which I had shaped,
And yet not shaped, had seen and scarcely seen,
When, having closed the mighty Shakspeare's page,
I mused, and thought, and felt, in solitude.

Pass we from entertainments, that are such
Professedly, to others titled higher,
Yet, in the estimate of youth at least,
More near akin to those than names imply, —
I mean the brawls of lawyers in their courts
Before the ermined judge, or that great stage
Where senators, tongue-favored men, perform,
Admired and envied. Oh! the beating heart,
When one among the prime of these rose up, —
One, of whose name from childhood we had heard
Familiarly, a household term, like those,
The Bedfords, Glosters, Salisburys, of old,

Whom the fifth Harry talks of. Silence! hush!
This is no trifler, no short-flighted wit,
No stammerer of a minute, painfully
Delivered. No! the Orator hath yoked
The Hours, like young Aurora, to his car:
Thrice welcome Presence! how can patience e'er
Grow weary of attending on a track
That kindles with such glory! All are charmed,
Astonished; like a hero in romance,
He winds away his never-ending horn;
Words follow words, sense seems to follow sense:
What memory and what logic! till the strain
Transcendent, superhuman as it seemed,
Grows tedious even in a young man's ear.

Genius of Burke! forgive the pen seduced
By specious wonders, and too slow to tell
Of what the ingenuous, what bewildered men,
Beginning to mistrust their boastful guides,
And wise men, willing to grow wiser, caught,
Rapt auditors! from thy most eloquent tongue —
Now mute, forever mute in the cold grave.
I see him, — old, but vigorous in age, —
Stand like an oak whose stag-horn branches start
Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe
The younger brethren of the grove. But some —
While he forewarns, denounces, launches forth,
Against all systems built on abstract rights,
Keen ridicule; the majesty proclaims
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;
Declares the vital power of social ties
Endeared by Custom; and with high disdain,
Exploding upstart Theory, insists
Upon the allegiance to which men are born —
Some — say at once a froward multitude —
Murmur (for truth is hated, where not loved)
As the winds fret within the Æolian c
Galled by their monarch's chain.
times were big
With ominous change, which, night
night, provoked
Keen struggles, and black clouds of
sion raised;
But memorable moments intervened,
When Wisdom, like the Goddess f
Jove's brain,
Broke forth in armor of resplend
words,
Startling the Synod. Could a youth,
one
In ancient story versed, whose breast
heaved
Under the weight of classic eloquence
Sit, see, and hear, unthankful, un
spired?

Nor did the Pulpit's oratory fail
To achieve its higher triumph. Not un
Were its admonishments, nor ligh
heard
The awful truths delivered thence
tongues
Endowed with various power to search
soul;
Yet ostentation, domineering, oft
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out
place! —
There have I seen a comely bachelor,
Fresh from a toilette of two hours, asce
His rostrum, with seraphic glance look
And, in a tone elaborately low
Beginning, lead his voice through many
maze
A minuet course; and, winding up
mouth,
From time to time, into an orifice
Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
And only not invisible, again
Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
Of rapt irradiation, exquisite.
Meanwhile the Evangelists, Isaiah, Jo
Moses, and he who penned, the other da
The Death of Abel, Shakspeare, and t
Bard
Whose genius spangled o'er a gloom
theme
With fancies thick as his inspiring star
And Ossian (doubt not — 't is the nake
truth)

noned from streamy Morven — each
and all
ld, in their turns, lend ornaments and
flowers
ntwine the crook of eloquence that
helped
pretty Shepherd, pride of all the
plains,
ıle and guide his captivated flock.

glance but at a few conspicuous
marks,
ing a thousand others, that, in hall,
, theatre, conventicle, or shop,
ıblic room or private, park or street,
fondly reared on his own pedestal,
ed out for admiration. Folly, vice,
ıvagance in gesture, mien, and dress,
ıll the strife of singularity,
to the ear, and lies to every sense —
ıese, and of the living shapes they
wear,
e is no end. Such candidates for re-
gard,
ough well pleased to be where they
were found,
not hunt after, nor greatly prize,
nade unto myself a secret boast
ading them with quick and curious
eye;
ıs a common produce, things that are
ıy, to-morrow will be, took of them
willing note, as, on some errand
bound
asks not speed, a traveller might be-
stow
ea-shells that bestrew the sandy
beach,
isies swarming through the fields of
June.

foolishness and madness in parade,
gh most at home in this their dear
domain,
cattered everywhere, no rarities,
to the rudest novice of the Schools.
rather, it employed, to note, and
keep
emory, those individual sights
urage, or integrity, or truth,
nderness, which there, set off by
foil,
Appeared more touching. One will I
select —
A Father — for he bore that sacred
name; —
Him saw I, sitting in an open square,
Upon a corner-stone of that low wall,
Wherein were fixed the iron pales that
fenced
A spacious grass-plot; there, in silence,
sate
This One Man, with a sickly babe out-
stretched
Upon his knee, whom he had thither
brought
For sunshine, and to breathe the fresher
air.
Of those who passed, and me who looked
at him,
He took no heed; but in his brawny arms
(The Artificer was to the elbow bare,
And from his work this moment had been
stolen)
He held the child, and, bending over it,
As if he were afraid both of the sun
And of the air, which he had come to
seek,
Eyed the poor babe with love unutterable.

As the black storm upon the mountain
top
Sets off the sunbeam in the valley, so
That huge fermenting mass of human-
kind
Serves as a solemn background or relief,
To single forms and objects, whence they
draw,
For feeling and contemplative regard,
More than inherent liveliness and power.
How oft, amid those overflowing streets,
Have I gone forward with the crowd, and
said
Unto myself, "The face of every one
That passes by me is a mystery!"
Thus have I looked, nor ceased to look,
oppressed
By thoughts of what and whither, when
and how,
Until the shapes before my eyes became
A second-sight procession, such as glides
Over still mountains, or appears in
dreams;
And once, far-travelled in such mood,
beyond

The reach of common indication, lost
Amid the moving pageant, I was smitten
Abruptly, with the view (a sight not rare)
Of a blind Beggar, who, with upright face,
Stood, propped against a wall, upon his chest
Wearing a written paper, to explain
His story, whence he came, and who he was.
Caught by the spectacle my mind turned round
As with the might of waters; and apt type
This label seemed of the utmost we can know,
Both of ourselves and of the universe;
And, on the shape of that unmoving man,
His steadfast face and sightless eyes, I gazed,
As if admonished from another world.

Though reared upon the base of outward things,
Structures like these the excited spirit mainly
Builds for herself; scenes different there are,
Full-formed, that take, with small internal help,
Possession of the faculties, — the peace
That comes with night; the deep solemnity
Of nature's intermediate hours of rest,
When the great tide of human life stands still:
The business of the day to come, unborn,
Of that gone by, locked up, as in the grave;
The blended calmness of the heavens and earth,
Moonlight and stars, and empty streets, and sounds
Unfrequent as in deserts; at late hours
Of winter evenings, when unwholesome rains
Are falling hard, with people yet astir,
The feeble salutation from the voice
Of some unhappy woman, now and then
Heard as we pass, when no one looks about,
Nothing is listened to. But these, I fear,
Are falsely catalogued; things that are, are not,
As the mind answers to them, or the heart
Is prompt, or slow, to feel. What say you, then,

To times, when half the city shall brea
Full of one passion, vengeance, rag
fear?
To executions, to a street on fire,
Mobs, riots, or rejoicings? From
sights
Take one, — that ancient festival
Fair,
Holden where martyrs suffered in
time,
And named of St. Bartholomew; ther
A work completed to our hands, that
If any spectacle on earth can do,
The whole creative powers of
asleep! —
For once, the Muse's help will we
plore,
And she shall lodge us, wafted o
wings,
Above the press and danger of the cr
Upon some showman's platform.
a shock
For eyes and ears! what anarchy an
Barbarian and infernal, — a phantas
Monstrous in color, motion, shape,
sound!
Below, the open space, through
nook
Of the wide area, twinkles, is alive
With heads; the midway region,
above,
Is thronged with staring pictures
huge scrolls,
Dumb proclamations of the Prodigi
With chattering monkeys dangling
their poles,
And children whirling in their r
abouts;
With those that stretch the neck
strain the eyes,
And crack the voice in rivalship
crowd
Inviting; with buffoons against buff
Grimacing, writhing, screaming, —
who grinds
The hurdy-gurdy, at the fiddle weav
Rattles the salt-box, thumps the k
drum,
And him who at the trumpet puf
cheeks,
The silver-collared Negro with his tin
Equestrians, tumblers, women, girls
boys,

ıe-breeched, pink-vested, with high-
towering plumes. —
movables of wonder, from all parts,
e here — Albinos, painted Indians,
Dwarfs,
e Horse of knowledge, and the learned
Pig,
e Stone-eater, the man that swallows
fire,
nts, Ventriloquists, the Invisible Girl,
e Bust that speaks and moves its gog-
gling eyes,
e Wax-work, Clock-work, all the mar-
vellous craft
nodern Merlins, Wild Beasts, Puppet-
shows,
out-o'-the-way, far-fetched, perverted
things,
freaks of nature, all Promethean
thoughts
man, his dulness, madness, and their
feats
jumbled up together, to compose
Parliament of Monsters. Tents and
Booths
ınwhile, as if the whole were one vast
mill,
vomiting, receiving on all sides,
ı, Women, three-years' Children,
Babes in arms.

h, blank confusion! true epitome
vhat the mighty City is herself,
housands upon thousands of her sons,
ng amid the same perpetual whirl
rivial objects, melted and reduced
ne identity, by differences
have no law, no meaning, and no
end —
ression, under which even highest
minds
: labor, whence the strongest are not
free.
though the picture weary out the eye,
ature an unmanageable sight,
not wholly so to him who looks
eadiness, who hath among least things
nder-sense of greatest; sees the parts
arts, but with a feeling of the whole.
of all acquisitions, first awaits
sundry and most widely different
modes
ducation, nor with least delight
On that through which I passed. Atten-
tion springs,
And comprehensiveness and memory
flow,
From early converse with the works of
God
Among all regions; chiefly where appear
Most obviously simplicity and power.
Think, how the everlasting streams and
woods,
Stretched and still stretching far and
wide, exalt
The roving Indian, on his desert sands:
What grandeur not unfelt, what pregnant
show
Of beauty, meets the sun-burnt Arab's
eye:
And, as the sea propels, from zone to zone,
Its currents; magnifies its shoals of life
Beyond all compass; spreads, and sends
aloft
Armies of clouds, — even so, its powers
and aspects
Shape for mankind, by principles as fixed,
The views and aspirations of the soul
To majesty. Like virtue have the forms
Perennial of the ancient hills; nor less
The changeful language of their counte-
nances
Quickens the slumbering mind, and aids
the thoughts,
However multitudinous, to move
With order and relation. This, if still,
As hitherto, in freedom I may speak,
Not violating any just restraint,
As may be hoped, of real modesty, —
This did I feel, in London's vast domain.
The Spirit of Nature was upon me there;
The soul of Beauty and enduring Life
Vouchsafed her inspiration, and diffused,
Through meagre lines and colors, and
the press
Of self-destroying, transitory things,
Composure, and ennobling Harmony.

Book Eighth.

Retrospect. — Love of Nature leading to Love of Man.

What sounds are those, Helvellyn, that
are heard
Up to thy summit, through the depth of
air

Ascending, as if distance had the power
To make the sounds more audible? What crowd
Covers, or sprinkles o'er, yon village green?
Crowd seems it, solitary hill! to thee,
Though but a little family of men,
Shepherds and tillers of the ground — betimes
Assembled with their children and their wives;
And here and there a stranger interspersed.
They hold a rustic fair — a festival,
Such as, on this side now, and now on that,
Repeated through his tributary vales,
Helvellyn, in the silence of his rest,
Sees annually, if clouds towards either ocean
Blown from their favorite resting-place, or mists
Dissolved, have left him an unshrouded head.
Delightful day it is for all who dwell
In this secluded glen, and eagerly
They give it welcome. Long ere heat of noon,
From byre or field the kine were brought; the sheep
Are penned in cotes; the chaffering is begun.
The heifer lows, uneasy at the voice
Of a new master; bleat the flocks aloud.
Booths are there none; a stall or two is here;
A lame man or a blind, the one to beg,
The other to make music; hither, too,
From far, with basket, slung upon her arm,
Of hawker's wares — books, pictures, combs, and pins —
Some aged woman finds her way again,
Year after year, a punctual visitant!
There also stands a speech-maker by rote,
Pulling the strings of his boxed raree-show;
And in the lapse of many years may come
Prouder itinerant, mountebank, or he
Whose wonders in a covered wain lie hid.
But one there is, the loveliest of them all,
Some sweet lass of the valley, looking out
For gains, and who that sees her w
not buy?
Fruits of her father's orchard are
wares,
And with the ruddy produce she w
round
Among the crowd, half pleased w
half ashamed
Of, her new office, blushing restless
The children now are rich, for the
to-day
Are generous as the young; and
content
With looking on, some ancient wed
pair
Sit in the shade together; while they g
"A cheerful smile unbends the wrin
brow,
The days departed start again to life,
And all the scenes of childhood reapp
Faint, but more tranquil, like the cl
ging sun
To him who slept at noon, and wake
eve." [1]
Thus gayety and cheerfulness prevail
Spreading from young to old, from
to young,
And no one seems to want his share
Immense
Is the recess, the circumambient wor
Magnificent, by which they are embrac
They move about upon the soft green t
How little they, they and their doi
seem,
And all that they can further or obstr
Through utter weakness pitiably dear
As tender infants are: and yet how gr
For all things serve them: them
morning light
Loves, as it glistens on the silent roc
And them the silent rocks, which
from high
Look down upon them; the repos
clouds;
The wild brooks prattling from invis
haunts;
And old Helvellyn, conscious of the
Which animates this day their calm abo

With deep devotion, Nature, did I f
In that enormous City's turbulent wo

[1] These lines are from a descriptive Poe
"Malvern Hills" — by one of Mr. Wordswo
oldest friends, Mr. Joseph Cottle.

men and things, what benefit I owed
hee, and those domains of rural peace,
ere to the sense of beauty first my heart
s opened; tract more exquisitely fair
n that famed paradise of ten thousand trees,
Gehol's matchless gardens, for delight
the Tartarian dynasty composed
yond that mighty wall, not fabulous,
a's stupendous mound) by patient toil
nyriads and boon nature's lavish help;
re, in a clime from widest empire chosen,
illing (could enchantment have done more?)
umptuous dream of flowery lawns, with domes
pleasure sprinkled over, shady dells
eastern monasteries, sunny mounts
h temples crested, bridges, gondolas,
ks, dens, and groves of foliage taught to melt
each other their obsequious hues,
ished and vanishing in subtle chase,
fine to be pursued; or standing forth
o discordant opposition, strong
gorgeous as the colors side by side
led among rich plumes of tropic birds;
mountains over all, embracing all;
all the landscape, endlessly enriched
n waters running, falling, or asleep.

ut lovelier far than this, the paradise
re I was reared; in Nature's primitive gifts
ored no less, and more to every sense
cious, seeing that the sun and sky,
elements, and seasons as they change,
ind a worthy fellow-laborer there —
free, man working for himself, with choice
ime, and place, and object; by his wants,
comforts, native occupations, cares,
rfully led to individual ends
cial, and still followed by a train
ooed, unthought-of even — simplicity,
beauty, and inevitable grace.

a, when a glimpse of those imperial bowers
Would to a child be transport over-great,
When but a half-hour's roam through such a place
Would leave behind a dance of images,
That shall break in upon his sleep for weeks;
Even then the common haunts of the green earth,
And ordinary interests of man,
Which they embosom, all without regard
As both may seem, are fastening on the heart
Insensibly, each with the other's help.
For me, when my affections first were led
From kindred, friends, and playmates, to partake
Love for the human creature's absolute self,
That noticeable kindliness of heart
Sprang out of fountains, there abounding most,
Where sovereign Nature dictated the tasks
And occupations which her beauty adorned,
And Shepherds were the men that pleased me first;
Not such as Saturn ruled 'mid Latian wilds,
With arts and laws so tempered, that their lives
Left, even to us toiling in this late day,
A bright tradition of the golden age;
Not such as, 'mid Arcadian fastnesses
Sequestered, handed down among themselves
Felicity, in Grecian song renowned;
Nor such as — when an adverse fate had driven,
From house and home, the courtly band whose fortunes
Entered, with Shakspeare's genius, the wild woods
Of Arden — amid sunshine or in shade
Culled the best fruits of Time's uncounted hours,
Ere Phœbe sighed for the false Ganymede;
Or there where Perdita and Florizel
Together danced, Queen of the feast, and King;
Nor such as Spenser fabled. True it is,

That I had heard (what he perhaps had seen)
Of maids at sunrise bringing in from far
Their May-bush, and along the streets in flocks
Parading with a song of taunting rhymes,
Aimed at the laggards slumbering within doors;
Had also heard, from those who yet remembered,
Tales of the May-pole dance, and wreaths that decked
Porch, door-way, or kirk-pillar; and of youths,
Each with his maid, before the sun was up,
By annual custom, issuing forth in troops,
To drink the waters of some sainted well,
And hang it round with garlands. Love survives;
But, for such purpose, flowers no longer grow:
The times, too sage, perhaps too proud, have dropped
These lighter graces; and the rural ways
And manners which my childhood looked upon
Were the unluxuriant produce of a life
Intent on little but substantial needs,
Yet rich in beauty, beauty that was felt.
But images of danger and distress,
Man suffering among awful Powers and Forms;
Of this I heard, and saw enough to make
Imagination restless; nor was free
Myself from frequent perils; nor were tales
Wanting,—the tragedies of former times,
Hazards and strange escapes, of which the rocks
Immutable, and everflowing streams,
Where'er I roamed, were speaking monuments.

Smooth life had flock and shepherd in old time,
Long springs and tepid winters, on the banks
Of delicate Galesus; and no less
Those scattered along Adria's myrtle shores:
Smooth life had herdsman, and his snow-white herd
To triumphs and to sacrificial rites
Devoted, on the inviolable stream
Of rich Clitumnus; and the goat-herd l
As calmly, underneath the pleasant br
Of cool Lucretilis, where the pipe heard
Of Pan, Invisible God, thrilling the r
With tutelary music, from all harm
The fold protecting. I myself, matu
In manhood then, have seen a past tract
Like one of these, where Fancy might wild,
Though under skies less generous, serene:
There, for her own delight had Na framed
A pleasure-ground, diffused a fair exp
Of level pasture, islanded with grove
And banked with woody risings; but Plain
Endless, here opening widely out, there
Shut up in lesser lakes or beds of law
And intricate recesses, creek or bay
Sheltered within a shelter, where at l
The shepherd strays, a rolling hut his ho
Thither he comes with spring-time, t abides
All summer, and at sunrise ye may h
His flageolet to liquid notes of love
Attuned, or sprightly fife resounding
Nook is there none, nor tract of that space
Where passage opens, but the same s have
In turn its visitant, telling there his h
In unlaborious pleasure, with no task
More toilsome than to carve a beec bowl
For spring or fountain, which the trave finds,
When through the region he pursues at
His devious course. A glimpse of s sweet life
I saw when, from the melancholy wa
Of Goslar, once imperial, I renewed
My daily walk along that wide champa
That, reaching to her gates, spreads and west,
And northwards, from beneath the mo tainous verge
Of the Hercynian forest. Yet, hail to
Moors, mountains, headlands, and hollow vales,

ng deep channels for the Atlantic's
voice,
rs of my native region! Ye that seize
eart with firmer grasp! Your snows
and streams
vernable, and your terrifying winds,
howl so dismally for him who treads
anionless your awful solitudes!
, 't is the shepherd's task the winter
long
it upon the storms: of their approach
ious, into sheltering coves he drives
ock, and thither from the homestead
bears
some burden up the craggy ways,
leals it out, their regular nourishment
n on the frozen snow. And when the
spring
s out, and all the pastures dance with
lambs,
vhen the flock, with warmer weather,
climbs
er and higher, him his office leads
atch their goings, whatsoever track
vanderers choose. For this he quits
his home
y-spring, and no sooner doth the sun
to strike him with a fire-like heat,
he lies down upon some shining rock,
breakfasts with his dog. When they
have stolen,
heir wont, a pittance from strict time,
est not needed or exchange of love,
from his couch he starts; and now
his feet
out a livelier fragrance from the
flowers
wly thyme, by Nature's skill en-
wrought
wild turf: the lingering dews of morn
e round him, as from hill to hill he
hies,
aff protending like a hunter's spear,
its aid leaping from crag to crag,
'er the brawling beds of unbridged
streams.
ophy, methinks, at Fancy's call,
deign to follow him through what
he does
s in his day's march; himself he feels,
se vast regions where his service lies,
eman, wedded to his life of hope
azard, and hard labor interchanged
With that majestic indolence so dear
To native man. A rambling schoolboy,
thus,
I felt his presence in his own domain,
As of a lord and master, or a power,
Or genius, under Nature, under God,
Presiding; and severest solitude
Had more commanding looks when he
was there.
When up the lonely brooks on rainy days
Angling I went, or trod the trackless hills
By mists bewildered, suddenly mine eyes
Have glanced upon him distant a few steps,
In size a giant, stalking through thick fog,
His sheep like Greenland bears; or, as he
stepped
Beyond the boundary line of some hill-
shadow,
His form hath flashed upon me, glorified
By the deep radiance of the setting sun:
Or him have I descried in distant sky,
A solitary object and sublime,
Above all height! like an aerial cross
Stationed alone upon a spiry rock
Of the Chartreuse, for worship. Thus
was man
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,
And thus my heart was early introduced
To an unconscious love and reverence
Of human nature; hence the human form
To me became an index of delight,
Of grace and honor, power and worthiness.
Meanwhile this creature—spiritual almost
As those of books, but more exalted far;
Far more of an imaginative form
Than the gay Corin of the groves, who lives
For his own fancies, or to dance by the
hour,
In coronal, with Phyllis in the midst—
Was, for the purposes of kind, a man
With the most common; husband, father;
learned,
Could teach, admonish; suffered with the
rest
From vice and folly, wretchedness and
fear;
Of this I little saw, cared less for it,
But something must have felt.
Call ye these appearances—
Which I beheld of shepherds in my youth,
This sanctity of Nature given to man—
A shadow, a delusion, ye who pore
On the dead letter, miss the spirit of things;

Whose truth is not a motion or a shape
Instinct with vital functions, but a block
Or waxen image which yourselves have made,
And ye adore! But blessèd be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so;
That men before my inexperienced eyes
Did first present themselves thus purified,
Removed, and to a distance that was fit:
And so we all of us in some degree
Are led to knowledge, wheresoever led,
And howsoever; were it otherwise,
And we found evil fast as we find good
In our first years, or think that it is found,
How could the innocent heart bear up and live!
But doubly fortunate my lot; not here
Alone, that something of a better life
Perhaps was round me than it is the privilege
Of most to move in, but that first I looked
At Man through objects that were great or fair;
First communed with him by their help. And thus
Was founded a sure safeguard and defence
Against the weight of meanness, selfish cares,
Coarse manners, vulgar passions, that beat in
On all sides from the ordinary world
In which we traffic. Starting from this point
I had my face turned toward the truth, began
With an advantage furnished by that kind
Of prepossession, without which the soul
Receives no knowledge that can bring forth good,
No genuine insight ever comes to her.
From the restraint of over-watchful eyes
Preserved, I moved about, year after year,
Happy, and now most thankful that my walk
Was guarded from too early intercourse
With the deformities of crowded life,
And those ensuing laughters and contempts,
Self-pleasing, which, if we would wish to think
With a due reverence on earth's rightful lord,
Here placed to be the inheritor of heaven,
Will not permit us; but pursue the n
That to devotion willingly would ris
Into the temple and the temple's he

Yet deem not, Friend! that hu
kind with me
Thus early took a place pre-eminen
Nature herself was, at this unripe ti
But secondary to my own pursuits
And animal activities, and all
Their trivial pleasures; and when t
had drooped
And gradually expired, and Na
prized
For her own sake, became my joy,
then —
And upwards through late youth,
not less
Than two and twenty summers had
told —
Was Man in my affections and rega
Subordinate to her, her visible form
And viewless agencies: a passion, s
A rapture often, and immediate love
Ever at hand; he, only a delight
Occasional, an accidental grace,
His hour being not yet come. Far
had then
The inferior creatures, beast or
attuned
My spirit to that gentleness of love
(Though they had long been care
observed),
Won from me those minute obeisan
Of tenderness, which I may number
With my first blessings. Neverthe
on these
The light of beauty did not fall in
Or grandeur circumfuse them to no

But when that first poetic faculty
Of plain Imagination and severe,
No longer a mute influence of the so
Ventured, at some rash Muse's ea
call,
To try her strength among harmo
words;
And to book-notions and the rules
Did knowingly conform itself; there
Among the simple shapes of human
A wilfulness of fancy and conceit;
And Nature and her objects beautif

ese fictions, as in some sort, in their
turn,
ey burnished her. From touch of
this new power
hing was safe: the elder-tree that grew
ide the well-known charnel-house had
then
ismal look: the yew-tree had its ghost,
t took his station there for ornament:
dignities of plain occurrence then
re tasteless, and truth's golden mean,
a point
ere no sufficient pleasure could be
found.
n, if a widow, staggering with the
blow
her distress, was known to have
turned her steps
he cold grave in which her husband
slept,
night, or haply more than one,
through pain
alf-insensate impotence of mind,
fact was caught at greedily, and there
must be visitant the whole year
through,
ting the turf with never-ending tears.

hrough quaint obliquities I might
pursue
se cravings; when the foxglove, one
by one,
ards through every stage of the tall
stem,
shed beside the public way its bells,
stood of all dismantled, save the last
at the tapering ladder's top, that
seemed
end as doth a slender blade of grass
ed with a rain-drop, Fancy loved to
seat,
ath the plant despoiled, but crested
still
this last relic, soon itself to fall,
e vagrant mother, whose arch little
ones,
nconcerned by her dejected plight,
hed as with rival eagerness their
hands
ered the purple cups that round
them lay,
ving the turf's green slope.

A diamond light
(Whene'er the summer sun, declining,
smote
A smooth rock wet with constant springs)
was seen
Sparkling from out a copse-clad bank
that rose
Fronting our cottage. Oft beside the
hearth
Seated, with open door, often and long
Upon this restless lustre have I gazed,
That made my fancy restless as itself.
'T was now for me a burnished silver
shield
Suspended over a knight's tomb, who lay
Inglorious, buried in the dusky wood:
An entrance now into some magic cave
Or palace built by fairies of the rock;
Nor could I have been bribed to disenchant
The spectacle, by visiting the spot.
Thus wilful Fancy, in no hurtful mood,
Engrafted far-fetched shapes on feelings
bred
By pure Imagination: busy Power
She was, and with her ready pupil turned
Instinctively to human passions, then
Least understood. Yet, 'mid the fervent swarm
Of these vagaries, with an eye so rich
As mine was through the bounty of a
grand
And lovely region, I had forms distinct
To steady me: each airy thought revolved
Round a substantial centre, which at once
Incited it to motion, and controlled.
I did not pine like one in cities bred,
As was thy melancholy lot, dear Friend!
Great Spirit as thou art, in endless dreams
Of sickliness, disjoining, joining, things
Without the light of knowledge. Where
the harm,
If, when the woodman languished with
disease
Induced by sleeping nightly on the
ground
Within his sod-built cabin, Indian-wise,
I called the pangs of disappointed love,
And all the sad etcetera of the wrong,
To help him to his grave? Meanwhile
the man,
If not already from the woods retired
To die at home, was haply, as I knew,

Withering by slow degrees, 'mid gentle airs,
Birds, running streams, and hills so beautiful
On golden evenings, while the charcoal pile
Breathed up its smoke, an image of his ghost
Or spirit that full soon must take her flight.
Nor shall we not be tending towards that point
Of sound humanity to which our Tale
Leads, though by sinuous ways, if here I show
How Fancy, in a season when she wove
Those slender cords, to guide the unconscious Boy
For the Man's sake, could feed at Nature's call
Some pensive musings which might well beseem
Maturer years.
A grove there is whose boughs
Stretch from the western marge of Thurstonmere,
With length of shade so thick, that whoso glides
Along the line of low-roofed water, moves
As in a cloister. Once — while, in that shade
Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light
Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
In silent beauty on the naked ridge
Of a high eastern hill — thus flowed my thoughts
In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart:
[1] Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall close
My mortal course, there will I think on you;
Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)
Doth with the fond remains of his last power
Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds,

[1] See page 19.

On the dear mountain-tops where he rose.

Enough of humble arguments; rec
My Song! those high emotions which voice
Has heretofore made known; that bu ing forth
Of sympathy, inspiring and inspired,
When everywhere a vital pulse was fe
And all the several frames of things, l stars,
Through every magnitude distinguishal
Shone mutually indebted, or half lost
Each in the other's blaze, a galaxy
Of life and glory. In the midst st Man,
Outwardly, inwardly contemplated,
As, of all visible natures, crown, thou born
Of dust, and kindred to the worm Being,
Both in perception and discernment,
In every capability of rapture,
Through the divine effect of power love;
As, more than anything we know, inst
With godhead, and, by reason and by v
Acknowledging dependency sublime.

Ere long, the lonely mountains lef moved,
Begirt, from day to day, with temp shapes
Of vice and folly thrust upon my vie
Objects of sport, and ridicule, and sc
Manners and characters discriminate,
And little bustling passions that eclip
As well they might, the imperson thought,
The idea, or abstraction of the kind.

An idler among academic bowers,
Such was my new condition, as at la
Has been set forth; yet here the vu light
Of present, actual, superficial life,
Gleaming through coloring of other tir
Old usages and local privilege,
Was welcomed, softened, if not sol nized.
This notwithstanding, being brought n near

vice and guilt, forerunning wretched-
ness,
embled, — thought, at times, of human
life
h an indefinite terror and dismay,
h as the storms and angry elements
d bred in me; but gloomier far, a dim
alogy to uproar and misrule,
quiet, danger, and obscurity.

t might be told (but wherefore speak
of things
mmon to all?) that, seeing, I was led
vely to ponder — judging between
good
l evil, not as for the mind's delight
for her guidance — one who was to
act,
sometimes to the best of feeble means
d, by human sympathy impelled:
l, through dislike and most offensive
pain,
s to the truth conducted; of this faith
er forsaken, that, by acting well,
l understanding, I should learn to love
end of life, and everything we know.

Grave Teacher, stern Preceptress! for
at times
u canst put on an aspect most severe;
don, to thee I willingly return.
while my verse played idly with the
flowers
vrought upon thy mantle; satisfied
h that amusement, and a simple look
child-like inquisition now and then
upwards on thy countenance, to de-
tect
e inner meanings which might harbor
there.
how could I in mood so light indulge,
ping such fresh remembrance of the
day,
en, having thridded the long labyrinth
he suburban villages, I first
ered thy vast dominion? On the roof
n itinerant vehicle I sate,
n vulgar men about me, trivial forms
houses, pavement, streets, of men
and things, —
n shapes on every side: but, at the
instant,
en to myself it fairly might be said,
The threshold now is overpast (how
strange
That aught external to the living mind
Should have such mighty sway! yet so
it was),
A weight of ages did at once descend
Upon my heart; no thought embodied, no
Distinct remembrances, but weight and
power, —
Power growing under weight: alas! I
feel
That I am trifling: 't was a moment's
pause, —
All that took place within me came and
went
As in a moment; yet with Time it dwells,
And grateful memory, as a thing divine.

The curious traveller, who, from open
day,
Hath passed with torches into some huge
cave,
The Grotto of Antiparos, or the Den
In old time haunted by that Danish Witch,
Yordas; he looks around and sees the
vault
Widening on all sides; sees, or thinks he
sees,
Erelong, the massy roof above his head,
That instantly unsettles and recedes, —
Substance and shadow, light and dark-
ness, all
Commingled, making up a canopy
Of shapes and forms and tendencies to
shape
That shift and vanish, change and inter-
change
Like spectres, — ferment silent and sub-
lime!
That after a short space works less and
less,
Till, every effort, every motion gone,
The scene before him stands in perfect
view
Exposed, and lifeless as a written book! —
But let him pause awhile, and look again,
And a new quickening shall succeed, at
first
Beginning timidly, then creeping fast,
Till the whole cave, so late a senseless
mass,
Busies the eye with images and forms

Boldly assembled, — here is shadowed forth
From the projections, wrinkles, cavities,
A variegated landscape, — there the shape
Of some gigantic warrior clad in mail,
The ghostly semblance of a hooded monk,
Veiled nun, or pilgrim resting on his staff:
Strange congregation! yet not slow to meet
Eyes that perceive through minds that can inspire.

Even in such sort had I at first been moved,
Nor otherwise continued to be moved,
As I explored the vast metropolis,
Fount of my country's destiny and the world's;
That great emporium, chronicle at once
And burial-place of passions, and their home
Imperial, their chief living residence.

With strong sensations teeming as it did
Of past and present, such a place must needs
Have pleased me, seeking knowledge at that time
Far less than craving power; yet knowledge came,
Sought or unsought, and influxes of power
Came, of themselves, or at her call derived
In fits of kindliest apprehensiveness,
From all sides, when whate'er was in itself
Capacious found, or seemed to find, in me
A correspondent amplitude of mind;
Such is the strength and glory of our youth!
The human nature unto which I felt
That I belonged, and reverenced with love,
Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
Of evidence from monuments, erect,
Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
Of vanished nations, or more cle
drawn
From books and what they picture
record.

'T is true, the history of our na
land —
With those of Greece compared and p
ular Rome,
And in our high-wrought modern na
tives
Stript of their harmonizing soul, the
Of manners and familiar incidents —
Had never much delighted me. And
Than other intellects had mine been u
To lean upon extrinsic circumstance
Of record or tradition; but a sense
Of what in the Great City had been d
And suffered, and was doing, sufferi
still,
Weighed with me, could support the
of thought;
And, in despite of all that had gone
Or was departing never to return,
There I conversed with majesty and po
Like independent natures. Hence
place
Was thronged with impregnations like
Wilds
In which my early feelings had b
nursed —
Bare hills and valleys, full of cave
rocks,
And audible seclusions, dashing lake
Echoes and waterfalls, and pointed cr
That into music touch the passing wi
Here then my young imagination fou
No uncongenial element; could here
Among new objects serve or give c
mand,
Even as the heart's occasions might
quire,
To forward reason's else too-scrupul
march.
The effect was, still more elevated vi
Of human nature. Neither vice
guilt,
Debasement undergone by body or m
Nor all the misery forced upon my si
Misery not lightly passed, but someti
scanned
Most feelingly, could overthrow my t
In what we *may* become; induce bel

at I was ignorant, had been falsely taught,
solitary, who with vain conceits
ıd been inspired, and walked about in dreams.
om those sad scenes when meditation turned,
! everything that was indeed divine
tained its purity inviolate,
y brighter shone, by this portentous gloom
off; such opposition as aroused
e mind of Adam, yet in Paradise
ough fallen from bliss, when in the East he saw
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning light
re orient in the western cloud, that drew
er the blue firmament a radiant white,
scending slow with something heavenly fraught.

Add also, that among the multitudes
that huge city, oftentimes was seen
ectingly set forth, more than elsewhere
possible, the unity of man,
e spirit over ignorance and vice
dominant, in good and evil hearts;
e sense for moral judgments, as one eye
the sun's light. The soul when smitten thus
a sublime *idea*, whencesoe'er
uchsafed for union or communion, feeds
the pure bliss, and takes her rest with God.

Thus from a very early age, O Friend!
thoughts by slow gradations had been drawn
human-kind, and to the good and ill
human life: Nature had led me on;
d oft amid the "busy hum" I seemed
travel independent of her help,
if I had forgotten her; but no,
world of human-kind outweighed not hers
ny habitual thoughts; the scale of love,
ugh filling daily, still was light, compared
h that in which *her* mighty objects lay.

[1] From Milton, *Par. Lost*, xi. 204.

Book Ninth.

RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.

Even as a river, — partly (it might seem)
Yielding to old remembrances, and swayed
In part by fear to shape a way direct,
That would engulph him soon in the ravenous sea —
Turns, and will measure back his course, far back,
Seeking the very regions which he crossed
In his first outset; so have we, my Friend!
Turned and returned with intricate delay.
Or as a traveller, who has gained the brow
Of some aerial Down, while there he halts
For breathing-time, is tempted to review
The region left behind him; and, if aught
Deserving notice have escaped regard,
Or been regarded with too careless eye,
Strives, from that height, with one and yet one more
Last look, to make the best amends he may:
So have we lingered. Now we start afresh
With courage, and new hope risen on our toil.
Fair greetings to this shapeless eagerness,
Whene'er it comes! needful in work so long,
Thrice needful to the argument which now
Awaits us! Oh, how much unlike the past!

Free as a colt at pasture on the hill,
I ranged at large, through London's wide domain,
Month after month. Obscurely did I live,
Not seeking frequent intercourse with men,
By literature, or elegance, or rank,
Distinguished. Scarcely was a year thus spent
Ere I forsook the crowded solitude,
With less regret for its luxurious pomp,
And all the nicely-guarded shows of art,
Than for the humble book-stalls in the streets,
Exposed to eye and hand where'er I turned.

France lured me forth; the realm that I had crossed
So lately, journeying toward the snow-clad Alps.

But now, relinquishing the scrip and staff,
And all enjoyment which the summer sun
Sheds round the steps of those who meet the day
With motion constant as his own, I went
Prepared to sojourn in a pleasant town,
Washed by the current of the stately Loire.

Through Paris lay my readiest course, and there
Sojourning a few days, I visited
In haste, each spot of old or recent fame,
The latter chiefly; from the field of Mars
Down to the suburbs of St. Antony,
And from Mont Martre southward to the Dome
Of Geneviève. In both her clamorous Halls,
The National Synod and the Jacobins,
I saw the Revolutionary Power
Toss like a ship at anchor, rocked by storms;
The Arcades I traversed, in the Palace huge
Of Orleans; coasted round and round the line
Of Tavern, Brothel, Gaming-house, and Shop,
Great rendezvous of worst and best, the walk
Of all who had a purpose, or had not;
I stared and listened, with a stranger's ears,
To Hawkers and Haranguers, hubbub wild!
And hissing Factionists with ardent eyes,
In knots, or pairs, or single. Not a look
Hope takes, or Doubt or Fear is forced to wear,
But seemed there present; and I scanned them all,
Watched every gesture uncontrollable,
Of anger, and vexation, and despite,
All side by side, and struggling face to face,
With gayety and dissolute idleness.

Where silent zephyrs sported with the dust
Of the Bastille, I sate in the open sun,
And from the rubbish gathered up a stone,
And pocketed the relic, in the guise
Of an enthusiast; yet, in honest truth,
I looked for something that I could find,
Affecting more emotion than I felt;
For 't is most certain, that these vari sights,
However potent their first shock, with
Appeared to recompense the travell pains
Less than the painted Magdalene of Brun,
A beauty exquisitely wrought, with ha
Dishevelled, gleaming eyes, and ru cheek
Pale and bedropped with overflow tears.

But hence to my more permanent ab
I hasten; there, by novelties in speec
Domestic manners, customs, gestu looks,
And all the attire of ordinary life,
Attention was engrossed; and, t amused,
I stood 'mid those concussions, unc cerned,
Tranquil almost, and careless as a flo
Glassed in a green-house, or a pa shrub
That spreads its leaves in unmole peace,
While every bush and tree, the cou through,
Is shaking to the roots: indifference t
Which may seem strange: but I was prepared
With needful knowledge, had abru passed
Into a theatre, whose stage was filled
And busy with an action far advanced
Like others, I had skimmed, and so times read
With care, the master pamphlets of day;
Nor wanted such half-insight as grew v
Upon that meagre soil, helped out by
And public news; but having never s
A chronicle that might suffice to show
Whence the main organs of the pu power
Had sprung, their transmigrations, w and how
Accomplished, giving thus unto event
A form and body; all things were to

ose and disjointed, and the affections
left
thout a vital interest. At that time,
reover, the first storm was overblown,
d the strong hand of outward violence
cked up in quiet. For myself, I fear
w, in connection with so great a theme,
speak (as I must be compelled to do)
one so unimportant; night by night
I frequent the formal haunts of men,
om, in the city, privilege of birth
uestered from the rest, societies
ished in arts, and in punctilio versed;
ence, and from deeper causes, all dis-
course
good and evil of the time was shunned
h scrupulous care; but these restric-
tions soon
ved tedious, and I gradually withdrew
o a noisier world, and thus ere long
ame a patriot; and my heart was all
en to the people, and my love was
theirs.

band of military Officers,
n stationed in the city, were the chief
my associates: some of these wore
swords
t had been seasoned in the wars, and
all
re men well-born; the chivalry of
France.
ge and temper differing, they had yet
spirit ruling in each heart; alike
ve only one, hereafter to be named)
re bent upon undoing what was done:
s was their rest and only hope; there-
with
fear had they of bad becoming worse,
worst to them was come; nor would
have stirred,
leemed it worth a moment's thought
to stir,
nything, save only as the act
ked thitherward. One, reckoning by
years,
in the prime of manhood, and ere-
while
had sate lord in many tender hearts;
ugh heedless of such honors now, and
changed:
temper was quite mastered by the
times,
And they had blighted him, had eaten
away
The beauty of his person, doing wrong
Alike to body and to mind: his port,
Which once had been erect and open, now
Was stooping and contracted, and a face,
Endowed by Nature with her fairest gifts
Of symmetry and light and bloom, ex-
pressed,
As much as any that was ever seen,
A ravage out of season, made by thoughts
Unhealthy and vexatious. With the hour,
That from the press of Paris duly brought
Its freight of public news, the fever came,
A punctual visitant, to shake this man,
Disarmed his voice and fanned his yellow
cheek
Into a thousand colors; while he read,
Or mused, his sword was haunted by his
touch
Continually, like an uneasy place
In his own body. 'T was in truth an hour
Of universal ferment; mildest men
Were agitated; and commotions, strife
Of passion and opinion, filled the walls
Of peaceful houses with unquiet sounds.
The soil of common life was, at that time,
Too hot to tread upon. Oft said I then,
And not then only, "What a mockery this
Of history, the past and that to come!
Now do I feel how all men are deceived,
Reading of nations and their works, in
faith,
Faith given to vanity and emptiness;
Oh! laughter for the page that would
reflect
To future times the face of what now is!"
The land all swarmed with passion, like a
plain
Devoured by locusts, — Carra, Gorsas, —
add
A hundred other names, forgotten now,
Nor to be heard of more; yet, they were
powers,
Like earthquakes, shocks repeated day by
day,
And felt through every nook of town and
field.

Such was the state of things. Mean-
while the chief
Of my associates stood prepared for flight
To augment the band of emigrants in arms

Upon the borders of the Rhine, and leagued
With foreign foes mustered for instant war.
This was their undisguised intent, and they
Were waiting with the whole of their desires
The moment to depart.
An Englishman,
Born in a land whose very name appeared
To license some unruliness of mind;
A stranger, with youth's further privilege,
And the indulgence that a half-learnt speech
Wins from the courteous; I, who had been else
Shunned and not tolerated, freely lived
With these defenders of the Crown, and talked,
And heard their notions; nor did they disdain
The wish to bring me over to their cause.

But though untaught by thinking or by books
To reason well of polity or law,
And nice distinctions, then on every tongue,
Of natural rights and civil; and to acts
Of nations and their passing interests
(If with unworldly ends and aims compared),
Almost indifferent, even the historian's tale
Prizing but little otherwise than I prized
Tales of the poets, as it made the heart
Beat high, and filled the fancy with fair forms,
Old heroes and their sufferings and their deeds;
Yet in the regal sceptre, and the pomp
Of orders and degrees, I nothing found
Then, or had ever, even in crudest youth,
That dazzled me, but rather what I mourned
And ill could brook, beholding that the best
Ruled not, and feeling that they ought to rule.

For, born in a poor district, and which yet
Retaineth more of ancient homeliness,

Than any other nook of English grot
It was my fortune scarcely to have se
Through the whole tenor of my sch
day time,
The face of one, who, whether boy
man,
Was vested with attention or respect
Through claims of wealth or blood; was it least
Of many benefits, in later years
Derived from academic institutes
And rules, that they held something u
view
Of a Republic, where all stood thus
Upon equal ground; that we were br
ers all
In honor, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen; where, furth
more,
Distinction open lay to all that came,
And wealth and titles were in less este
Than talents, worth, and prosperous
dustry.
Add unto this, subservience from the
To presences of God's mysterious po
Made manifest in Nature's sovereignt
And fellowship with venerable books
To sanction the proud workings of
soul,
And mountain liberty. It could not
But that one tutored thus should look w
awe
Upon the faculties of man, receive
Gladly the highest promises, and hail
As best, the government of equal rig
And individual worth. And hence,
Friend!
If at the first great outbreak I rejoice
Less than might well befit my youth,
cause
In part lay here, that unto me the eve
Seemed nothing out of nature's cert
course,
A gift that was come rather late than so
No wonder, then, if advocates like the
Inflamed by passion, blind with prejud
And stung with injury, at this riper d
Were impotent to make my hopes put
The shape of theirs, my understand
bend
In honor to their honor: zeal, which
Had slumbered, now in opposition b
Forth like a Polar summer: every wo

y uttered was a dart, by counter-winds
wn back upon themselves; their rea-
son seemed
fusion-stricken by a higher power
n human understanding, their dis-
course
med, spiritless; and, in their weak-
ness strong,
umphed.
Meantime, day by day, the roads
e crowded with the bravest youth of
France,
all the promptest of her spirits, linked
allant soldiership, and posting on
neet the war upon her frontier bounds.
at this very moment do tears start
mine eyes: I do not say I weep —
pt not then, — but tears have dimmed
my sight,
nemory of the farewells of that time,
nestic severings, female fortitude
earest separation, patriot love
self-devotion, and terrestrial hope,
ouraged with a martyr's confidence;
n files of strangers merely seen but
once,
for a moment, men from far with
sound
music, martial tunes, and banners
spread,
ring the city, here and there a face,
erson, singled out among the rest,
still a stranger and beloved as such;
n by these passing spectacles my heart
oftentimes uplifted, and they seemed
ments sent from Heaven to prove
the cause
l, pure, which no one could stand
up against,
was not lost, abandoned, selfish,
proud,
n, miserable, wilfully depraved,
r perverse of equity and truth.

nong that band of Officers was one,
dy hinted at, of other mould —
riot, thence rejected by the rest,
with an oriental loathing spurned,
a different caste. A meeker man
this lived never, nor a more benign,
though enthusiastic. Injuries
him more gracious, and his nature
then
Did breathe its sweetness out most sensibly,
As aromatic flowers on Alpine turf,
When foot hath crushed them. He through the events
Of that great change wandered in perfect faith,
As through a book, an old romance, or tale
Of Fairy, or some dream of actions wrought
Behind the summer clouds. By birth he ranked
With the most noble, but unto the poor
Among mankind he was in service bound,
As by some tie invisible, oaths professed
To a religious order. Man he loved
As man; and, to the mean and the obscure,
And all the homely in their homely works,
Transferred a courtesy which had no air
Of condescension; but did rather seem
A passion and a gallantry, like that
Which he, a soldier, in his idler day
Had paid to woman: somewhat vain he was,
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy
Diffused around him, while he was intent
On works of love or freedom, or revolved
Complacently the progress of a cause,
Whereof he was a part: yet this was meek
And placid, and took nothing from the man
That was delightful. Oft in solitude
With him did I discourse about the end
Of civil government, and its wisest forms;
Of ancient loyalty, and chartered rights,
Custom and habit, novelty and change;
Of self-respect, and virtue in the few
For patrimonial honor set apart,
And ignorance in the laboring multitude.
For he, to all intolerance indisposed,
Balanced these contemplations in his mind;
And I, who at that time was scarcely dipped
Into the turmoil, bore a sounder judgment
Than later days allowed; carried about me,
With less alloy to its integrity,
The experience of past ages, as, through help
Of books and common life, it makes sure way

To youthful minds, by objects over near
Not pressed upon, nor dazzled or misled
By struggling with the crowd for present ends.

But though not deaf, nor obstinate to find
Error without excuse upon the side
Of them who strove against us, more delight
We took, and let this freely be confessed,
In painting to ourselves the miseries
Of royal courts, and that voluptuous life
Unfeeling, where the man who is of soul
The meanest thrives the most; where dignity,
True personal dignity, abideth not;
A light, a cruel, and vain world cut off
From the natural inlets of just sentiment,
From lowly sympathy and chastening truth;
Where good and evil interchange their names,
And thirst for bloody spoils abroad is paired
With vice at home. We added dearest themes —
Man and his noble nature, as it is
The gift which God has placed within his power,
His blind desires and steady faculties
Capable of clear truth, the one to break
Bondage, the other to build liberty
On firm foundations, making social life,
Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,
As just in regulation, and as pure
As individual in the wise and good.

We summoned up the honorable deeds
Of ancient Story, thought of each bright spot,
That would be found in all recorded time,
Of truth preserved and error passed away;
Of single spirits that catch the flame from Heaven,
And how the multitudes of men will feed
And fan each other; thought of sects, how keen
They are to put the appropriate nature on,
Triumphant over every obstacle
Of custom, language, country, love, or hate,
And what they do and suffer for t
creed;
How far they travel, and how
endure;
How quickly mighty Nations have
formed,
From least beginnings; how, toge
locked
By new opinions, scattered tribes
made
One body, spreading wide as cloud
heaven.
To aspirations then of our own mind
Did we appeal; and, finally, beheld
A living confirmation of the whole
Before us, in a people from the dept
Of shameful imbecility uprisen,
Fresh as the morning star. Elate
looked
Upon their virtues; saw, in rudest m
Self-sacrifice the firmest; generous l
And continence of mind, and sens
right,
Uppermost in the midst of fiercest st

Oh, sweet it is, in academic grove
Or such retirement, Friend! as we
known
In the green dales beside our Rot
stream,
Greta, or Derwent, or some nameless
To ruminate, with interchange of ta
On rational liberty, and hope in mar
Justice and peace. But far more s
such toil —
Toil, say I, for it leads to thou
abstruse —
If nature then be standing on the bri
Of some great trial, and we hear the v
Of one devoted,—one whom circumst
Hath called upon to embody his deep s
In action, give it outwardly a shape,
And that of benediction, to the worl
Then doubt is not, and truth is more
truth, —
A hope it is, and a desire; a creed
Of zeal, by an authority Divine
Sanctioned, of danger, difficulty, or de
Such conversation, under Attic shad
Did Dion hold with Plato; ripened t
For a Deliverer's glorious task, —
such
He, on that ministry already bound,

with Eudemus and Timonides,
ounded by adventurers in arms,
n those two vessels with their daring freight,
he Sicilian Tyrant's overthrow,
d from Zacynthus, — philosophic war,
by Philosophers. With harder fate,
gh like ambition, such was he, O Friend!
hom I speak. So Beaupuis (let the name
d near the worthiest of Antiquity)
oned his life; and many a long discourse,
like persuasion honored, we maintained:
on his part, accoutred for the worst,
erished fighting, in supreme command,
the borders of the unhappy Loire,
berty, against deluded men,
fellow-countrymen; and yet most blessed
s, that he the fate of later times
not to see, nor what we now behold,
ıave as ardent hearts as he had then.

ng that very Loire, with festal mirth
ınding at all hours, and innocent yet
il slaughter, was our frequent walk;
wide forests of continuous shade,
and over-arched, with open space
th the trees, clear footing many a mile —
mn region. Oft amid those haunts,
earnest dialogues I slipped in thought,
t remembrance steal to other times,
, o'er those interwoven roots, moss-clad,
nooth as marble or a waveless sea,
Hermit, from his cell forth-strayed, might pace
van meditation undisturbed;
the pavement of a Gothic church
a lone Monk, when service hath expired,
ıce and silence. But if e'er was heard, —
, though unseen, — a devious traveller,
Retiring or approaching from afar
With speed and echoes loud of trampling hoofs
From the hard floor reverberated, then
It was Angelica thundering through the woods
Upon her palfrey, or that gentle maid
Erminia, fugitive as fair as she.
Sometimes methought I saw a pair of knights
Joust underneath the trees, that as in storm
Rocked high above their heads; anon, the din
Of boisterous merriment, and music's roar,
In sudden proclamation, burst from haunt
Of Satyrs in some viewless glade, with dance
Rejoicing o'er a female in the midst,
A mortal beauty, their unhappy thrall.
The width of those huge forests, unto me
A novel scene, did often in this way
Master my fancy while I wandered on
With that revered companion. And sometimes —
When to a convent in a meadow green,
By a brook-side, we came, a roofless pile,
And not by reverential touch of Time
Dismantled, but by violence abrupt —
In spite of those heart-bracing colloquies,
In spite of real fervor, and of that
Less genuine and wrought up within myself —
I could not but bewail a wrong so harsh,
And for the Matin-bell to sound no more
Grieved, and the twilight taper, and the cross
High on the topmost pinnacle, a sign
(How welcome to the weary traveller's eyes!)
Of hospitality and peaceful rest.
And when the partner of those varied walks
Pointed upon occasion to the site
Of Romorentin, home of ancient kings,
To the imperial edifice of Blois,
Or to that rural castle, name now slipped
From my remembrance, where a lady lodged,
By the first Francis wooed, and bound to him
In chains of mutual passion, from the tower,
As a tradition of the country tells,

Practised to commune with her royal knight
By cressets and love-beacons, intercourse
'Twixt her high-seated residence and his
Far off at Chambord on the plain beneath;
Even here, though less than with the peaceful house
Religious,'mid those frequent monuments
Of Kings,their vices and their better deeds,
Imagination, potent to inflame
At times with virtuous wrath and noble scorn,
Did also often mitigate the force
Of civic prejudice, the bigotry,
So call it, of a youthful patriot's mind;
And on these spots with many gleams I looked
Of chivalrous delight. Yet not the less,
Hatred of absolute rule, where will of one
Is law for all, and of that barren pride
In them who, by immunities unjust,
Between the sovereign and the people stand,
His helper and not theirs, laid stronger hold
Daily upon me, mixed with pity too
And love; for where hope is, there love will be
For the abject multitude. And when we chanced
One day to meet a hunger-bitten girl,
Who crept along fitting her languid gait
Unto a heifer's motion, by a cord
Tied to her arm, and picking thus from the lane
Its sustenance, while the girl with pallid hands
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude, and at the sight my friend
In agitation said, " 'T is against *that*
That we are fighting," I with him believed
That a benignant spirit was abroad
Which might not be withstood, that poverty
Abject as this would in a little time
Be found no more, that we should see the earth
Unthwarted in her wish to recompense
The meek, the lowly, patient child of toil,
All institutes forever blotted out
That legalized exclusion, empty pomp
Abolished, sensual state and cruel power
Whether by edict of the one or few;
And finally, as sum and crown of all,
Should see the people having a str hand
In framing their own laws; whence be days
To all mankind. But, these things apart,
Was not this single confidence enoug
To animate the mind that ever turnec
A thought to human welfare? That her forth
Captivity by mandate without law
Should cease; and open accusation le
To sentence in the hearing of the wo
And open punishment, if not the air
Be free to breathe in, and the heart of r
Dread nothing. From this height I s not stoop
To humbler matter that detained us o
In thought or conversation, public ac
And public persons,and emotions wrou
Within the breast, as ever-varying wi
Of record or report swept over us;
But I might here, instead, repeat a ta
Told by my Patriot friend, of sad eve
That prove to what low depth had str the roots,
How widely spread the boughs, of old tree
Which, as a deadly mischief, and a fe
And black dishonor, France was weary

Oh,happy time of youthful lovers (
The story might begin), oh, balmy ti
In which a love-knot, on a lady's bro
Is fairer than the fairest star in Heav
So might—and with that prelude *did* be
The record; and, in faithful verse, given
The doleful sequel.
But our little bar
On a strong river boldly hath b launched;
And from the driving current should turn
To loiter wilfully within a creek,
Howe'er attractive, Fellow voyager!
Would'st thou not chide? Yet deem my pains lost:
For Vaudracour and Julia (so were na
The ill-fated pair) in that plain tale draw

[1] See "Vaudracour and Julia," p. 253.

's from the hearts of others, when their own
l beat no more. Thou, also, there may'st read,
eisure, how the enamoured youth was driven,
ublic power abased, to fatal crime,
ıre's rebellion against monstrous law;
, between heart and heart, oppression thrust
mandates, severing whom true love had joined,
ıssing both; until he sank and pressed couch his fate had made for him; supine,
when the stings of viperous remorse, ıg their strength, enforced him to start up,
ıst and prayerless. Into a deep wood ed, to shun the haunts of human kind;
e dwelt, weakened in spirit more and more;
could the voice of Freedom, which through France
speedily resounded, public hope,
ersonal memory of his own worst wrongs,
e him; but, hidden in those gloomy shades,
lays he wasted,— an imbecile mind.

Book Tenth.

SIDENCE IN FRANCE (*continued*).

as a beautiful and silent day
overspread the countenance of earth,
fading with unusual quietness. —
y as beautiful as e'er was given
ıothe regret, though deepening what it soothed,
ı by the gliding Loire I paused, and cast
his rich domains, vineyard and tilth,
ı meadow-ground, and many-colored woods,
ı, and yet again, a farewell look;
from the quiet of that scene passed on,
d to the fierce Metropolis. From his throne
The King had fallen, and that invading host —
Presumptuous cloud, on whose black front was written
The tender mercies of the dismal wind
That bore it — on the plains of Liberty
Had burst innocuous. Say in bolder words,
They — who had come elate as eastern hunters
Banded beneath the Great Mogul, when he
Erewhile went forth from Agra or Lahore,
Rajahs and Omrahs in his train, intent
To drive their prey enclosed within a ring
Wide as a province, but, the signal given,
Before the point of the life-threatening spear
Narrowing itself by moments — they, rash men,
Had seen the anticipated quarry turned
Into avengers, from whose wrath they fled
In terror. Disappointment and dismay
Remained for all whose fancies had run wild
With evil expectations; confidence
And perfect triumph for the better cause.

The State — as if to stamp the final seal
On her security, and to the world
Show what she was, a high and fearless soul,
Exulting in defiance, or heart-stung
By sharp resentment, or belike to taunt
With spiteful gratitude the baffled League,
That had stirred up her slackening faculties
To a new transition — when the King was crushed,
Spared not the empty throne, and in proud haste
Assumed the body and venerable name
Of a Republic. Lamentable crimes,
' T is true, had gone before this hour, dire work
Of massacre, in which the senseless sword
Was prayed to as a judge; but these were past,
Earth free from them forever, as was thought, —
Ephemeral monsters, to be seen but once!
Things that could only show themselves and die.

Cheered with this hope, to Paris I returned,
And ranged, with ardor heretofore unfelt,
The spacious city, and in progress passed
The prison where the unhappy Monarch lay,
Associate with his children and his wife
In bondage; and the palace, lately stormed
With roar of cannon by a furious host.
I crossed the square (an empty area then!)
Of the Carrousel, where so late had lain
The dead, upon the dying heaped, and gazed
On this and other spots, as doth a man
Upon a volume whose contents he knows
Are memorable, but from him locked up,
Being written in a tongue he cannot read,
So that he questions the mute leaves with pain,
And half upbraids their silence. But that night
I felt most deeply in what world I was,
What ground I trod on, and what air I breathed.
High was my room and lonely, near the roof
Of a large mansion or hôtel, a lodge
That would have pleased me in more quiet times;
Nor was it wholly without pleasure then.
With unextinguished taper I kept watch,
Reading at intervals; the fear gone by
Pressed on me almost like a fear to come.
I thought of those September massacres,
Divided from me by one little month,
Saw them and touched: the rest was conjured up
From tragic fictions or true history,
Remembrances and dim admonishments.
The horse is taught his manage, and no star
Of wildest course but treads back his own steps;
For the spent hurricane the air provides
As fierce a successor; the tide retreats
But to return out of its hiding-place
In the great deep; all things have second birth;
The earthquake is not satisfied at once;
And in this way I wrought upon myself,
Until I seemed to hear a voice that cried,
To the whole city, "Sleep no more." The trance
Fled with the voice to which it had gi
birth;
But vainly comments of a calmer min
Promised soft peace and sweet forget
ness.
The place, all hushed and silent as it w
Appeared unfit for the repose of nigh
Defenceless as a wood where tigers ro

With early morning towards the Pala
walk
Of Orleans eagerly I turned: as yet
The streets were still; not so those l
Arcades;
There, 'mid a peal of ill-matched sou
and cries,
That greeted me on entering, I could h
Shrill voices from the hawkers in
throng,
Bawling, "Denunciation of the Crim
Of Maximilian Robespierre;" the ha
Prompt as the voice, held forth a prin
speech,
The same that had been recently p
nounced,
When Robespierre, not ignorant for w
mark
Some words of indirect reproof had b
Intended, rose in hardihood, and dar
The man who had an ill surmise of hi
To bring his charge in openness; wher
When a dead pause ensued, and no
stirred,
In silence of all present, from his sea
Louvet walked single through the aven
And took his station in the Tribune,
ing,
"I, Robespierre, accuse thee!" Wel
known
The inglorious issue of that charge,
how
He, who had launched the start
thunderbolt,
The one bold man, whose voice the att
had sounded,
Was left without a follower to discha
His perilous duty, and retire lamentin
That Heaven's best aid is wasted u
men
Who to themselves are false.
But these are thi
Of which I speak, only as they were st
Or sunshine to my individual mind,

further. Let me then relate that now —
some sort seeing with my proper eyes
t Liberty, and Life, and Death, would soon
the remotest corners of the land
in the arbitrement of those who ruled
capital City; what was struggled for,
l by what combatants victory must be won;
indecision on their part whose aim
med best, and the straightforward path of those
o in attack or in defence were strong
ough their impiety — my inmost soul
s agitated; yea, I could almost
re prayed that throughout earth upon all men,
patient exercise of reason made
thy of liberty, all spirits filled
h zeal expanding in Truth's holy light,
gift of tongues might fall, and power arrive
n the four quarters of the winds to do
France, what without help she could not do,
ork of honor; think not that to this
ded, work of safety: from all doubt
repidation for the end of things
was I, far as angels are from guilt.

et did I grieve, nor only grieved, but thought
pposition and of remedies:
nsignificant stranger and obscure,
one, moreover, little graced with power
loquence even in my native speech,
all unfit for tumult or intrigue,
vould I at this time with willing heart
e undertaken for a cause so great
ce however dangerous. I revolved,
much the destiny of Man had still
g upon single persons; that there was,
scendent to all local patrimony,
nature, as there is one sun in heaven;
objects, even as they are great, thereby
come within the reach of humblest eyes;
Man is only weak through his mistrust
want of hope where evidence divine
Proclaims to him that hope should be most sure;
Nor did the inexperience of my youth
Preclude conviction, that a spirit strong
In hope, and trained to noble aspirations,
A spirit thoroughly faithful to itself,
Is for Society's unreasoning herd
A domineering instinct, serves at once
For way and guide, a fluent receptacle
That gathers up each petty straggling rill
And vein of water, glad to be rolled on
In safe obedience; that a mind, whose rest
Is where it ought to be, in self-restraint,
In circumspection and simplicity,
Falls rarely in entire discomfiture
Below its aim, or meets with, from without,
A treachery that foils it or defeats;
And, lastly, if the means on human will,
Frail human will, dependent should betray
Him who too boldly trusted them, I felt
That 'mid the loud distractions of the world
A sovereign voice subsists within the soul,
Arbiter undisturbed of right and wrong,
Of life and death, in majesty severe
Enjoining, as may best promote the aims
Of truth and justice, either sacrifice,
From whatsoever region of our cares
Or our infirm affections Nature pleads,
Earnest and blind, against the stern decree.

On the other side, I called to mind those truths
That are the commonplaces of the schools —
(A theme for boys, too hackneyed for their sires,)
Yet, with a revelation's liveliness,
In all their comprehensive bearings known
And visible to philosophers of old,
Men who, to business of the world untrained,
Lived in the shade; and to Harmodius known
And his compeer Aristogiton, known
To Brutus — that tyrannic power is weak,
Hath neither gratitude, nor faith, nor love,
Nor the support of good or evil men
To trust in; that the godhead which is ours
Can never utterly be charmed or stilled;
That nothing hath a natural right to last

But equity and reason; that all else
Meets foes irreconcilable, and at best
Lives only by variety of disease.

Well might my wishes be intense, my thoughts
Strong and perturbed, not doubting at that time
But that the virtue of one paramount mind
Would have abashed those impious crests — have quelled
Outrage and bloody power, and — in despite
Of what the People long had been and were
Through ignorance and false teaching, sadder proof
Of immaturity, and — in the teeth
Of desperate opposition from without —
Have cleared a passage for just government,
And left a solid birthright to the State,
Redeemed, according to example given
By ancient lawgivers.
In this frame of mind,
Dragged by a chain of harsh necessity,
So seemed it, — now I thankfully acknowledge,
Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven, —
To England I returned, else (though assured
That I both was and must be of small weight,
No better than a landsman on the deck
Of a ship struggling with a hideous storm)
Doubtless, I should have then made common cause
With some who perished; haply perished too,
A poor mistaken and bewildered offering, —
Should to the breast of Nature have gone back,
With all my resolutions, all my hopes,
A Poet only to myself, to men
Useless, and even, beloved Friend! a soul
To thee unknown!
Twice had the trees let fall
Their leaves, as often Winter had put on
His hoary crown, since I had seen the surge
Beat against Albion's shore, since ear
mine
Had caught the accents of my nat
speech
Upon our native country's sacred grou
A patriot of the world, how could I gl
Into communion with her sylvan shad
Erewhile my tuneful haunt? It plea
me more
To abide in the great City, where I fo
The general air still busy with the stir
Of that first memorable onset made
By a strong levy of humanity
Upon the traffickers in Negro blood;
Effort which, though defeated, had
called
To notice old forgotten principles,
And through the nation spread a no
heat
Of virtuous feeling. For myself, I o
That this particular strife had wan
power
To rivet my affections; nor did now
Its unsuccessful issue much excite
My sorrow; for I brought with me
faith
That, if France prospered, good n
would not long
Pay fruitless worship to humanity,
And this most rotten branch of hum
shame,
Object, so seemed it, of superfluous pa
Would fall together with its parent tr
What, then, were my emotions, when
arms
Britain put forth her free-born streng
in league,
Oh, pity and shame! with those conf
erate Powers!
Not in my single self alone I found,
But in the minds of all ingenuous you
Change and subversion from that ho
No shock
Given to my moral nature had I know
Down to that very moment; neither la
Nor turn of sentiment that might be nam
A revolution, save at this one time;
All else was progress on the self-same p
On which, with a diversity of pace,
I had been travelling: this a stride at o
Into another region. As a light
And pliant harebell, swinging in
breeze

some gray rock — its birthplace — so had I
ntoned, fast rooted on the ancient tower
my beloved country, wishing not
appier fortune than to wither there:
w was I from that pleasant station torn
l tossed about in whirlwind. I rejoiced,
., afterwards — truth most painful to record! —
ılted, in the triumph of my soul,
en Englishmen by thousands were o'erthrown,
t without glory on the field, or driven,
ve hearts! to shameful flight. It was a grief, —
ef call it not, 'twas anything but that, —
onflict of sensations without name,
which *he* only, who may love the sight
a village steeple, as I do, can judge,
en, in the congregation bending all
their great Father, prayers were offered up,
praises for our country's victories;
, 'mid the simple worshippers, perchance
ly, like an uninvited guest
om no one owned, sate silent, shall I add,
on the day of vengeance yet to come.

h! much have they to account for, who could tear,
iolence, at one decisive rent,
n the best youth in England their dear pride,
r joy, in England; this, too, at a time
hich worst losses easily might wean
best of names, when patriotic love
of itself in modesty give way,
the Precursor when the Deity
ome Whose harbinger he was; a time
hich apostasy from ancient faith
ned but conversion to a higher creed;
al a season dangerous and wild,
ne when sage Experience would have snatched
ers out of any hedge-row to compose
aplet in contempt of his gray locks.

When the proud fleet that bears the red-cross flag
In that unworthy service was prepared
To mingle, I beheld the vessels lie,
A brood of gallant creatures, on the deep;
I saw them in their rest, a sojourner
Through a whole month of calm and glassy days
In that delightful island which protects
Their place of convocation — there I heard,
Each evening, pacing by the still sea-shore,
A monitory sound that never failed, —
The sunset cannon. While the orb went down
In the tranquillity of nature, came
That voice, ill requiem! seldom heard by me
Without a spirit overcast by dark
Imaginations, sense of woes to come,
Sorrow for human kind, and pain of heart.

In France, the men, who, for their desperate ends,
Had plucked up mercy by the roots, were glad
Of this new enemy. Tyrants, strong before
In wicked pleas, were strong as demons now;
And thus, on every side beset with foes,
The goaded land waxed mad; the crimes of few
Spread into madness of the many; blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from heaven.
The sternness of the just, the faith of those
Who doubted not that Providence had times
Of vengeful retribution, theirs who throned
The human Understanding paramount
And made of that their God, the hopes of men
Who were content to barter short-lived pangs
For a paradise of ages, the blind rage
Of insolent tempers, the light vanity
Of intermeddlers, steady purposes
Of the suspicious, slips of the indiscreet;

And all the accidents of life — were pressed
Into one service, busy with one work.
The Senate stood aghast, her prudence quenched,
Her wisdom stifled, and her justice scared,
Her frenzy only active to extol
Past outrages, and shape the way for new,
Which no one dared to oppose or mitigate.

Domestic carnage now filled the whole year
With feast-days; old men from the chimney-nook,
The maiden from the bosom of her love,
The mother from the cradle of her babe,
The warrior from the field — all perished, all —
Friends, enemies, of all parties, ages, ranks,
Head after head, and never heads enough
For those that bade them fall. They found their joy,
They made it proudly, eager as a child,
(If like desires of innocent little ones
May with such heinous appetites be compared),
Pleased in some open field to exercise
A toy that mimics with revolving wings
The motion of a wind-mill; though the air
Do of itself blow fresh, and make the vanes
Spin in his eyesight, *that* contents him not,
But with the plaything at arm's length, he sets
His front against the blast, and runs amain,
That it may whirl the faster.
Amid the depth
Of those enormities, even thinking minds
Forgot, at seasons, whence they had their being
Forgot that such a sound was ever heard
As Liberty upon earth: yet all beneath
Her innocent authority was wrought,
Nor could have been, without her blessed name.
The illustrious wife of Roland, in the hour
Of her composure, felt that agony,
And gave it vent in her last words. O Friend!
It was a lamentable time for man,
Whether a hope had e'er been his or not:
A woful time for them whose hopes s
vived
The shock; most woful for those f
who still
Were flattered, and had trust in hum
kind:
They had the deepest feeling of the gri
Meanwhile the Invaders fared as th
deserved:
The Herculean Commonwealth had
forth her arms,
And throttled with an infant godhea
might
The snakes about her cradle; that w
well,
And as it should be; yet no cure for th
Whose souls were sick with pain of wh
would be
Hereafter brought in charge against ma
kind.
Most melancholy at that time, O Frien
Were my day-thoughts, — my nights we
miserable;
Through months, through years, lo
after the last beat
Of those atrocities, the hour of sleep
To me came rarely charged with natu
gifts,
Such ghastly visions had I of despair
And tyranny, and implements of deat
And innocent victims sinking under fe
And momentary hope, and worn-o
prayer,
Each in his separate cell, or penned
crowds
For sacrifice, and struggling with fo
mirth
And levity in dungeons, where the dus
Was laid with tears. Then suddenly t
scene
Changed, and the unbroken dream e
tangled me
In long orations, which I strove to ple
Before unjust tribunals, — with a voice
Laboring, a brain confounded, and
sense,
Death-like, of treacherous desertion, f
In the last place of refuge — my own so

When I began in youth's delight
prime
To yield myself to Nature, when th
strong

holy passion overcame me first,
day nor night, evening or morn, was free
n its oppression. But, O Power Supreme!
ıout Whose call this world would cease to breathe
from the fountain of Thy grace dost fill
veins that branch through every frame of life,
ing man what he is, creature divine,
ngle or in social eminence,
ve the rest raised infinite ascents
n reason that enables him to be
ot sequestered — what a change is here!
different ritual for this after-worship,
t countenance to promote this second love!
first was service paid to things which lie
ded within the bosom of Thy will.
efore to serve was high beatitude;
ult was therefore gladness, and the fear
bling, venerable; sleep secure,
waking thoughts more rich than happiest dreams.

t as the ancient Prophets, borne aloft
sion, yet constrained by natural laws
them to take a troubled human heart,
ted not consolations, nor a creed
econcilement, then when they denounced,
owns and cities, wallowing in the abyss
ieir offences, punishment to come;
w, like other men, with bodily eyes,
e them, in some desolated place,
wrath consummate and the threat fulfilled;
ith devout humility be it said,
id a portion of that spirit fall
ıe uplifted from the vantage-ground
ity and sorrow to a state of being
through the time's exceeding fierceness saw
ses of retribution, terrible,
in the order of sublime behests:
even if that were not, amid the awe
Of unintelligible chastisement,
Not only acquiescences of faith
Survived, but daring sympathies with power,
Motions not treacherous or profane, else why
Within the folds of no ungentle breast
Their dread vibration to this hour prolonged?
Wild blasts of music thus could find their way
Into the midst of turbulent events;
So that worst tempests might be listened to.
Then was the truth received into my heart,
That, under heaviest sorrow earth can bring,
If from the affliction somewhere do not grow
Honor which could not else have been, a faith,
An elevation, and a sanctity,
If new strength be not given nor old restored,
The blame is ours, not Nature's. When a taunt
Was taken up by scoffers in their pride,
Saying, "Behold the harvest that we reap
From popular government and equality,"
I clearly saw that neither these nor aught
Of wild belief engrafted on their names
By false philosophy had caused the woe,
But a terrific reservoir of guilt
And ignorance filled up from age to age,
That could no longer hold its loathsome charge,
But burst and spread in deluge through the land.

And as the desert hath green spots, the sea
Small islands scattered amid stormy waves,
So *that* disastrous period did not want
Bright sprinklings of all human excellence,
To which the silver wands of saints in Heaven
Might point with rapturous joy. Yet not the less,
For those examples, in no age surpassed,
Of fortitude and energy and love,
And human nature faithful to herself

Under worst trials, was I driven to think
Of the glad times when first I traversed France
A youthful pilgrim; above all reviewed
That eventide, when under windows bright
With happy faces and with garlands hung,
And through a rainbow-arch that spanned the street,
Triumphal pomp for liberty confirmed,
I paced, a dear companion at my side,
The town of Arras, whence with promise high
Issued, on delegation to sustain
Humanity and right, *that* Robespierre,
He who thereafter, and in how short time!
Wielded the sceptre of the Atheist crew.
When the calamity spread far and wide —
And this same city, that did then appear
To outrun the rest in exultation, groaned
Under the vengeance of her cruel son,
As Lear reproached the winds — I could almost
Have quarrelled with that blameless spectacle
For lingering yet an image in my mind
To mock me under such a strange reverse.

O Friend! few happier moments have been mine
Than that which told the downfall of this Tribe
So dreaded, so abhorred. The day deserves
A separate record. Over the smooth sands
Of Leven's ample estuary lay
My journey, and beneath a genial sun,
With distant prospect among gleams of sky
And clouds and intermingling mountain tops,
In one inseparable glory clad,
Creatures of one ethereal substance met
In consistory, like a diadem
Or crown of burning seraphs as they sit
In the empyrean. Underneath that pomp
Celestial, lay unseen the pastoral vales
Among whose happy fields I had grown up
From childhood. On the fulgent spectacle,
That neither passed away nor changed, I gazed

Enrapt; but brightest things are wor
draw
Sad opposites out of the inner heart,
As even their pensive influence drew f
mine.
How could it otherwise? for not in v
That very morning had I turned aside
To seek the ground where, 'mid a thr
of graves,
An honored teacher of my youth was l
And on the stone were graven by his
sire
Lines from the churchyard elegy of G
This faithful guide, speaking from
death-bed,
Added no farewell to his parting coun
But said to me, "My head will soon
low;"
And when I saw the turf that covered h
After the lapse of full eight years, th
words,
With sound of voice and countenance
the Man,
Came back upon me, so that some few t
Fell from me in my own despite.
now
I thought, still traversing that widespr
plain,
With tender pleasure of the verses gra
Upon his tombstone, whispering to
self:
He loved the Poets, and, if now alive
Would have loved me, as one not destit
Of promise, nor belying the kind hop
That he had formed, when I, at his c
mand,
Began to spin, with toil, my earliest son

As I advanced, all that I saw or fel
Was gentleness and peace. Upon a sm
And rocky island near, a fragment sto
(Itself like a sea rock) the low remai
(With shells encrusted, dark with br
weeds)
Of a dilapidated structure, once
A Romish chapel, where the vested pr
Said matins at the hour that suited th
Who crossed the sands with ebb of mo
ing tide.
Not far from that still ruin all the plai
Lay spotted with a variegated crowd
Of vehicles and travellers, horse and fo
Wading beneath the conduct of their gu

pose procession through the shallow
stream
nland waters; the great sea meanwhile
ved at safe distance, far retired. I
paused,
ging for skill to paint a scene so bright
cheerful, but the foremost of the band
e approached, no salutation given
ne familiar language of the day,
d, "Robespierre is dead!" nor was
a doubt,
r strict question, left within my mind
he and his supporters all were fallen.

reat was my transport, deep my grati-
tude
verlasting Justice, by this fiat
e manifest. "Come now, ye golden
times,"
I forth-pouring on those open sands
mn of triumph: "as the morning
comes
n out the bosom of the night, come ye:
far our trust is verified; behold!
who with clumsy desperation
brought
er of Blood, and preached that noth-
ing else
d cleanse the Augean stable, by the
might
heir own helper have been swept
away;
madness stands declared and visible;
where will safety now be sought, and
earth
h firmly towards righteousness and
peace."—
schemes I framed more calmly,
when and how
nadding factions might be tranquil-
lized,
now through hardships manifold and
long
lorious renovation would proceed.
interrupted by uneasy bursts
ultation, I pursued my way
that very shore which I had
skimmed
rmer days, when—spurring from
the Vale
ghtshade, and St. Mary's moulder-
ing fane,
he stone abbot, after circuit made
In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
Of schoolboys hastening to their distant
home
Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
We beat with thundering hoofs the level
sand.

Book Eleventh.

France *(concluded)*.

From that time forth, Authority in France
Put on a milder face; Terror had ceased,
Yet everything was wanting that might give
Courage to them who looked for good by
light
Of rational Experience, for the shoots
And hopeful blossoms of a second spring:
Yet, in me, confidence was unimpaired;
The Senate's language, and the public acts
And measures of the Government, though
both
Weak, and of heartless omen, had not
power
To daunt me; in the People was my trust:
And, in the virtues which mine eyes had
seen,
I knew that wound external could not take
Life from the young Republic; that new
foes
Would only follow, in the path of shame,
Their brethren, and her triumphs be in
the end
Great, universal, irresistible.
This intuition led me to confound
One victory with another, higher far,—
Triumphs of unambitious peace at home,
And noiseless fortitude. Beholding still
Resistance strong as heretofore, I thought
That what was in degree the same was
likewise
The same in quality,—that, as the worse
Of the two spirits then at strife remained
Untired, the better, surely, would preserve
The heart that first had roused him.
Youth maintains,
In all conditions of society,
Communion more direct and intimate
With Nature,—hence, oft-times, with
reason too—
Than age or manhood, even. To Nature,
then,

Power had reverted: habit, custom, law,
Had left an interregnum's open space
For *her* to move about in, uncontrolled.
Hence could I see how Babel-like their task,
Who, by the recent deluge stupefied,
With their whole souls went culling from the day
Its petty promises, to build a tower
For their own safety; laughed with my compeers
At gravest heads, by enmity to France
Distempered, till they found, in every blast
Forced from the street-disturbing newsman's horn,
For her great cause record or prophecy
Of utter ruin. How might we believe
That wisdom could, in any shape, come near
Men clinging to delusions so insane?
And thus, experience proving that no few
Of our opinions had been just, we took
Like credit to ourselves where less was due,
And thought that other notions were as sound
Yea, could not but be right, because we saw
That foolish men opposed them.
To a strain
More animated I might here give way,
And tell, since juvenile errors are my theme,
What in those days, through Britain, was performed
To turn *all* judgments out of their right course;
But this is passion over-near ourselves,
Reality too close and too intense,
And intermixed with something, in my mind,
Of scorn and condemnation personal,
That would profane the sanctity of verse.
Our Shepherds, this say merely, at that time
Acted, or seemed at least to act, like men
Thirsting to make the guardian crook of law
A tool of murder; they who ruled the State —
Though with such awful proof before their eyes
That he, who would sow death, reaps death, or worse,
And can reap nothing better — child-
longed
To imitate, not wise enough to avoid
Or left (by mere timidity betrayed)
The plain straight road, for one no be
chosen
Than if their wish had been to undern
Justice, and make an end of Liberty

But from these bitter truths I must
turn
To my own history. It hath been to
That I was led to take an eager part
In arguments of civil polity,
Abruptly, and indeed before my time
I had approached, like other youths,
shield
Of human nature from the golden sid
And would have fought, even to the dea
to attest
The quality of the metal which I saw
What there is best in individual man,
Of wise in passion, and sublime in pow
Benevolent in small societies,
And great in large ones, I had oft
volved,
Felt deeply, but not thoroughly und
stood
By reason: nay, far from it; they w
yet,
As cause was given me afterwards
learn,
Not proof against the injuries of the d
Lodged only at the sanctuary's door,
Not safe within its bosom. Thus p
pared,
And with such general insight into ev
And of the bounds which sever it fr
good,
As books and common intercourse w
life
Must needs have given — to the inex
rienced mind,
When the world travels in a beaten ro
Guide faithful as is needed — I began
To meditate with ardor on the rule
And management of nations; what it
And ought to be; and strove to learn h
far
Their power or weakness, wealth
poverty,
Their happiness or misery, depends
Upon their laws, and fashion of the Sta

[1] O pleasant exercise of hope and joy!
or mighty were the auxiliars which then stood
on our side, us who were strong in love!
iss was it in that dawn to be alive,
t to be young was very Heaven! O times,
which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
custom, law, and statute, took at once
e attraction of a country in romance!
hen Reason seemed the most to assert her rights
hen most intent on making of herself
rime enchantress — to assist the work,
hich then was going forward in her name!
t favored spots alone, but the whole Earth,
e beauty wore of promise — that which sets
s at some moments might not be unfelt
ong the bowers of Paradise itself)
e budding rose above the rose full blown.
at temper at the prospect did not wake
happiness unthought of? The inert
ere roused, and lively natures rapt away!
ey who had fed their childhood upon dreams,
e play-fellows of fancy, who had made
powers of swiftness, subtilty, and strength
eir ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred
ong the grandest objects of the sense,
d dealt with whatsoever they found there
if they had within some lurking right
wield it; — they, too, who of gentle mood
d watched all gentle motions, and to these
d fitted their own thoughts, schemers more mild,
l in the region of their peaceful selves; —
w was it that *both* found, the meek and lofty
Did both find, helpers to their hearts' desire,
And stuff at hand, plastic as they could wish, —
Were called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, — subterranean fields, —
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us, — the place where, in the end,
We find our happiness, or not at all!

Why should I not confess that Earth was then
To me, what an inheritance, new-fallen,
Seems, when the first time visited, to one
Who thither comes to find in it his home?
He walks about and looks upon the spot
With cordial transport, moulds it and remoulds,
And is half-pleased with things that are amiss,
'T will be such joy to see them disappear.

An active partisan, I thus convoked
From every object pleasant circumstance
To suit my ends; I moved among mankind
With genial feelings still predominant;
When erring, erring on the better part,
And in the kinder spirit; placable,
Indulgent, as not uninformed that men
See as they have been taught — Antiquity
Gives rights to error; and aware, no less,
That throwing off oppression must be work
As well of License as of Liberty;
And above all — for this was more than all —
Not caring if the wind did now and then
Blow keen upon an eminence that gave
Prospects so large into futurity;
In brief, a child of Nature, as at first,
Diffusing only those affections wider
That from the cradle had grown up with me,
And losing, in no other way than light
Is lost in light, the weak in the more strong.

In the main outline, such it might be said
Was my condition, till with open war

[1] See p. 267.

Britain opposed the liberties of France.
This threw me first out of the pale of love;
Soured and corrupted, upwards to the source,
My sentiments; was not, as hitherto,
A swallowing up of lesser things in great,
But change of them into their contraries;
And thus a way was opened for mistakes
And false conclusions, in degree as gross,
In kind more dangerous. What had been a pride,
Was now a shame; my likings and my loves
Ran in new channels, leaving old ones dry;
And hence a blow that, in maturer age,
Would but have touched the judgment, struck more deep
Into sensations near the heart: meantime,
As from the first, wild theories were afloat,
To whose pretensions, sedulously urged,
I had but lent a careless ear, assured
That time was ready to set all things right,
And that the multitude, so long oppressed,
Would be oppressed no more.
But when events
Brought less encouragement, and unto these
The immediate proof of principles no more
Could be entrusted, while the events themselves,
Worn out in greatness, stripped of novelty,
Less occupied the mind, and sentiments
Could through my understanding's natural growth
No longer keep their ground, by faith maintained
Of inward consciousness, and hope that laid
Her hand upon her object — evidence
Safer, of universal application, such
As could not be impeached, was sought elsewhere.

But now, become oppressors in their turn,
Frenchmen had changed a war of self-defence
For one of conquest, losing sight of all
Which they had struggled for: up mounted now,
Openly in the eye of earth and heave
The scale of liberty. I read her doo
With anger vexed, with disappointme sore,
But not dismayed, nor taking to the shar
Of a false prophet. While resentment ro
Striving to hide, what nought could hea the wounds
Of mortified presumption, I adhered
More firmly to old tenets, and, to pro
Their temper, strained them more; ar thus, in heat
Of contest, did opinions every day
Grow into consequence, till round m mind
They clung, as if they were its life, na more,
The very being of the immortal soul.

This was the time, when, all thing tending fast
To depravation, speculative schemes —
That promised to abstract the hopes Man
Out of his feelings, to be fixed thenc forth
Forever in a purer element —
Found ready welcome. Tempting regio *that*
For Zeal to enter and refresh herself,
Where passions had the privilege to work
And never hear the sound of their ow names.
But, speaking more in charity, the drea
Flattered the young, pleased with ex tremes, nor least
With that which makes our Reason' naked self
The object of its fervor. What delight
How glorious! in self-knowledge an self-rule,
To look through all the frailties of th world,
And, with a resolute mastery shaking o
Infirmities of nature, time, and place,
Build social upon personal Liberty,
Which, to the blind restraints of genera laws
Superior, magisterially adopts
One guide, the light of circumstances flashed
Upon an independent intellect.
Thus expectation rose again; thus hope

n her first ground expelled, grew
proud once more.
as my thoughts were turned to human
kind,
rned indifference; but, inflamed with
thirst
secure intelligence, and sick
ther longing, I pursued what seemed
ore exalted nature; wished that Man
ld start out of his earthy, worm-like
state,
spread abroad the wings of Liberty,
l of himself, in undisturbed delight —
ble aspiration! *yet* I feel
tained by worthier as by wiser
thoughts)
aspiration, nor shall ever cease
eel it; — but return we to our course.

hough, 'tis true — could such a plea
excuse
e aberrations — had the clamorous
friends
ncient Institutions said and done
ring disgrace upon their very names;
race, of which, custom and written
law,
sundry moral sentiments as props
nanations of those institutes,
justly bore a part. A veil had been
ted; why deceive ourselves? in sooth,
as even so; and sorrow for the man
either had not eyes wherewith to see,
seeing, had forgotten! A strong
shock
given to old opinions; all men's
minds
felt its power, and mine was both let
loose,
pose and goaded. After what hath
been
dy said of patriotic love,
e it here to add, that, somewhat stern
mperament, withal a happy man,
therefore bold to look on painful
things,
likewise of the world, and thence
more bold,
mmoned my best skill, and toiled,
intent
natomize the frame of social life;
the whole body of society
Searched to its heart. Share with me,
Friend! the wish
That some dramatic tale, endued with
shapes
Livelier, and flinging out less guarded
words
Than suit the work we fashion, might set
forth
What then I learned, or think I learned,
of truth,
And the errors into which I fell, betrayed
By present objects, and by reasonings false
From their beginnings, inasmuch as drawn
Out of a heart that had been turned aside
From Nature's way by outward accidents,
And which was thus confounded, more
and more
Misguided, and misguiding. So I fared,
Dragging all precepts, judgments,
maxims, creeds,
Like culprits to the bar; calling the mind,
Suspiciously, to establish in plain day
Her titles and her honors; now believing,
Now disbelieving; endlessly perplexed
With impulse, motive, right and wrong,
the ground
Of obligation, what the rule and whence
The sanction; till, demanding formal
proof,
And seeking it in everything, I lost
All feeling of conviction, and, in fine,
Sick, wearied out with contrarieties,
Yielded up moral questions in despair.

This was the crisis of that strong disease,
This the soul's last and lowest ebb; I
drooped,
Deeming our blessèd reason of least use
Where wanted most: "The lordly attri-
butes
Of will and choice," I bitterly exclaimed,
"What are they but a mockery of a Being
Who hath in no concerns of his a test
Of good and evil; knows not what to fear
Or hope for, what to covet or to shun;
And who, if those could be discerned,
would yet
Be little profited, would see, and ask
Where is the obligation to enforce?
And, to acknowledged law rebellious,
still,
As selfish passion urged, would act amiss;
The dupe of folly, or the slave of crime."

Depressed, bewildered thus, I did not walk
With scoffers, seeking light and gay revenge
From indiscriminate laughter, nor sate down
In reconcilement with an utter waste
Of intellect; such sloth I could not brook
(Too well I loved, in that my spring of life,
Pains-taking thoughts, and truth, their dear reward),
But turned to abstract science, and there sought
Work for the reasoning faculty enthroned
Where the disturbances of space and time —
Whether in matters various, properties
Inherent, or from human will and power
Derived — find no admission. Then it was —
Thanks to the bounteous Giver of all good! —
That the beloved Sister in whose sight
Those days were passed, now speaking in a voice
Of sudden admonition — like a brook
That did but *cross* a lonely road, and now
Is seen, heard, felt, and caught at every turn,
Companion never lost through many a league —
Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self; for, though bedimmed and changed
Much, as it seemed, I was no further changed
Than as a clouded and a waning moon:
She whispered still that brightness would return;
She, in the midst of all, preserved me still
A Poet, made me seek beneath that name,
And that alone, my office upon earth;
And, lastly, as hereafter will be shown,
If willing audience fail not, Nature's self,
By all varieties of human love
Assisted, led me back through opening day
To those sweet counsels between head and heart
Whence grew that genuine knowledge, fraught with peace,
Which, through the later sinkings of this cause,
Hath still upheld me, and upholds me n
In the catastrophe (for so they dream
And nothing less), when, finally to c
And seal up all the gains of Franc
Pope
Is summoned in, to crown an Empero
This last opprobrium, when we se
people,
That once looked up in faith, as if
Heaven
For manna, to take a lesson from the
Returning to his vomit; when the sun
That rose in splendor, was alive,
moved
In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds — his glory's natural retinu
Hath dropped all functions by the g
bestowed,
And, turned into a gewgaw, a machi
Sets like an Opera phantom.
Thus, O Frie
Through times of honor and thro
times of shame
Descending, have I faithfully retrace
The perturbations of a youthful mind
Under a long-lived storm of great event
A story destined for thy ear, who no
Among the fallen of nations, dost al
Where Etna, over hill and valley, ca
His shadow stretching towards Syrac
The city of Timoleon! Righteous Hea
How are the mighty prostrated! T
first,
They first of all that breathe should h
awaked
When the great voice was heard f
out the tombs
Of ancient heroes. If I suffered gri
For ill-requited France, by many dee
A trifler only in her proudest day;
Have been distressed to think of v
she once
Promised, now is; a far more sober c
Thine eyes must see of sorrow in a l
To the reanimating influence lost
Of memory, to virtue lost and hope,
Though with the wreck of loftier y
bestrewn.

But indignation works where hop
not,
And thou, O Friend! wilt be refres
There is

e great society alone on earth:
e noble Living and the noble Dead.

Thine be such converse strong and
sanative,
adder for thy spirit to reascend
health and joy and pure contented-
ness;
me the grief confined, that thou art
gone
m this last spot of earth, where Free-
dom now
nds single in her only sanctuary;
nely wanderer, art gone, by pain
npelled and sickness, at this latter day,
s sorrowful reverse for all mankind.
el for thee, must utter what I feel:
sympathies erewhile in part dis-
charged,
her afresh, and will have vent again:
own delights do scarcely seem to me
own delights; the lordly Alps them-
selves,
se rosy peaks, from which the Morn-
ing looks
oad on many nations, are no more
me that image of pure gladsomeness
ich they were wont to be. Through
kindred scenes,
purpose, at a time, how different!
u tak'st thy way, carrying the heart
and soul
t Nature gives to Poets, now by
thought
ured, and in the summer of their
strength.
wrap him in your shades, ye giant
woods,
Etna's side; and thou, O flowery field
Enna! is there not some nook of thine,
n the first play-time of the infant
world
t sacred to restorative delight,
en from afar invoked by anxious love?

hild of the mountains, among shep-
herds reared,
yet familiar with the classic page,
rnt tō dream of Sicily; and lo,
gloom, that, but a moment past, was
deepened
hy command, at her command gives
way;

A pleasant promise, wafted from her
shores,
Comes o'er my heart: in fancy I behold
Her seas yet smiling, her once happy
vales;
Nor can my tongue give utterance to a
name
Of note belonging to that honored isle,
Philosopher or Bard, Empedocles,
Or Archimedes, pure abstracted soul!
That doth not yield à solace to my grief:
And, O Theocritus,[1] so far have some
Prevailed among the powers of heaven
and earth,
By their endowments, good or great, that
they
Have had, as thou reportest, miracles
Wrought for them in old time: yea,
not unmoved,
When thinking on my own beloved friend,
I hear thee tell how bees with honey fed
Divine Comates, by his impious lord
Within a chest imprisoned; how they came
Laden from blooming grove or flowery
field,
And fed him there, alive, month after
month,
Because the goatherd, blessèd man! had
lips
Wet with the Muses' nectar.
Thus I soothe
The pensive moments by this calm fire-
side,
And find a thousand bounteous images
To cheer the thoughts of those I love,
and mine.
Our prayers have been accepted; thou
wilt stand
On Etna's summit, above earth and sea,
Triumphant, winning from the invaded
heavens
Thoughts without bound, magnificent
designs,
Worthy of poets who attuned their harps
In wood or echoing cave, for discipline
Of heroes; or, in reverence to the gods,
'Mid temples, served by sapient priests,
and choirs
Of virgins crowned with roses. Not in
vain
Those temples, where they in their ruins
yet

[1] *Theocrit. Idyll.* vii. 78.

Survive for inspiration, shall attract
Thy solitary steps: and on the brink
Thou wilt recline of pastoral Arethuse;
Or, if that fountain be in truth no more,
Then, near some other spring — which, by the name
Thou gratulatest, willingly deceived —
I see thee linger a glad votary,
And not a captive pining for his home.

Book Twelfth.

Imagination and Taste, how impaired and restored.

Long time have human ignorance and guilt
Detained us, on what spectacles of woe
Compelled to look, and inwardly oppressed
With sorrow, disappointment, vexing thoughts,
Confusion of the judgment, zeal decayed,
And, lastly, utter loss of hope itself
And things to hope for! Not with these began
Our song, and not with these our song must end. —
Ye motions of delight, that haunt the sides
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft airs,
Whose subtle intercourse with breathing flowers,
Feelingly watched, might teach Man's haughty race
How without injury to take, to give
Without offence; ye who, as if to show
The wondrous influence of power gently used,
Bend the complying heads of lordly pines,
And, with a touch, shift the stupendous clouds
Through the whole compass of the sky; ye brooks,
Muttering along the stones, a busy noise
By day, a quiet sound in silent night;
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal forth
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Not mute, and then retire, fearing no storm;
And you, ye groves, whose ministry it is
To interpose the covert of your shades,
Even as a sleep, between the heart of m
And outward troubles, between man hi
self,
Not seldom, and his own uneasy heart
Oh! that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might t
What ye have done for me. The mor
ing shines,
Nor heedeth Man's perverseness; Spri
returns, —
I saw the Spring return, and could rejoic
In common with the children of her lov
Piping on boughs, or sporting on fre
fields,
Or boldly seeking pleasure nearer heav
On wings that navigate cerulean skies.
So neither were complacency, nor peac
Nor tender yearnings, wanting for r
good
Through these distracted times; in Natu
still
Glorying, I found a counterpoise in he
Which, when the spirit of evil reach
its height,
Maintained for me a secret happiness.

This narrative, my Friend! hath chie
told
Of intellectual power, fostering love,
Dispensing truth, and, over men a
things,
Where reason yet might hesitate, diffusi
Prophetic sympathies of genial faith:
So was I favored — such my happy lot
Until that natural graciousness of min
Gave way to overpressure from the tim
And their disastrous issues. What availe
When spells forbade the voyager to lan
That fragrant notice of a pleasant sho
Wafted, at intervals, from many a bow
Of blissful gratitude and fearless love?
Dare I avow that wish was mine to se
And hope that future times *would* sure
see,
The man to come, parted, as by a gulp
From him who had been; that I cou
no more
Trust the elevation which had made r
one
With the great family that still survive
To illuminate the abyss of ages past,
Sage, warrior, patriot, hero; for it seem

at their best virtues were not free
from taint
something false and weak, that could
not stand
e open eye of Reason. Then I said,
Go to the Poets, they will speak to thee
ore perfectly of purer creatures; — yet
reason be nobility in man,
n aught be more ignoble than the man
hom they delight in, blinded as he is
prejudice, the miserable slave
low ambition or distempered love?"

In such strange passion, if I may once
more
view the past, I warred against my-
self —
bigot to a new idolatry —
ke a cowled monk who hath forsworn
the world,
alously labored to cut off my heart
om all the sources of her former
strength;
d as, by simple waving of a wand,
e wizard instantaneously dissolves
lace or grove, even so could I unsoul
readily by syllogistic words
ose mysteries of being which have
made,
d shall continue evermore to make,
the whole human race one brother-
hood.

What wonder, then, if, to a mind so far
verted, even the visible Universe
l under the dominion of a taste
ss spiritual, with microscopic view
is scanned, as I had scanned the
moral world?

O Soul of Nature! excellent and fair!
at didst rejoice with me, with whom
I, too,
joiced through early youth, before the
winds
d roaring waters, and in lights and
shades
at marched and countermarched about
the hills
glorious apparition, Powers on whom
ily waited, now all eye and now
ear; but never long without the heart
ployed, and man's unfolding intellect:
O Soul of Nature! that, by laws divine
Sustained and governed, still dost over-
flow
With an impassioned life, what feeble
ones
Walk on this earth! how feeble have I
been
When thou wert in thy strength! Nor
this through stroke
Of human suffering, such as justifies
Remissness and inaptitude of mind,
But through presumption; even in pleas-
ure pleased
Unworthily, disliking here, and there
Liking; by rules of mimic art transferred
To things above all art; but more, — for
this,
Although a strong infection of the age,
Was never much my habit — giving way
To a comparison of scene with scene,
Bent overmuch on superficial things,
Pampering myself with meagre novelties
Of color and proportion; to the moods
Of time and season, to the moral power,
The affections and the spirit of the place,
Insensible. Nor only did the love
Of sitting thus in judgment interrupt
My deeper feelings, but another cause,
More subtle and less easily explained,
That almost seems inherent in the crea-
ture,
A twofold frame of body and of mind.
I speak in recollection of a time
When the bodily eye, in every stage of life
The most despotic of our senses, gained
Such strength in *me* as often held my mind
In absolute dominion. Gladly here,
Entering upon abstruser argument,
Could I endeavor to unfold the means
Which Nature studiously employs to
thwart
This tyranny, summons all the senses each
To counteract the other, and themselves,
And makes them all, and the objects
with which all
Are conversant, subservient in their turn
To the great ends of Liberty and Power.
But leave we this: enough that my
delights
(Such as they were) were sought in-
satiably.
Vivid the transport, vivid though not
profound;

I roamed from hill to hill, from rock to rock,
Still craving combinations of new forms,
New pleasure, wider empire for the sight,
Proud of her own endowments, and rejoiced
To lay the inner faculties asleep.
Amid the turns and counterturns, the strife
And various trials of our complex being,
As we grow up, such thraldom of that sense
Seems hard to shun. And yet I knew a maid,
A young enthusiast, who escaped these bonds;
Her eye was not the mistress of her heart;
Far less did rules prescribed by passive taste,
Or barren intermeddling subtleties,
Perplex her mind; but, wise as women are
When genial circumstance hath favored them,
She welcomed what was given, and craved no more;
Whate'er the scene presented to her view
That was the best, to that she was attuned
By her benign simplicity of life,
And through a perfect happiness of soul,
Whose variegated feelings were in this
Sisters, that they were each some new delight.
Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
Could they have known her, would have loved; methought
Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills,
And everything she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and to all creatures. God delights
In such a being; for, her common thoughts
Are piety, her life is gratitude.

Even like this maid, before I was called forth
From the retirement of my native hills,
I loved whate'er I saw: nor lightly loved,
But most intensely; never dreamt of aught
More grand, more fair, more exquisitely framed
Than those few nooks to which my happy feet
Were limited. I had not at that time
Lived long enough, nor in the least survived
The first diviner influence of this world
As it appears to unaccustomed eyes.
Worshipping them among the depth of things,
As piety ordained, could I submit
To measured admiration, or to aught
That should preclude humility and love?
I felt, observed, and pondered; did not judge.
Yea, never thought of judging; with the gift
Of all this glory filled and satisfied.
And afterwards, when through the gorgeous Alps
Roaming, I carried with me the same heart:
In truth, the degradation — howsoe'er
Induced, effect, in whatsoe'er degree,
Of custom that prepares a partial scale
In which the little oft outweighs the great
Or any other cause that hath been named
Or lastly, aggravated by the times
And their impassioned sounds, which well might make
The milder minstrelsies of rural scenes
Inaudible — was transient; I had known
Too forcibly, too early in my life,
Visitings of imaginative power
For this to last: I shook the habit off
Entirely and forever, and again
In Nature's presence stood, as now I stand,
A sensitive being, a *creative* soul.

There are in our existence spots of time
That with distinct pre-eminence retain
A renovating virtue, whence — depressed
By false opinion and contentious thought
Or aught of heavier or more deadly weight
In trivial occupations, and the round
Of ordinary intercourse — our minds
Are nourished and invisibly repaired;
A virtue, by which pleasure is enhanced
That penetrates, enables us to mount,
When high, more high, and lifts us up when fallen.

efficacious spirit chiefly lurks
ng those passages of life that give
oundest knowledge to what point,
and how,
mind is lord and master — outward
sense
obedient servant of her will. Such
moments
cattered everywhere, taking their date
our first childhood. I remember
well,
once, while yet my inexperienced
hand
l scarcely hold a bridle, with proud
hopes
unted, and we journeyed towards the
hills:
ncient servant of my father's house
with me, my encourager and guide:
ad not travelled long, ere some mis-
chance
ined me from my comrade; and,
through fear
ounting, down the rough and stony
moor
my horse, and, stumbling on, at
length
to a bottom, where in former times
rderer had been hung in iron chains.
ibbet-mast had mouldered down, the
bones
ron case were gone; but on the turf,
by, soon after that fell deed was
wrought,
unknown hand had carved the
murderer's name.
nonumental letters were inscribed
es long past; but still, from year to
year
perstition of the neighborhood,
rass is cleared away, and to this hour
haracters are fresh and visible:
ual glance had shown them, and I
fled,
ing and faint, and ignorant of the
road:
reascending the bare common, saw
ed pool that lay beneath the hills,
eacon on the summit, and, more
near,
, who bore a pitcher on her head,
eemed with difficult steps to force
her way
Against the blowing wind. It was, in
truth,
An ordinary sight; but I should need
Colors and words that are unknown to
man,
To paint the visionary dreariness
Which, while I looked all round for my
lost guide,
Invested moorland waste and naked pool,
The beacon crowning the lone eminence,
The female and her garments vexed and
tossed
By the strong wind. When, in the blessèd
hours
Of early love, the loved one at my side,
I roamed, in daily presence of this scene,
Upon the naked pool and dreary crags,
And on the melancholy beacon, fell
A spirit of pleasure and youth's golden
gleam;
And think ye not with radiance more sub-
lime
For these remembrances, and for the power
They had left behind? So feeling comes
in aid
Of feeling, and diversity of strength
Attends us, if but once we have been
strong.
Oh! mystery of man, from what a depth
Proceed thy honors. I am lost, but see
In simple childhood something of the base
On which thy greatness stands; but this I
feel,
That from thyself it comes, that thou must
give,
Else never canst receive. The days gone by
Return upon me almost from the dawn
Of life: the hiding-places of man's power
Open; I would approach them, but they
close.
I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,
May scarcely see at all; and I would give,
While yet we may, as far as words can
give,
Substance and life to what I feel, en-
shrining,
Such is my hope, the spirit of the Past
For future restoration. — Yet another
Of these memorials: —
One Christmas-time,
On the glad eve of its dear holidays,
Feverish, and tired, and restless, I went
forth

Into the fields, impatient for the sight
Of those led palfreys that should bear us home;
My brothers and myself. There rose a crag,
That, from the meeting-point of two highways
Ascending, overlooked them both, far stretched:
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit; 't was a day
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
I sate half-sheltered by a naked wall;
Upon my right hand couched a single sheep,
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
With those companions at my side, I watched,
Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist
Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned, —
That dreary time, — ere we had been ten days
Sojourners in my father's house, he died;
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
Followed his body to the grave. The event,
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
A chastisement; and when I called to mind
That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope;
With trite reflections of morality,
Yet in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
And, afterwards, the wind and sleety rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All these were kindred spectacles and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would drink,
As at a fountain; and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm a
rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-da
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty tre
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, ro
In a strong wind, some working of t
spirit,
Some inward agitations thence a
brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to begu
Thoughts over busy in the course th
took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease.

Book Thirteenth.

Imagination and Taste, how impair and restored (*concluded*).

From Nature doth emotion come, a
moods
Of calmness equally are Nature's gift:
This is her glory; these two attributes
Are sister horns that constitute
strength.
Hence Genius, born to thrive by int
change
Of peace and excitation, finds in her
His best and purest friend; from
receives
That energy by which he seeks the tru
From her that happy stillness of the mi
Which fits him to receive it when unsoug

Such benefit the humblest intellects
Partake of, each in their degree; 't is m
To speak, what I myself have known a
felt;
Smooth task! for words find easy w
inspired
By gratitude, and confidence in truth.
Long time in seach of knowledge di
range
The field of human life, in heart and m
Benighted; but, the dawn beginning n
To re-appear, 't was proved that not in v
I had been taught to reverence a Pow
That is the visible quality and shape
And image of right reason; that matu
Her processes by steadfast laws; gives b
To no impatient or fallacious hopes,
No heat of passion or excessive zeal.

vain conceits; provokes to no quick turns
elf-applauding intellect; but trains
neekness, and exalts by humble faith;
ds up before the mind intoxicate
n present objects, and the busy dance
things that pass away, a temperate show
bjects that endure; and by this course
oses her, when over-fondly set
hrowing off incumbrances, to seek
an, and in the frame of social life,
ite'er there is desirable and good
kindred permanence, unchanged in form
function, or, through strict vicissitude
fe and death, revolving. Above all
e re-established now those watchful thoughts
ch, seeing little worthy or sublime
vhat the Historian's pen so much delights
blazon — power and energy detached
n moral purpose — early tutored me
ook with feelings of fraternal love
n the unassuming things that hold
ent station in this beauteous world.

ius moderated, thus composed, I found
more in Man an object of delight,
ure imagination, and of love;
as the horizon of my mind enlarged,
n I took the intellectual eye
ny instructor, studious more to see
t truths, than touch and handle little ones.
vledge was given accordingly; my trust
me more firm in feelings that had stood
test of such a trial: clearer far
ense of excellence — of right and wrong:
promise of the present time retired
its true proportion; sanguine schemes,
tious projects, pleased me less; I sought
present good in life's familiar face,
built thereon my hopes of good to come.

With settling judgments now of what would last
And what would disappear; prepared to find
Presumption, folly, madness, in the men
Who thrust themselves upon the passive world
As Rulers of the world; to see in these,
Even when the public welfare is their aim,
Plans without thought, or built on theories
Vague and unsound; and having brought the books
Of modern statists to their proper test,
Life, human life, with all its sacred claims
Of sex and age, and heaven-descended rights,
Mortal, or those beyond the reach of death;
And having thus discerned how dire a thing
Is worshipped in that idol proudly named
"The Wealth of Nations," *where* alone that wealth
Is lodged, and how increased; and having gained
A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man,
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes — I could not but inquire —
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued —
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is,
Why may not millions be? What bars are thrown
By Nature in the way of such a hope?
Our animal appetites and daily wants,
Are these obstructions insurmountable?
If not, then others vanish into air.
"Inspect the basis of the social pile:
Inquire," said I, "how much of mental power
And genuine virtue they possess who live
By bodily toil, labor exceeding far
Their due proportion, under all the weight
Of that injustice which upon ourselves
Ourselves entail." Such estimate to frame
I chiefly looked (what need to look beyond?)

Among the natural abodes of men,
Fields with their rural works; recalled to mind
My earliest notices; with these compared
The observations made in later youth,
And to that day continued. — For, the time
Had never been when throes of mighty Nations
And the world's tumult unto me could yield,
How far soe'er transported and possessed,
Full measure of content; but still I craved
An intermingling of distinct regards
And truths of individual sympathy
Nearer ourselves. Such often might be gleaned
From the great City, else it must have proved
To me a heart-depressing wilderness;
But much was wanting: therefore did I turn
To you, ye pathways, and ye lonely roads;
Sought you enriched with everything I prized,
With human kindnesses and simple joys.

Oh! next to one dear state of bliss, vouchsafed,
Alas! to few in this untoward world,
The bliss of walking daily in life's prime
Through field or forest with the maid we love,
While yet our hearts are young, while yet we breathe
Nothing but happiness, in some lone nook,
Deep vale, or anywhere, the home of both,
From which it would be misery to stir:
Oh! next to such enjoyment of our youth,
In my esteem, next to such dear delight,
Was that of wandering on from day to day
Where I could meditate in peace, and cull
Knowledge that step by step might lead me on
To wisdom; or, as lightsome as a bird
Wafted upon the wind from distant lands,
Sing notes of greeting to strange fields or groves,
Which lacked not voice to welcome me in turn:
And, when that pleasant toil had ceased to please,
Converse with men, where if we meet face
We almost meet a friend, on naked heat
With long long ways before, by cotta bench,
Or well-spring where the weary travell rests.

Who doth not love to follow with h eye
The windings of a public way? the sigh
Familiar object as it is, hath wrought
On my imagination since the morn
Of childhood, when a disappearing line
One daily present to my eyes, that cross
The naked summit of a far-off hill
Beyond the limits that my feet had tro
Was like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity.
Yes, something of the grandeur whi invests
The mariner, who sails the roaring sea
Through storm and darkness, early my mind
Surrounded, too, the wanderers of t earth;
Grandeur as much, and loveliness f more.
Awed have I been by strolling Bedlamite
From many other uncouth vagran (passed
In fear) have walked with quicker ste but why
Take note of this? When I began enquire,
To watch and question those I met, a speak
Without reserve to them, the lonely roa
Were open schools in which I daily re
With most delight the passions of ma kind,
Whether by words, looks, sighs, or tea revealed;
There saw into the depth of human soul
Souls that appear to have no depth at
To careless eyes. And — now convinc at heart
How little those formalities, to which
With overweening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense; how va
A correspondence with the talking wor

s to the most; and called to make
good search
n's estate, by doom of Nature yoked
toil, be therefore yoked with igno-
rance;
ue be indeed so hard to rear,
ntellectual strength so rare a boon —
ed such walks still more, for there I
found
to my hope, and to my pleasure
peace
teadiness, and healing and repose
ery angry passion. There I heard,
mouths of men obscure and lowly,
truths
te with honor; sounds in unison
loftiest promises of good and fair.

re are who think that strong affec-
tion, love
n by whatever name, is falsely
deemed
to use a term which they would use,
gar nature; that its growth requires
ment, leisure, language purified
nners studied and elaborate;
whoso feels such passion in its
strength
ive within the very light and air
urteous usages refined by art.
s it, where oppression worse than
death
s the being at his birth, where grace
ture hath been utterly unknown,
overty and labor in excess
day to day pre-occupy the ground
affections, and to Nature's self
e a deeper nature; there, indeed,
annot be; nor does it thrive with
ease
g the close and overcrowded haunts
es, where the human heart is sick,
e eye feeds it not, and cannot feed.
, in those wanderings deeply did I
feel
ve mislead each other; above all,
ooks mislead us, seeking their re-
ward
udgments of the wealthy Few, who
see
ficial lights; how they debase
any for the pleasure of those Few;
nately level down the truth
To certain general notions, for the sake
Of being understood at once, or else
Through want of better knowledge in the
heads
That framed them; flattering self-conceit
with words,
That, while they most ambitiously set forth
Extrinsic differences, the outward marks
Whereby society has parted man
From man, neglect the universal heart.

Here, calling up to mind what then I
saw,
A youthful traveller, and see daily now
In the familiar circuit of my home,
Here might I pause, and bend in reverence
To Nature, and the power of human minds,
To men as they are men within themselves.
How oft high service is performed within,
When all the external man is rude in
show, —
Not like a temple rich with pomp and gold,
But a mere mountain chapel, that protects
Its simple worshippers from sun and
shower.
Of these, said I, shall be my song; of these,
If future years mature me for the task,
Will I record the praises, making verse
Deal boldly with substantial things; in
truth
And sanctity of passion, speak of these,
That justice may be done, obeisance paid
Where it is due: thus haply shall I teach,
Inspire; through unadulterated ears
Pour rapture, tenderness, and hope, —
my theme
No other than the very heart of man,
As found among the best of those who
live —
Not unexalted by religious faith,
Nor uninformed by books, good books,
though few —
In Nature's presence: thence may I select
Sorrow, that is not sorrow, but delight;
And miserable love, that is not pain
To hear of, for the glory that redounds
Therefrom to human kind, and what we
are.
Be mine to follow with no timid step
Where knowledge leads me: it shall be
my pride
That I have dared to tread this holy ground,
Speaking no dream, but things oracular;

Matter not lightly to be heard by those
Who to the letter of the outward promise
Do read the invisible soul; by men adroit
In speech, and for communion with the world
Accomplished; minds whose faculties are then
Most active when they are most eloquent,
And elevated most when most admired.
Men may be found of other mould than these,
Who are their own upholders, to themselves
Encouragement, and energy, and will,
Expressing liveliest thoughts in lively words
As native passion dictates. Others, too,
There are among the walks of homely life
Still higher, men for contemplation framed,
Shy, and unpractised in the strife of phrase;
Meek men, whose very souls perhaps would sink
Beneath them, summoned to such intercourse:
Theirs is the language of the heavens, the power,
The thought, the image, and the silent joy:
Words are but under-agents in their souls;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength,
They do not breathe among them: this I speak
In gratitude to God, Who feeds our hearts
For His own service; knoweth, loveth us,
When we are unregarded by the world.

Also, about this time did I receive
Convictions still more strong than heretofore,
Not only that the inner frame is good,
And graciously composed, but that, no less,
Nature for all conditions wants not power
To consecrate, if we have eyes to see,
The outside of her creatures, and to breathe
Grandeur upon the very humblest face
Of human life. I felt that the array
Of act and circumstance, and visible form,
Is mainly to the pleasure of the mind

What passion makes them; that m
while the forms
Of Nature have a passion in themselv
That intermingles with those works of
To which she summons him; although
works
Be mean, have nothing lofty of their o
And that the Genius of the Poet hen
May boldly take his way among mank
Wherever Nature leads; that he
stood
By Nature's side among the men of o
And so shall stand forever. Dea
Friend!
If thou partake the animating faith
That Poets, even as Prophets, each
each
Connected in a mighty scheme of trut
Have each his own peculiar faculty,
Heaven's gift, a sense that fits him
perceive
Objects unseen before, thou wilt not bl
The humblest of this band who dare
hope
That unto him hath also been vouchs
An insight that in some sort he posses
A privilege whereby a work of his,
Proceeding from a source of untau
things,
Creative and enduring, may become
A power like one of Nature's. To a h
Not less ambitious once among the w
Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit
raised;
There, as I ranged at will the past
downs
Trackless and smooth, or paced the
white roads
Lengthening in solitude their dreary
Time with his retinue of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight un
saw
Our dim ancestral Past in vision clea
Saw multitudes of men, and, here
there,
A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin
With shield and stone-axe, stride ac
the wold;
The voice of spears was heard, the ratt
spear
Shaken by arms of mighty bone,
strength,
Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty

l on Darkness—but before the word
ttered, midnight darkness seemed
to take
ects from my sight; and lo! again
esert visible by dismal flames;
e sacrificial altar, fed
ving men — how deep the groans!
the voice
e that crowd the giant wicker thrills
onumental hillocks, and the pomp
oth worlds, the living and the dead.
er moments — (for through that
wide waste
summer days I roamed) where'er
the Plain
gured o'er with circles, lines, or
mounds,
et survive, a work, as some divine,
l by the Druids, so to represent
knowledge of the heavens, and im-
age forth
nstellations — gently was I charmed
waking dream, a reverie
with believing eyes, where'er I
turned,
long-bearded teachers, with white
wands
d, pointing to the starry sky,
ately, and plain below, while breath
sic swayed their motions, and the
waste
d with them and me in those sweet
sounds.

for the past, and things that may
be viewed
ied in the obscurity of years
nonumental hints: and thou, O
Friend!
with some unpremeditated strains
rved those wanderings to beguile,
hast said
en and there my mind had exercised
he vulgar forms of present things,
ual world of our familiar days,
her power; had caught from them
a tone,
ge, and a character, by books
herto reflected. Call we this
al judgment — and yet why? for
hen
re as strangers; and I may not
speak
Thus wrongfully of verse, however rude,
Which on thy young imagination, trained
In the great City, broke like light from far.
Moreover, each man's Mind is to herself
Witness and judge; and I remember well
That in life's every-day appearances
I seemed about this time to gain clear
sight
Of a new world — a world, too, that was
fit
To be transmitted, and to other eyes
Made visible; as ruled by those fixed laws
Whence spiritual dignity originates,
Which do both give it being and maintain
A balance, an ennobling interchange
Of action from without and from within;
The excellence, pure function, and best
power
Both of the objects seen, and eye that sees.

Book Fourteenth.

Conclusion.

In one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance!) through the
Northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful
friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the
sun
Rise, from the top of Snowdon. To the
door
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who
attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty
guide;
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sal-
lied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless sum-
mer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping
fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the
sky;
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt
us round,
And, after ordinary travellers' talk

With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private thoughts:
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself
Was nothing either seen or heard that checked
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lurcher, who, among the crags,
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as if in opposition set
Against an enemy, I panted up
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.
Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band;
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,
And with a step or two seemed brighter still;
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo! as I looked up,
The Moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still ocean; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapors stretched,
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault; encroachment none
Was there, nor loss; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-or
Moon,
Who, from her sovereign elevation, ga
Upon the billowy ocean, as it lay
All meek and silent, save that throug
rift—
Not distant from the shore whereon
stood,
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathi
place—
Mounted the roar of waters, torre
streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice
Heard over earth and sea, and, in t
hour,
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heave

When into air had partially dissolv
That vision, given to spirits of the ni
And three chance human wanderers,
calm thought
Reflected, it appeared to me the type
Of a majestic intellect, its acts
And its possessions, what it has a
craves,
What in itself it is, and would becom
There I beheld the emblem of a mind
That feeds upon infinity, that broods
Over the dark abyss, intent to hear
Its voices issuing forth to silent light
In one continuous stream; a mind s
tained
By recognitions of transcendent powe
In sense conducting to ideal form,
In soul of more than mortal privilege
One function, above all, of such a mi
Had Nature shadowed there, by putti
forth,
'Mid circumstances awful and sublime
That mutual domination which she lo
To exert upon the face of outward thin
So moulded, joined, abstracted, so e
dowed
With interchangeable supremacy,
That men, least sensitive, see, hear, p
ceive,
And cannot choose but feel. The pow
which all
Acknowledge when thus moved, whi
Nature thus
To bodily sense exhibits, is the expres
Resemblance of that glorious faculty

t higher minds bear with them as their own.
s is the very spirit in which they deal
h the whole compass of the universe:
y from their native selves can send abroad
dred mutations; for themselves create
ke existence; and, whene'er it dawns
ated for them, catch it, or are caught
ts inevitable mastery,
e angels stopped upon the wing by sound
harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres.
m the enduring and the transient both
re to exalt; they build up greatest things
n least suggestions; ever on the watch,
ing to work and to be wrought upon,
y need not extraordinary calls
ouse them; in a world of life they live,
ensible impressions not enthralled,
by their quickening impulse made more prompt
nold fit converse with the spiritual world,
with the generations of mankind
ad over time, past, present, and to come,
after age, till Time shall be no more.
minds are truly from the Deity,
hey are Powers; and hence the highest bliss
flesh can know is theirs — the consciousness
Whom they are, habitually infused
ough every image and through every thought,
all affections by communion raised
n earth to heaven, from human to divine;
ce endless occupation for the Soul,
ther discursive or intuitive;
ce cheerfulness for acts of daily life,
tions which best foresight need not fear,
worthy then of trust when most intense.
ce, amid ills that vex and wrongs that crush
hearts — if here the words of Holy Writ
May with fit reverence be applied — that peace
Which passeth understanding, that repose
In moral judgments which from this pure source
Must come, or will by man be sought in vain.

Oh! who is he that hath his whole life long
Preserved, enlarged, this freedom in himself?
For this alone is genuine liberty:
Where is the favored being who hath held
That course unchecked, unerring, and untired,
In one perpetual progress smooth and bright? —
A humbler destiny have we retraced,
And told of lapse and hesitating choice,
And backward wanderings along thorny ways:
Yet — compassed round by mountain solitudes,
Within whose solemn temple I received
My earliest visitations, careless then
Of what was given me; and which now I range,
A meditative, oft a suffering, man —
Do I declare — in accents which, from truth
Deriving cheerful confidence, shall blend
Their modulation with these vocal streams —
That, whatsoever falls my better mind,
Revolving with the accidents of life,
May have sustained, that, howso'er misled,
Never did I, in quest of right and wrong,
Tamper with conscience from a private aim;
Nor was in any public hope the dupe
Of selfish passions; nor did ever yield
Wilfully to mean cares or low pursuits,
But shrunk with apprehensive jealousy
From every combination which might aid
The tendency, too potent in itself,
Of use and custom to bow down the soul
Under a growing weight of vulgar sense,
And substitute a universe of death
For that which moves with light and life informed,

Actual, divine, and true. To fear and love,
To love as prime and chief, for there fear ends,
Be this ascribed; to early intercourse,
In presence of sublime or beautiful forms,
With the adverse principles of pain and joy —
Evil as one is rashly named by men
Who know not what they speak. By love subsists
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love;
That gone, we are as dust. — Behold the fields
In balmy springtime full of rising flowers
And joyous creatures; see that pair, the lamb
And the lamb's mother, and their tender ways
Shall touch thee to the heart; thou callest this love,
And not inaptly so, for love it is,
Far as it carries thee. In some green bower
Rest, and be not alone, but have thou there
The One who is thy choice of all the world:
There linger, listening, gazing, with delight
Impassioned, but delight how pitiable!
Unless this love by a still higher love
Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe;
Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,
By heaven inspired; that frees from chains the soul,
Lifted, in union with the purest, best,
Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise
Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's Throne.

This spiritual Love acts not nor can exist
Without Imagination, which, in truth,
Is but another name for absolute power
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
And Reason in her most exalted mood.
This faculty hath been the feeding source
Of our long labor: we have traced the stream
From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard
Its natal murmur; followed it to light
And open day; accompanied its course
Among the ways of Nature, for a time
Lost sight of it bewildered and engulphed
Then given it greeting as it rose once more
In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
The works of man and face of human life
And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Imagination having been our theme,
So also hath that intellectual Love,
For they are each in each, and cannot stand
Dividually. — Here must thou be, O Man
Power to thyself; no Helper hast thou here;
Here keepest thou in singleness thy state:
No other can divide with thee this work:
No secondary hand can intervene
To fashion this ability; 't is thine,
The prime and vital principle is thine
In the recesses of thy nature, far
From any reach of outward fellowship,
Else is not thine at all. But joy to him,
Oh, joy to him who here hath sown, hath laid
Here, the foundation of his future years!
For all that friendship, all that love can do,
All that a darling countenance can look
Or dear voice utter, to complete the man,
Perfect him, made imperfect in himself,
All shall be his: and he whose soul hath risen
Up to the height of feeling intellect
Shall want no humbler tenderness; his heart
Be tender as a nursing mother's heart;
Of female softness shall his life be full,
Of humble cares and delicate desires,
Mild interests and gentlest sympathies.

Child of my parents! Sister of my soul!
Thanks in sincerest verse have been elsewhere
Poured out for all the early tenderness

h I from thee imbibed: and 't is most true
later seasons owed to thee no less;
spite of thy sweet influence and the touch
ndred hands that opened out the springs
enial thought in childhood, and in spite
that unassisted I had marked
e or nature of those charms minute
win their way into the heart by stealth
to the very going-out of youth)
exclusively esteemed *that* love,
ought *that* beauty, which, as Milton sings,
terror in it. Thou didst soften down
over-sternness; but for thee, dear Friend!
ul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
r original self too confident,
ned too long a countenance severe;
k with torrents roaring, with the clouds
iar, and a favorite of the stars:
hou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
each the little birds to build their nests
arble in its chambers. At a time
Nature, destined to remain so long
ost in my affections, had fallen back
second place, pleased to become
dmaid to a nobler than herself,
every day brought with it some new sense
uisite regard for common things,
ll the earth was budding with these gifts
re refined humanity, thy breath,
Sister! was a kind of gentler spring
went before my steps. Thereafter came
hom with thee friendship had early paired;
me, no more a phantom to adorn
nent, but an inmate of the heart,
et a spirit, there for me enshrined
netrate the lofty and the low;
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines, in the brightest of ten thousand stars
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.
With such a theme,
Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee
Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!
Placed on this earth to love and understand,
And from thy presence shed the light of love,
Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts
Did also find its way. Thus fear relaxed
Her overweening grasp; thus thoughts and things
In the self-haunting spirit learned to take
More rational proportions; mystery,
The incumbent mystery of sense and soul,
Of life and death, time and eternity,
Admitted more habitually a mild
Interposition — a serene delight
In closelier gathering cares, such as become
A human creature, howso'er endowed,
Poet, or destined for a humbler name;
And so the deep enthusiastic joy,
The rapture of the hallelujah sent
From all that breathes and is, was chastened, stemmed
And balanced by pathetic truth, by trust
In hopeful reason, leaning on the stay
Of Providence; and in reverence for duty,
Here, if need be, struggling with storms, and there
Strewing in peace life's humblest ground with herbs,
At every season green, sweet at all hours.

And now, O Friend! this history is brought
To its appointed close: the discipline
And consummation of a Poet's mind,
In everything that stood most prominent,
Have faithfully been pictured; we have reached
The time (our guiding object from the first)
When we may, not presumptuously, I hope,

Suppose my powers so far confirmed, and such
My knowledge, as to make me capable
Of building up a Work that shall endure.
Yet much hath been omitted, as need was;
Of books how much! and even of the other wealth
That is collected among woods and fields,
Far more: for Nature's secondary grace
Hath hitherto been barely touched upon,
The charm more superficial that attends
Her works, as they present to Fancy's choice
Apt illustrations of the moral world,
Caught at a glance, or traced with curious pains.

Finally, and above all, O Friend! (I speak
With due regret) how much is overlooked
In human nature and her subtle ways,
As studied first in our own hearts, and then
In life among the passions of mankind,
Varying their composition and their hue,
Where'er we move, under the diverse shapes
That individual character presents
To an attentive eye. For progress meet,
Along this intricate and difficult path,
Whate'er was wanting, something had I gained,
As one of many schoolfellows compelled,
In hardy independence, to stand up
Amid conflicting interests, and the shock
Of various tempers; to endure and note
What was not understood, though known to be;
Among the mysteries of love and hate,
Honor and shame, looking to right and left,
Unchecked by innocence too delicate,
And moral notions too intolerant,
Sympathies too contracted. Hence, when called
To take a station among men, the step
Was easier, the transition more secure,
More profitable also; for, the mind
Learns from such timely exercise to keep
In wholesome separation the two natures,
The one that feels, the other that observes.

Yet one word more of personal cor
cern; —
Since I withdrew unwillingly fro
France,
I led an undomestic wanderer's life,
In London chiefly harbored, whence
roamed,
Tarrying at will in many a pleasant spo
Of rural England's cultivated vales
Or Cambrian solitudes. A youth — (h
bore
The name of Calvert — it shall live,
words
Of mine can give it life,) in firm belief
That by endowments not from me with
held
Good might be furthered — in his la
decay
By a bequest sufficient for my needs
Enabled me to pause for choice, and wal
At large and unrestrained, nor dampe
too soon
By mortal cares. Himself no Poet, ye
Far less a common follower of the worl
He deemed that my pursuits and labo
lay
Apart from all that leads to wealth,
even
A necessary maintenance insures,
Without some hazard to the finer sense
He cleared a passage for me, and th
stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature.
Having no
Told what best merits mention, furth
pains
Our present purpose seems not to r
quire,
And I have other tasks. Recall to mir
The mood in which this labor was begu
O Friend! The termination of my cour
Is nearer now, much nearer; yet eve
then,
In that distraction and intense desire,
I said unto the life which I had lived,
Where art thou? Hear I not a voi
from thee
Which 't is reproach to hear? Anon
rose
As if on wings, and saw beneath n
stretched
Vast prospect of the world which I ha
been

ıd was; and hence this Song, which, like a lark,
have protracted, in the unwearied heavens
ıging, and often with more plaintive voice
earth attempered and her deep-drawn sighs,
t centring all in love, and in the end
l gratulant, if rightly understood.

Whether to me shall be allotted life,
ıd, with life, power to accomplish aught of worth,
at will be deemed no insufficient plea
r having given the story of myself,
all uncertain: but, beloved Friend!
hen, looking back, thou seest, in clearer view
an any liveliest sight of yesterday,
at summer, under whose indulgent skies,
on smooth Quantock's airy ridge we roved
checked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs,
ou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
lst chant the vision of that Ancient Man,
e bright-eyed Mariner, and rueful woes
lst utter of the Lady Christabel;
d I, associate with such labor, steeped
soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
rmuring of him who, joyous hap, was found,
er the perils of his moonlight ride,
ır the loud waterfall; or her who sate
misery near the miserable Thorn —
ıen thou dost to that summer turn thy thoughts,
l hast before thee all which then we were,
thee, in memory of that happiness,
vill be known, by thee at least, my Friend!
t, that the history of a Poet's mind
abor not unworthy of regard;
thee the work shall justify itself.

The last and later portions of this gift
ve been prepared, not with the buoyant spirits
That were our daily portion when we first
Together wantoned in wild Poesy,
But, under pressure of a private grief,
Keen and enduring, which the mind and heart,
That in this meditative history
Have been laid open, needs must make me feel
More deeply, yet enable me to bear
More firmly; and a comfort now hath risen
From hope that thou art near, and wilt be soon
Restored to us in renovated health;
When, after the first mingling of our tears,
'Mong other consolations, we may draw
Some pleasure from this offering of my love.

Oh! yet a few short years of useful life,
And all will be complete, thy race be run,
Thy monument of glory will be raised;
Then, though (too weak to tread the ways of truth)
This age fall back to old idolatry,
Though men return to servitude as fast
As the tide ebbs, to ignominy and shame,
By nations, sink together, we shall still
Find solace — knowing what we have learnt to know,
Rich in true happiness if allowed to be
Faithful alike in forwarding a day
Of firmer trust, joint laborers in the work
(Should Providence such grace to us vouchsafe)
Of their deliverance, surely yet to come.
Prophets of Nature, we to them will speak
A lasting inspiration, sanctified
By reason, blest by faith: what we have loved,
Others will love, and we will teach them how;
Instruct them how the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine.

1799–1805. 1850.

THE RECLUSE.

Part First.

BOOK FIRST — HOME AT GRASMERE.

Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came
A roving school-boy; what the adventurer's age
Hath now escaped his memory — but the hour,
One of a golden summer holiday,
He well remembers, though the year be gone —
Alone and devious from afar he came;
And, with a sudden influx overpowered
At sight of this seclusion, he forgot
His haste, for hasty had his footsteps been
As boyish his pursuits; and sighing said,
"What happy fortune were it here to live!
And, if a thought of dying, if a thought
Of mortal separation, could intrude
With paradise before him, here to die!"
No Prophet was he, had not even a hope,
Scarcely a wish, but one bright pleasing thought,
A fancy in the heart of what might be
The lot of others, never could be his.
The station whence he looked was soft and green,
Not giddy yet aërial, with a depth
Of vale below, a height of hills above.
For rest of body perfect was the spot,
All that luxurious nature could desire:
But stirring to the spirit; who could gaze
And not feel motions there? He thought of clouds
That sail on winds: of breezes that delight
To play on water, or in endless chase
Pursue each other through the yielding plain
Of grass or corn, over and through and through,
In billow after billow, evermore
Disporting — nor unmindful was the boy
Of sunbeams, shadows, butterflies and birds;
Of fluttering sylphs and softly-gliding Fays,
Genii, and wingèd angels that are Lords
Without restraint of all which they behold.
The illusion strengthening as he gazed, he felt
That such unfettered liberty was his,
Such power and joy; but only for this end,
To flit from field to rock, from rock to field,
From shore to island, and from isle to shore,
From open ground to covert, from a bed
Of meadow-flowers into a tuft of wood;
From high to low, from low to high, yet still
Within the bound of this huge concave; here
Must be his home, this valley be his world.
Since that day forth the Place to him
— *to me*
(For I who live to register the truth
Was that same young and happy Being) became
As beautiful to thought, as it had been
When present, to the bodily sense; a haunt
Of pure affections, shedding upon joy
A brighter joy; and through such damp and gloom
Of the gay mind, as oft-times splenetic youth
Mistakes for sorrow, darting beams of light
That no self-cherished sadness could withstand;
And now 't is mine, perchance for life, dear Vale,
Beloved Grasmere (let the wandering streams
Take up, the cloud-capt hills repeat, the Name)
One of thy lowly Dwellings is my Home.
And was the cost so great? and could it seem
An act of courage, and the thing itself
A conquest? who must bear the blame? Sage man
Thy prudence, thy experience, thy desires,
Thy apprehensions — blush thou for them all.
Yes the realities of life so cold,
So cowardly, so ready to betray,
So stinted in the measure of their grace
As we pronounce them, doing them much wrong,

ave been to me more bountiful than hope,
ss timid than desire — but that is past.
On Nature's invitation do I come,
Reason sanctioned. Can the choice mislead,
at made the calmest fairest spot of earth
ith all its unappropriated good
own; and not mine only, for with me
trenched, say rather peacefully embowered,
der yon orchard, in yon humble cot,
younger Orphan of a home extinct,
e only Daughter of my Parents dwells.
Ay, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir,
use upon that and let the breathing frame
longer breathe, but all be satisfied.
Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God
r what hath been bestowed, then where, where then
ll gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er
on a lovely object, nor my mind
ke pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
either She whom now I have, who now
vides with me this loved abode, was there,
not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,
r voice was like a hidden Bird that sang.
e thought of her was like a flash of light,
an unseen companionship, a breath
fragrance independent of the Wind.
ll my goings, in the new and old
all my meditations, and in this
orite of all, in this the most of all.
What being, therefore, since the birth of Man
d ever more abundant cause to speak
nks, and if favors of the Heavenly Muse
ke him more thankful, then to call on Verse
aid him and in song resound his joy?
boon is absolute; surpassing grace
me hath been vouchsafed; among the bowers
blissful Eden this was neither given
Nor could be given, possession of the good
Which had been sighed for, ancient thought fulfilled,
And dear Imaginations realized,
Up to their highest measure, yea and more.
Embrace me then, ye Hills, and close me in;
Now in the clear and open day I feel
Your guardianship; I take it to my heart;
'T is like the solemn shelter of the night.
But I would call thee beautiful, for mild,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art
Dear Valley, having in thy face a smile
Though peaceful, full of gladness. Thou art pleased,
Pleased with thy crags and woody steeps, thy Lake,
Its one green island and its winding shores;
The multitude of little rocky hills,
Thy Church and cottages of mountain stone
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks
Like separated stars with clouds between.
What want we? have we not perpetual streams,
Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields,
And mountains not less green, and flocks and herds,
And thickets full of songsters, and the voice
Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound
Heard now and then from morn to latest eve,
Admonishing the man who walks below
Of solitude and silence in the sky?
These have we, and a thousand nooks of earth
Have also these, but nowhere else is found,
Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found
The one sensation that is here; 't is here,
Here as it found its way into my heart
In childhood, here as it abides by day,
By night, here only; or in chosen minds
That take it with them hence, where'er they go.

—'T is, but I cannot name it, 't is the sense
Of majesty, and beauty, and repose,
A blended holiness of earth and sky,
Something that makes this individual spot,
This small abiding-place of many men,
A termination, and a last retreat,
A centre, come from whereso'er you will,
A whole without dependence or defect,
Made for itself, and happy in itself,
Perfect contentment, Unity entire.
Bleak season was it, turbulent and bleak,
When hitherward we journeyed side by side
Through burst of sunshine and through flying showers;
Paced the long vales—how long they were—and yet
How fast that length of way was left behind,
Wensley's rich Vale, and Sedbergh's naked heights.
The frosty wind, as if to make amends
For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps,
And drove us onward like two ships at sea,
Or like two birds, companions in mid-air,
Parted and reunited by the blast.
Stern was the face of nature; we rejoiced
In that stern countenance, for our souls thence drew
A feeling of their strength. The naked trees,
The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared
To question us. "Whence come ye, to what end?"
They seemed to say, "What would ye," said the shower,
"Wild Wanderers, whither through my dark domain?"
The sunbeam said, "Be happy." When this vale
We entered, bright and solemn was the sky
That faced us with a passionate welcoming,
And led us to our threshold. Daylight failed
Insensibly, and round us gently fell
Composing darkness, with a quiet load
Of full contentment, in a little shed
Disturbed, uneasy in itself as seemed,
And wondering at its new inhabitants.
It loves us now, this Vale so beautiful
Begins to love us! by a sullen storm,
Two months unwearied of severest storm,
It put the temper of our minds to proof,
And found us faithful through the gloom, and heard
The poet mutter his prelusive songs
With cheerful heart, an unknown voice of joy
Among the silence of the woods and hills;
Silent to any gladsomeness of sound
With all their shepherds.
But the gates of Spring
Are opened; churlish winter hath given leave
That she should entertain for this one day,
Perhaps for many genial days to come,
His guests, and make them jocund.—They are pleased,
But most of all the birds that haunt the flood
With the mild summons; inmates though they be
Of Winter's household, they keep festival
This day, who drooped, or seemed to droop, so long;
They show their pleasure, and shall I do less?
Happier of happy though I be, like them
I cannot take possession of the sky,
Mount with a thoughtless impulse, and wheel there
One of a mighty multitude, whose way
Is a perpetual harmony and dance
Magnificent. Behold how with a grace
Of ceaseless motion, that might scarcely seem
Inferior to angelical, they prolong
Their curious pastime, shaping in mid-air,
And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars
High as the level of the mountain tops,
A circuit ampler than the lake beneath,
Their own domain;—but ever, while intent
On tracing and retracing that large round,
Their jubilant activity evolves
Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,
Upwards and downwards; progress intricate
Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
Their indefatigable flight. 'T is done,
Ten times and more I fancied it had ceased,
But lo! the vanished company again

nding, they approach. I hear their wings
t, faint at first; and then an eager sound
ed in a moment — and as faint again!
tempt the sun to sport among their plumes;
pt the smooth water, or the gleaming ice,
how them a fair image,— 't is themselves,
r own fair forms upon the glimmering plain
ted more soft and fair as they descend,
ost to touch, — then up again aloft,
vith a sally and a flash of speed,
they scorned both resting-place and rest!
his day is a thanksgiving, 't is a day
ad emotion and deep quietness;
upon me alone hath been bestowed,
ch in many onward-looking thoughts,
penetrating bliss; oh surely these
felt it, not the happy choirs of spring,
own peculiar family of love
sport among green leaves, a blither train!
t two are missing, two, a lonely pair
ilk-white Swans; wherefore are they not seen
king this day's pleasure? From afar
came, to sojourn here in solitude,
sing this Valley, they who had the choice
ie whole world. We saw them day by day,
ugh those two months of unrelenting storm,
picuous at the centre of the Lake
safe retreat, we knew them well, I guess
the whole valley knew them; but to us
were more dear than may be well believed,
nly for their beauty, and their still
placid way of life, and constant love
arable, not for these alone,
hat *their* state so much resembled ours,
having also chosen this abode;
strangers, and we strangers, they a pair,
And we a solitary pair like them.
They should not have departed; many days
Did I look forth in vain, nor on the wing
Could see them, nor in that small open space
Of blue unfrozen water, where they lodged
And lived so long and quiet, side by side.
Shall we behold them consecrated friends,
Faithful companions, yet another year
Surviving, they for us, and we for them,
And neither pair be broken? nay perchance
It is too late already for such hope;
The Dalesmen may have aimed the deadly tube,
And parted them; or haply both are gone
One death, and that were mercy given to both.
Recall, my song, the ungenerous thought; forgive,
Thrice favored Region, the conjecture harsh
Of such inhospitable penalty
Inflicted upon confidence so pure.
Ah! if I wished to follow where the sight
Of all that is before my eyes, the voice
Which speaks from a presiding spirit here,
Would lead me, I should whisper to myself:
They who are dwellers in this holy place
Must needs themselves be hallowed, they require
No benediction from the stranger's lips,
For they are blessed already; none would give
The greeting "peace be with you" unto them,
For peace they have; it cannot but be theirs,
And mercy, and forbearance — nay — not these —
Their healing offices a pure good-will
Precludes, and charity beyond the bounds
Of charity — an overflowing love;
Not for the creature only, but for all
That is around them; love for everything
Which in their happy Region they behold!
Thus do we soothe ourselves, and when the thought
Is passed, we blame it not for having come.
— What if I floated down a pleasant stream,

And now am landed, and the motion gone,
Shall I reprove myself? Ah no, the stream
Is flowing, and will never cease to flow,
And I shall float upon that stream again.
By such forgetfulness the soul becomes,
Words cannot say how beautiful: then hail,
Hail to the visible Presence, hail to thee,
Delightful Valley, habitation fair!
And to whatever else of outward form
Can give an inward help, can purify,
And elevate, and harmonize, and soothe,
And steal away, and for a while deceive
And lap in pleasing rest, and bear us on
Without desire in full complacency,
Contemplating perfection absolute,
And entertained as in a placid sleep.
But not betrayed by tenderness of mind
That feared, or wholly overlooked the truth,
Did we come hither, with romantic hope
To find in midst of so much loveliness
Love, perfect love: of so much majesty
A like majestic frame of mind in those
Who here abide, the persons like the place.
Not from such hope, or aught of such belief,
Hath issued any portion of the joy
Which I have felt this day. An awful voice
'T is true hath in my walks been often heard,
Sent from the mountains or the sheltered fields,
Shout after shout — reiterated whoop,
In manner of a bird that takes delight
In answering to itself: or like a hound
Single at chase among the lonely woods,
His yell repeating; yet it was in truth
A human voice—a spirit of coming night;
How solemn when the sky is dark, and earth
Not dark, nor yet enlightened, but by snow
Made visible, amid a noise of winds
And bleatings manifold of mountain sheep,
Which in that iteration recognize
Their summons, and are gathering round for food,
Devoured with keenness, ere to grove or bank
Or rocky bield with patience they retire.
That very voice, which, in some timid mood
Of superstitious fancy, might have seemed
Awful as ever stray demoniac uttered,
His steps to govern in the wilderness;
Or as the Norman Curfew's regular bea
To hearths when first they darkened the knell:
That shepherd's voice, it may hav reached mine ear
Debased and under profanation, made
The ready organ of articulate sounds
From ribaldry, impiety, or wrath,
Issuing when shame hath ceased to chec the brawls
Of some abused Festivity — so be it.
I came not dreaming of unruffled life,
Untainted manners; born among the hill
Bred also there, I wanted not a scale
To regulate my hopes; pleased with th good
I shrink not from the evil with disgust,
Or with immoderate pain. I look for Ma
The common creature of the brotherhoo
Differing but little from the Man els where,
For selfishness and envy and revenge,
Ill neighborhood — pity that this shou be —
Flattery and double-dealing, strife a wrong.
Yet is it something gained, it is in tru
A mighty gain, that Labor here preserv
His rosy face, a servant only here
Of the fireside or of the open field,
A Freeman therefore sound and uni paired:
That extreme penury is here unknown,
And cold and hunger's abject wretche ness
Mortal to body and the heaven-born min
That they who want are not too great weight
For those who can relieve; here may t heart
Breathe in the air of fellow-suffering
Dreadless, as in a kind of fresher bree
Of her own native element, the hand
Be ready and unwearied without plea,
From tasks too frequent or beyond power,
For languor or indifference or despair.
And as these lofty barriers break the for
Of winds, — this deep Vale, as it doth part
Conceal us from the storm, so here abid

ower and a protection for the mind,
pensed indeed to other solitudes
ored by noble privilege like this,
ere kindred independence of estate
revalent, where he who tills the field,
happy man! is master of the field,
l treads the mountains which his
Fathers trod.
Not less than halfway up yon moun-
tain's side,
old a dusky spot, a grove of Firs
t seems still smaller than it is; this
grove
haunted — by what ghost? a gentle
spirit
memory faithful to the call of love;
, as reports the Dame, whose fire
sends up
curling smoke from the gray cot
below,
trees (her first-born child being then
a babe)
re planted by her husband and herself,
t ranging o'er the high and houseless
ground
ir sheep might neither want from
perilous storm
vinter, nor from summer's sultry heat,
riendly covert; "and they knew it
well,"
l she, "for thither as the trees grew up
to the patient creatures carried food
mes of heavy snow." She then began
ond obedience to her private thoughts
speak of her dead husband; is there
not
art, a music, and a strain of words
t shall be life, the acknowledged
voice of life,
l speak of what is done among the
fields,
e truly there, or felt, of solid good
real evil, yet be sweet withal,
e grateful, more harmonious than the
breath,
idle breath of softest pipe attuned
astoral fancies? Is there such a stream
and unsullied flowing from the heart
motions of true dignity and grace?
ust we seek that stream where Man
is not?
inks I could repeat in tuneful verse,
cious as the gentlest breeze that sounds
Through that aërial fir-grove — could pre-
serve
Some portion of its human history
As gathered from the Matron's lips, and
tell
Of tears that have been shed at sight of
it,
And moving dialogues between this Pair
Who in their prime of wedlock, with joint
hands
Did plant the grove, now flourishing, while they
No longer flourish, he entirely gone,
She withering in her loneliness. Be this
A task above my skill — the silent mind
Has her own treasures, and I think of
these,
Love what I see, and honor humankind.
No, we are not alone, we do not stand,
My sister here misplaced and desolate,
Loving what no one cares for but our-
selves.
We shall not scatter through the plains
and rocks
Of this fair Vale, and o'er its spacious
heights,
Unprofitable kindliness, bestowed
On objects unaccustomed to the gifts
Of feeling, which were cheerless and for-
lorn
But few weeks past, and would be so again
Were we not here; we do not tend a lamp
Whose lustre we alone participate,
Which shines dependent upon us alone,
Mortal though bright, a dying, dying flame.
Look where we will, some human hand
has been
Before us with its offering; not a tree
Sprinkles these little pastures, but the
same
Hath furnished matter for a thought; per-
chance
For some one serves as a familiar friend.
Joy spreads, and sorrow spreads; and this
whole Vale,
Home of untutored shepherds as it is,
Swarms with sensation, as with gleams of
sunshine,
Shadows or breezes, scents or sounds.
Nor deem
These feelings, though subservient more
than ours
To every day's demand for daily bread,

And borrowing more their spirit and their shape
From self-respecting interests; deem them not
Unworthy therefore, and unhallowed—no,
They lift the animal being, do themselves
By nature's kind and ever-present aid
Refine the selfishness from which they spring,
Redeem by love the individual sense
Of anxiousness, with which they are combined.
And thus it is that fitly they become
Associates in the joy of purest minds:
They blend therewith congenially: meanwhile
Calmly they breathe their own undying life
Through this their mountain sanctuary; long
Oh long may it remain inviolate,
Diffusing health and sober cheerfulness,
And giving to the moments as they pass
Their little boons of animating thought
That sweeten labor, make it seen and felt
To be no arbitrary weight imposed,
But a glad function natural to man.
Fair proof of this, newcomer though I be,
Already have I gained; the inward frame,
Though slowly opening, opens every day
With process not unlike to that which cheers
A pensive stranger journeying at his leisure
Through some Helvetian Dell; when low-hung mists
Break up and are beginning to recede;
How pleased he is where thin and thinner grows
The veil, or where it parts at once, to spy
The dark pines thrusting forth their spiky heads;
To watch the spreading lawns with cattle grazed;
Then to be greeted by the scattered huts
As they shine out; and *see* the streams whose murmur
Had soothed his ear while *they* were hidden; how pleased
To have about him which way e'er he goes
Something on every side concealed from view,
In every quarter something visible
Half seen or wholly, lost and found again,
Alternate progress and impediment,
And yet a growing prospect in the main
Such pleasure now is mine, albeit forced
Herein less happy than the Traveller,
To cast from time to time a painful look
Upon unwelcome things which unaware
Reveal themselves, not therefore is my heart
Depressed, nor does it fear what is to come;
But confident, enriched at every glance,
The more I see the more delight my mind
Receives, or by reflection can create:
Truth justifies herself, and as she dwells
With Hope, who would not follow where she leads?
Nor let me pass unheeded other loves
Where no fear is, and humbler sympathies
Already hath sprung up within my heart
A liking for the small gray horse that bears
The paralytic man, and for the brute
In Scripture sanctified — the patient brute
On which the cripple, in the quarry maimed,
Rides to and fro: I know them and their ways.
The famous sheep-dog, first in all the vale
Though yet to me a stranger, will not be
A stranger long; nor will the blind man's guide,
Meek and neglected thing, of no renown
Soon will peep forth the primrose, ere it fades
Friends shall I have at dawn, blackbird and thrush
To rouse me, and a hundred warblers more!
And if those Eagles to their ancient hold
Return, Helvellyn's Eagles! with their Pair
From my own door I shall be free to claim
Acquaintance, as they sweep from cloud to cloud.
The owl that gives the name to Owlet Crag
Have I heard whooping, and he soon will be
A chosen one of my regards. See there
The heifer in yon little croft belongs
To one who holds it dear; with duteous care
She reared it, and in speaking of her charge
I heard her scatter some endearing words

mestic, and in spirit motherly,
e being herself a mother; happy Beast,
the caresses of a human voice
n make it so, and care of human hands.
And ye as happy under Nature's care,
angers to me and all men, or at least
angers to all particular amity,
intercourse of knowledge or of love
at parts the individual from his kind.
nether in large communities ye keep
om year to year, not shunning man's
abode,
ettled residence, or be from far
ld creatures, and of many homes, that
come
e gift of winds, and whom the winds
again
ke from us at your pleasure; yet shall ye
t want for this your own subordinate
place
my affections. Witness the delight
th which erewhile I saw that multitude
eel through the sky, and see them now
at rest,
not at rest upon the glassy lake:
ey *cannot* rest — they gambol like
young whelps;
ive as lambs, and overcome with joy
ey try all frolic motions; flutter, plunge,
d beat the passive water with their
wings.
o distant are they for plain view, but lo!
ose little fountains, sparkling in the
sun,
ray their occupation, rising up
st one and then another silver spout,
one or other takes the fit of glee,
untains and spouts, yet somewhat in
the guise
plaything fireworks, that on festal
nights
rkle about the feet of wanton boys.
How vast the compass of this theatre,
nothing to be seen but lovely pomp
d silent majesty; the birch-tree woods
hung with thousand thousand dia-
mond drops
melted hoar-frost, every tiny knot
the bare twigs, each little budding-
place
ed with its several beads; what myr-
iads these
on one tree, while all the distant grove,
That rises to the summit of the steep,
Shows like a mountain built of silver
light:
See yonder the same pageant, and again
Behold the universal imagery
Inverted, all its sun-bright features
touched
As with the varnish and the gloss of
dreams.
Dreamlike the blending also of the whole
Harmonious landscape: all along the
shore
The boundary lost — the line invisible
That parts the image from reality;
And the clear hills, as high as they ascend
Heavenward, so deep piercing the lake
below.
Admonished of the days of love to come
The raven croaks, and fills the upper air
With a strange sound of genial harmony;
And in and all about that playful band,
Incapable although they be of rest,
And in their fashion very rioters,
There is a stillness; and they seem to
make
Calm revelry in that their calm abode.
Them leaving to their joyous hours I pass,
Pass with a thought the life of the whole
year
That is to come: the throng of woodland
flowers
And lilies that will dance upon the waves.
Say boldly then that solitude is not
Where these things are: he truly is alone,
He of the multitude whose eyes are
doomed
To hold a vacant commerce day by day
With Objects wanting life — repelling
love;
He by the vast metropolis immured,
Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
And neighborhood serves rather to divide
Than to unite — what sighs more deep
than his,
Whose nobler will hath long been sacri-
ficed;
Who must inhabit under a black sky
A city, where, if indifference to disgust
Yield not to scorn or sorrow, living men
Are oft-times to their fellow-men no more
Than to the forest Hermit are the leaves
That hang aloft in myriads; nay, far less,

For they protect his walk from sun and shower,
Swell his devotion with their voice in storms,
And whisper while the stars twinkle among them
His lullaby. From crowded streets remote,
Far from the living and dead Wilderness
Of the thronged world, Society is here
A true community — a genuine frame
Of many into one incorporate.
That must be looked for here: paternal sway,
One household, under God, for high and low,
One family and one mansion; to themselves
Appropriate, and divided from the world,
As if it were a cave, a multitude
Human and brute, possessors undisturbed
Of this Recess — their legislative Hall,
Their Temple, and their glorious Dwelling-place.
Dismissing therefore all Arcadian dreams,
All golden fancies of the golden age,
The bright array of shadowy thoughts from times
That were before all time, or are to be
Ere time expire, the pageantry that stirs
Or will be stirring, when our eyes are fixed
On lovely objects, and we wish to part
With all remembrance of a jarring world,
— Take we at once this one sufficient hope,
What need of more? that we shall neither droop
Nor pine for want of pleasure in the life
Scattered about us, nor through want of aught
That keeps in health the insatiable mind.
— That we shall have for knowledge and for love
Abundance, and that feeling as we do
How goodly, how exceeding fair, how pure
From all reproach is yon ethereal vault,
And this deep Vale, its earthly counterpart,
By which and under which we are enclosed
To breathe in peace; we shall moreover find
(If sound, and what we ought to be ourselves,
If rightly we observe and justly weigh)
The inmates not unworthy of their home,
The Dwellers of their Dwelling.
And if this
Were otherwise, we have within ourselves
Enough to fill the present day with joy,
And overspread the future years with hope,
Our beautiful and quiet home, enriched
Already with a stranger whom we love
Deeply, a stranger of our Father's house,
A never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea,
Who finds at last an hour to his content
Beneath our roof. And others whom we love
Will seek us also, Sisters of our hearts,
And one, like them, a Brother of our hearts,
Philosopher and Poet, in whose sight
These mountains will rejoice with open joy.
— Such is our wealth! O Vale of Peace we are
And must be, with God's will, a happy Band.
Yet 't is not to enjoy that we exist,
For that end only; something must be done:
I must not walk in unreproved delight
These narrow bounds, and think of nothing more,
No duty that looks further, and no care
Each Being has his office, lowly some
And common, yet all worthy if fulfilled
With zeal, acknowledgment that with the gift
Keeps pace a harvest answering to the seed.
Of ill-advised Ambition and of Pride
I would stand clear, but yet to me I feel
That an internal brightness is vouchsafed
That must not die, that must not pass away.
Why does this inward lustre fondly seek
And gladly blend with outward fellowship?
Why do *they* shine around me whom I love?

hy do they teach me, whom I thus revere?
range question, yet it answers not itself.
iat humble Roof embowered among the trees,
iat calm fireside, it is not even in them,
est as they are, to furnish a reply
at satisfies and ends in perfect rest.
ssessions have I that are solely mine,
mething within which yet is shared by none,
t even the nearest to me and most dear,
mething which power and effort may impart;
ould impart it, I would spread it wide:
mortal in the world which is to come —
rgive me if I add another claim —
d would not wholly perish even in this,
down and be forgotten in the dust,
nd the modest Partners of my days
king a silent company in death;
ve, knowledge, all my manifold delights,
buried with me without monument
profit unto any but ourselves!
nust not be, if I, divinely taught,
privileged to speak as I have felt
what in man is human or divine.
While yet an innocent little one, with a heart
it doubtless wanted not its tender moods,
reathed (for this I better recollect)
ong wild appetites and blind desires,
tions of savage instinct my delight
l exaltation. Nothing at that time
welcome, no temptation half so dear
that which urged me to a daring feat,
p pools, tall trees, black chasms, and dizzy crags,
l tottering towers: I loved to stand and read
ir looks forbidding, read and disobey,
ietimes in act and evermore in thought.
h impulses, that scarcely were by these
passed in strength, I heard of danger met
ought with courage; enterprise forlorn
ne, sole keeper of his own intent,
y a resolute few, who for the sake
lory fronted multitudes in arms.
, to this hour I cannot read a Tale
Of two brave vessels matched in deadly fight,
And fighting to the death, but I am pleased
More than a wise man ought to be; I wish,
Fret, burn, and struggle, and in soul am there.
But me hath Nature tamed, and bade to seek
For other agitations, or be calm;
Hath dealt with me as with a turbulent stream,
Some nursling of the mountains which she leads
Through quiet meadows, after he has learnt
His strength, and had his triumph and his joy,
His desperate course of tumult and of glee.
That which in stealth by Nature was performed
Hath Reason sanctioned: her deliberate Voice
Hath said; be mild, and cleave to gentle things,
Thy glory and thy happiness be there.
Nor fear, though thou confide in me, a want
Of aspirations that have been — of foes
To wrestle with, and victory to complete,
Bounds to be leapt, darkness to be explored;
All that inflamed thy infant heart, the love,
The longing, the contempt, the undaunted quest,
All shall survive, though changed their office, all
Shall live, it is not in their power to die.
Then farewell to the Warrior's Schemes, farewell
The forwardness of soul which looks that way
Upon a less incitement than the Cause
Of Liberty endangered, and farewell
That other hope, long mine, the hope to fill
The heroic trumpet with the Muse's breath!
Yet in this peaceful Vale we will not spend

Unheard-of days, though loving peaceful thought,
A voice shall speak, and what will be the theme?
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life,
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive
Fair trains of imagery before me rise,
Accompanied by feelings of delight
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed;
And I am conscious of affecting thoughts
And dear remembrances, whose presence soothes
Or elevates the Mind, intent to weigh
The good and evil of our mortal state.
— To these emotions, whencesoe'er they come,
Whether from breath of outward circumstance,
Or from the Soul — an impulse to herself —
I would give utterance in numerous verse.
Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love, and Hope,
And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
Of blessèd consolations in distress;
Of moral strength, and intellectual Power;
Of joy in widest commonalty spread;
Of the individual Mind that keeps her own
Inviolate retirement, subject there
To Conscience only, and the law supreme
Of that Intelligence which governs all —
I sing: — "fit audience let me find though few!"
So prayed, more gaining than he asked, the Bard —
In holiest mood. Urania, I shall need
Thy guidance, or a greater Muse, if such
Descend to earth or dwell in highest heaven!
For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
Deep — and, aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
All strength — all terror, single or in bands,
That ever was put forth in personal form —
Jehovah — with his thunder, and the choir
Of shouting Angels, and the empyreal thrones —
I pass them unalarmed. Not Chaos, not
The darkest pit of lowest Erebus,
Nor aught of blinder vacancy, scooped out
By help of dreams — can breed such fear and awe
As fall upon us often when we look
Into our Minds, into the Mind of Man —
My haunt, and the main region of my song
— Beauty — a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal Forms
Which craft of delicate Spirits hath composed
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tents before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields — like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main — why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of Man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day.
— I, long before the blissful hour arrives,
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse
Of this great consummation: — and, by words
Which speak of nothing more than what we are,
Would I arouse the sensual from their sleep
Of Death, and win the vacant and the vain
To noble raptures; while my voice proclaims
How exquisitely the individual Mind
(And the progressive powers perhaps no less
Of the whole species) to the external World
Is fitted: — and how exquisitely, too —
Theme this but little heard of among men —
The external World is fitted to the Mind;
And the creation (by no lower name

n it be called) which they with blended might
complish:— this is our high argument.
Such grateful haunts foregoing, if I oft
st turn elsewhere — to travel near the tribes
d fellowships of men, and see ill sights
madding passions mutually inflamed;
st hear Humanity in fields and groves
e solitary anguish; or must hang
ooding above the fierce confederate storm
sorrow, barricadoed evermore
thin the walls of cities — may these sounds
ve their authentic comment; that even these
aring, I be not downcast or forlorn! —
scend, prophetic Spirit! that inspir'st [1]
e human Soul of universal earth,
eaming on things to come; and dost possess
netropolitan temple in the hearts
mighty Poets; upon me bestow
ift of genuine insight; that my Song
h star-like virtue in its place may shine,
dding benignant influence, and secure
lf from all malevolent effect
hose mutations that extend their sway
oughout the nether sphere! — And if with this
ix more lowly matter; with the thing
templated, describe the Mind and Man
templating; and who, and what he was —
transitory Being that beheld
Vision; — when and where, and how he lived;
not this labor useless. If such theme
sort with highest objects, then — dread Power!
ose gracious favor is the primal source
ll illumination — may my Life
ress the image of a better time,
e wise desires, and simpler manners; — nurse
Heart in genuine freedom: — all pure thoughts
vith me; — so shall thy unfailing love
le, and support, and cheer me to the end!

5? 1888.

[1] See Note.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

The course of the great war with the French naturally fixed one's attention upon the military character, and, to the honor of our country, there were many illustrious instances of the qualities that constitute its highest excellence. Lord Nelson carried most of the virtues that the trials he was exposed to in his department of the service necessarily call forth and sustain, if they do not produce the contrary vices. But his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be. For the sake of such of my friends as may happen to read this note I will add, that many elements of the character here portrayed were found in my brother John, who perished by shipwreck as mentioned elsewhere. His messmates used to call him the Philosopher, from which it must be inferred that the qualities and dispositions I allude to had not escaped their notice. He often expressed his regret, after the war had continued some time, that he had not chosen the Naval, instead of the East India Company's service, to which his family connection had led him. He greatly valued moral and religious instruction for youth, as tending to make good sailors. The best, he used to say, came from Scotland; the next to them, from the North of England, especially from Westmoreland and Cumberland, where, thanks to the piety and local attachments of our ancestors, endowed, or, as they are commonly called, free, schools abound.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
— It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;
Is placable — because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'T is he whose law is reason; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labors good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:
— Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honorable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
— He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love: —
'T is, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity, —
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not —
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name —
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy Warrior; this is He
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

1806. 1807.

HE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.[1]

adition transferred from the ancient man-
Hutton John, the seat of the Huddlestons,
emont Castle.

he Brothers through the gateway
d forth with old and young,
e Horn Sir Eustace pointed
h for ages there had hung.
it was which none could sound,
ne upon living ground,
He who came as rightful Heir
gremont's Domains and Castle fair.

from times of earliest record
he House of Lucie born,
of right had held the Lordship
ed by proof upon the Horn:
at the appointed hour
the Horn, — it owned his power;
as acknowledged: and the blast
n good Sir Eustace sounded was the
last.

his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
o Hubert thus said he,
at I speak this Horn shall witness
ny better memory.
then, and neglect me not!
s time, and on this spot,
ords are uttered from my heart,
r last earnest prayer ere we depart.

good service we are going
o risk by sea and land,
ich course if Christ our Saviour
y sinful soul demand,
r come thou back straightway,
rt, if alive that day;
n, and sound the Horn, that we
have a living House still left in
thee!"

r not," quickly answered Hubert;
I am thy Father's son,
thou askest, noble Brother,
God's favor shall be done."
re both right well content:
they from the Castle went,
t the head of their Array
lestine the Brothers took their way.

[1] See Note.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valor famed),
And where'er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come — the thought —
By what evil spirit brought?
Oh! can a brave Man wish to take
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake?

"Sir!" the Ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
"Take your earnings." — Oh! that I
Could have *seen* my Brother die!
It was a pang that vexed him then;
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard;
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his Castle Hubert sped;
Nothing has he now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
No one's eye had seen him enter,
No one's ear had heard the Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'T is the breath of good Sir Eustace!
He is come to claim his right:
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:

Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodged, and thou
be Lord.

Speak! — astounded Hubert cannot;
And, if power to speak he had,
All are daunted, all the household
Smitten to the heart, and sad.
'T is Sir Eustace; if it be
Living man, it must be he!
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of:
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, asked forgiveness,
Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiven:
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Lived with honor on his lands.
Sons he had, saw sons of theirs:
And through ages, heirs of heirs,
A long posterity renowned,
Sounded the Horn which they alone
could sound.

1806. 1807.

A COMPLAINT.

Written at Town-End, Grasmere. Suggested by a change in the manner of a friend.

THERE is a change — and I am poor;
Your love hath been, not long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did: not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then all bliss above!
Now, for that consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I? shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love — it may be deep —
I trust it is, — and never dry:
What matter? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
— Such change, and at the very doo
Of my fond heart, hath made me poo
1806. 1807.

STRAY PLEASURES.

"Pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find

Suggested on the Thames by the sight of o
of those floating mills that used to be se
there. This I noticed on the Surrey side betwe
Somerset House and Blackfriars Bridge. Charl
Lamb was with me at the time; and I thought
remarkable that I should have to point out
him, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so intere
ing as the happy group dancing on the platfor
Mills of this kind used to be, and perhaps st
are, not uncommon on the Continent. I notic
several upon the river Saône in the year 17
particularly near the town of Châlons, where
friend Jones and I halted a day when we cross
France; so far on foot: there we embarked, a
floated down to Lyons.

By their floating mill,
That lies dead and still,
Behold yon Prisoners three,
The Miller with two Dames, on t
breast of the Thames!
The platform is small, but gives room f
them all;
And they 're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes
To their mill where it floats,
To their house and their mill tether
fast:
To the small wooden isle where, th
work to beguile,
They from morning to even take wh
ever is given; —
And many a blithe day they have past

In sight of the spires,
All alive with the fires
Of the sun going down to his rest,
In the broad open eye of the solitary sl
They dance, — there are three, as jocu
as free,
While they dance on the calm rive
breast.

Man and Maidens wheel,
They themselves make the reel,
eir music 's a prey which they seize;
ys not for them, — what matter?
't is theirs;
they had care, it has scattered
their cares,
they dance, crying, "Long as ye
please!"

They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
leasure is spread through the earth
y gifts to be claimed by whoever
shall find;
rich loving-kindness, redundantly
kind,
all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring
Rouse the birds, and they sing;
wind do but stir for his proper
delight,
af, that and this, his neighbor will
kiss;
wave, one and t' other, speeds
after his brother:
re happy, for that is their right!

1807.

POWER OF MUSIC.

Taken from life.

pheus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith
may grow bold,
ke to herself all the wonders of
old;—
ne stately Pantheon you 'll meet
with the same
street that from Oxford hath bor-
rowed its name.

tion is there; and he works on the
crowd,
ys them with harmony merry and
loud;
with his power all their hearts to
the brim —
ght ever heard like his fiddle and
him?

What an eager assembly! what an empire
is this!
The weary have life, and the hungry have
bliss;
The mourner is cheered, and the anxious
have rest;
And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer
oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the
clouds of the night,
So He, where he stands, is a centre of
light;
It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-
browed Jack,
And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket
on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing
in haste —
What matter! he 's caught — and his
time runs to waste;
The Newsman is stopped, though he
stops on the fret;
And the half-breathless Lamplighter —
he 's in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which
he bore;
The Lass with her barrow wheels hither
her store; —
If a thief could be here he might pilfer
at ease;
She sees the Musician, 't is all that she
sees!

He stands, backed by the wall; — he
abates not his din.
His hat gives him vigor, with boons drop-
ping in,
From the old and the young, from the
poorest; and there!
The one-pennied Boy has his penny to
spare.

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the
hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so
thankful a band;
I am glad for him, blind as he is! — all
the while
If they speak 't is to praise, and they
praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,
Not an inch of his body is free from delight;
Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!
The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch; like a tower
That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour! —
That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,
While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots! roar on like a stream;
Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream:
They are deaf to your murmurs — they care not for you,
Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue!

1806. 1807.

STAR-GAZERS.

Observed by me in Leicester-square, as here described.

WHAT crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by;
A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky:
Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,
Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters float.

The Showman chooses well his place, 't is Leicester's busy Square;
And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue and fair;
Calm, though impatient, is the crowd; each stands ready with the fee,
And envies him that 's looking; — what an insight must it be!

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause? Shall thy Implement have blame,
A boaster, that when he is tried, fai and is put to shame?
Or is it good as others are, and be th eyes in fault?
Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is y resplendent vault?

Is nothing of that radiant pomp so go as we have here?
Or gives a thing but small delight th never can be dear?
The silver moon with all her vales, a hills of mightiest fame,
Doth she betray us when they 're see or are they but a name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious and strong,
And bounty never yields so much but seems to do her wrong?
Or is it, that when human Souls a journ long have had
And are returned into themselves, th cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think th these Spectators rude,
Poor in estate, of manners base, men the multitude,
Have souls which never yet have rise and therefore prostrate lie?
No, no, this cannot be; — men thirst power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thoug the blissful mind employ
Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a gra and steady joy,
That doth reject all show of pride, mits no outward sign,
Because not of this noisy world, silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, 't is sure that th who pry and pore
Seem to meet with little gain, seem l happy than before:
One after One they take their turn, have I one espied
That doth not slackly go away, as if satisfied.

1806. 180

S, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO."

ten at Town-end, Grasmere. The echo
m Nab-scar, when I was walking on the
e side of Rydal Mere. I will here mention,
dear Sister's sake, that, while she was sitting
ne day high up on this part of Loughrigg
ie was so affected by the voice of the Cuckoo
from the crags at some distance that she
not suppress a wish to have a stone in-
with her name among the rocks from
the sound proceeded. On my return
ny walk I recited these verses to Mrs.
worth.

s, it was the mountain Echo,
tary, clear, profound,
swering to the shouting Cuckoo,
ing to her sound for sound!

solicited reply
a babbling wanderer sent;
e her ordinary cry,
e — but oh, how different!

rs not also mortal Life?
r not we, unthinking Creatures!
es of folly, love, or strife —
es of two different natures?

e not *we* too? — yes, we have
wers, and we know not whence;
oes from beyond the grave,
ognized intelligence!

n rebounds our inward ear
hes sometimes from afar —
en, ponder, hold them dear;
of God, — of God they are.
06. 1807.

NS FRET NOT AT THEIR VENT'S NARROW ROOM."

e cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one after-
1801, my sister read to me the Sonnets of
I had long been well acquainted with
ut I was particularly struck on that occa-
h the dignified simplicity and majestic
y that runs through most of them, — in
r so totally different from the Italian,
more so from Shakspeare's fine Sonnets.
I took fire, if I may be allowed to say so, and produced three Sonnets the same afternoon, the first I ever wrote except an irregular one at school. Of these three, the only one I distinctly remember is — "I grieved for Buonaparté." One was never written down: the third, which was, I believe, preserved, I cannot particularize.

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

1806. 1807.

PERSONAL TALK.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The last line but two stood, at first, better and more characteristically thus: —

"By my half-kitchen and half-parlor fire."

My Sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room; and we toasted the bread ourselves, which reminds me of a little circumstance not unworthy of being set down among these minutiæ. Happening both of us to be engaged a few minutes one morning when we had a young prig of a Scotch lawyer to breakfast with us, my dear Sister, with her usual simplicity, put the toasting-fork with a slice of bread into the hands of this Edinburgh genius. Our little book-case stood on one side of the fire. To prevent loss of time, he took down a book,

and fell to reading, to the neglect of the toast, which was burnt to a cinder. Many a time have we laughed at this circumstance, and other cottage simplicities of that day. By the bye, I have a spite at one of this series of Sonnets (I will leave the reader to discover which) as having been the means of nearly putting off forever our acquaintance with dear Miss Fenwick, who has always stigmatized one line of it as vulgar, and worthy only of having been composed by a country squire.

I.

I AM not One who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk.—
Of friends, who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbors, daily, weekly, in my sight:
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night.
Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame,
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

II.

"Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen and see,
And with a living pleasure we describe;
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe
The languid mind into activity.
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe."
Even be it so; yet still among your tribe,
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them: sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more sweet;
Whose mind is but the mind of his o
eyes,
He is a Slave; the meanest we can me

III.

Wings have we, — and as far as we can
We may find pleasure: wilderness a
wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support t
mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the lo
Dreams, books, are each a world; a
books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure a
good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as fl
and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will gro
There find I personal themes, a plente
store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminen
dear, —
The gentle Lady married to the Moor
And heavenly Una with her milk-wh
Lamb.

IV.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live
mote
From evil-speaking; rancour, ne
sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or
Hence have I genial seasons, hence hav
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, a
joyous thought:
And thus from day to day my little bo
Rocks in its harbor, lodging peaceably
Blessings be with them — and eter
praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nob
cares —
The Poets, who on earth have made
heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heave
lays!
Oh! might my name be numbered am
theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal da

1806. 180

ADMONITION.

nded more particularly for the perusal of who may have happened to be enamoured e beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country Lakes.

L may'st thou halt — and gaze with brightening eye!
ovely Cottage in the guardian nook
stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
yn small pasture, almost its own sky!
covet not the Abode; — forbear to sigh,
any do, repining while they look;
ders — who would tear from Nature's book
precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
k what the home must be if it were thine,
thine, though few thy wants! — Roof, window, door,
very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
roses to the porch which they entwine:
all, that now enchants thee, from the day
which it should be touched, would melt away.

1807.

"LOVED VALE! I SAID, WHEN I SHALL CON."

LOVED Vale!" I said, "when I shall con
many records of my childish years,
mbrance of myself and of my peers
press me down: to think of what is gone
be an awful thought, if life have one."
when into the Vale I came, no fears
essed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;
thought, or dread remembrance, had I none.
ubts and thousand petty fancies crost
od, of simple shame the blushing Thrall;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small!
A Juggler's balls old Time about him tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

1806. 1807.

"HOW SWEET IT IS, WHEN MOTHER FANCY ROCKS."

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood!
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors, and ground-flowers in flocks;
And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,
Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks
At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks, —
When she stands cresting the Clown's head, and mocks
The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream
Or map of the whole world: thoughts, link by link,
Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam
Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,
And leap at once from the delicious stream.

1806. 1807.

"THOSE WORDS WERE UTTERED AS IN PENSIVE MOOD."

— "they are of the sky,
And from our earthly memory fade away."

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive mood
We turned, departing from that solemn sight:
A contrast and reproach to gross delight,
And life's unspiritual pleasures daily wooed!
But now upon this thought I cannot brood;
It is unstable as a dream of night;

Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,
Disparaging Man's gifts, and proper food.
Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome,
Though clad in colors beautiful and pure,
Find in the heart of man no natural home:
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:
These cleave to it; from these it cannot roam,
Nor they from it: their fellowship is secure.

1806. 1807.

COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE.

1806.

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the gray west; and lo! these waters, steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror? — or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires? — But list! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,
"Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"

1806. 1820.

"WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON, THOU CLIMB'ST THE SKY."

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,
"How silently, and with how wan a face!"
Where art thou? Thou so often seen on high
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race!
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh
Which they would stifle, move at such pace!
The northern Wind, to call thee to t chase,
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Ha
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this shou be:
And all the stars, fast as the clouds we riven,
Should sally forth, to keep thee compan
Hurrying and sparkling through the cle blue heaven.
But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm given,
Queen both for beauty and for majesty

1806. 1807

"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US; LATE AND SOON."

The world is too much with us; late a soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste o powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sord boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moo
The winds that will be howling at hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleepi flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tun
It moves us not. — Great God! I 'd rath be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant l
Have glimpses that would make me l forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the se
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath horn.

1806. 1807

"WITH SHIPS THE SEA WAS SPRINKLED FAR AND NIGH."

With Ships the sea was sprinkled far a nigh,
Like stars in heaven, and joyously showed;
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,

e veering up and down, one knew
not why.
oodly Vessel did I then espy
e like a giant from a haven broad;
lustily along the bay she strode,
tackling rich, and of apparel high.
Ship was naught to me, nor I to her,
I pursued her with a Lover's look;
Ship to all the rest did I prefer:
en will she turn, and whither? She
will brook
arrying; where She comes the winds
must stir:
went she, and due north her journey
took.
6. 1807.

WHERE LIES THE LAND TO
HICH YON SHIP MUST GO?"

ERE lies the Land to which yon Ship
must go?
h as a lark mounting at break of day,
ively she puts forth in trim array;
e for tropic suns, or polar snow?
t boots the inquiry? — Neither friend
nor foe
cares for; let her travel where she may,
finds familiar names, a beaten way
before her, and a wind to blow.
till I ask, what haven is her mark?
almost as it was when ships were
rare,
m time to time, like Pilgrims, here
and there
sing the waters) doubt, and something
dark,
e old Sea some reverential fear,
th me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!
. 1807.

TO SLEEP.

NTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,
e twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost
love
in meekness, like the brooding Dove,
otive never-wishing to be free.
tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to
me
y, that up and down himself doth
shove
Upon a fretful rivulet, now above
Now on the water vexed with mockery.
I have no pain that calls for patience, no;
Hence am I cross and peevish as a child:
Am pleased by fits to have thee for my
foe,
Yet ever willing to be reconciled:
O gentle Creature! do not use me so,
But once and deeply let me be beguiled.
1806. 1807.

TO SLEEP.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and
seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and
pure sky;
I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless! and soon the small birds'
melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard
trees;
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.
Even thus last night, and two nights more,
I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any
stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's
wealth?
Come, blessed barrier between day and
day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous
health!
1806. 1807.

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee,
Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest
names;
The very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and
deep!
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost
steep
In rich reward all suffering; Balm that
tames
All anguish; Saint that evil thoughts and
aims

Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

1806. 1807.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM MICHAEL ANGELO, AND A TRANSLATION FROM THE LATIN OF THOMAS WARTON.

GRATEFUL is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast;
More grateful still: while wrong and shame shall last,
On me can Time no happier state bestow
Than to be left unconscious of the woe.
Ah then, lest you awaken me, speak low.

GRATEFUL is Sleep, more grateful still to be
Of marble; for while shameless wrong and woe
Prevail, 't is best to neither hear nor see.
Then wake me not, I pray you. Hush, speak low.

COME, gentle Sleep, Death's image tho' thou art,
Come share my couch, nor speedily depart;
How sweet thus living without life to lie,
Thus without death how sweet it is to die.

1806? 1882.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Translations from Michael Angelo, done at the request of Mr. Duppa, whose acquaintance I made through Mr. Southey. Mr. Duppa was engaged in writing the life of Michael Angelo, and applied to Mr. Southey and myself to furnish some specimens of his poetic genius.

I.

YES! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none finds grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better place
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

1806. 1807.

FROM THE SAME.

II.

NO mortal object did these eyes behold
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my Soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of endless peace in me grew bold:
Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold;
Beyond the visible world she soars to see
(For what delights the sense is false and weak)
Ideal Form, the universal mould.
The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
In that which perishes: nor will he lend
His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
'T is sense, unbridled will, and not true love,
That kills the soul: love betters what is best,
Even here below, but more in heaven above.

1806. 1807.

THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT.

is young man, Raisley Calvert, to whom I much indebted, died at Penrith, 1795.

ERT! it must not be unheard by them
may respect my name, that I to thee
l many years of early liberty.
care was thine when sickness did condemn
outh to hopeless wasting, root and stem—
I, if frugal and severe, might stray
e'er I liked; and finally array
mples with the Muse's diadem.
e, if in freedom I have loved the truth;
ere be aught of pure, or good, or great,
past verse; or shall be, in the lays
gher mood, which now I meditate;—
ddens me, O worthy, short-lived, Youth!
ink how much of this will be thy praise.

1807.

THOUGHT I SAW THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE."

latter part of this Sonnet was a great with my sister S. H. When I saw her death, I could not resist the impulse to the Sonnet that follows it.

I.

OUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne
mists and vapors from mine eyes did shroud—
iew of who might sit thereon allowed;
l the steps and ground about were strown
ights the ruefullest that flesh and bone
ut on; a miserable crowd,
nale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
art our king, O Death! to thee we groan."

Those steps I clomb; the mists before me gave
Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

1806. 1807.

LINES.

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale! the Voice is up
With which she speaks when storms are gone,
A mighty unison of streams!
Of all her Voices, One!

Loud is the Vale;—this inland Depth
In peace is roaring like the Sea
Yon star upon the mountain-top
Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,
Importunate and heavy load![1]
The Comforter hath found me here,
Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

1806. 1807.

[1] Importuna e grave salma. — MICHAEL ANGELO.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

ANOTHER year! — another deadly blow!
Another mighty Empire overthrown!
And We are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'T is well! from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought;
That we must stand unpropped, or be laid low.
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!
We shall exult, if they who rule the land
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,
Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honor which they do not understand.[1]

1806. 1807.

ADDRESS TO A CHILD

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING.

BY MY SISTER.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

WHAT way does the wind come? What way does he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and, o'er rocky height
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There 's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook
And ring a sharp 'larum; — but, if you should look,
There 's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than mil
And softer than if it were covered wi
silk.
Sometimes he 'll hide in the cave of a roc
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard coc
— Yet seek him, — and what shall y
find in the place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves
That he 's left, for a bed, to beggars
thieves!
As soon as 't is daylight to-morrow, wi
me
You shall go to the orchard, and th
you will see
That he has been there, and made
great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strev
them about;
Heaven grant that he spare but that o
upright twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and b
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause
And growls as if he would fix his claw
Right in the slates, and with a huge ratt
Drive them down, like men in a battl
— But let him range round; he does
no harm,
We build up the fire, we 're snug a
warm;
Untouched by his breath see the cand
shines bright,
And burns with a clear and steady ligh
Books have we to read, — but that ha
stifled knell,
Alas! 't is the sound of the eight o'clo
bell.
— Come now we 'll to bed! and wh
we are there
He may work his own will, and wh
shall we care?
He may knock at the door, — we 'll r
let him in;
May drive at the windows, — we
laugh at his din;
Let him seek his own home wherever
be;
Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edwa
and me.

1806. 1815

[1] See Note.

ODE.

MATIONS OF IMMORTALITY OM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY ILDHOOD.

s was composed during my residence at end, Grasmere. Two years at least passed en the writing of the four first stanzas and maining part. To the attentive and com- reader the whole sufficiently explains but there may be no harm in adverting o particular feelings or *experiences* of my ind on which the structure of the poem rests. Nothing was more difficult for me dhood than to admit the notion of death as applicable to my own being. I have said ere —

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death!"—

was not so much from feelings of animal y that *my* difficulty came as from a sense indomitableness of the Spirit within me. to brood over the stories of Enoch and and almost to persuade myself that, what- ight become of others, I should be trans- in something of the same way, to heaven. a feeling congenial to this, I was often to think of external things as having ex- existence, and I communed with all that as something not apart from, but inherent own immaterial nature. Many times going to school have I grasped at a wall or recall myself from this abyss of idealism reality. At that time I was afraid of such ses. In later periods of life I have de- as we have all reason to do, a subjuga- an opposite character, and have rejoiced ne remembrances, as is expressed in the

"Obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;" etc.

t dream-like vividness and splendor which objects of sight in childhood, every one, ve, if he would look back, could bear ny, and I need not dwell upon it here: ving in the poem regarded it as presump- idence of a prior state of existence, I think to protest against a conclusion, which has ain to some good and pious persons, that t to inculcate such a belief. It is far too y a notion to be recommended to faith, as nan an element in our instincts of immor- tality. But let us bear in mind that, though the idea is not advanced in revelation, there is nothing there to contradict it, and the fall of Man presents an analogy in its favor. Accordingly, a pre-existent state has entered into the popular creeds of many nations; and, among all persons acquainted with classic literature, is known as an ingredient in Platonic philosophy. Archimedes said that he could move the world if he had a point whereon to rest his machine. Who has not felt the same aspirations as regards the world of his own mind? Having to wield some of its elements when I was impelled to write this poem on the "Immortality of the Soul," I took hold of the notion of pre-existence as having sufficient foundation in humanity for authorizing me to make for my purpose the best use of it I could as a poet.

"The Child is Father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

See p. 200.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

To me alone there came a thought of
grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought
relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from
the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season
wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains
throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields
of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday; —
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV.

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the
call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel — I feel
it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's
arm: —
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
— But there 's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is
gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgettin
The Soul that rises with us, our life's St
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we com
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to clo
Upon the growing Boy,
But He beholds the light, and whence
flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from t
east
Must travel, still is Nature's Pries
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die awa
And fade into the light of common da

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of h
own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natu
kind,
And, even with something of a Mothe
mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she ca
To make her Foster-child, her Inma
Man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he cam

VII.

Behold the Child among his new-bo
blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pygmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own ha
he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kiss
With light upon him from his fathe
eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or cha
Some fragment from his dream of hum
life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd a
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;

And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
e little Actor cons another part;
ing from time to time his "humorous stage"
h all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
t Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

ou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
ou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
t, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
unted forever by the eternal mind, —
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
ich we are toiling all our lives to find,
darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
u, over whom thy Immortality
ods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
resence which is not to be put by;
u little Child, yet glorious in the might
heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
years to bring the inevitable yoke,
s blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
custom lie upon thee with a weight,
vy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
thought of our past years in me doth breed
etual benediction: not indeed
hat which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast: —
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

1803–6. 1807.

A PROPHECY. February, 1807.

High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!
Thus in your books the record shall be found,
"A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound —
Arminius! — all the people quaked like dew
Stirred by the breeze; they rose, a Nation, true,
True to herself — the mighty Germany,
She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,
She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw.
All power was given her in the dreadful trance;
Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame."
— Woe to them all! but heaviest woe and shame
To that Bavarian who could first advance
His banner in accursed league with France,
First open traitor to the German name!

1807. 1807.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

This was composed while pacing to and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilding, and the principal Farm-house of the Estate, in which we lived for nine or ten months. I will here mention that the Song of the Restoration of Lord Clifford, as well as that on the feast of Brougham Castle, were produced on the same ground.

Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

1807. 1807.

TO THOMAS CLARKSON.

THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR E ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

MARCH, 1807.

RKSON! it was an obstinate hill to climb:
toilsome — nay, how dire — it was, by thee
own; by none, perhaps, so feelingly:
thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
t first lead forth that enterprise sublime,
heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,
h, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,
roused thee. — O true yoke-fellow of Time,
's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm
on, and by all Nations shall be worn!
blood-stained Writing is forever torn;
thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,
eat man's happiness; thy zeal shall find
se at length, firm friend of humankind!

1807.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.[1]

BY MY SISTER.

Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

NTH, sweet Little-ones, is past
your dear Mother went away, —
she to-morrow will return;
orrow is the happy day.

ssèd tidings! thought of joy!
eldest heard with steady glee;
he stood; then laughed amain, —
shouted, "Mother, come to me."

er and louder did he shout,
witless hope to bring her near;
, patience! patience, little boy!
tender mother cannot hear."

[1] See Note.

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through; —
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,
But he submits; what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast;
She wârs not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day;
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done, —
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talked of change, of winter gone,
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,
Of birds that build their nests and sing,
And all "since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,
To her our new-born tribes will show,
The goslings green, the ass's colt,
The lambs that in the meadow go.

— But, see, the evening star comes forth!
To bed the children must depart;
A moment's heaviness they feel,
A sadness at the heart:

'T is gone — and in a merry fit
They run up-stairs in gamesome race;
I, too, infected by their mood,
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past — and, O the change!
Asleep upon their beds they lie;
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And closed the sparkling eye.

1807. 1815.

GIPSIES.

Composed at Coleorton. I had observed them, as here described, near Castle Donnington, on my way to and from Derby.

YET are they here the same unbroken knot
Of human Beings, in the self-same spot!
Men, women, children, yea the frame
Of the whole spectacle the same!
Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,
Now deep and red, the coloring of night;
That on their Gipsy-faces falls,
Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.
— Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet as I left I find them here!
The weary Sun betook himself to rest; —
Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,
Outshining like a visible God
The glorious path in which he trod.
And now, ascending, after one dark hour
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty Moon! this way
She looks as if at them — but they
Regard not her: — oh better wrong and strife
(By nature transient) than this torpid life;
Life which the very stars reprove
As on their silent tasks they move!
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth!
In scorn I speak not; — they are what their birth
And breeding suffer them to be;
Wild outcasts of society!

1807. 1807.

"O NIGHTINGALE! THOU SURELY ART."

Written at Town-end, Grasmere. (*Mrs. W. says in a note* — "AT COLEORTON.")

O NIGHTINGALE! thou surely art
A creature of a "fiery heart:" —
These notes of thine — they pierce an pierce;
Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the God of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night;
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.
I heard a Stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed — and cooed
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song — the song for me!

1807. 1807.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

The winter garden of Coleorton, fashioned ou of an old quarry under the superintendence an direction of Mrs. Wordsworth and my siste Dorothy, during the winter and spring we reside there.

LADY! the songs of Spring were in th grove
While I was shaping beds for winte flowers;
While I was planting green unfadin bowers,
And shrubs — to hang upon the warm al cove,
And sheltering wall; and still, as Fanc wove
The dream, to time and nature's blende powers
I gave this paradise for winter hours,
A labyrinth, Lady! which your feet shal rove.
Yes! when the sun of life more feebl shines,
Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solem gloom
Or of high gladness you shall hither bring
And these perennial bowers and murmur ing pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom
And all the mighty ravishment of spring

1807. 1807.

THOUGH NARROW BE THAT OLD MAN'S CARES."

"gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

itten at Coleorton. This old man's name Mitchell. He was, in all his ways and con-tion, a great curiosity, both individually and epresentative of past times. His chief em-nent was keeping watch at night by pacing l the house, at that time building, to keep epredators. He has often told me gravely of g seen the Seven Whistlers and the Hounds re described. Among the groves of Cole-, where I became familiar with the habits notions of old Mitchell, there was also a er of whom, I regret, I had no personal ledge; for, more than forty years after, he was become an old man, I learnt that I was composing verses, which I usually loud, he took much pleasure, unknown to n following my steps that he might catch ords I uttered; and, what is not a little kable, several lines caught in this way kept place in his memory. My volumes have been given to him by my informant, and he must have been gratified to meet in his old acquaintances.

UGH narrow be that old Man's cares, and near,
oor old Man is greater than he seems:
he hath waking empire, wide as dreams;
mple sovereignty of eye and ear.
are his walks with supernatural cheer;
egion of his inner spirit teems
vital sounds and monitory gleams
gh astonishment and pleasing fear.
he seven birds hath seen, that never part,
the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds,
counted them: and oftentimes will start —
overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS
ned, with their impious Lord, the flying Hart
ase forever, on aërial grounds!

1807.

SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE.

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD, TO THE ESTATES AND HONORS OF HIS ANCESTORS.

See the note. This poem was composed at Coleorton while I was walking to and fro along the path that led from Sir George Beaumont's Farm-house, where we resided, to the Hall which was building at that time.

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song. —
The words of ancient time I thus translate,
A festal strain that hath been silent long:
"From town to town, from tower to tower,
The red rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The red rose is revived at last;
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming:
Both roses flourish, red and white:
In love and sisterly delight
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended. —
Joy! joy to both! but most to her
Who is the flower of Lancaster!
Behold her how She smiles to-day
On this great throng, this bright array!
Fair greeting doth she send to all
From every corner of the hall;
But chiefly from above the board
Where sits in state our rightful Lord,
A Clifford to his own restored!
They came with banner, spear, and shield,
And it was proved in Bosworth-field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood —
Earth helpèd him with the cry of blood: [1]
St. George was for us, and the might
Of blessed Angels crowned the right.
Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,
We loudest in the faithful north:
Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,
Our streams proclaim a welcoming;
Our strong-abodes and castles see
The glory of their loyalty.
How glad is Skipton at this hour —

[1] See Note.

Though lonely, a deserted Tower;
Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom:
We have them at the feast of Brough'm.
How glad Pendragon — though the sleep
Of years be on her! — She shall reap
A taste of this great pleasure, viewing
As in a dream her own renewing.
Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem
Beside her little humble stream;
And she that keepeth watch and ward
Her statelier Eden's course to guard;
They both are happy at this hour,
Though each is but a lonely Tower: —
But here is perfect joy and pride
For one fair House by Emont's side,
This day, distinguished without peer
To see her Master and to cheer —
Him, and his Lady-mother dear!
Oh! it was a time forlorn
When the fatherless was born —
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a man in sight —
Yonder is a house — but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the caves, and to the brooks,
To the clouds of heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child!
Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor man's bread!
God loves the Child; and God hath willed
That those dear words should be fulfilled,
The Lady's words, when forced away,
The last she to her Babe did say:
'My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly shepherd's life is best!'
Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,
And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,
And quit the flowers that summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
— Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good man, old in days!
Thou tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When falcons were abroad for prey.
A recreant harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong,
No life is good, no pleasure long,
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime
— Again he wanders forth at will,
And tends a flock from hill to hill:
His garb is humble; ne'er was seen
Such garb with such a noble mien;
Among the shepherd grooms no mate
Hath he, a Child of strength and state!
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,
Nor yet for higher sympathy.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came, and rested without fear;
The eagle, lord of land and sea,
Stooped down to pay him fealty;
And both the undying fish that swim [1]
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him
The pair were servants of his eye
In their immortality;
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright
Moved to and fro, for his delight.
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt
Upon the mountains visitant;
He hath kenned them taking wing:
And into caves where Faeries sing
He hath entered; and been told
By Voices how men lived of old.
Among the heavens his eye can see
The face of thing that is to be;
And, if that men report him right,
His tongue could whisper words of might
— Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;

[1] See Note.

hath thrown aside his crook,
d hath buried deep his book;
nor rusting in his halls
the blood of Clifford calls; [1] —
uell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance —
ır me to the heart of France,
he longing of the Shield —
l thy name, thou trembling Field;
ld of death where'er thou be,
ɔan thou with our victory!
ppy day, and mighty hour,
en our Shepherd, in his power,
iled and horsed, with lance and sword,
his ancestors restored,
e a re-appearing Star,
e a glory from afar,
ɜt shall head the flock of war!"

s! the impassioned minstrel did not know
w, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was framed,
w he, long forced in humble walks to go,
s softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

e had he found in huts where poor men lie;
daily teachers had been woods and rills,
silence that is in the starry sky,
sleep that is among the lonely hills.

im the savage virtue of the Race,
enge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
did he change; but kept in lofty place
wisdom which adversity had bred.

were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
Shepherd-lord was honored more and more;
ages after he was laid in earth,
e good Lord Clifford" was the name he bore.

7. 1807.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE;

OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS.[1]

The earlier half of this Poem was composed at Stockton-upon-Tees, when Mrs. Wordsworth and I were on a visit to her eldest Brother, Mr. Hutchinson, at the close of the year 1807. The country is flat, and the weather was rough. I was accustomed every day to walk to and fro under the shelter of a row of stacks in a field at a small distance from the town, and there poured forth my verses aloud as freely as they would come. Mrs. Wordsworth reminds me that her brother stood upon the punctilio of not sitting down to dinner till I joined the party; and it frequently happened that I did not make my appearance till too late, so that she was made uncomfortable. I here beg her pardon for this and similar transgressions during the whole course of our wedded life. To my beloved Sister the same apology is due.

When, from the visit just mentioned, we returned to Town-end, Grasmere, I proceeded with the Poem; and it may be worth while to note, as a caution to others who may cast their eye on these memoranda, that the skin having been rubbed off my heel by my wearing too tight a shoe, though I desisted from walking I found that the irritation of the wounded part was kept up, by the act of composition, to a degree that made it necessary to give my constitution a holiday. A rapid cure was the consequence. Poetic excitement, when accompanied by protracted labor in composition, has throughout my life brought on more or less bodily derangement. Nevertheless, I am, at the close of my seventy-third year, in what may be called excellent health; so that intellectual labor is not necessarily unfavorable to longevity. But perhaps I ought here to add that mine has been generally carried on out of doors.

Let me here say a few words of this Poem in the way of criticism. The subject being taken from feudal times has led to its being compared to some of Walter Scott's poems that belong to the same age and state of society. The comparison is inconsiderate. Sir Walter pursued the customary and very natural course of conducting an action, presenting various turns of fortune, to some outstanding point on which the mind might rest as a termination or catastrophe. The course I attempted to pursue is entirely different. Everything that is attempted by the principal personages in "The White Doe" fails, so far as its object is external and substantial. So far as it is moral and spiritual it succeeds. The Heroine of the Poem knows that her duty is not to inter-

[1] See Note.

fere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them, but

"To abide
The shock, and finally secure
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

This she does in obedience to her brother's injunction, as most suitable to a mind and character that, under previous trials, had been proved to accord with his. She achieves this not without aid from the communication with the inferior Creature, which often leads her thoughts to revolve upon the past with a tender and humanizing influence that exalts rather than depresses her. The anticipated beatification, if I may so say, of her mind, and the apotheosis of the companion of her solitude, are the points at which the Poem aims, and constitute its legitimate catastrophe, far too spiritual a one for instant or widely-spread sympathy, but not therefore the less fitted to make a deep and permanent impression upon that class of minds who think and feel more independently, than the many do, of the surfaces of things and interests transitory because belonging more to the outward and social forms of life than to its internal spirit. How insignificant a thing, for example, does personal prowess appear compared with the fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom; in other words, with struggles for the sake of principle, in preference to victory gloried in for its own sake.

ADVERTISEMENT.

During the Summer of 1807 I visited, for the first time, the beautiful country that surrounds Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire; and the Poem of "The White Doe," founded upon a Tradition connected with that place, was composed at the close of the same year.

DEDICATION.

In trellised shed with clustering roses gay,
And, Mary! oft beside our blazing fire,
When years of wedded life were as a day
Whose current answers to the heart's desire,
Did we together read in Spenser's Lay
How Una, sad of soul — in sad attire,
The gentle Una, of celestial birth,
To seek her Knight went wandering o'er the earth.

Ah, then, Belovêd! pleasing was the smart,
And the tear precious in compassion shed
For Her, who, pierced by sorrow's thrilling dart,
Did meekly bear the pang unmerited;
Meek as that emblem of her lowly heart
The milk-white Lamb which in a line she led, —
And faithful, loyal in her innocence,
Like the brave Lion slain in her defence.

Notes could we hear as of a faery shell
Attuned to words with sacred wisdom fraught;
Free Fancy prized each specious miracle,
And all its finer inspiration caught;
Till in the bosom of our rustic Cell,
We by a lamentable change were taught
That "bliss with mortal Man may not abide:"
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

For us the stream of fiction ceased to flow,
For us the voice of melody was mute.
—But, as soft gales dissolve the dreary snow,
And give the timid herbage leave to shoot,
Heaven's breathing influence failed not to bestow
A timely promise of unlooked-for fruit,
Fair fruit of pleasure and serene content
From blossoms wild of fancies innocent.

It soothed us — it beguiled us — then, to hear
Once more of troubles wrought by magic spell;
And griefs whose aery motion comes not near
The pangs that tempt the Spirit to rebel:
Then, with mild Una in her sober cheer,
High over hill and low adown the dell
Again we wandered, willing to partake
All that she suffered for her dear Lord's sake.

Then, too, this Song *of mine* once more could please,
Where anguish, strange as dreams of restless sleep,
Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior Kinds; whom forest-trees
Protect from beating sunbeams, and the sweep
Of the sharp winds; — fair Creatures! — to whom Heaven
A calm and sinless life, with love, hath given.

This tragic Story cheered us; for it speaks
Of female patience winning firm repose;
And, of the recompense that conscience seeks,
A bright, encouraging, example shows;
Needful when o'er wide realms the tempest breaks,
Needful amid life's ordinary woes; —
Hence, not for them unfitted who would bless
A happy hour with holier happiness.

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive:
Oh, that my mind were equal to fulfil
The comprehensive mandate which they give —
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!
Yet in this moral Strain a power may live,

èd Wife! such solace to impart
ıath yielded to thy tender heart.

ɔaL Mount, Westmoreland,
April 20, 1815.

ɔn is transitory — a step, a blow,
ɹotion of a muscle — this way or that —
one; and in the after-vacancy
ɔnder at ourselves like men betrayed:
ing is permanent, obscure and dark,
as the nature of infinity.[1]
rough that darkness (infinite though it seem
removeable) gracious openings lie,
ich the soul — with patient steps of thought
ɔiling, wafted now on wings of prayer —
ass in hope, and, though from mortal bonds
delivered, rise with sure ascent
o the fountain-head of peace divine."

---

r that deny a God, destroy Man's nobility:
tainly Man is of kinn to the Beast by his
and if he be not of kinn to God by his
he is a base, ignoble Creature. It destroys
se Magnanimity, and the raising of humane
e: for take an example of a Dogg, and
what a generosity and courage he will put
en he finds himself maintained by a Man,
him is instead of a God, or Melior Natura.
courage is manifestly such, as that Crea-
ithout that confidence of a better Nature
is own could never attain. So Man, when
steth and assureth himself upon Divine
ion and favor, gathereth a force and faith
human Nature in itself could not obtain."

Lord Bacon.

Canto First.

Bolton's old monastic tower[1]
ɔells ring loud with gladsome power;
un shines bright; the fields are gay
people in their best array
ɔle and doublet, hood and scarf,
the banks of crystal Wharf,
gh the Vale retired and lowly,
ɔing to that summons holy.
up among the moorlands, see
sprinklings of blithe company!
ses and of shepherd grooms,
down the steep hills force their way,
cattle through the budded brooms;
or no path, what care they?
hus in joyous mood they hie
ɔlton's mouldering Priory.
at would they there? — Full fifty
years
That sumptuous Pile, with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged; but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,
That ancient voice which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest,[1]
Closely embowered and trimly drest;
And thither young and old repair,
This Sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.
Fast the churchyard fills; — anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak![1]
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard: —
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel:
For 't is the sunrise now of zeal;
Of a pure faith the vernal prime —
In great Eliza's golden time.
A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
— When soft! — the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground —
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.
Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;

[1] See Note.

Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'T is a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright Creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a Spirit for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.
What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this Pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes, —
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.
The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, reappearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her blow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbors she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where Man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing?
Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
That to the sapling ash gives birth;
For dormitory's length laid bare
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
Or altar, whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament?
— She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alon
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
As little she regards the sight
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
— But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves — with pace how ligh
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And thus she fares, until at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gentle as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath die
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.
The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the crystal stream now flowing
With its softest summer sound:
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant Creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
— But now again the people raise
With awful cheer a voice of praise;
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng
And quickly spread themselves abroad,
While each pursues his several road.
But some — a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung —
With mute obeisance gladly paid
Turn towards the spot, where, full in vie
The white Doe, to her service true,
Her sabbath couch has made.
It was a solitary mound;
Which two spears' length of level grou
Did from all other graves divide:
As if in some respect of pride;
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighborhood;

uilt, that humbly would express
nitential loneliness.
Look, there she is, my Child! draw
near;
fears not, wherefore should we fear?
neans no harm;" — but still the Boy,
hom the words were softy said,
g back, and smiled, and blushed for
joy,
ame-faced blush of glowing red!
n the Mother whispered low,
w you have seen the famous Doe;
Rylstone she hath found her way
the hills this sabbath day.
work, whate'er it be, is done,
she will depart when we are gone;
doth she keep, from year to year,
sabbath morning, foul or fair."
ight was the Creature, as in dreams
Boy had seen her, yea, more bright;
s she truly what she seems?
sks with insecure delight,
of himself, and doubts, — and still
doubt returns against his will:
gh he, and all the standers-by,
d tell a tragic history
cts divulged, wherein appear
antial motive, reason clear,
thus the milk-white Doe is found
hant beside that lonely mound;
why she duly loves to pace
circuit of this hallowed place.
o the Child's inquiring mind
ch perplexity confined:
spite of sober Truth that sees
rld of fixed remembrances
h to this mystery belong,
ndeceived, my skill can trace
characters of every face,
e lack not strange delusion here,
ecture vague, and idle fear,
superstitious fancies strong,
h do the gentle Creature wrong.
at bearded, staff-supported Sire —
in his boyhood often fed
cheerily on convent-bread,
heard old tales by the convent-fire,
o his grave will go with scars,
s of long and distant wars —
Old Man, studious to expound
pectacle, is mounting high
ys of dim antiquity;
Lady Aäliza mourned[1]
Her Son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her Son in Wharf's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremound.
From which affliction — when the grace
Of God had in her heart found place —
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, this stately Priory!
The Lady's work! — but now laid low;
To the grief of her soul that doth come
and go,
In the beautiful form of this innocent Doe:
Which, though seemingly doomed in its
breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and
pain,
Is spotless, and holy, and gentle, and
bright;
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of
light.
Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door;[1]
And, through the chink in the fractured
floor
Look down, and see a grisely sight;
A vault where the bodies are buried up-
right!
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand;
And, in his place, among son and sire,
Is John de Clapham, that fierce Esquire,
A valiant man, and a name of dread
In the ruthless wars of the White and Red;
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Ban-
bury church
And smote off his head on the stones of
the porch!
Look down among them, if you dare;
Oft does the White Doe loiter there,
Prying into the darksome rent;
Nor can it be with good intent:
So thinks that Dame of haughty air,
Who hath a Page her book to hold,
And wears a frontlet edged with gold.
Harsh thoughts with her high mood
agree —
Who counts among her ancestry
Earl Pembroke, slain so impiously!
That slender Youth, a scholar pale,
From Oxford came to his native vale,
He also hath his own conceit:
It is, thinks he, the gracious Fairy,
Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet[1]
In his wanderings solitary:

[1] See Note.

Wild notes she in his hearing sang,
A song of Nature's hidden powers;
That whistled like the wind, and rang
Among the rocks and holly bowers.
'T was said that She all shapes could wear;
And oftentimes before him stood,
Amid the trees of some thick wood,
In semblance of a lady fair;
And taught him signs, and showed him sights,
In Craven's dens, on Cumbrian heights;
When under cloud of fear he lay,
A shepherd clad in homely gray;
Nor left him at his later day.
And hence, when he, with spear and shield,
Rode full of years to Flodden-field,
His eye could see the hidden spring,
And how the current was to flow;
The fatal end of Scotland's King,
And all that hopeless overthrow.
But not in wars did he delight,
This Clifford wished for worthier might;
Nor in broad pomp, or courtly state;
Him his own thoughts did elevate, —
Most happy in the shy recess
Of Barden's lowly quietness.
And choice of studious friends had he
Of Bolton's dear fraternity;
Who, standing on this old church tower,
In many a calm propitious hour,
Perused, with him, the starry sky;
Or, in their cells, with him did pry
For other lore, — by keen desire
Urged to close toil with chemic fire;
In quest belike of transmutations
Rich as the mine's most bright creations.
But they and their good works are fled,
And all is now disquieted —
And peace is none, for living or dead!
Ah, pensive Scholar, think not so,
But look again at the radiant Doe!
What quiet watch she seems to keep,
Alone, beside that grassy heap!
Why mention other thoughts unmeet
For vision so composed and sweet?
While stand the people in a ring,
Gazing, doubting, questioning;
Yea, many overcome in spite
Of recollections clear and bright;
Which yet do unto some impart
An undisturbed repose of heart.
And all the assembly own a law
Of orderly respect and awe;
But see — they vanish one by one,
And last, the Doe herself is gone.
Harp! we have been full long beguile
By vague thoughts, lured by fancies wild
To which, with no reluctant strings,
Thou hast attuned thy murmurings;
And now before this Pile we stand
In solitude, and utter peace:
But, Harp! thy murmurs may not cease —
A Spirit, with his angelic wings,
In soft and breeze-like visitings,
Has touched thee — and a Spirit's hand
A voice is with us — a command
To chant, in strains of heavenly glory,
A tale of tears, a mortal story!

Canto Second.

The Harp in lowliness obeyed;
And first we sang of the greenwood shad
And a solitary Maid;
Beginning, where the song must end,
With her, and with her sylvan Friend;
The Friend who stood before her sight,
Her only unextinguished light;
Her last companion in a dearth
Of love, upon a hopeless earth.
For She it was — this Maid, wh
wrought
Meekly, with foreboding thought,
In vermeil colors and in gold
An unblest work; which, standing by,
Her Father did with joy behold, —
Exulting in its imagery;
A Banner, fashioned to fulfil
Too perfectly his headstrong will:
For on this Banner had her hand
Embroidered (such her Sire's command
The sacred Cross; and figured there
The five dear wounds our Lord did bear
Full soon to be uplifted high,
And float in rueful company!
It was the time when England's Quee
Twelve years had reigned, a Sovereig
dread;
Nor yet the restless crown had been
Disturbed upon her virgin head;
But now the inly-working North
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,
A potent vassalage, to fight
In Percy's and in Neville's right,
Two Earls fast leagued in discontent,

o gave their wishes open vent;
boldly urged a general plea,
rites of ancient piety
e triumphantly restored,
he stern justice of the sword!
that same Banner, on whose breas.
blameless Lady had exprest
norials chosen to give life
sunshine to a dangerous strife;
t Banner, waiting for the Call,
d quietly in Rylstone-hall.
came; and Francis Norton said,
Father! rise not in this fray—
hairs are white upon your head;
r Father, hear me when I say
for you too late a day!
ink you of your own good name:
st and gracious Queen have we,
ire religion, and the claim
eace on our humanity.—
meet that I endure your scorn;
your son, your eldest born;
not for lordship or for land,
Father, do I clasp your knees;
Banner touch not, stay your hand,
multitude of men disband,
live at home in blameless ease;
these my brethren's sake, for me;
, most of all, for Emily!"
umultuous noises filled the hall;
scarcely could the Father hear
name—pronounced with a dying
fall—
name of his only Daughter dear,
n the banner which stood near
glanced a look of holy pride,
his moist eyes were glorified;
did he seize the staff, and say:
ou, Richard, bear'st thy father's
name,
o thou this ensign till the day
n I of thee require the same:
place be on my better hand;—
seven as true as thou, I see,
cleave to this good cause and me."
pake, and eight brave sons straight-
way
llowed him, a gallant band!
us, with his sons, when forth he
came
ight was hailed with loud acclaim
din of arms and minstrelsy,
all his warlike tenantry,
All horsed and harnessed with him to
ride,—
A voice to which the hills replied!
But Francis, in the vacant hall,
Stood silent under dreary weight,—
A phantasm, in which roof and wall
Shook, tottered, swam before his sight;
A phantasm like a dream of night!
Thus overwhelmed, and desolate,
He found his way to a postern-gate;
And, when he waked, his languid eye
Was on the calm and silent sky;
With air about him breathing sweet,
And earth's green grass beneath his feet;
Nor did he fail ere long to hear
A sound of military cheer,
Faint—but it reached that sheltered spot;
He heard, and it disturbed him not.
There stood he, leaning on a lance
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart-agony;
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.
The past he calmly hath reviewed:
But where will be the fortitude
Of this brave man, when he shall see
That Form beneath the spreading tree,
And know that it is Emily?
He saw her where in open view
She sate beneath the spreading yew—
Her head upon her lap, concealing
In solitude her bitter feeling:
"Might ever son *command* a sire,
The act were justified to-day."
This to himself—and to the Maid,
Whom now he had approached, he said—
"Gone are they,—they have their desire;
And I with thee one hour will stay,
To give thee comfort if I may."
She heard, but looked not up, nor
spake;
And sorrow moved him to partake
Her silence; then his thoughts turned
round,
And fervent words a passage found.
"Gone are they, bravely, though mis-
led;
With a dear Father at their head!
The Sons obey a natural lord;
The Father had given solemn word
To noble Percy; and a force
Still stronger, bends him to his course.

This said, our tears to-day may fall
As at an innocent funeral.
In deep and awful channel runs
This sympathy of Sire and Sons;
Untried our Brothers have been loved
With heart by simple nature moved;
And now their faithfulness is proved:
For faithful we must call them, bearing
That soul of conscientious daring.
—There were they all in circle — there
Stood Richard, Ambrose, Christopher,
John with a sword that will not fail,
And Marmaduke in fearless mail,
And those bright Twins were side by side;
And there, by fresh hopes beautified,
Stood He, whose arm yet lacks the power
Of man, our youngest, fairest flower!
I, by the right of eldest born,
And in a second father's place,
Presumed to grapple with their scorn,
And meet their pity face to face;
Yea, trusting in God's holy aid,
I to my Father knelt and prayed;
And one, the pensive Marmaduke,
Methought, was yielding inwardly,
And would have laid his purpose by,
But for a glance of his Father's eye,
Which I myself could scarcely brook.
Then be we, each and all, forgiven!
Thou, chiefly thou, my Sister dear,
Whose pangs are registered in heaven —
The stifled sigh, the hidden tear,
And smiles, that dared to take their place,
Meek filial smiles, upon thy face,
As that unhallowed Banner grew
Beneath a loving old Man's view.
Thy part is done — thy painful part;
Be thou then satisfied in heart!
A further, though far easier, task
Than thine hath been, my duties ask;
With theirs my efforts cannot blend,
I cannot for such cause contend;
Their aims I utterly forswear;
But I in body will be there.
Unarmed and naked will I go,
Be at their side, come weal or woe:
On kind occasions I may wait,
See, hear, obstruct, or mitigate.
Bare breast I take and an empty hand."[1] —
Therewith he threw away the lance,
Which he had grasped in that strong trance,
Spurned it, like something that would stand
Between him and the pure intent
Of love on which his soul was bent.
"For thee, for thee, is left the sense
Of trial past without offence
To God or man; such innocence,
Such consolation, and the excess
Of an unmerited distress;
In that thy very strength must lie.
—O Sister, I could prophesy!
The time is come that rings the knell
Of all we loved, and loved so well:
Hope nothing, if I thus may speak
To thee, a woman, and thence weak:
Hope nothing, I repeat; for we
Are doomed to perish utterly:
'T is meet that thou with me divide
The thought while I am by thy side,
Acknowledging a grace in this,
A comfort in the dark abyss.
But look not for me when I am gone,
And be no farther wrought upon:
Farewell all wishes, all debate,
All prayers for this cause, or for that!
Weep, if that aid thee; but depend
Upon no help of outward friend;
Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
To fortitude without reprieve.
For we must fall, both we and ours —
This Mansion and these pleasant bowers
Walks, pools, and arbors, homestead hall —
Our fate is theirs, will reach them all;
The young horse must forsake his manger
And learn to glory in a Stranger;
The hawk forget his perch; the hound
Be parted from his ancient ground:
The blast will sweep us all away —
One desolation, one decay!
And even this Creature!" which word saying,
He pointed to a lovely Doe,
A few steps distant, feeding, straying;
Fair creature, and more white than snow
"Even she will to her peaceful woods
Return, and to her murmuring floods,
And be in heart and soul the same
She was before she hither came;
Ere she had learned to love us all,
Herself beloved in Rylstone-hall.

[1] See the Old Ballad, — "The Rising of the North."

ut thou, my Sister, doomed to be
last leaf on a blasted tree;
ot in vain we breathed the breath
ether of a purer faith;
and in hand we have been led,
thou, (O happy thought this day:)
seldom foremost in the way;
n one thought our minds have fed,
we have in one meaning read;
vhen at home our private weal
n suffered from the shock of zeal,
ether we have learned to prize
earance and self-sacrifice;
e like combatants have fared,
for this issue been prepared;
ou art beautiful, and youth
thought endue thee with all truth —
trong;—be worthy of the grace
od, and fill thy destined place:
ul, by force of sorrows high,
fted to the purest sky
ndisturbed humanity!"
e ended, — or she heard no more;
ed her from the yew-tree shade,
at the mansion's silent door,
issed the consecrated Maid;
down the valley then pursued,
e, the armèd Multitude.

Canto Third.

joy for you who from the towers
rancepeth look in doubt and fear,[1]
ng melancholy hours!
laim it, let your Masters hear
Norton with his band is near!
watchmen from their station high
ounced the word, — and the Earls
descry,
-pleased, the armèd Company
hing down the banks of Were.
id fearless Norton to the pair
forth to greet him on the plain —
is meeting, noble Lords! looks fair,
ng with me a goodly train;
hearts are with you: hill and dale
helped us: Ure we crossed, and
Swale,
horse and harness followed — see
best part of their Yeomanry!
and forth, my Sons! — these eight
are mine,

[1] See Note.

Whom to this service I commend;
Which way soe'er our fate incline,
These will be faithful to the end;
They are my all" — voice failed him
here —
"My all save one, a Daughter dear!
Whom I have left, Love's mildest birth,
The meekest Child on this blessed earth.
I had — but these are by my side,
These Eight, and this is a day of pride!
The time is ripe. With festive din
Lo! how the people are flocking in, —
Like hungry fowl to the feeder's hand
When snow lies heavy upon the land."
He spake bare truth; for far and near
From every side came noisy swarms
Of Peasants in their homely gear;
And, mixed with these, to Brancepeth
came
Grave Gentry of estate and name,
And Captains known for worth in arms
And prayed the Earls in self-defence
To rise, and prove their innocence. —
"Rise, noble Earls, put forth your might
For holy Church, and the People's right!"
The Norton fixed, at this demand,
His eye upon Northumberland,
And said: "The Minds of Men will own
No loyal rest while England's Crown
Remains without an Heir, the bait
Of strife and factions desperate;
Who, paying deadly hate in kind
Through all things else, in this can find
A mutual hope, a common mind;
And plot, and pant to overwhelm
All ancient honor in the realm.
— Brave Earls! to whose heroic veins
Our noblest blood is given in trust,
To you a suffering State complains,
And ye must raise her from the dust.
With wishes of still bolder scope
On you we look, with dearest hope;
Even for our Altars — for the prize,
In Heaven, of life that never dies;
For the old and holy Church we mourn,
And must in joy to her return.
Behold!" — and from his Son whose stand
Was on his right, from that guardian hand
He took the Banner, and unfurled
The precious folds — "behold," said he,
"The ransom of a sinful world;
Let this your preservation be;
The wounds of hands and feet and side,

And the sacred Cross on which Jesus died.
—This bring I from an ancient hearth,
These Records wrought in pledge of love
By hands of no ignoble birth,
A Maid o'er whom the blessed Dove
Vouchsafed in gentleness to brood
While she the holy work pursued."
"Uplift the Standard!" was the cry
From all the listeners that stood round,
"Plant it,—by this we live or die."
The Norton ceased not for that sound,
But said; "The prayer which ye have heard,
Much-injured Earls! by these preferred,
Is offered to the Saints, the sigh
Of tens of thousands, secretly."
"Uplift it!" cried once more the Band,
And then a thoughtful pause ensued:
"Uplift it!" said Northumberland—
Whereat, from all the multitude
Who saw the Banner reared on high
In all its dread emblazonry,
A voice of uttermost joy brake out:
The transport was rolled down the river of Were,
And Durham, the time-honored Durham, did hear,
And the towers of Saint Cuthbert were stirred by the shout!
Now was the North in arms:—they shine
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne,
At Percy's voice: and Neville sees
His Followers gathering in from Tees,
From Were, and all the little rills
Concealed among the forkèd hills—
Seven hundred Knights, Retainers all
Of Neville, at their Master's call
Had sate together in Raby Hall!
Such strength that Earldom held of yore;
Nor wanted at this time rich store
Of well-appointed chivalry.
—Not loth the sleepy lance to wield,
And greet the old paternal shield,
They heard the summons;—and, furthermore,
Horsemen and Foot of each degree,
Unbound by pledge of fealty,
Appeared, with free and open hate
Of novelties in Church and State;
Knight, burgher, yeoman, and esquire;
And Romish priest, in priest's attire.
And thus, in arms, a zealous Band
Proceeding under joint command,
To Durham first their course they bear;
And in Saint Cuthbert's ancient seat
Sang mass,—and tore the book of prayer,—
And trod the bible beneath their feet.
Thence marching southward smooth and free
"They mustered their host at Wetherby,
Full sixteen thousand fair to see,"[1]
The Choicest Warriors of the North!
But none for beauty and for worth
Like those eight Sons—who, in a ring,
(Ripe men, or blooming in life's spring)
Each with a lance, erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their Sire, on Clifford-moor,
To guard the Standard which he bore.
On foot they girt their Father round;
And so will keep the appointed ground
Where'er their march: no steed will he
Henceforth bestride;—triumphantly,
He stands upon the grassy sod,
Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
Rare sight to embolden and inspire!
Proud was the field of Sons and Sire;
Of him the most; and, sooth to say,
No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of that day.
The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly Personage;
A stature undepressed in size,
Unbent, which rather seemed to rise,
In open victory o'er the weight
Of seventy years, to loftier height;
Magnificent limbs of withered state;
A face to fear and venerate;
Eyes dark and strong; and on his head
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread,
Which a brown morion half-concealed,
Light as a hunter's of the field;
And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the Banner-staff might rest
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating Pageantry.
Who sees him?—thousands see, and One
With unparticipated gaze;
Who, 'mong those thousands, friend hath none,
And treads in solitary ways.
He, following wheresoe'er he might,
Hath watched the Banner from afar,

[1] From the old ballad.

hepherds watch a lonely star,
mariners the distant light
t guides them through a stormy night.
now, upon a chosen plot
ising ground, yon heathy spot!
takes alone his far-off stand,
h breast unmailed, unweaponed hand.
l is his aspect; but his eye
regnant with anxiety,
le, like a tutelary Power,
there stands fixed from hour to hour:
sometimes in more humble guise,
n the turf-clad height he lies
tched, herdsman-like, as if to bask
unshine were his only task,
by his mantle's help to find
nelter from the nipping wind:
thus, with short oblivion blest,
weary spirits gather rest.
in he lifts his eyes; and lo!
pageant glancing to and fro;
hope is wakened by the sight,
thence may learn, ere fall of night,
ch way the tide is doomed to flow.
o London were the Chieftains bent;
what avails the bold intent?
oyal army is gone forth
quell the RISING OF THE NORTH;
y march with Dudley at their head,
, in seven days' space, will to York
be led! —
such a mighty Host be raised
s suddenly, and brought so near?
Earls upon each other gazed,
Neville's cheek grew pale with fear;
with a high and valiant name,
bore a heart of timid frame;
bold if both had been, yet they
gainst so many may not stay."[1]
k therefore will they hie to seize
rong Hold on the banks of Tees
e wait a favorable hour,
l Lord Dacre with his power
n Naworth come; and Howard's aid
vith them openly displayed.
hile through the Host, from man to
man,
mor of this purpose ran,
Standard trusting to the care
im who heretofore did bear
charge, impatient Norton sought
Chieftains to unfold his thought,

[1] From the old ballad.

And thus abruptly spake; — "We yield
(And can it be?) an unfought field! —
How oft has strength, the strength of
heaven,
To few triumphantly been given!
Still do our very children boast
Of mitred Thurston — what a Host
He conquered![2] — Saw we not the Plain
(And flying shall behold again)
Where faith was proved? — while to
battle moved
The Standard, on the Sacred Wain
That bore it, compassed round by a bold
Fraternity of Barons old;
And with those gray-haired champions
stood,
Under the saintly ensigns three,
The infant Heir of Mowbray's blood —
All confident of victory! —
Shall Percy blush, then, for his name?
Must Westmoreland be asked with shame
Whose were the numbers, where the loss,
In that other day of Neville's Cross?[2]
When the Prior of Durham with holy hand
Raised, as the Vision gave command,
Saint Cuthbert's Relic — far and near
Kenned on the point of a lofty spear;
While the Monks prayed in Maiden's
Bower
To God descending in his power.
Less would not at our need be due
To us, who war against the Untrue; —
The delegates of Heaven we rise,
Convoked the impious to chastise:
We, we, the sanctities of old
Would re-establish and uphold:
Be warned" — His zeal the Chiefs con-
founded,
But word was given, and the trumpet
sounded:
Back through the melancholy Host
Went Norton, and resumed his post.
Alas! thought he, and have I borne
This Banner raised with joyful pride,
This hope of all posterity,
By those dread symbols sanctified;
Thus to become at once the scorn
Of babbling winds as they go by,
A spot of shame to the sun's bright eye,
To the light clouds a mockery!
— "Even these poor eight of mine would
stem — "

[2] See Note.

Half to himself, and half to them
He spake — "would stem, or quell, a force
Ten times their number, man and horse:
This by their own unaided might,
Without their father in their sight,
Without the Cause for which they fight;
A Cause, which on a needful day
Would breed us thousands brave as they."
— So speaking, he his reverend head
Raised towards that Imagery once more:
But the familiar prospect shed
Despondency unfelt before:
A shock of intimations vain,
Dismay, and superstitious pain,
Fell on him, with the sudden thought
Of her by whom the work was wrought:—
Oh wherefore was her countenance bright
With love divine and gentle light?
She would not, could not, disobey,
But her Faith leaned another way.
Ill tears she wept; I saw them fall,
I overheard her as she spake
Sad words to that mute Animal,
The White Doe, in the hawthorn brake;
She steeped, but not for Jesu's sake,
This Cross in tears: by her, and One
Unworthier far we are undone —
Her recreant Brother — he prevailed
Over that tender Spirit — assailed
Too oft, alas! by her whose head
In the cold grave hath long been laid:
She first, in reason's dawn beguiled
Her docile, unsuspecting Child:
Far back — far back my mind must go
To reach the well-spring of this woe!
While thus he brooded, music sweet
Of border tunes was played to cheer
The footsteps of a quick retreat;
But Norton lingered in the rear,
Stung with sharp thoughts; and ere the last
From his distracted brain was cast,
Before his father, Francis stood,
And spake in firm and earnest mood.
"Though here I bend a suppliant knee
In reverence, and unarmed, I bear
In your indignant thoughts my share;
Am grieved this backward march to see
So careless and disorderly.
I scorn your chiefs — men who would lead,
And yet want courage at their need:
Then look at them with open eyes!
Deserve they further sacrifice? —
If — when they shrink, nor dare oppose
In open field their gathering foes,
(And fast, from this decisive day,
Yon multitude must melt away;)
If now I ask a grace not claimed
While ground was left for hope; unblamed
Be an endeavor that can do
No injury to them or you.
My Father! I would help to find
A place of shelter, till the rage
Of cruel men do like the wind
Exhaust itself and sink to rest;
Be Brother now to Brother joined!
Admit me in the equipage
Of your misfortunes, that at least,
Whatever fate remain behind,
I may bear witness in my breast
To your nobility of mind!"
"Thou Enemy, my bane and blight!
Oh! bold to fight the Coward's fight
Against all good" — but why declare,
At length, the issue of a prayer
Which love had prompted, yielding scope
Too free to one bright moment's hope?
Suffice it that the Son, who strove
With fruitless effort to allay
That passion, prudently gave way;
Nor did he turn aside to prove
His Brothers' wisdom or their love —
But calmly from the spot withdrew;
His best endeavors to renew,
Should e'er a kindlier time ensue.

Canto Fourth.

'T is night: in silence looking down,
The Moon, from cloudless ether, sees
A Camp, and a beleaguered Town,
And Castle, like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees; —
And southward far, with moor between,
Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
The bright Moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighboring fields;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
— The courts are hushed; — for timely sleep
The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash tree

t is roosted for the night,
who in proud prosperity
olors manifold and bright
ked round, affronting the daylight;
higher still, above the bower
re he is perched, from yon lone Tower
hall-clock in the clear moonshine
glittering finger points at nine.
! who could think that sadness here
any sway? or pain, or fear?
ft and lulling sound is heard
treams inaudible by day;
garden pool's dark surface, stirred
ne night insects in their play,
ks into dimples small and bright;
ousand, thousand rings of light
shape themselves and disappear
st as soon as seen: — and lo!
distant far, the milk-white Doe —
same who quietly was feeding
ne green herb, and nothing heeding,
n Francis, uttering to the Maid
ast words in the yew-tree shade,
ved whate'er by love was brought
f his heart, or crossed his thought,
iance presented to his eye,
ne sad sweep of destiny —
same fair Creature, who hath found
way into forbidden ground;
re now — within this spacious plot
leasure made, a goodly spot,
lawns and beds of flowers, and
shades
ellis-work in long arcades,
cirque and crescent framed by wall
ose-clipt foliage green and tall,
erging walks, and fountains gay,
terraces in trim array —
ith yon cypress spiring high,
pine and cedar spreading wide
darksome boughs on either side,
en moonlight doth she lie;
y as others of her kind,
far from human neighborhood,
e unrestricted as the wind,
gh park, or chase, or savage wood.
see the consecrated Maid
ging from a cedar shade
en moonshine, where the Doe
ith the cypress-spire is laid;
a patch of April snow —
a bed of herbage green,
ring in a woody glade
Or behind a rocky screen —
Lonely relic! which, if seen
By the shepherd, is passed by
With an inattentive eye.
Nor more regard doth She bestow
Upon the uncomplaining Doe
Now couched at ease, though oft this day
Not unperplexed nor free from pain,
When she had tried, and tried in vain,
Approaching in her gentle way,
To win some look of love, or gain
Encouragement to sport or play
Attempts which still the heart-sick Maid
Rejected, or, with slight repaid.
Yet Emily is soothed; — the breeze
Came fraught with kindly sympathies.
As she approached yon rustic Shed
Hung with late-flowering woodbine, spread
Along the walls and overhead,
The fragrance of the breathing flowers
Revived a memory of those hours
When here, in this remote alcove,
(While from the pendent woodbine came
Like odors, sweet as if the same)
A fondly-anxious Mother strove
To teach her salutary fears
And mysteries above her years.
Yes, she is soothed: an Image faint,
And yet not faint — a presence bright
Returns to her — that blessèd Saint
Who with mild looks and language mild
Instructed here her darling Child,
While yet a prattler on the knee,
To worship in simplicity
The invisible God, and take for guide
The faith reformed and purified.
'T is flown — the Vision, and the sense
Of that beguiling influence,
"But oh! thou Angel from above,
Mute Spirit of maternal love,
That stood'st before my eyes, more clear
Than ghosts are fabled to appear
Sent upon embassies of fear;
As thou thy presence hast to me
Vouchsafed, in radiant ministry
Descend on Francis; nor forbear
To greet him with a voice, and say; —
'If hope be a rejected stay,
Do thou, my christian Son, beware
Of that most lamentable snare,
The self-reliance of despair!' "

Then from within the embowered
retreat
Where she had found a grateful seat
Perturbed she issues. She will go!
Herself will follow to the war,
And clasp her Father's knees; — ah, no!
She meets the insuperable bar,
The injunction by her Brother laid;
His parting charge — but ill obeyed —
That interdicted all debate,
All prayer for this cause or for that;
All efforts that would turn aside
The headstrong current of their fate:
Her duty is to stand and wait:
In resignation to abide
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE
O'ER PAIN AND GRIEF A TRIUMPH PURE.
— She feels it, and her pangs are checked.
But now, as silently she paced
The turf, and thought by thought was
chased,
Came One who, with sedate respect,
Approached, and, greeting her, thus
spake;
"An old man's privilege I take:
Dark is the time — a woful day!
Dear daughter of affliction, say
How can I serve you? point the way."
"Rights have you, and may well be
bold;
You with my Father have grown old
In friendship — strive — for his sake go —
Turn from us all the coming woe:
This would I beg; but on my mind
A passive stillness is enjoined.
On you, if room for mortal aid
Be left, is no restriction laid;
You not forbidden to recline
With hope upon the Will divine."
"Hope," said the old Man, "must
abide
With all of us, whate'er betide.
In Craven's Wilds is many a den,
To shelter persecuted men:
Far under ground is many a cave,
Where they might lie as in the grave,
Until this storm hath ceased to rave:
Or let them cross the River Tweed,
And be at once from peril freed!"
"Ah tempt me not!" she faintly
sighed;
"I will not counsel nor exhort,
With my condition satisfied;
But you, at least, may make report
Of what befalls; — be this your task —
This may be done; — 't is all I ask!"
She spake — and from the Lady's sight
The Sire, unconscious of his age,
Departed promptly as a Page
Bound on some errand of delight.
— The noble Francis — wise as brave,
Thought he, may want not skill to save.
With hopes in tenderness concealed,
Unarmed he followed to the field;
Him will I seek: the insurgent Powers
Are now besieging Barnard's Towers, —
"Grant that the Moon which shines this
night
May guide them in a prudent flight!"
But quick the turns of chance and
change,
And knowledge has a narrow range;
Whence idle fears, and needless pain,
And wishes blind, and effort vain. —
The Moon may shine, but cannot be
Their guide in flight — already she
Hath witnessed their captivity.
She saw the desperate assault
Upon that hostile castle made;
But dark and dismal is the vault
Where Norton and his sons are laid!
Disastrous issue! — he had said
"This night yon faithless Towers must
yield,
Or we forever quit the field.
Neville is utterly dismayed,
For promise fails of Howard's aid;
And Dacre to our call replies
That *he* is unprepared to rise.
My heart is sick; — this weary pause
Must needs be fatal to our cause.
The breach is open — on the wall,
This night, the Banner shall be planted!"
— 'T was done: his Sons were with him
— all;
They belt him round with hearts un-
daunted
And others follow; — Sire and Son
Leap down into the court; — "'T is
won" —
They shout aloud — but Heaven decreed
That with their joyful shout should close
The triumph of a desperate deed
Which struck with terror friends and foes!
The friend shrinks back — the foe recoils
From Norton and his filial band;

ıey, now caught within the toils,
st a thousand cannot stand;—
oe from numbers courage drew,
verpowered that gallant few.
escue for the Standard!" cried
ather from within the walls;
ee, the sacred Standard falls!—
sion through the Camp spread wide:
fled; and some their fears detained:
e the Moon had sunk to rest
pale chambers of the west,
at rash levy nought remained.

Canto Fifth.

on a point of rugged ground
g the wastes of Rylstone Fell
e the loftiest ridge or mound
e foresters or shepherds dwell,
ifice of warlike frame
s single — Norton Tower its name[1] —
nts all quarters, and looks round
oath and road, and plain and dell,
noor, and gleam of pool and stream,
a prospect without bound.
summit of this bold ascent —
h bleak and bare, and seldom free
ndle-hill or Pennygent
wind, or frost, or vapors wet —
ften heard the sound of glee
there the youthful Nortons met,
ıctise games and archery:
proud and happy they! the crowd
okers-on how pleased and proud!
rom the scorching noon-tide sun,
howers, or when the prize was won,
o the Tower withdrew, and there
l mirth run round, with generous fare;
ne stern old Lord of Rylstone-hall
appiest, proudest, of them all!
now, his Child, with anguish pale,
the height walks to and fro;
ell that she hath heard the tale,
ed the bitterness of woe:
e *had* hoped, had hoped and feared,
ights did feeble nature claim;
ft her steps had hither steered,
h not unconscious of self-blame;
e her brother's charge revered,
rewell words; and by the same,

[1] See Note.

Yea by her brother's very name,
Had, in her solitude, been cheered.
Beside the lonely watch-tower stood
That gray-haired Man of gentle blood,
Who with her Father had grown old
In friendship; rival hunters they,
And fellow warriors in their day;
To Rylstone he the tidings brought;
Then on this height the Maid had sought,
And, gently as he could, had told
The end of that dire Tragedy,
Which it had been his lot to see.
To him the Lady turned; "You said
That Francis lives, *he* is not dead?"
"Your noble brother hath been spared;
To take his life they have not dared;
On him and on his high endeavor
The light of praise shall shine forever!
Nor did he (such Heaven's will) in vain
His solitary course maintain;
Not vainly struggled in the might
Of duty, seeing with clear sight;
He was their comfort to the last,
Their joy till every pang was past.
I witnessed when to York they came —
What, Lady, if their feet were tied;
They might deserve a good Man's blame;
But marks of infamy and shame —
These were their triumph, these their pride;
Nor wanted 'mid the pressing crowd
Deep feeling, that found utterance loud,
'Lo, Francis comes,' there were who cried,
'A Prisoner once, but now set free!
'T is well, for he the worst defied
Through force of natural piety;
He rose not in this quarrel; he,
For concord's sake and England's good,
Suit to his Brothers often made
With tears, and of his Father prayed —
And when he had in vain withstood
Their purpose — then did he divide,
He parted from them; but at their side
Now walks in unanimity.
Then peace to cruelty and scorn,
While to the prison they are borne,
Peace, peace to all indignity!'
And so in Prison were they laid —
Oh hear me, hear me, gentle Maid,
For I am come with power to bless,
By scattering gleams, through your distress,
Of a redeeming happiness.
Me did a reverent pity move

And privilege of ancient love;
And, in your service, making bold,
Entrance I gained to that stronghold.
Your Father gave me cordial greeting;
But to his purposes that burned
Within him, instantly returned:
He was commanding and entreating,
And said — 'We need not stop, my Son!
Thoughts press, and time is hurrying on' —
And so to Francis he renewed
His words, more calmly thus pursued.
'Might this our enterprise have sped,
Change wide and deep the Land had seen,
A renovation from the dead,
A spring-tide of immortal green:
The darksome altars would have blazed
Like stars when clouds are rolled away;
Salvation to all eyes that gazed,
Once more the Rood had been upraised
To spread its arms, and stand for aye.
Then, then — had I survived to see
New life in Bolton Priory;
The voice restored, the eye of Truth
Re-opened that inspired my youth;
To see her in her pomp arrayed —
This Banner (for such vow I made)
Should on the consecrated breast
Of that same Temple have found rest:
I would myself have hung it high,
Fit offering of glad victory!
A shadow of such thought remains
To cheer this sad and pensive time;
A solemn fancy yet sustains
One feeble Being — bids me climb
Even to the last — one effort more
To attest my Faith, if not restore.
Hear then,' said he, 'while I impart,
My Son, the last wish of my heart.
The Banner strive thou to regain;
And, if the endeavor prove not vain,
Bear it — to whom if not to thee
Shall I this lonely thought consign? —
Bear it to Bolton Priory,
And lay it on Saint Mary's shrine;
To wither in the sun and breeze
'Mid those decaying sanctities.
There let at least the gift be laid,
The testimony there displayed;
Bold proof that with no selfish aim,
But for lost Faith and Christ's dear name,
I helmeted a brow though white,
And took a place in all men's sight;
Yea offered up this noble Brood,
This fair unrivalled Brotherhood,
And turned away from thee, my Son!
And left — but be the rest unsaid,
The name untouched, the tear unshed; —
My wish is known, and I have done:
Now promise, grant this one request,
This dying prayer, and be thou blest!'
Then Francis answered — 'Trust th
Son,
For, with God's will, it shall be done!'
The pledge obtained, the solemn wor
Thus scarcely given, a noise was heard, —
And Officers appeared in state
To lead the prisoners to their fate.
They rose, oh! wherefore should I fear
To tell, or, Lady, you to hear?
They rose—embraces none were given —
They stood like trees when earth an
heaven
Are calm; they knew each other's worth
And reverently the Band went forth.
They met, when they had reached the doo
One with profane and harsh intent
Placed there — that he might go before
And, with that rueful Banner borne
Aloft in sign of taunting scorn,
Conduct them to their punishment:
So cruel Sussex, unrestrained
By human feeling, had ordained.
The unhappy Banner Francis saw,
And, with a look of calm command
Inspiring universal awe,
He took it from the soldier's hand;
And all the people that stood round
Confirmed the deed in peace profound.
— High transport did the Father shed
Upon his Son — and they were led,
Led on, and yielded up their breath;
Together died, a happy death! —
But Francis, soon as he had braved
That insult, and the Banner saved,
Athwart the unresisting tide
Of the spectators occupied
In admiration or dismay,
Bore instantly his Charge away."
These things, which thus had in the sigh
And hearing passed of Him who stood
With Emily, on the Watch-tower height
In Rylstone's woful neighborhood,
He told; and oftentimes with voice
Of power to comfort or rejoice;
For deepest sorrows that aspire,
Go high, no transport ever higher.

—God is rich in mercy," said
ld Man to the silent Maid,
Lady! shines, through this black
night,
ar of aspect heavenly bright;
Brother lives—he lives—is come
os already to his home;
et us leave this dreary place."
elded, and with gentle pace,
h without one uplifted look,
lstone-hall her way she took.

Canto Sixth.

comes not Francis?—From the dole-
ful City
d,—and, in his flight, could hear
eath-sounds of the Minster-bell:
ullen stroke pronounced farewell
rmaduke, cut off from pity!
mbrose that! and then a knell
m, the sweet half-opened Flower!
—all dying in one hour!
y comes not Francis? Thoughts of
love
l bear him to his Sister dear
he fleet motion of a dove;
ke a heavenly messenger
ediest wing, should he appear.
omes he not?—for westward fast
the plain of York he past;
ss of what impels or leads,
cked he hurries on;—nor heeds
rrow, through the Villages,
by triumphant cruelties
geful military force,
nishment without remorse.
rked not, heard not, as he fled
the suffering heart was dead
n abandoned to blank awe,
ancy, and horror strong:
e first object which he saw,
onscious sight, as he swept along—
the Banner in his hand!
—and made a sudden stand.
ooked about like one betrayed:
ath he done? what promise made?
ak, weak moment! to what end
ch a vain oblation tend,
the Bearer?—Can he go
g this instrument of woe,
d, find anywhere, a right
use him in his Country's sight?
No; will not all men deem the change
A downward course, perverse and strange?
Here is it;—but how! when? must she,
The unoffending Emily,
Again this piteous object see?
Such conflict long did he maintain,
Nor liberty nor rest could gain:
His own life into danger brought
By this sad burden—even that thought,
Exciting self-suspicion strong
Swayed the brave man to his wrong.
And how—unless it were the sense
Of all-disposing Providence,
Its will unquestionably shown—
How has the Banner clung so fast
To a palsied, and unconscious hand;
Clung to the hand to which it passed
Without impediment? And why,
But that Heaven's purpose might be
known,
Doth now no hindrance meet his eye,
No intervention, to withstand
Fulfilment of a Father's prayer
Breathed to a Son forgiven, and blest
When all resentments were at rest,
And life in death laid the heart bare?—
Then, like a spectre sweeping by,
Rushed through his mind the prophecy
Of utter desolation made
To Emily in the yew-tree shade:
He sighed, submitting will and power
To the stern embrace of that grasping hour.
"No choice is left, the deed is mine—
Dead are they, dead!—and I will go,
And, for their sakes, come weal or woe,
Will lay the Relic on the shrine."
So forward with a steady will
He went, and traversed plain and hill;
And up the vale of Wharf his way
Pursued;—and, at the dawn of day,
Attained a summit whence his eyes
Could see the Tower of Bolton rise.
There Francis for a moment's space
Made halt—but hark! a noise behind
Of horsemen at an eager pace!
He heard, and with misgiving mind.
—'T is Sir George Bowes who leads the
Band:
They come, by cruel Sussex sent;
Who, when the Nortons from the hand
Of death had drunk their punishment,
Bethought him, angry and ashamed,
How Francis, with the Banner claimed

As his own charge, had disappeared,
By all the standers-by revered.
His whole bold carriage (which had quelled
Thus far the Opposer, and repelled
All censure, enterprise so bright
That even bad men had vainly striven
Against that overcoming light)
Was then reviewed, and prompt word given,
That to what place soever fled
He should be seized, alive or dead.
The troop of horse have gained the height
Where Francis stood in open sight.
They hem him round — "Behold the proof,"
They cried, "the Ensign in his hand!
He did not arm, he walked aloof!
For why? — to save his Father's land; —
Worst Traitor of them all is he,
A Traitor dark and cowardly!"
"I am no Traitor," Francis said,
"Though this unhappy freight I bear;
And must not part with. But beware: —
Err not by hasty zeal misled,
Nor do a suffering Spirit wrong,
Whose self-reproaches are too strong!"
At this he from the beaten road
Retreated towards a brake of thorn,
That like a place of vantage showed;
And there stood bravely, though forlorn.
In self-defence with warlike brow
He stood, — nor weaponless was now;
He from a Soldier's hand had snatched
A spear, —and, so protected, watched
The Assailants, turning round and round,
But from behind with treacherous wound
A Spearman brought him to the ground.
The guardian lance, as Francis fell,
Dropped from him; but his other hand
The Banner clenched; till, from out the Band,
One, the most eager for the prize,
Rushed in; and — while, O grief to tell!
A glimmering sense still left, with eyes
Unclosed the noble Francis lay —
Seized it, as hunters seize their prey;
But not before the warm life-blood
Had tinged more deeply, as it flowed,
The wounds the broidered Banner showed,
Thy fatal work, O Maiden, innocent as good!

Proudly the Horsemen bore away
The Standard; and where Francis lay
There was he left alone, unwept,
And for two days unnoticed slept.
For at that time bewildering fear
Possessed the country, far and near;
But, on the third day, passing by
One of the Norton Tenantry
Espied the uncovered Corse; the Man
Shrunk as he recognized the face,
And to the nearest homesteads ran
And called the people to the place.
— How desolate is Rylstone-hall!
This was the instant thought of all;
And if the lonely Lady there
Should be; to her they cannot bear
This weight of anguish and despair.
So, when upon sad thoughts had prest
Thoughts sadder still, they deemed it b
That, if the Priest should yield assent
And no one hinder their intent,
Then they, for Christian pity's sake,
In holy ground a grave would make;
And straightway buried he should be
In the Churchyard of the Priory.
Apart, some little space, was made
The grave where Francis must be laid.
In no confusion or neglect
This did they, — but in pure respect
That he was born of gentle blood;
And that there was no neighborhood
Of kindred for him in that ground:
So to the Churchyard they are bound,
Bearing the body on a bier;
And psalms they sing — a holy sound
That hill and vale with sadness hear.
But Emily hath raised her head,
And is again disquieted;
She must behold! — so many gone,
Where is the solitary One?
And forth from Rylstone-hall stepp she, —
To seek her Brother forth she went,
And tremblingly her course she bent
Toward Bolton's ruined Priory.
She comes, and in the vale hath heard
The funeral dirge; — she sees the kn
Of people, sees them in one spot —
And darting like a wounded bird
She reached the grave, and with her bre
Upon the ground received the rest, —
The consummation, the whole ruth
And sorrow of this final truth!

Canto Seventh.

" Powers there are
touch each other to the quick — in modes
ch the gross world no sense hath to perceive,
oul to dream of."

ou Spirit, whose angelic hand
s to the harp a strong command,
ed the submissive strings to wake
lory for this Maiden's sake,
Spirit! whither hath she fled
nide her poor afflicted head?
at mighty forest in its gloom
olds her? — is a rifted tomb
hin the wilderness her seat?
e island which the wild waves beat —
nat the Sufferer's last retreat?
ome aspiring rock, that shrouds
erilous front in mists and clouds?
h-climbing rock, low sunless dale,
desert, what do these avail?
ake her anguish and her fears
a deep recess of years!
is done; — despoil and desolation
Rylstone's fair domain have blown![1]
s, terraces, and walks are sown
n weeds; the bowers are overthrown,
ave given way to slow mutation,
le, in their ancient habitation
Norton name hath been unknown.
lordly Mansion of its pride
ipped; the ravage hath spread wide
ugh park and field, a perishing
mocks the gladness of the Spring!
with this silent gloom agreeing,
ears a joyless human Being,
spect such as if the waste
e under her dominion placed.
n a primrose bank, her throne
uietness, she sits alone;
ng the ruins of a wood,
hile a covert bright and green,
where full many a brave tree stood,
used to spread its boughs, and ring
the sweet bird's carolling.
ld her, like a virgin Queen,
ecting in imperial state
e outward images of fate,
carrying inward a serene
perfect sway, through many a thought
hance and change, that hath been
brought
To the subjection of a holy,
Though stern and rigorous, melancholy!
The like authority, with grace
Of awfulness, is in her face, —
There hath she fixed it; yet it seems
To o'ershadow by no native right
That face, which cannot lose the gleams,
Lose utterly the tender gleams,
Of gentleness and meek delight,
And loving-kindness ever bright:
Such is her sovereign mien: — her dress
(A vest with woollen cincture tied,
A hood of mountain-wool undyed)
Is homely, — fashioned to express
A wandering Pilgrim's humbleness.
And she *hath* wandered, long and far,
Beneath the light of sun and star;
Hath roamed in trouble and in grief,
Driven forward like a withered leaf,
Yea like a ship at random blown
To distant places and unknown.
But now she dares to seek a haven
Among her native wilds of Craven;
Hath seen again her Father's roof,
And put her fortitude to proof;
The mighty sorrow hath been borne,
And she is thoroughly forlorn:
Her soul doth in itself stand fast,
Sustained by memory of the past
And strength of Reason; held above
The infirmities of mortal love;
Undaunted, lofty, calm, and stable,
And awfully impenetrable.
And so — beneath a mouldered tree,
A self-surviving leafless oak
By unregarded age from stroke
Of ravage saved — sate Emily.
There did she rest, with head reclined,
Herself most like a stately flower,
(Such have I seen) whom chance of birth
Hath separated from its kind,
To live and die in a shady bower,
Single on the gladsome earth.
When, with a noise like distant thunder,
A troop of deer came sweeping by;
And, suddenly, behold a wonder!
For One, among those rushing deer,
A single One, in mid career
Hath stopped, and fixed her large full eye
Upon the Lady Emily;
A Doe most beautiful, clear-white,
A radiant creature, silver-bright!
Thus checked, a little while it stayed;

[1] See Note.

A little thoughtful pause it made;
And then advanced with stealth-like pace,
Drew softly near her, and more near —
Looked round — but saw no cause for fear;
So to her feet the Creature came,
And laid its head upon her knee,
And looked into the Lady's face,
A look of pure benignity,
And fond unclouded memory.
It is, thought Emily, the same,
The very Doe of other years! —
The pleading look the Lady viewed,
And, by her gushing thoughts subdued,
She melted into tears —
A flood of tears, that flowed apace,
Upon the happy Creature's face.
Oh, moment ever blest! O Pair
Beloved of Heaven, Heaven's chosen care,
This was for you a precious greeting;
And may it prove a fruitful meeting!
Joined are they, and the sylvan Doe
Can she depart? can she forego
The Lady, once her playful peer,
And now her sainted Mistress dear?
And will not Emily receive
This lovely chronicler of things
Long past, delights and sorrowings?
Lone Sufferer! will not she believe
The promise in that speaking face;
And welcome, as a gift of grace,
The saddest thought the Creature brings?
That day, the first of a re-union
Which was to teem with high communion,
That day of balmy April weather,
They tarried in the wood together.
And when, ere fall of evening dew,
She from her sylvan haunt withdrew,
The White Doe tracked with faithful pace
The Lady to her dwelling-place;
That nook where, on paternal ground,
A habitation she had found,
The Master of whose humble board
Once owned her Father for his Lord;
A hut, by tufted trees defended,
Where Rylstone brook with Wharf is blended.
When Emily by morning light
Went forth, the Doe stood there in sight.
She shrunk: — with one frail shock of pain
Received and followed by a prayer,
She saw the Creature once again;
Shun will she not, she feels, will bear; —
But, wheresoever she looked round,
All now was trouble-haunted ground;
And therefore now she deems it good
Once more this restless neighborhood
To leave. — Unwooed, yet unforbidden,
The White Doe followed up the vale,
Up to another cottage, hidden
In the deep fork of Amerdale; [1]
And there may Emily restore
Herself, in spots unseen before.
— Why tell of mossy rock, or tree,
By lurking Dernbrook's pathless side,
Haunts of a strengthening amity
That calmed her, cheered, and fortified?
For she hath ventured now to read
Of time, and place, and thought, and deed —
Endless history that lies
In her silent Follower's eyes;
Who with a power like human reason
Discerns the favorable season,
Skilled to approach or to retire, —
From looks conceiving her desire;
From look, deportment, voice, or mien,
That vary to the heart within.
If she too passionately wreathed
Her arms, or over-deeply breathed,
Waiked quick or slowly, every mood
In its degree was understood;
Then well may their accord be true,
And kindliest intercourse ensue.
— Oh! surely 't was a gentle rousing
When she by sudden glimpse espied
The White Doe on the mountain browsing,
Or in the meadow wandered wide!
How pleased, when down the Straggler sank
Beside her, on some sunny bank!
How soothed, when in thick bower enclosed,
They, like a nested pair, reposed!
Fair vision! when it crossed the Maid
Within some rocky cavern laid,
The dark cave's portal gliding by,
White as whitest cloud on high
Floating through the azure sky.
— What now is left for pain or fear?
That Presence, dearer and more dear,
While they, side by side, were straying,
And the shepherd's pipe was playing,
Did now a very gladness yield
At morning to the dewy field,

[1] See Note.

with a deeper peace endued
hour of moonlight solitude.
/ith her Companion, in such frame
nind, to Rylstone back she came;
, ranging through the wasted groves,
eived the memory of old loves,
isturbed and undistrest,
a soul which now was blest
n a soft spring-day of holy,
l, and grateful, melancholy:
sunless gloom or unenlightened,
by tender fancies brightened.
/hen the bells of Rylstone played
ir sabbath music — "God us ayde!"
t was the sound they seemed to speak;
riptive legend which I ween
on those holy bells be seen,
t legend and her Grandsire's name;
oftentimes the Lady meek
in her childhood read the same;
ds which she slighted at that day;
now, when such sad change was
wrought,
of that lonely name she thought —
bells of Rylstone seemed to say,
le she sate listening in the shade,
n vocal music, "God us ayde;"
all the hills were glad to bear
r part in this effectual prayer.
or lacked she Reason's firmest power;
with the White Doe at her side
would she climb to Norton Tower,
thence look round her far and wide,
fate there measuring; — all is
stilled, —
weak One hath subdued her heart;
old the prophecy fulfilled,
illed, and she sustains her part!
here her Brother's words have failed;
e hath a milder doom prevailed;
she, of him and all bereft,
h yet this faithful Partner left;
one Associate, that disproves
words, remains for her, and loves.
ears are shed, they do not fall
loss of him — for one, or all;
sometimes, sometimes doth she weep
ed gently in her soul's soft sleep;
w tears down her cheek descend
this her last and living Friend.
ess, tender Hearts, their mutual lot,
bless for both this savage spot;
ch Emily doth sacred hold

For reasons dear and manifold —
Here hath she, here before her sight,
Close to the summit of this height,
The grassy rock-encircled Pound[1]
In which the Creature first was found.
So beautiful the timid Thrall
(A spotless Youngling white as foam)
Her youngest Brother brought it home;
The youngest, then a lusty boy,
Bore it, or led, to Rylstone-hall
With heart brimful of pride and joy!
But most to Bolton's sacred Pile,
On favoring nights, she loved to go;
There ranged through cloister, court, and
aisle,
Attended by the soft-paced Doe;
Nor feared she in the still moonshine
To look upon Saint Mary's shrine;
Nor on the lonely turf that showed
Where Francis slept in his last abode.
For that she came; there oft she sate
Forlorn, but not disconsolate:
And, when she from the abyss returned
Of thought, she neither shrunk nor
mourned;
Was happy that she lived to greet
Her mute Companion as it lay
In love and pity at her feet;
How happy in its turn to meet
The recognition! the mild glance
Beamed from that gracious countenance;
Communication, like the ray
Of a new morning, to the nature
And prospects of the inferior Creature!
A mortal Song we sing, by dower
Encouraged of celestial power;
Power which the viewless Spirit shed
By whom we were first visited;
Whose voice we heard, whose hand and
wings
Swept like a breeze the conscious strings,
When, left in solitude, erewhile
We stood before this ruined Pile,
And, quitting unsubstantial dreams,
Sang in this Presence kindred themes;
Distress and desolation spread
Through human hearts, and pleasure
dead, —
Dead — but to live again on earth,
A second and yet nobler birth;
Dire overthrow, and yet how high
The re-ascent in sanctity!

[1] See Note.

From fair to fairer; day by day
A more divine and loftier way!
Even such this blessèd Pilgrim trod,
By sorrow lifted towards her God;
Uplifted to the purest sky
Of undisturbed mortality.
Her own thoughts loved she; and could bend
A dear look to her lowly Friend;
There stopped; her thirst was satisfied
With what this innocent spring supplied:
Her sanction inwardly she bore,
And stood apart from human cares:
But to the world returned no more,
Although with no unwilling mind
Help did she give at need, and joined
The Wharfdale peasants in their prayers.
At length, thus faintly, faintly tied
To earth, she was set free, and died.
Thy soul, exalted Emily,
Maid of the blasted family,
Rose to the God from whom it came!
—In Rylstone Church her mortal frame
Was buried by her Mother's side.
Most glorious sunset! and a ray
Survives—the twilight of this day—
In that fair Creature whom the fields
Support, and whom the forest shields;
Who, having filled a holy place,
Partakes, in her degree, Heaven's grace;
And bears a memory and a mind
Raised far above the law of kind;
Haunting the spots with lonely cheer
Which her dear Mistress once held dear:
Loves most what Emily loved most—
The enclosure of this churchyard ground;
Here wanders like a gliding ghost,
And every sabbath here is found;
Comes with the people when the bells
Are heard among the moorland dells,
Finds entrance through yon arch, where way
Lies open on the sabbath-day;
Here walks amid the mournful waste
Of prostrate altars, shrines defaced,
And floors encumbered with rich show
Of fret-work imagery laid low;
Paces softly, or makes halt,
By fractured cell, or tomb, or vault;
By plate of monumental brass
Dim-gleaming among weeds and grass,
And sculptured Forms of Warriors brave:
But chiefly by that single grave,
That one sequestered hillock green,
The pensive visitant is seen.
There doth the gentle Creature lie
With those adversities unmoved;
Calm spectacle, by earth and sky
In their benignity approved!
And aye, methinks, this hoary Pile,
Subdued by outrage and decay,
Looks down upon her with a smile,
A gracious smile, that seems to say—
"Thou, thou art not a Child of Time,
But Daughter of the Eternal Prime!"

1807. 1815.

THE FORCE OF PRAYER; [1]

OR,

THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY

A TRADITION.

An Appendage to the "White Doe." My friend, Mr. Rogers, has also written on the subject. The story is preserved in Dr. Whitaker's *History of Craven*—a topographical writer of first-rate merit in all that concerns the past; but such was his aversion from the modern spirit, as shown in the spread of manufactories in those districts of which he treats, that his readers are left entirely ignorant both of the progress of these arts and their real bearing upon the comfort, virtues, and happiness of the inhabitants. While wandering on foot through the fertile valleys and over the moorlands of the Apennine that divides Yorkshire from Lancashire, I used to be delighted with observing the number of substantial cottages that had sprung up on every side, each having its little plot of fertile ground won from the surrounding waste. A bright and warm fire, if needed, was always to be found in these dwellings. The father was at his loom; the children looked healthy and happy. Is it not to be feared that the increase of mechanic power has done away with many of these blessings, and substituted many evils? Alas! if these evils grow, how are they to be checked, and where is the remedy to be found? Political economy will not supply it; that is certain, we must look to something deeper, purer, and higher.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"
With these dark words begins my Tale;
And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring
When Prayer is of no avail?

[1] See the "White Doe of Rylstone."

What is good for a bootless bene?"
Falconer to the Lady said;
she made answer "ENDLESS SOR-
ROW!"
she knew that her Son was dead.

knew it by the Falconer's words,
from the look of the Falconer's eye;
from the love which was in her soul
her youthful Romilly.

oung Romilly through Barden woods
nging high and low;
holds a greyhound in a leash,
et slip upon buck or doe.

pair have reached that fearful chasm,
tempting to bestride!
lordly Wharf is there pent in
rocks on either side.

striding-place is called THE STRID,
me which it took of yore:
ousand years hath it borne that name,
shall a thousand more.

hither is young Romilly come,
what may now forbid
he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
bound across THE STRID?

prang in glee, — for what cared he
the river was strong, and the rocks
were steep? —
he greyhound in the leash hung back,
checked him in his leap.

Boy is in the arms of Wharf,
strangled by a merciless force;
never more was young Romilly seen
he rose a lifeless corse.

there is stillness in the vale,
long, unspeaking sorrow:
rf shall be to pitying hearts
me more sad than Yarrow.

r a lover the Lady wept,
ace she might borrow
death, and from the passion of
death; —
Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day
Which was to be to-morrow:
Her hope was a further-looking hope,
And hers is a mother's sorrow.

He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, "Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,
A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared;
And Wharf, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,
Nor failed at evensong.

And the Lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief!
But slowly did her succor come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

SEPTEMBER, 1807. 1815.

COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

NOT 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave
The free-born Soul — that World whose vaunted skill
In selfish interest perverts the will,
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave —
Not there; but in dark wood and rocky cave,
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill
With omnipresent murmur as they rave
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still:
Here, mighty Nature! in this school sublime

I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain;
For her consult the auguries of time,
And through the human heart explore my way;
And look and listen — gathering, whence I may,
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.
1808. 1815.

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I DROPPED my pen; and listened to the Wind
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels tost —
A midnight harmony; and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned
To timely sleep. Thought I, the impassioned strain,
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,
Like acceptation from the World will find.
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past;
And to the attendant promise will give heed —
The prophecy, — like that of this wild blast,
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.
1808. 1815.

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN.

WHO weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,
Whose grave may here be seen.

By night, upon these stormy fells,
Did wife and husband roam;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.

For *any* dwelling-place of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perish'd; and a voice was heard —
The widow's lonely shriek.

Not many steps, and she was left
A body without life —
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband to the wife.

Now do those sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave;
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave.

But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.

And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.

O darkness of the grave! how deep,
After that living night —
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright?

O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side
In bond of peace, in bond of love,
That may not be untied!
1808. 1839.

HOFFER.

OF mortal parents is the Hero born
By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led
Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dea
Returned to animate an age forlorn?
He comes like Phœbus through the gate
of morn
When dreary darkness is discomfited,
Yet mark his modest state! upon hi
head,
That simple crest, a heron's plume, i
worn.
O Liberty! they stagger at the shock
From van to rear — and with one min
would flee,

half their host is buried: — rock on rock
cends: — beneath this godlike Warrior, see!
ls, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock
Tyrant, and confound his cruelty.
309. 1815.

DVANCE — COME FORTH FROM THY TYROLEAN GROUND."

VANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,
r Liberty! stern Nymph of soul untamed;
eet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named!
ough the long chain of Alps from mound to mound
l o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound;
e Echo, when the hunter train at dawn
ve roused her from her sleep: and forest, lawn,
fs, woods and caves, her viewless steps resound
l babble of her pastime! — On, dread Power!
h such invisible motion speed thy flight,
ough hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,
ough the green vales and through the herdsman's bower —
t all the Alps may gladden in thy might,
e, there, and in all places at one hour.
09. 1815.

CELINGS OF THE TYROLESE.

Land we from our fathers had in trust,
l to our children will transmit, or die:
is our maxim, this our piety;
God and Nature say that it is just.
t which we *would* perform in arms — we must!
read the dictate in the infant's eye;
ne wife's smile; and in the placid sky;
, at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us. — Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart!
Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind!
While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,
With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert
Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.
1809. 1815.

"ALAS! WHAT BOOTS THE LONG LABORIOUS QUEST."

ALAS! what boots the long laborious quest
Of moral prudence, sought through good and ill;
Or pains abstruse — to elevate the will,
And lead us on to that transcendent rest
Where every passion shall the sway attest
Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill;
What is it but a vain and curious skill,
If sapient Germany must lie deprest,
Beneath the brutal sword? — Her haughty Schools
Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say —
A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought
More for mankind at this unhappy day
Than all the pride of intellect and thought?
1809. 1815.

"AND IS IT AMONG RUDE UNTUTORED DALES?"

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,
There, and there only, that the heart is true?
And, rising to repel or to subdue,
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?
Ah no! though Nature's dread protection fails,
There is a bulwark in the soul. This knew
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales
Of fiercely-breathing war. The truth was felt
By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,

Like him of noble birth and noble mind;
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt
The bread which without industry they find.
1809. 1815.

"O'ER THE WIDE EARTH, ON MOUNTAIN AND ON PLAIN."

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man
A Godhead, like the universal PAN;
But more exalted, with a brighter train:
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field,
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,
Even to the death:—else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?
1809. 1815.

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE TYROLESE.

IT was a *moral* end for which they fought;
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,
A resolution, or enlivening thought?
Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought;
For in their magnanimity and fame
Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim
Which neither can be overturned nor bought.
Sleep, Warriors, sleep! among your hills repose!
We know that ye, beneath the stern control
Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul:
And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,
Europe breaks forth; then, Shepherds! shall ye rise
For perfect triumph o'er your Enemies.
1809. 1815.

"HAIL, ZARAGOZA! IF WITH UNWET EYE."[1]

HAIL, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye
We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,
Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold;
Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.
These desolate remains are trophies high
Of more than martial courage in the breast
Of peaceful civic virtue: they attest
Thy matchless worth to all posterity.
Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse;
Disease consumed thy vitals; War upheaved
The ground beneath thee with volcanic force:
Dread trials! yet encountered and sustained
Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,
And law was from necessity received.
1809. 1815.

"SAY, WHAT IS HONOR?—'T IS THE FINEST SENSE."

SAY, what is Honor?—'T is the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done. When lawless violence
Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale
Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,
Honor is hopeful elevation,—whence
Glory, and triumph. Yet with politic skill
Endangered States may yield to terms unjust;
Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—

[1] See Note.

'oe's most favorite purpose to fulfil:
ppy occasions oft by self-mistrust
forfeited; but infamy doth kill.
09. 1815.

HE MARTIAL COURAGE OF A DAY IS VAIN."

martial courage of a day is vain,
empty noise of death the battle's roar,
tal hope be wanting to restore,
ortitude be wanting to sustain,
ies or kingdoms. We have heard a strain
triumph, how the laboring Danube bore
eight of hostile corses; drenched with gore
e the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain.
see (the mighty tumult overpast)
ria a daughter of her Throne hath sold!
her Tyrolean Champion we behold
dered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,
dered without relief. Oh! blind as bold,
hink that such assurance can stand fast!
9. 1815.

BRAVE SCHILL! BY DEATH DELIVERED."

VE Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight
n Prussia's timid region. Go, and rest
heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,
n the fields of empyrean light.
teor wert thou crossing a dark night:
shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,
d in the spacious firmament of time,
d as a star: such glory is thy right.
! it may not be: for earthly fame
ortune's frail dependant; yet there lives
dge, who, as man claims by merit, gives;
hose all-pondering mind a noble aim,
fully kept, is as a noble deed;
nose pure sight all virtue doth succeed.
9. 1815.

"CALL NOT THE ROYAL SWEDE UNFORTUNATE."

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,
Who never did to Fortune bend the knee;
Who slighted fear; rejected steadfastly
Temptation; and whose kingly name and state
Have "perished by his choice, and not his fate!"
Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared;
And hence, wherever virtue is revered,
He sits a more exalted Potentate,
Throned in the hearts of men. Should Heaven ordain
That this great Servant of a righteous cause
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,
Yet may a sympathizing spirit pause,
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain
In thankful joy and gratulation pure.[1]
1809. 1815.

"LOOK NOW ON THAT ADVENTURER WHO HATH PAID."

LOOK now on that Adventurer who hath paid
His vows to Fortune; who, in cruel slight
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,
Hath followed wheresoe'er a way was made
By the blind Goddess, — ruthless, undismayed;
And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,
Round which the elements of worldly might
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.
O joyless power that stands by lawless force!
Curses are *his* dire portion, scorn, and hate,
Internal darkness and unquiet breath;
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,
Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate
By violent and ignominious death.
1809. 1815.

[1] See Note to "The King of Sweden," p. 209.

"IS THERE A POWER THAT CAN SUSTAIN AND CHEER?"

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
The captive chieftain, by a tyrant's doom,
Forced to descend into his destined tomb—
A dungeon dark! where he must waste the year,
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear;
What time his injured country is a stage
Whereon deliberate Valor and the rage
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise:—
Say can he think of this with mind serene
And silent fetters? Yes, if visions bright
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days
When he himself was tried in open light.

1809. 1815.

"AH! WHERE IS PALAFOX? NOR TONGUE NOR PEN."

Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken
Of pitying human nature? Once again
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,
Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,
And through all Europe cheer desponding men
With new-born hope. Unbounded is the might
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right.
Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly
The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,
Like his own lightning, over mountains high,
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams.

1810. 1815.

"IN DUE OBSERVANCE OF AN ANCIENT RITE."

In due observance of an ancient rite,
The rude Biscayans, when their children li
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,
Attire the peaceful corse in vestment white;
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,
They bind the unoffending creature's brows
With happy garlands of the pure white rose:
Then do a festal company unite
In choral song; and, while the uplifted cross
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne
Uncovered to his grave: 't is closed,—her loss
The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn;
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued;
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude.

1810. 1815.

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE OF THOSE FUNERALS.

Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes
With firmer soul, yet labor to regain
Our ancient freedom; else 't were worse than vain
To gather round the bier these festal shows.
A garland fashioned of the pure white rose
Becomes not one whose father is a slave:
Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave!
These venerable mountains now enclose
A people sunk in apathy and fear.
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good!
The awful light of heavenly innocence
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier;
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,
Descend on all that issues from our blood.

1810. 1815.

A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT HISTORY.

ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,
to the people at the Isthmian Games
mbled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims
LIBERTY OF GREECE:— the words rebound
all voices in one voice are drowned;
acclamation by which the air was rent!
birds, high-flying in the element,
pped to the earth, astonished at the sound!
vere the thoughtful grieved; and still that voice
nts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear:
hat a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear:
hat a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys!
t of that which is not to be given
l the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

1815.

UPON THE SAME EVENT.

N, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn
idings past of servitude repealed,
of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,
rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn.
s known," cried they, "that he, who would adorn
envied temples with the Isthmian crown,
either win, through effort of his own,
rize, or be content to see it worn
re deserving brows.—Yet so ye prop,
of the brave who fought at Marathon,
feeble spirits! Greece her head hath bowed,
the wreath of liberty thereon
l fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,
n, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."

1815.

THE OAK OF GUERNICA.

The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges). What other interest belongs to it in the minds of this people will appear from the following.

SUPPOSED ADDRESS TO THE SAME.

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine
Heard from the depths of its aërial bower—
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour?
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,
If never more within their shady round
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty.

1810. 1815.

INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD.

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day

When our enlightened minds shall bless
his sway;
Then, the strained heart of fortitude
proves weak;
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks
declare
That he has power to inflict what we
lack strength to bear.
1810. 1815.

"AVAUNT ALL SPECIOUS PLIANCY OF MIND."

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind
In men of low degree, all smooth pre-
tence!
I better like a blunt indifference,
And self-respecting slowness, disinclined
To win me at first sight: and be there
joined
Patience and temperance with this high
reserve,
Honor that knows the path and will not
swerve;
Affections, which, if put to proof, are
kind;
And piety towards God. Such men of old
Were England's native growth; and,
throughout Spain
(Thanks to high God) forests of such
remain:
Then for that Country let our hopes be
bold;
For matched with these shall policy
prove vain,
Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her
gold.
1810. 1815.

"O'ERWEENING STATESMEN HAVE FULL LONG RELIED."

O'ERWEENING Statesmen have full long
relied
On fleets and armies, and external wealth:
But from *within* proceeds a Nation's
health;
Which shall not fail, though poor men
cleave with pride
To the paternal floor; or turn aside,
In the thronged city, from the walks o
gain,
As being all unworthy to detain
A Soul by contemplation sanctified.
There are who cannot languish in thi
strife,
Spaniards of every rank, by whom th
good
Of such high course was felt and under
stood;
Who to their Country's cause have boun
a life
Erewhile, by solemn consecration, give
To labor and to prayer, to nature, and t
heaven.[1]
1810. 1815.

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERILLAS.

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping
blast
From bleak hill-top, and length of marc
by night
Through heavy swamp, or over snow-cla
height —
These hardships ill-sustained, these dan
gers past,
The roving Spanish Bands are reache
at last,
Charged, and dispersed like foam: bu
as a flight
Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,
So these, — and, heard of once again
are chased
With combinations of long-practised art
And newly-kindled hope; but they ar
fled —
Gone are they, viewless as the buried
dead:
Where now? — Their sword is at th
Foeman's heart;
And thus from year to year his walk the
thwart,
And hang like dreams around his guilt
bed.
1810. 1815.

[1] See Laborde's character of the Spanish peo
ple; from him the sentiment of these last tw
lines is taken.

EPITAPHS.

1810.

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

ose from Chiabrera were chiefly translated Mr. Coleridge was writing his "*Friend*," nich periodical my "Essay on Epitaphs," en about that time, was first published. For er notice of Chiabrera, in connection with pitaphs, see "Musings at Aquapendente."

I.

P not, belovèd Friends! nor let the air
me with sighs be troubled. Not from life
e I been taken; this is genuine life
this alone — the life which now I live
eace eternal; where desire and joy
ether move in fellowship without end. —
cesco Ceni willed that, after death,
tombstone thus should speak for him. And surely
ll cause there is for that fond wish of ours
g to continue in this world; a world
keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope
ood, whereof itself is destitute.
o. 1837.

II.

HAPS some needful service of the State
v TITUS from the depth of studious bowers,
doomed him to contend in faithless courts,
re gold determines between right and wrong.
lid at length his loyalty of heart,
his pure native genius, lead him back
vait upon the bright and gracious Muses,
m he had early loved. And not in vain
course he held! Bologna's learned schools
e gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung
With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.
There pleasure crowned his days; and all his thoughts
A roseate fragrance breathed.[1] — O human life,
That never art secure from dolorous change!
Behold a high injunction suddenly
To Arno's side hath brought him, and he charmed
A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called
To the perpetual silence of the grave.
Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood
A Champion steadfast and invincible,
To quell the rage of literary War!
1810. 1810.

III.

O THOU who movest onward with a mind
Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!
'T will be no fruitless moment. I was born
Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood.
On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate
To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd
Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock.
Well did I watch, much labored, nor had power
To escape from many and strange indignities;
Was smitten by the great ones of the world,
But did not fall; for Virtue braves all shocks,
Upon herself resting immovably.
Me did a kindlier fortune then invite
To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,
And in his hands I saw a high reward
Stretched out for my acceptance, — but Death came.
Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, how false,

[1] Ivi vivea giocondo e i suoi pensieri
Erano tutti rose.
The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original.

How treacherous to her promise, is the world;
And trust in God — to whose eternal doom
Must bend the sceptred Potentates of earth.
1810. 1810.

IV.

THERE never breathed a man who, when his life
Was closing, might not of that life relate
Toils long and hard. — The warrior will report
Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,
And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed
To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,
Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
Envy and heart-inquietude, derived
From intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
Could represent the countenance horrible
Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage
Of Auster and Boötes. Fifty years
Over the well-steered galleys did I rule: —
From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,
Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft:
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
On regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learned that one poor moment can suffice
To equalize the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life — a *Calm* One finds,
And One a *Tempest* — and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the quiet haven of us all.
If more of my condition ye would know,
Savona was my birthplace, and I sprang
Of noble parents; seventy years and thre
Lived I — then yielded to a slow disease
1810. 1815.

V.

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salinero
With an untoward fate was long involve
In odious litigation; and full long,
Fate harder still! had he to endure assault
Of racking malady. And true it is
That not the less a frank courageous hear
And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain
And he was strong to follow in the step
Of the fair Muses. Not a covert path
Leads to the dear Parnassian forest'
shade,
That might from him be hidden; not
track
Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he
Had traced its windings. — This Savon
knows,
Yet no sepulchral honors to her Son
She paid, for in our age the heart is rule
Only by gold. And now a simple stone
Inscribed with this memorial here is raise
By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera.
Think not, O Passenger! who read'st th
lines,
That an exceeding love hath dazzled me
No — he was One whose memory ought t
spread
Where'er Permessus bears an honore
name,
And live as long as its pure stream shal
flow.
1810. 1837.

VI.

DESTINED to war from very infancy
Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took
In Malta the white symbol of the Cross
Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun
Hazard or toil; among the sands wa
seen
Of Libya; and not seldom, on the bank
Of wide Hungarian Danube, 't was my lo
To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounde
So lived I, and repined not at such fate
This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong
That stripped of arms I to my end an
brought
On the soft down of my paternal home.
Yet haply Arno shall be spared all caus

blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt
hy appointed way, and bear in mind
v fleeting and how frail is human life!
10. 1815.

VII.

LOWER of all that springs from gentle blood,
all that generous nurture breeds to make
th amiable; O friend so true of soul
fair Aglaia; by what envy moved,
us! has death cut short thy brilliant day
ts sweet opening? and what dire mishap
from Savona torn her best delight?
thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to mourn;
, should the out-pourings of her eyes suffice not
her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto
to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto
) saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,
ne chaste arms of thy belovèd Love!
t profit riches? what does youth avail?
are our hopes; — I, weeping bitterly,
ned these sad lines, nor can forbear to pray
every gentle Spirit hither led
read them, not without some bitter tears.
o. 1837.

VIII.

without heavy grief of heart did He
vhom the duty fell (for at that time
father sojourned in a distant land)
osit in the hollow of this tomb
other's Child, most tenderly beloved!
NCESCO was the name the Youth had borne,
COBONNELLI his illustrious house;
when beneath this stone the Corse was laid,
eyes of all Savona streamed with tears.
! the twentieth April of his life
scarcely flowered: and at this early time,
enuine virtue he inspired a hope
That greatly cheered his country: to his kin
He promised comfort; and the flattering thoughts
His friends had in their fondness entertained,[1]
He suffered not to languish or decay.
Now is there not good reason to break forth
Into a passionate lament? — O Soul!
Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,
Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air;
And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,
An everlasting spring! in memory
Of that delightful fragrance which was once
From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.
1810 1815.

IX.

PAUSE, courteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates
That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him
Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer
A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.
This to the dead by sacred right belongs;
All else is nothing. — Did occasion suit
To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb
Would ill suffice: for Plato's lore sublime,
And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite,
Enriched and beautified his studious mind:
With Archimedes also he conversed
As with a chosen friend; nor did he leave
Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs
Twine near their beloved Permessus. — Finally,
Himself above each lower thought uplifting,
His ears he closed to listen to the songs
Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old;
And his Permessus found on Lebanon.
A blessèd Man! who of protracted days
Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep;
But truly did *He* live his life. Urbino,
Take pride in him! — O Passenger, farewell!
1810. 1815.

[1] In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original:—
e degli amici
Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

MATERNAL GRIEF.

This was in part an overflow from the Solitary's description of his own and his wife's feelings upon the decease of their children. (See "Excursion," book III.)

DEPARTED Child! I could forget thee once
Though at my bosom nursed; this woful gain
Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present and perpetually abides
A shadow, never, never to be displaced
By the returning substance, seen or touched,
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.
Absence and death how differ they! and how
Shall I admit that nothing can restore
What one short sigh so easily removed? —
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,
O teach me calm submission to thy Will!
The Child she mourned had overstepped the pale
Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air
That sanctifies its confines, and partook
Reflected beams of that celestial light
To all the Little-ones on sinful earth
Not unvouchsafed — a light that warmed and cheered
Those several qualities of heart and mind
Which, in her own blest nature, rooted deep,
Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,
And not hers only, their peculiar charms
Unfolded, — beauty, for its present self,
And for its promises to future years,
With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.
Have you espied upon a dewy lawn
A pair of Leverets each provoking each
To a continuance of their fearless sport,
Two separate Creatures in their several gifts
Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all
That Nature prompts them to display, their looks,
Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,
An undistinguishable style appears
And character of gladness, as if Spring
Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and th
spirit
Of the rejoicing morning were their own
Such union, in the lovely Girl main
tained
And her twin Brother, had the parer
seen,
Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird c
prey,
Death in a moment parted them, and le
The Mother, in her turns of anguish
worse
Than desolate; for oft-times from th
sound
Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dea
child,
He knew it not) and from his happies
looks,
Did she extract the food of self-reproach
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maime
And tottering spirit. And full oft the Boy
Now first acquainted with distress an
grief,
Shrunk from his Mother's presence
shunned with fear
Her sad approach, and stole away to find
In his known haunts of joy where'er h
might,
A more congenial object. But, as time
Softened her pangs and reconciled th
child
To what he saw, he gradually returned,
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew
A broken intercourse; and, while his eye
Were yet with pensive fear and gentl
awe
Turned upon her who bore him, she would
stoop
To imprint a kiss that lacked not power
to spread
Faint color over both their pallid cheeks,
And stilled his tremulous lip. Thus they
were calmed
And cheered; and now together breathe
fresh air
In open fields; and when the glare of day
Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's wish
Befriends the observance, readily they join
In walks whose boundary is the lost One's
grave,
Which he with flowers hath planted, find
ing there

usement, where the Mother does not
miss
r consolation, kneeling on the turf
rayer, yet blending with that solemn
rite
ious faith the vanities of grief;
such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits
nsferred to regions upon which the
clouds
our weak nature rest not, must be
deemed
se willing tears, and unforbidden
sighs,
all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
ch, soothed and sweetened by the
grace of Heaven
ow it is, seems to her own fond heart,
ortal as the love that gave it being.
o. 1842.

ARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

itten at Allanbank, Grasmere. Picture of
aughter Catharine, who died the year after.

NG she is, and tractable, though wild;
Innocence hath privilege in her
ignify arch looks and laughing eyes;
feats of cunning; and the pretty round
espasses, affected to provoke
k-chastisement and partnership in
play.
as a fagot sparkles on the hearth,
less if unattended and alone
when both young and old sit gathered
round
take delight in its activity;
so this happy Creature of herself
-sufficient, solitude to her
the society, who fills the air
gladness and involuntary songs.
t are her sallies as the tripping fawn's
n-startled from the fern where she
lay couched;
ought-of, unexpected, as the stir
e soft breeze ruffling the meadow-
flowers,
om before it chasing wantonly
many-colored images imprest
the bosom of a placid lake.
. 1815.

SPANISH GUERILLAS.

THEY seek, are sought; to daily battle led,
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by
their Foes,
For they have learnt to open and to close
The ridges of grim war; and at their head
Are captains such as erst their country bred
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs, — like
those
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose;
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian
fled.
In One who lived unknown a shepherd's
life
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again;
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,
With that great Leader[1] vies, who, sick
of strife
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid
In some green island of the western main.
1811. 1815.

"THE POWER OF ARMIES IS A VISIBLE THING."

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,
Formal, and circumscribed in time and
space;
But who the limits of that power shall
trace
Which a brave People into light can bring
Or hide, at will, — for freedom combating
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may
chase,
No eye can follow, to a fatal place
That power, that spirit, whether on the
wing
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like
the wind
Within its awful caves. — From year to
year
Springs this indigenous produce far and
near;
No craft this subtle element can bind,
Rising like water from the soil, to find
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.
1811. 1815.

[1] Sertorius.

"HERE PAUSE: THE POET CLAIMS AT LEAST THIS PRAISE."

HERE pause: the poet claims at least this praise,
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope
Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope
In the worst moment of these evil days;
From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,
For its own honor, on man's suffering heart.
Never may from our souls one truth depart —
That an accursed thing it is to gaze
On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;
Nor — touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt
For whose dire ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,
And justice labors in extremity —
Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,
O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!

1811. 1815.

EPISTLE.

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND, 1811.

This poem opened, when first written, with a paragraph that has been transferred as an introduction to the first series of my Scotch Memorials The journey, of which the first part is here described, was from Grasmere to Bootle on the south-west coast of Cumberland, the whole among mountain roads through a beautiful country; and we had fine weather. The verses end with our breakfast at the head of Yewdale in a yeoman's house, which, like all the other property in that sequestered vale, has passed or is passing into the hands of Mr. James Marshall of Monk Coniston, — in Mr. Knott's, the late owner's, time called Waterhead. Our hostess married a Mr. Oldfield, a lieutenant in the Navy: they lived together for some time at Hacket, where she still resides as his widow. It was in front of that house, on the mountain side, near which stood the peasant who, while we were passing at a distance, saluted us, waving a kerchief in her hand as described in the poem. (This matron and her husband were then residing at the Hacket. The house and its inmates are referred to in the fifth book of the "Excursion," in the passage beginning —

"You behold,
High on the breast of yon dark mountain, dark
With stony barrenness, a shining speck."—J. C.

The dog which we met with soon after our starting belonged to Mr. Rowlandson, who for forty years was curate of Grasmere in place of the rector, who lived to extreme old age in a state of insanity. Of this Mr. R. much might be said both with reference to his character, and the way in which he was regarded by his parishioners. He was a man of a robust frame, had a firm voice and authoritative manner, of strong natural talents, of which he was himself conscious, for he has been heard to say (it grieves me to add) with an oath — "If I had been brought up at college I should have been a bishop." Two vices used to struggle in him for mastery, avarice and the love of strong drink: but avarice, as is common in like cases, always got the better of its opponent; for though he was often intoxicated, it was never, I believe, at his own expense. As has been said of one in a more exalted station, he would take any *given* quantity. I have heard a story of him which is worth the telling. One summer's morning, our Grasmere curate, after a night's carouse in the vale of Langdale, on his return home, having reached a point near which the whole of the vale of Grasmere might be seen with the lake immediately below him, stepped aside and sat down on the turf. After looking for some time at the landscape, then in the perfection of its morning beauty, he exclaimed — "Good God that I should have led so long such a life in such a place!"—This no doubt was deeply felt by him at the time, but I am not authorized to say that any noticeable amendment followed. Penuriousness strengthened upon him as his body grew feebler with age. He had purchased property and kept some land in his own hands, but he could not find in his heart to lay out the necessary hire for laborers at the proper season, and consequently he has often been seen in half dotage working his hay in the month of November by moonlight, a melancholy sight which myself have witnessed. Notwithstanding all that has been said, this man, on account of his talents and superior education, was looked up to by his parishioners, who, without a single exception lived at that time (and most of them upon their own small inheritances) in a state of republican equality, a condition favorable to the growth of kindly feelings among them, and in a striking degree exclusive to temptations to gross vice and

dalous behavior. As a pastor their curate little or nothing for them; but what could e strikingly set forth the efficacy of the rch of England through its Ordinances and rgy than that, in spite of the unworthiness of ninister, his church was regularly attended; though there was not much appearance in lock of what might be called animated piety, kication was rare, and dissolute morals un- vn? With the Bible they were for the most well acquainted; and, as was strikingly vn when they were under affliction, must been supported and comforted by habitual ef in those truths which it is the aim of the rch to inculcate. — *Loughrigg Tarn.* This tiful pool and the surrounding scene are itely described in my little Book on the es. Sir G. H. Beaumont, in the earlier part is life, was induced, by his love of nature and art of painting, to take up his abode at Old hay, about three miles from this spot, so that nust have seen it under many aspects; and as so much pleased with it that he purchased Tarn with a view to build, near it, such a dence as is alluded to in this Epistle. Baronets knights were not so common in that day as , and Sir Michael le Fleming, not liking to a rival in that kind of distinction so near claimed a sort of lordship over the territory, showed dispositions little in unison with those ir G. Beaumont, who was eminently a lover eace. The project of building was in conse- ce given up, Sir George retaining possession e Tarn. Many years afterwards a Kendal esman born upon its banks applied to me for purchase of it, and accordingly it was sold for um that had been given for it, and the money laid out under my direction upon a substan- oak fence for a certain number of yew trees e planted in Grasmere churchyard; two planted in each enclosure, with a view to ve, after a certain time, the one which throve east. After several years, the stouter plant g left, the others were taken up and placed her parts of the same churchyard, and were uately fenced at the expense and under the of the late Mr. Barber, Mr. Greenwood, and lf: the whole eight are now thriving, and lready an ornament to a place which, during years, has lost much of its rustic simplicity e introduction of iron palisades to fence off y burying-grounds, and by numerous monu- s, some of them in very bad taste; from h this place of burial was in my memory free. See the lines in the sixth book of the cursion" beginning—"Green is the church- beautiful and green." The "Epistle" to h these notes refer, though written so far back as 1804, was carefully revised so late as 1842, previous to its publication. I am loth to add, that it was never seen by the person to whom it is addressed. So sensible am I of the deficiencies in all that I write, and so far does everything that I attempt fall short of what I wish it to be, that even private publication, if such a term may be allowed, requires more resolution than I can command. I have written to give vent to my own mind, and not without hope that, some time or other, kindred minds might benefit by my labors: but I am inclined to believe I should never have ventured to send forth any verses of mine to the world if it had not been done on the pressure of personal occasions. Had I been a rich man, my productions, like this "Epistle," the tragedy of the "Borderers," etc., would most likely have been confined to manuscript.

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,
From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,
Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore
We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar;
While, day by day, grim neighbor! huge Black Comb
Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,
Unless, perchance rejecting in despite
What on the Plain *we* have of warmth and light,
In his own storms he hides himself from sight.
Rough is the time; and thoughts, that would be free
From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to thee;
Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road
Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps abroad;
Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it might
Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,
Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sere
Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,
Like an unshifting weathercock which proves

How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,
Or like a Centinel that, evermore
Darkening the window, ill defends the door
Of this unfinished house — a Fortress bare,
Where strength has been the Builder's only care;
Whose rugged walls may still for years demand
The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.
— This Dwelling's Inmate more than three weeks space
And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,
I — of whose touch the fiddle would complain,
Whose breath would labor at the flute in vain,
In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill
A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,
Tired of my books, a scanty company!
And tired of listening to the boisterous sea —
Pace between door and window muttering rhyme,
An old resource to cheat a froward time!
Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their shame?)
Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim.
— But if there be a Muse who, free to take
Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake
Those heights (like Phœbus when his golden locks
He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)
And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail
Trips down the pathways of some winding dale:
Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores
To fishers mending nets beside their doors;
Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,
Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,
Or listens to its play among the boughs
Above her head and so forgets her vows —
If such a Visitant of Earth there be
And she would deign this day to smile on me
And aid my verse, content with local bounds
Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,
Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we tell
Without reserve to those whom we love well —
Then haply, Beaumont! words in current clear
Will flow, and on a welcome page appear
Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here.
What shall I treat of? News from Mona's Isle?
Such have we, but unvaried in its style;
No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence
And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;
Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind
Most restlessly alive when most confined.
Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appease
The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF KEYS;
The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer gained,
What slopes are planted, or what mosses drained:
An eye of fancy only can I cast
On that proud pageant now at hand or past,
When full five hundred boats in trim array,
With nets and sails outspread and streamers gay,
And chanted hymns and stiller voice of prayer,
For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep repair,
Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine
Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.
Mona from our Abode is daily seen,
But with a wilderness of waves between;
And by conjecture only can we speak
Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;
No tidings reach us thence from town or field,
Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,
And some we gather from the misty air,
And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, declare.
But these poetic mysteries I withhold;

Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,
should the colder fit with You be on
en You might read, my credit would
be gone.
et more substantial themes the pen
engage,
nearer interests culled from the open-
ing stage
our migration. — Ere the welcome
dawn
from the east her silver star with-
drawn,
Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-
door,
ightfully freighted with a various
store;
long or ere the uprising of the Sun
dew-damped dust our journey was
begun,
edful journey, under favoring skies,
ugh peopled Vales; yet something
in the guise
hose old Patriarchs when from well
to well
roamed through Wastes where now
the tented Arabs dwell.
y first, to whom did we the charge
confide,
promptly undertook the Wain to
guide
many a sharply-twining road and
down,
over many a wide hill's craggy crown,
ugh the quick turns of many a hol-
low nook,
the rough bed of many an un-
bridged brook?
ooming Lass — who in her better
hand
a light switch, her sceptre of com-
mand
n, yet a slender Girl, she often led,
ul and bold, the horse and burthened
sled[1]
the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's
head.
could go wrong with such a Chari-
oteer
oods and chattels, or those Infants
dear,
ir who smilingly sate side by side,
ope confirming that the salt-sea tide

[1] A local word for sledge.

Whose free embraces we were bound to
seek,
Would their lost strength restore and
freshen the pale cheek?
Such hope did either Parent entertain
Pacing behind along the silent lane.
Blithe hopes and happy musings soon
took flight,
For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight —
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn
Just half protruded to the light of morn,
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row
thorn.
The Figure called to mind a beast of prey
Stript of its frightful powers by slow decay,
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,
Dim memory keeping of its old intent.
We started, looked again with anxious
eyes,
And in that griesly object recognize
The Curate's Dog — his long-tried friend,
for they,
As well we knew, together had grown
gray.
The Master died, his drooping servant's
grief
Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief;
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,
Sadness which no indulgence could pre-
vent;
Hence whole day wanderings, broken
nightly sleeps
And lonesome watch that out of doors he
keeps;
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank,
mute,
And of all visible motion destitute,
So that the very heaving of his breath
Seemed stopt, though by some other
power than death.
Long as we gazed upon the form and face,
A mild domestic pity kept its place,
Unscared by thronging fancies of strange
hue
That haunted us in spite of what we knew.
Even now I sometimes think of him as lost
In second-sight appearances, or crost
By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the
ground,
On which he stood, by spells unnatural
bound,
Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait

In days of old romance at Archimago's gate.
Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,
The choristers in every grove had stilled;
But we, we lacked not music of our own,
For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,
Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,
Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs
With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird
That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,
Her work and her work's partners she can cheer,
The whole day long, and all days of the year.
Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale we pass
And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass!
To Loughrigg-tarn, round clear and bright as heaven,
Such name Italian fancy would have given,
Ere on its banks the few gray cabins rose
That yet disturb not its concealed repose
More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.
Ah, Beaumont! when an opening in the road
Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,
The encircling region vividly exprest
Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest —
Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy *bield*,[1]
And the smooth green of many a pendent field,
And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,
A little daring would-be waterfall,
One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,
Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,
With here and there a faint imperfect gleam
Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam —

[1] A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

What wonder at this hour of stillness deep
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,
When Nature's self, amid such blending seems
To render visible her own soft dreams,
If, mixed with what appeared of rock lawn, wood,
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood
A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by Thee
Designed to rise in humble privacy,
A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread
Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head
Half hid in native trees. Alas 't is not
Nor ever was; I sighed, and left the spot
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,
Of unexperienced joys that might have been;
Of neighborhood and intermingling arts,
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.
But time, irrevocable time, is flown.
And let us utter thanks for blessings sown
And reaped — what hath been, and what is, our own.
Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,
Startling us all, dispersed my reverie;
Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting
Oft-times from Alpine *chalets* sends a greeting.
Whence the blithe hail? behold a Peasant stand
On high, a kerchief waving in her hand
Not unexpectant that by early day
Our little Band would thrid this mountain way,
Before her cottage on the bright hill-side
She hath advanced with hope to be descried.
Right gladly answering signals we displayed,
Moving along a tract of morning shade,
And vocal wishes sent of like good will
To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill —
Luminous region, fair as if the prime
Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb;

ly the centre of the shining cot
h door left open makes a gloomy spot,
blem of those dark corners sometimes found
hin the happiest breast on earthly ground.
Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,
l mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale;
cend, and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain
h haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain —
area level as a Lake and spread
ler a rock too steep for man to tread,
ere sheltered from the north and bleak north-west
ft the Raven hangs a visible nest,
rless of all assaults that would her brood molest.
sunbeams fill the steaming vale; but hark,
our approach, a jealous watch-dog's bark,
se that brings forth no liveried Page of state,
the whole household, that our coming wait.
h Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,
jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange
s forward by the teasing dogs unscared.
ering, we find the morning meal prepared:
own we sit, though not till each had cast
sed looks around the delicate repast—
cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,
amber honey from the mountain's breast;
wberries from lane or woodland, offering wild
hildren's industry, in hillocks piled;
es for the nonce, and butter fit to lie
n a lordly dish; frank hospitality
re simple art with bounteous nature vied,
cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.
Kind Hostess! Handmaid also of the feast,
If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,
Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek
Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,
Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,
Dark but to every gentle feeling true,
As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.
Let me not ask what tears may have been wept
By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,
Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved
For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved
By fortitude and patience, and the grace
Of heaven in pity visiting the place.
Not unadvisedly those secret springs
I leave unsearched: enough that memory clings,
Here as elsewhere, to notices that make
Their own significance for hearts awake,
To rural incidents, whose genial powers
Filled with delight three summer morning hours.
More could my pen report of grave or gay
That through our gypsy travel cheered the way;
But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun
Laughs at my pains, and seems to say, "Be done."
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove
This humble offering made by Truth to Love,
Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell
Which might have else been on me yet:—

FAREWELL.

1811. 1842.

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE THIRTY YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION.

SOON did the Almighty Giver of all rest
Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest;

And in Death's arms has long reposed
the Friend
For whom this simple Register was
penned.
Thanks to the moth that spared it for
our eyes;
And Strangers even the slighted Scroll
may prize,
Moved by the touch of kindred sympa-
thies.
For — save the calm, repentance sheds
o'er strife
Raised by remembrances of misused life,
The light from past endeavors purely
willed
And by Heaven's favor happily fulfilled;
Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth,
may share
The joys of the Departed — what so fair
As blameless pleasure, not without some
tears,
Reviewed through Love's transparent
veil of years?

1841? 1842.

NOTE. — LOUGHRIGG TARN alluded to in the foregoing Epistle, resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo. Since this Epistle was written Loughrigg Tarn has lost much of its beauty by the felling of many natural clumps of wood, relics of the old forest, particularly upon the farm called "The Oaks," so called from the abundance of that tree which grew there.

It is to be regretted, upon public grounds, that Sir George Beaumont did not carry into effect his intention of constructing here a Summer Retreat in the style I have described; as his taste would have set an example how buildings, with all the accommodations modern society requires, might be introduced even into the most secluded parts of this country without injuring their native character.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

This was written when we dwelt in the Parsonage at Grasmere. The principal features of the picture are Bredon Hill and Cloud Hill near Coleorton. I shall never forget the happy feeling with which my heart was filled when I was impelled to compose this Sonnet. We resided only two years in this house; and during the last half of the time, which was after this poem had been written, we lost our two children, Thomas and Catharine. Our sorrow upon these events often brought it to my mind, and cast me upon the support to which the last line of it gives expression —

"The appropriate calm of blest eternity."

It is scarcely necessary to add that we still possess the Picture.

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power
could stay
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious
shape;
Nor would permit the thin smoke to
escape,
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake
the day;
Which stopped that band of travellers on
their way,
Ere they were lost within the shady wood;
And showed the Bark upon the glassy
flood
Forever anchored in her sheltering bay.
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning,
Noontide, Even,
Do serve with all their changeful pa-
geantry;
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast
given
To one brief moment caught from fleet-
ing time
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.

1811. 1815.

INSCRIPTIONS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE.

In the grounds of Coleorton these verses are engraved on a stone placed near the Tree, which was thriving and spreading when I saw it in the summer of 1841.

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and
the pine,
Will not unwillingly their place resign;

ut the Cedar thrive that near them
stands,
ted by Beaumont's and by Words-
worth's hands.
wooed the silent Art with studious
pains:
se groves have heard the Other's
pensive strains;
oted thus, their spirits did unite
nterchange of knowledge and delight.
Nature's kindliest powers sustain
the Tree,
Love protect it from all injury!
when its potent branches, wide out-
thrown,
ken the brow of this memorial Stone,
e may some Painter sit in future days,
e future Poet meditate his lays;
mindless of that distant age renowned
en Inspiration hovered o'er this
ground,
haunt of him who sang how spear
and shield
ivil conflict met on Bosworth-field;
of that famous Youth, full soon
removed
n earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's
self approved,
cher's Associate, Jonson's Friend
beloved.

08. 1815.

IN A GARDEN OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

is Niche is in the sandstone-rock in the r-garden at Coleorton, which garden, as has elsewhere said, was made under our direction of an old unsightly quarry. While the ers were at work, Mrs. Wordsworth, my r, and I used to amuse ourselves occasion- n scooping this seat out of the soft stone. f the size, with something of the appearance, Stall in a Cathedral. This inscription is not ven, as the former and the two following n the grounds.

is the medal faithful to its trust
n temples, columns, towers, are laid
in dust;
't is a common ordinance of fate
things obscure and small outlive the
great:
Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery
trim
Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,
And all its stately trees, are passed away,
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,
Perchance may still survive. And be it
known
That it was scooped within the living
stone, —
Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains
Of laborer plodding for his daily gains,
But by an industry that wrought in love;
With help from female hands, that proudly
strove
To aid the work, what time these walks
and bowers
Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely
hours.

1811. 1815.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., AND IN HIS NAME, FOR AN URN, PLACED BY HIM AT THE TERMINATION OF A NEWLY-PLANTED AVENUE, IN THE SAME GROUNDS.

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hal-
lowed Urn,
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's
return;
And be not slow a stately growth to rear
Of pillars, branching off from year to
year,
Till they have learned to frame a dark-
some aisle; —
That may recall to mind that awful Pile
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's
noblest dead,
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.
— There, though by right the excelling
Painter sleep
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath
keep,
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold
dear
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's pri-
vate tear:
Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I
Raised this frail tribute to his memory;
From youth a zealous follower of the Art
That he professed; attached to him in
heart;

Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

1808. 1815.

FOR A SEAT IN THE GROVES OF COLEORTON.

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound,
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground
Stand yet, but, Stranger! hidden from thy view,
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU;
Erst a religious House, which day and night
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite:
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth
To honorable Men of various worth:
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child:
There, under shadow of the neighboring rocks,
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks;
Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,
With which his genius shook the buskined stage.
Communities are lost, and Empires die,
And things of holy use unhallowed lie;
They perish; — but the Intellect can raise,
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays.

1811. 1815.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

The belief on which this is founded I have often heard expressed by an old neighbor of Grasmere.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from faery power;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely-scattered sheep; —
Ply the pleasant labor, ply!
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

1812. 1820.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND IN THE VALE OF GRASMERE.

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace?
Angels of love, look down upon the place;
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day!
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display
Even for such promise: — serious is her face,
Modest her mien; and she, whose thoughts keep pace
With gentleness, in that becoming way
Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear;
No disproportion in her soul, no strife:
But, when the closer view of wedded life
Hath shown that nothing human can be clear
From frailty, for that insight may the Wife
To her indulgent Lord become more dear.

1812. 1815.

WATER-FOWL.

ERVED FREQUENTLY OVER THE LAKES OF RYDAL AND GRASMERE.

et me be allowed the aid of verse to describe
volutions which these visitants sometimes
rm, on a fine day towards the close of
r." — *Extract from the Author's Book on*
akes.

K how the feathered tenants of the
flood,
grace of motion that might scarcely
seem
ior to angelical, prolong
curious pastime! shaping in mid air
sometimes with ambitious wing that
soars
as the level of the mountain-tops)
cuit ampler than the lake beneath —
own domain; but ever, while intent
acing and retracing that large round,
jubilant activity evolves
lreds of curves and circlets, to and
fro,
ard and downward, progress intricate
nperplexed, as if one spirit swayed
indefatigable flight. 'T is done —
times, or more, I fancied it had
ceased;
o! the vanished company again
nding; they approach — I hear their
wings,
, faint at first; and then an eager
sound,
n a moment — and as faint again!
tempt the sun to sport amid their
plumes;
tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,
ow them a fair image; 't is them-
selves,
own fair forms, upon the glimmer-
ing plain,
ed more soft and fair as they descend
st to touch; — then up again aloft,
ith a sally and a flash of speed,
they scorned both resting-place and
rest!

1827.

VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB.[1]

Mrs. Wordsworth and I, as mentioned in the "Epistle to Sir G. Beaumont," lived some time under its shadow.

THIS Height a ministering Angel might
select:
Far from the summit of BLACK COMB
(dread name
Derived from clouds and storms!) the
amplest range
Of unobstructed prospect may be seen
That British ground commands: — low
dusky tracts,
Where Trent is nursed, far southward!
Cambrian hills
To the south-west, a multitudinous show;
And, in a line of eye-sight linked with
these,
The hoary peaks of Scotland that give
birth
To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and
Clyde: —
Crowding the quarter whence the sun
comes forth
Gigantic mountains rough with crags;
beneath,
Right at the imperial station's western base
Main ocean breaking audibly, and stretched
Far into silent regions blue and pale; —
And visibly engirding Mona's Isle
That, as we left the plain, before our sight
Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly
(Above the convex of the watery globe)
Into clear view the cultured fields that
streak
Her habitable shores, but now appears
A dwindled object, and submits to lie
At the spectator's feet. — Yon azure ridge,
Is it a perishable cloud? Or there
Do we behold the line of Erin's coast?
Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-
swain
(Like the bright confines of another world)

[1] Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland: its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain.

Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now!
In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene
The spectacle, how pure!—Of Nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems;
Display august of man's inheritance,
Of Britain's calm felicity and power!
1813. 1815.

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN OF BLACK COMB.

The circumstance alluded to at the conclusion of these verses was told me by Dr. Satterthwaite, who was Incumbent of Bootle, a small town at the foot of Black Comb. He had the particulars from one of the engineers who was employed in making trigonometrical surveys of that region.

STAY, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs
On this commodious Seat! for much remains
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,
A favorite spot of tournament and war!
But thee may no such boisterous visitants
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow;
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,
From centre to circumference, unveiled!
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,
That on the summit whither thou art bound,
A geographic Laborer pitched his tent,
With books supplied and instruments of art,
To measure height and distance; lonely task,
Week after week pursued!—To him was given
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed
On timid man) of Nature's processes
Upon the exalted hills. He made report
That once, while there he plied his studious work
Within that canvas Dwelling, colors, lines
And the whole surface of the outspread map,
Became invisible: for all around
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—
As if the golden day itself had been
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top
1813. 1835.

NOVEMBER, 1813.

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,
Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,
And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,
Whom no weak hopes deceived; whose mind ensued,
Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,
Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.
Dread King of Kings, vouchsafe a ray divine
To his forlorn condition! let thy grace
Upon his inner soul in mercy shine;
Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace
(Though it were only for a moment's space)
The triumphs of this hour; for they are THINE!
1813. 1815.

THE EXCURSION.

nething must now be said of this poem, but
, as has been done through the whole of
notes, with reference to my personal friends,
specially to her who has perseveringly taken
down from my dictation. Towards the
of the first book stands the lines that were
vritten, beginning, "Nine tedious years,"
nding, "Last human tenant of these ruined
" These were composed in '95 at Race-
; and for several passages describing the
yment and demeanor of Margaret during
ffliction, I was indebted to observations
in Dorsetshire, and afterwards at Alfoxden
nersetshire, where I resided in '97 and '98.
nes towards the conclusion of the fourth
— beginning, "For, the man, who, in this
" to the words "intellectual soul"— were in
of time composed the next, either at Race-
or Alfoxden, I do not remember which.
est of the poem was written in the vale of
ere, chiefly during our residence at Allan
The long poem on my own education
ogether with many minor poems, composed
we lived at the cottage at Town-end. Per-
ny purpose of giving an additional interest
se my poems in the eyes of my nearest
earest friends may be promoted by saying
words upon the character of the Wanderer,
olitary, and the Pastor, and some other
persons introduced. And first, of the
al one, the Wanderer. My lamented
Southey (for this is written a month
is decease) used to say that had he been
papist, the course of life which would
robability have been his was the one for
he was most fitted and most to his mind,
of a Benedictine monk in a convent, fur-
, as many once were and some still are,
inexhaustible library. *Books*, as appears
any passages in his writings, and as was
to those who had opportunities of observ-
s daily life, were in fact *his passion;* and
ring, I can with truth affirm, was *mine;*
s propensity in me was happily counter-
by inability from want of fortune to fulfil
shes. But, had I been born in a class
would have deprived me of what is called
l education, it is not unlikely that, being
in body, I should have taken to a way of
h as that in which my Pedler passed the
part of his days. At all events, I am here
upon freely to acknowledge that the char-
have represented in his person is chiefly
of what I fancied my own character might
come in his circumstances. Nevertheless,
f what he says and does had an external
ce that fell under my own youthful and subsequent observation. An individual named Patrick, by birth and education a Scotchman, followed this humble occupation for many years, and afterwards settled in the town of Kendal. He married a kinswoman of my wife's, and her sister Sarah was brought up from her ninth year under this good man's roof. My own imaginations I was happy to find clothed in reality, and fresh ones suggested, by what she reported of this man's tenderness of heart, his strong and pure imagination, and his solid attainments in literature, chiefly religious whether in prose or verse. At Hawkshead also, while I was a schoolboy, there occasionally resided a Packman (the name then generally given to persons of this calling, with whom I had frequent conversations upon what had befallen him, and what he had observed, during his wandering life; and, as was natural, we took much to each other: and, upon the subject of *Pedlerism* in general, as *then* followed, and its favorableness to an intimate knowledge of human concerns, not merely among the humbler classes of society, I need say nothing here in addition to what is to be found in the "Excursion," and a note attached to it. Now for the Solitary. Of him I have much less to say. Not long after we took up our abode at Grasmere, came to reside there, from what motive I either never knew or have forgotten, a Scotchman a little past the middle of life, who had for many years been chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was in no respect as far as I know, an interesting character, though in his appearance there was a good deal that attracted attention, as if he had been shattered in fortune and not happy in mind. Of his quondam position I availed myself, to connect with the Wanderer, also a Scotchman, a character suitable to my purpose, the elements of which I drew from several persons with whom I had been connected, and who fell under my observation during frequent residences in London at the beginning of the French Revolution. The chief of these was, one may *now* say, a Mr. Fawcett, a preacher at a dissenting meeting-house at the old Jewry. It happened to me several times to be one of his congregation through my connection with Mr. Nicholson of Cateaton Street, who at that time, when I had not many acquaintances in London, used often to invite me to dine with him on Sunday; and I took that opportunity (Mr. N. being a dissenter) of going to hear Fawcett, who was an able and eloquent man. He published a poem on war, which had a good deal of merit, and made me think more about him than I should otherwise have done. But his Christianity was probably never very deeply rooted; and, like many others in those times of like showy talents, he had not strength of character to withstand the effects of the French Revolution, and of the wild and

lax opinions which had done so much towards producing it, and far more in carrying it forward in its extremes. Poor Fawcett, I have been told, became pretty much such a person as I have described; and early disappeared from the stage, having fallen into habits of intemperance, which I have heard (though I will not answer for the fact) hastened his death. Of him I need say no more; there were many like him at that time, which the world will never be without, but which were more numerous then for reasons too obvious to be dwelt upon.

To what is said of the Pastor in the poem I have little to add, but what may be deemed superfluous. It has ever appeared to me highly favorable to the beneficial influence of the Church of England upon all gradations and classes of society, that the patronage of its benefices is in numerous instances attached to the estates of noble families of ancient gentry; and accordingly I am gratified by the opportunity afforded me in the "Excursion," to portray the character of a country clergyman of more than ordinary talents, born and bred in the upper ranks of society so as to partake of their refinements, and at the same time brought by his pastoral office and his love of rural life into intimate connection with the peasantry of his native district. To illustrate the relation which in my mind this Pastor bore to the Wanderer, and the resemblance between them, or rather the points of community in their nature, I likened one to an oak and the other to a sycamore; and, having here referred to this comparison, I need only add, I had no one individual in my mind, wishing rather to embody this idea than to break in upon the simplicity of it, by traits of individual character or of any peculiarity of opinion.

And now for a few words upon the scene where these interviews and conversations are supposed to occur. The scene of the first book of the poem is, I must own, laid in a tract of country not sufficiently near to that which soon comes into view in the second book, to agree with the fact. All that relates to Margaret and the ruined cottage, etc., was taken from observations made in the south-west of England, and certainly it would require more than seven-league boots to stretch in one morning from a common in Somersetshire or Dorsetshire to the heights of Furness Fells and the deep valleys they embosom. For thus dealing with space I need make, I trust, no apology, but my friends may be amused by the truth. In the poem, I suppose that the Pedler and I ascended from a plain country up the vale of Langdale, and struck off a good way above the chapel to the western side of the vale. We ascended the hill and thence looked down upon the circular recess in which lies Blea-Tarn, chosen by the Solitary for his retreat. After we quit his cottage, passing over a low ridge we descend into another vale, that of Little Langdale, towards the head of which stands, embowered or partly shaded by yews and other trees, something between a cottage and a mansion or gentleman's house such as they once were in this country. This I convert into the Parsonage, and at the same time, and as by the waving of a magic wand, I turn the comparatively confined vale of Langdale, its Tarn, and the rude chapel which once adorned the valley, into the stately and comparatively spacious vale of Grasmere, its Lake, and its ancient Parish Church; and upon the side of Loughrigg Fell at the foot of the Lake, and looking down upon it and the whole vale and its encompassing mountains, the Pastor is supposed by me to stand when at sunset he addresses his companions in words which I hope my readers will remember or I should not have taken the trouble of giving so much in detail the materials on which my mind actually worked. Now for a few particulars of *fact* respecting the persons whose stories are told or characters are described by the different speakers. To Margaret I have already alluded. I will add here, that the lines beginning, "She was a woman of a steady mind," faithfully delineate, as far as they go, the character possessed in common by many women whom it has been my happiness to know in humble life; and that several of the most touching things which she is represented as saying and doing are taken from actual observation of the distresses and trials under which different persons were suffering, some of them strangers to me, and others daily under my notice. I was born too late to have a distinct remembrance of the origin of the American war, but the state in which I represent Robert's mind to be I had frequent opportunities of observing at the commencement of our rupture with France in '93, opportunities of which I availed myself in the story of the Female Vagrant as told in the poem on "Guilt and Sorrow." The account given by the Solitary towards the close of the second book, in all that belongs to the character of the Old Man, was taken from a Grasmere pauper, who was boarded in the last house quitting the vale on the road to Ambleside: the character of his hostess, and all that befell the poor man upon the mountain, belong to Paterdale: the woman I knew well; her name was ——— J ———, and she was exactly such a person as I describe. The ruins of the old chapel among which the man was found lying, may yet be traced, and stood upon the ridge that divides Paterdale from Boardale and Martindale, having been placed there for the convenience of both districts. The glorious appearance disclosed

e and among the mountains was described
r from what my friend Mr. Luff, who then
in Paterdale, witnessed upon that melan-
occasion, and partly from what Mrs.
lsworth and I had seen in company with Sir
ge and Lady Beaumont above Hartshope
on our way from Paterdale to Ambleside.
d now for a few words upon the Church, its
ıments, and the Deceased who are spoken of
ng in the surrounding churchyard. But,
or the one picture, given by the Pastor and
Vanderer, of the Living. In this nothing is
luced but what was taken from nature and
life. The cottage is called Hacket, and
s as described on the southern extremity of
dge which separates the two Langdales:
air who inhabited it were called Jonathan
Betty Yewdale. Once when our children
ill, of whooping-cough I think, we took
for change of air to this cottage, and were
habit of going there to drink tea upon fine
ıer afternoons, so that we became intimately
inted with the characters, habits, and lives
se good, and, let me say, in the main, wise
e. The matron had, in her early youth,
a servant in a house at Hawkshead, where
ıl boys boarded, while I was a schoolboy
I did not remember her as having served
ıt capacity; but we had many little anec-
to tell to each other of remarkable boys,
nts and adventures which had made a noise
eir day in that small town. These two per-
fterwards settled at Rydal, where they both

e church, as already noticed, is that of
ıere. The interior of it has been improved
— made warmer by under-drawing the roof
ıising the floor — but the rude and antique
ty of its former appearance has been im-
l by painting the rafters; and the oak
es, with a simple rail at the back dividing
from each other, have given way to seats
ave more the appearance of pews. It is
kable that, excepting only the pew belong-
Rydal Hall, that to Rydal Mount, the one
Parsonage, and I believe another, the men
omen still continue, as used to be the cus-
n Wales, to sit separate from each other.
s practice as old as the Reformation? and
and how did it originate? In the Jewish
ɔgues and in Lady Huntingdon's chapels
xes are divided in the same way. In the
ing churchyard greater changes have taken
It is now not a little crowded with tomb-
; and near the schoolhouse which stands
churchyard is an ugly structure, built to
e the hearse, which is recently come into
It would not be worth while to allude to
uilding or the hearse-vehicle it contains.
but that the latter has been the means of introducing a change much to be lamented in the mode of conducting funerals among the mountains. Now, the coffin is lodged in the hearse at the door of the house of the deceased, and the corpse is so conveyed to the churchyard gate: all the solemnity which formerly attended its progress, as described in the poem, is put an end to. So much do I regret this, that I beg to be excused for giving utterance here to a wish that, should it befall me to die at Rydal Mount, my own body may be carried to Grasmere church after the manner in which, till lately, that of every one was borne to that place of sepulture, namely, on the shoulders of neighbors, no house being passed without some words of a funeral psalm being sung at the time by the attendants. When I put into the mouth of the Wanderer, "Many precious rites and customs of our rural ancestry are gone or stealing from us; this I hope will last forever," and what follows, little did I foresee that the observance and mode of proceeding, which had often affected me so much, would so soon be superseded. Having said much of the injury done to this churchyard, let me add that one is at liberty to look forward to a time when, by the growth of the yew-trees, thriving there, a solemnity will be spread over the place that will in some degree make amends for the old simple character which has already been so much encroached upon, and will be still more every year. I will here set down, more at length, what has been mentioned in a previous note, that my friend Sir George Beaumont, having long ago purchased the beautiful piece of water called Loughrigg Tarn, on the Banks of which he intended to build, I told him that a person in Kendal who was attached to the place wished to purchase it. Sir George, finding the possession of no use to him, consented to part with it, and placed the purchase-money — twenty pounds — at my disposal for any local use which I thought proper. Accordingly I resolved to plant yew-trees in the churchyard, and had four pretty strong large oak enclosures made, in each of which was planted, under my own eye, and principally if not entirely by my own hand, two young trees with the intention of leaving the one that throve best to stand. Many years after, Mr. Barber, who will long be remembered in Grasmere; Mr. Greenwood, the chief landed proprietor; and myself, had four other enclosures made in the churchyard at our own expense, in each of which was planted a tree taken from its neighbor, and they all stand thriving admirably, the fences having been removed as no longer necessary. May the trees be taken care of hereafter when we are all gone, and some of them will perhaps at some far distant time rival in

majesty the yew of Lorton and those which I have described as growing in Borrowdale, where they are still to be seen in grand assemblage.

And now for the persons that are selected as lying in the churchyard. But first for the individual whose grave is prepared to receive him. His story is here truly related: he was a schoolfellow of mine for some years. He came to us when he was at least seventeen years of age, very tall, robust, and full-grown. This prevented him from falling into the amusements and games of the school: consequently he gave more time to books. He was not remarkably bright or quick, but by industry he made a progress more than respectable. His parents not being wealthy enough to send him to college, when he left Hawkshead he became a schoolmaster, with a view to prepare himself for holy orders. About this time he fell in love as related in the poem, and everything followed as there described, except that I do not know when and where he died. The number of youths that came to Hawkshead school, from the families of the humble yeomanry, to be educated to a certain degree of scholarship as a preparation for the church, was considerable, and the fortunes of these persons in after life various of course, and of some not a little remarkable. I have now one of this class in my eye who became an usher in a preparatory school and ended in making a large fortune. His manners when he came to Hawkshead were as uncouth as well could be; but he had good abilities, with skill to turn them to account; and when the master of the school, to which he was usher, died, he stept into his place and became proprietor of the establishment. He contrived to manage it with such address, and so much to the taste of what is called high society and the fashionable world, that no school of the kind, even till he retired, was in such high request. Ministers of state, the wealthiest gentry, and nobility of the first rank, vied with each other in bespeaking a place for their sons in the seminary of this fortunate teacher. In the solitude of Grasmere, while living as a married man in a cottage of eight pounds per annum rent, I often used to smile at the tales which reached me of his brilliant career. Not two hundred yards from the cottage in Grasmere, just mentioned, to which I retired, this gentleman, who many years afterwards purchased a small estate in the neighborhood, is now erecting a boat-house, with an upper story, to be resorted to as an entertaining-room when he and his associates may feel inclined to take their pastime on the lake. Every passenger will be disgusted with the sight of this edifice, not merely as a tasteless thing in itself, but as utterly out of place, and peculiarly fitted, as far as it is observed (and it obtrudes itself on notice at every point of view), to mar the beauty and destroy the pastoral simplicity of the vale. For my own part and that of my household it is our utter detestation, standing by a shore to which, before the highroad was made to pass that way, we used daily and hourly to repair for seclusion and for the shelter of a grove under which I composed many of my poems, the "Brothers" especially, and for this reason we gave the grove that name.

> "That which each man loved
> And prized in his peculiar nook of earth
> Dies with him, or is changed."

So much for my old school-fellow and his exploits. I will only add that the foundation has twice failed, from the lake no doubt being intolerant of the intrusion.

The Miner, next described as having found his treasure after twice ten years of labor, lived in Paterdale, and the story is true to the letter. It seems to me, however, rather remarkable that the strength of mind which had supported him through this long unrewarded labor did not enable him to bear its successful issue. Several times in the course of my life I have heard of sudden influxes of great wealth being followed by derangement, and in one instance the shock of good fortune was so great as to produce absolute idiocy: but these all happened where there had been little or no previous effort to acquire the riches, and therefore such a consequence might the more naturally be expected than in the case of the solitary Miner. In reviewing his story, one cannot but regret that such perseverance was not sustained by a worthier object. Archimedes leapt out of his bath and ran about the streets proclaiming his discovery in a transport of joy, but we are not told that he lost either his life or his senses in consequence. The next character, to whom the Priest is led by contrast with the resoluteness displayed by the foregoing, is taken from a person born and bred in Grasmere, by name Dawson; and whose talents, disposition, and way of life were such as are here delineated. I did not know him, but all was fresh in memory when we settled at Grasmere in the beginning of the century. From this point, the conversation leads to the mention of two individuals who, by their several fortunes, were, at different times, driven to take refuge at the small and obscure town of Hawkshead on the skirt of these mountains. Their stories I had from the dear old dame with whom, as a schoolboy and afterwards, I lodged for nearly the space of ten years. The elder, the Jacobite, was named Drummond, and was of a high family in Scotland: the Hanoverian Whig bore the name of Vandeput, and might perhaps be a descendant of some Dutchman who

ome over in the train of King William. At
ents his zeal was such that he ruined himself
contest for the representation of London or
minster, undertaken to support his party;
etired to this corner of the world, selected,
iad been by Drummond, for that obscurity
n, since visiting the Lakes became fashion-
it has no longer retained. So much was
region considered out of the way till a late
d, that persons who had fled from justice
often to resort hither for concealment; and
were so bold as to, not unfrequently, make
sions from the place of their retreat, for the
se of committing fresh offences. Such was
ularly the case with two brothers of the
of Weston who took up their abode at Old
ay, I think about seventy years ago. They
highwaymen, and lived there some time
ut being discovered, though it was known
hey often disappeared in a way and upon
ds which could not be accounted for. Their
s were noticed as being of a choice breed, and
e heard from the Relph family, one of whom
saddler in the town of Kendal, that they
curious in their saddles and housings and
trements of their horses. They, as I have
, and as was universally believed, were in
id both taken and hanged.

'all was her stature; her complexion dark
nd saturnine."

person lived at Town-end, and was almost
ext neighbor. I have little to notice con-
ng her beyond what is said in the poem.
was a most striking instance how far a
n may surpass in talent, in knowledge, and
e of mind, those with and among whom she
and yet fall below them in Christian virtues
heart and spirit. It seemed almost, and I
with grief, that in proportion as she ex-
in the one, she failed in the other. How
ently has one to observe in both sexes the
thing, and how mortifying is the reflection!

on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
ks in safe shelter from the winds of March."

story that follows was told to Mrs. Words-
and my sister by the sister of this unhappy
woman; and every particular was exactly as
e related. The party was not known to me,
h she lived at Hawkshead, but it was after
school. The clergyman, who administered
rt to her in her distress, I knew well. Her
who told the story was the wife of a leading
an in the vale of Grasmere, and they were
fectionate pair and greatly respected by
one who knew them. Neither lived to be
nd their estate — which was perhaps the most considerable then in the vale, and was endeared to them by many remembrances of a salutary character not easily understood, or sympathized with, by those who are born to great affluence — passed to their eldest son, according to the practice of these vales, who died soon after he came into possession. He was an amiable and promising youth, but was succeeded by an only brother, a good-natured man, who fell into habits of drinking, by which he gradually reduced his property; and the other day the last acre of it was sold, and his wife and children and he himself, still surviving, have very little left to live upon, which it would not perhaps have been worth while to record here but that, through all trials, this woman has proved a model of patience, meekness, affectionate forbearance, and forgiveness. Their eldest son, who, through the vices of his father, has thus been robbed of an ancient family inheritance, was never heard to murmur or complain against the cause of their distress, and is now (1843) deservedly the chief prop of his mother's hopes.

The clergyman and his family described at the beginning of the seventh book were, during many years, our principal associates in the vale of Grasmere, unless I were to except our very nearest neighbors. I have entered so particularly into the main points of their history, that I will barely testify in prose that — with the single exception of the particulars of their journey to Grasmere, which, however, was exactly copied from in another instance — the whole that I have said of them is as faithful to the truth as words can make it. There was much talent in the family: the eldest son was distinguished for poetical talent, of which a specimen is given in my notes to the sonnets to the Duddon. Once, when in our cottage at Town-end I was talking with him about poetry, in the course of conversation I presumed to find fault with the versification of Pope, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer: he defended him with a warmth that indicated much irritation: nevertheless I would not abandon my point, and said, "In compass and variety of sound your own versification surpasses his." Never shall I forget the change in his countenance and tone of voice: the storm was laid in a moment; he no longer disputed my judgment, and I passed immediately in his mind, no doubt, for as great a critic as ever lived. I ought to add, he was a clergyman and a well-educated man, and his verbal memory was the most remarkable of any individual I have known, except a Mr. Archer, an Irishman, who lived several years in this neighborhood, and who, in this faculty, was a prodigy; he afterwards became deranged, and I fear continues so, if alive. Then follows the character of Robert

Walker, for which see notes to the Duddon. Then that of the deaf man, whose epitaph may be seen in the churchyard at the head of Haweswater, and whose qualities of mind and heart, and their benign influence in conjunction with his privation, I had from his relatives on the spot. The blind man, next commemorated, was John Gough, of Kendal, a man known, far beyond his neighborhood, for his talents and attainments in natural history and science. Of the Infant's grave, next noticed, I will only say, it is an exact picture of what fell under my own observation; and all persons who are intimately acquainted with cottage life must often have observed like instances of the working of the domestic affections.

"A volley thrice repeated o'er the corse
Let down into the hollow of that grave."

This young volunteer bore the name of Dawson, and was younger brother, if I am not mistaken, to the prodigal of whose character and fortunes an account is given towards the beginning of the preceding book. The father of the family I knew well; he was a man of literary education and of experience in society much beyond what was common among the inhabitants of the vale. He had lived a good while in the Highlands of Scotland, as a manager of iron-works at Bunaw, and had acted as clerk to one of my predecessors in the office of Distributor of Stamps, when he used to travel round the country collecting and bringing home the money due to Government, in gold, which, it may be worth while to mention for the sake of my friends, was deposited in the cell or iron closet under the west window of the long room at Rydal Mount, which still exists with the iron doors that guarded the property. This of course was before the time of Bills and Notes. The two sons of this person had no doubt been led by the knowledge of their father to take more delight in scholarship, and had been accustomed in their own minds to take a wider view of social interests than was usual among their associates. The premature death of this gallant young man was much lamented, and, as an attendant at the funeral, I myself witnessed the ceremony and the effect of it as described in the poem.

"Tradition tells
That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse."
"The house is gone."

The pillars of the gateway in front of the mansion remained when we first took up our abode at Grasmere. Two or three cottages still remain, which are called Knott-houses from the name of the gentleman (I have called him a knight) concerning whom these traditions survive. He was the ancestor of the Knott family, formerly considerable proprietors in the district. What follows in the discourse of the Wanderer upon the changes he had witnessed in rural life, and the introduction of machinery, is truly descriptive from what I myself saw during my boyhood and early youth, and from what was often told me by persons of this humble calling. Happily, more happily, for these mountains, the mischief was diverted from the banks of their beautiful streams and transferred to open and flat countries abounding in coal, where the agency of steam was found much more effectual for carrying on those demoralizing works. Had it not been for this invention, long before the present time every torrent and river in this district would have had its factory, large and populous in proportion to the power of the water that could there have been commanded. Parliament has interfered to prevent the night-work which was once carried on in these mills as actively as during the daytime and by necessity still more perniciously—a sad disgrace to the proprietors, and to the nation which could so long tolerate such unnatural proceeding. Reviewing at this late period, 1843, what I put into the mouths of my interlocutors a few years after the commencement of the century, I grieve that so little progress has been made in diminishing the evils deplored, or promoting the benefits of education which the Wanderer anticipates. The results of Lord Ashley's labors to defer the time when children might legally be allowed to work in factories, and his endeavors to limit still farther the hours of permitted labor, have fallen far short of his own humane wishes, and those of every benevolent and right-minded man who has carefully attended to this subject: and in the present session of Parliament (1843) Sir James Graham's attempt to establish a course of religious education among the children employed in factories has been abandoned, in consequence of what might easily have been foreseen, the vehement and turbulent opposition of the Dissenters: so that, for many years to come, it must be thought expedient to leave the religious instruction of children entirely in the hands of the several denominations of Christians in the island, each body to work according to its own means and in its own way. Such is my own confidence, a confidence I share with many other of my most valued friends, in the superior advantages, both religious and social, which attend a course of instruction presided over and guided by the clergy of the Church of England, that I have no doubt that, if but once its members, lay and clerical, were duly sensible of these benefits, their church would daily gain ground and rapidly, upon every shape and fashion

ent: and in that case, a great majority in
ament being sensible of these benefits, the
sters of the country might be emboldened,
it necessary, to apply funds of the State to
upport of education on Church principles.
re I conclude, I cannot forbear noticing the
uous efforts made at this time in Parliament,
o many persons, to extend manufacturing
commercial industry at the expense of
ultural, though we have recently had abun-
proofs that the apprehensions expressed by
Vanderer were not groundless.

pake of mischief by the wise diffused
th gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
e healthier, the securer, we become —
lusion which a moment may destroy!"

Chartists are well aware of this possibility,
cling to it with an ardor and perseverance
n nothing but wiser and more brotherly
ng towards the many, on the part of the
hy few, can moderate or remove.

ile, from the grassy mountain's open side,
gazed, in silence hushed."

oint here fixed upon in my imagination is
vay up the northern side of Loughrigg Fell,
which the Pastor and his companions were
osed to look upwards to the sky and moun-
ops, and round the vale, with the lake lying
diately beneath them.

turned not without welcome promise made,
t he would share the pleasures and pursuits
yet another summer's day, consumed
wandering with us."

I reported this promise of the Solitary, and
after, it was my wish, and I might say in-
n, that we should resume our wanderings,
oass the Borders into his native country,
, as I hoped, he might witness, in the
y of the Wanderer, some religious ceremony
acrament, say, in the open fields, or a preach-
nong the mountains — which, by recalling to
ind the days of his early childhood, when
d been present on such occasions in com-
with his parents and nearest kindred, might
dissolved his heart into tenderness, and so
done more towards restoring the Christian
n which he had been educated, and, with
contentedness and even cheerfulness of
than all that the Wanderer and Pastor, by
several effusions and addresses, had been
o effect. An issue like this was in my in-
ns. But, alas!

"'Mid the wreck of IS and WAS,
ngs incomplete and purposes betrayed
ke sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
n noblest objects utterly decayed!"

To the Right Hon.
WILLIAM, EARL OF LONSDALE, K.G.
etc., etc.

Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!
In youth I roamed, on youthful pleasures bent;
And mused in rocky cell or sylvan tent,
Beside swift-flowing Lowther's current clear
— Now, by thy care befriended, I appear
Before thee, Lonsdale, and this Work present,
A token (may it prove a monument!)
Of high respect and gratitude sincere.
Gladly would I have waited till my task
Had reached its close; but Life is insecure,
And Hope full oft fallacious as a dream:
Therefore, for what is here produced, I ask
Thy favor; trusting that thou wilt not deem
The offering, though imperfect, premature.

William Wordsworth.

Rydal Mount, Westmoreland,
July 29, 1814.

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1814.

The Title-page announces that this is only a portion of a poem; and the Reader must be here apprised that it belongs to the second part of a long and laborious Work, which is to consist of three parts. — The Author will candidly acknowledge that, if the first of these had been completed, and in such a manner as to satisfy his own mind, he should have preferred the natural order of publication, and have given that to the world first; but, as the second division of the Work was designed to refer more to passing events, and to an existing state of things, than the others were meant to do, more continuous exertion was naturally bestowed upon it, and greater progress made here than in the rest of the poem; and as this part does not depend upon the preceding to a degree which will materially injure its own peculiar interest, the Author, complying with the earnest entreaties of some valued Friends, presents the following pages to the Public.

It may be proper to state whence the poem, of which "The Excursion" is a part, derives its Title of The Recluse. — Several years ago, when the Author retired to his native mountains, with the hope of being enabled to construct a literary Work that might live, it was a reasonable thing that he should take a review of his own mind, and examine how far Nature and Education had

qualified him for such employment. As subsidiary to this preparation, he undertook to record, in verse, the origin and progress of his own powers, as far as he was acquainted with them. That Work,[1] addressed to a dear Friend, most distinguished for his knowledge and genius, and to whom the Author's Intellect is deeply indebted, has been long finished; and the result of the investigation which gave rise to it was a determination to compose a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled, "The Recluse;" as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement. — The preparatory poem[1] is biographical, and conducts the history of the Author's mind to the point when he was emboldened to hope that his faculties were sufficiently matured for entering upon the arduous labor which he had proposed to himself; and the two Works have the same kind of relation to each other, if he may so express himself, as the ante-chapel has to the body of a Gothic church. Continuing this allusion, he may be permitted to add, that his minor Pieces, which have been long before the Public, when they shall be properly arranged, will be found by the attentive Reader to have such connection with the main Work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses, ordinarily included in those edifices.

The Author would not have deemed himself justified in saying, upon this occasion, so much of performances either unfinished or unpublished, if he had not thought that the labor bestowed by him upon what he has heretofore and now laid before the Public entitled him to candid attention for such a statement as he thinks necessary to throw light upon his endeavors to please and, he would hope, to benefit his countrymen. — Nothing further need be added, than that the first and third parts of "The Recluse" will consist chiefly of meditations in the Author's own person; and that in the intermediate part ("The Excursion") the intervention of characters speaking is employed, and something of a dramatic form adopted.

It is not the Author's intention formally to announce a system; it was more animating to him to proceed in a different course; and if he shall succeed in conveying to the mind clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feelings, the Reader will have no difficulty in extracting the system for himself. And in the mean time the following passage, taken from the conclusion of the first book of "The Recluse," may be acceptable as a kind of *Prospectus* of the design and scope of the whole Poem.

[1] The Prelude.

[The passage referred to begins with the lin "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life," s page 388 of the present edition, and ends wit "Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end page 389.]

Book First.

THE WANDERER.

ARGUMENT.

A summer forenoon — The Author reaches ruined Cottage upon a Common, and there mee with a revered Friend, the Wanderer, of whc education and course of life he gives an accou — The Wanderer, while resting under the shac of the Trees that surround the Cottage, relat the History of its last Inhabitant.

'T was summer, and the sun had mounte high:
Southward the landscape indistinctl glared
Through a pale steam; but all the north ern downs,
In clearest air ascending, showed far of
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flun
From brooding clouds; shadows that la in spots
Determined and unmoved, with stead beams
Of bright and pleasant sunshine inter posed;
To him most pleasant who on soft coc moss
Extends his careless limbs along the fron
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceilin casts
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,
Where the wren warbles, while th dreaming man,
Half conscious of the soothing melody,
With side-long eye looks out upon th scene,
By power of that impending covert thrown
To finer distance. Mine was at that hou
Far other lot, yet with good hope tha soon
Under a shade as grateful I should find
Rest, and be welcomed there to livelie joy.

ss a bare wide Common I was toiling
languid steps that by the slippery
turf
e baffled; nor could my weak arm
disperse
host of insects gathering round my
face,
ever with me as I paced along.

on that open moorland stood a
grove,
wished-for port to which my course
was bound.
ier I came, and there, amid the
gloom
ad by a brotherhood of lofty elms,
eared a roofless Hut; four naked
walls
stared upon each other! — I looked
round,
to my wish and to my hope espied
Friend I sought; a Man of reverend
age,
tout and hale, for travel unimpaired.
e was he seen upon the cottage-
bench,
mbent in the shade, as if asleep;
on-pointed staff lay at his side.

m had I marked the day before —
alone
stationed in the public way, with face
ed toward the sun then setting, while
that staff
ded, to the figure of the man
ned for contemplation or repose,
eful support; his countenance as he
stood
hidden from my view, and he re-
mained
cognized; but, stricken by the sight,
slackened footsteps I advanced,
and soon
d congratulation we exchanged
ch unthought-of meeting. — For the
night
arted, nothing willingly; and now
y appointment waited for me here,
r the covert of these clustering elms.

were tried Friends: amid a pleas-
ant vale,
In the antique market-village where was
passed
My school-time, an apartment he had
owned,
To which at intervals the Wanderer drew,
And found a kind of home or harbor
there.
He loved me; from a swarm of rosy boys
Singled out me, as he in sport would say,
For my grave looks, too thoughtful for
my years.
As I grew up, it was my best delight
To be his chosen comrade. Many a time,
On holidays, we rambled through the
woods:
We sate — we walked; he pleased me
with report
Of things which he had seen; and often
touched
Abstrusest matter, reasonings of the mind
Turned inward; or at my request would
sing
Old songs, the product of his native hills;
A skilful distribution of sweet sounds,
Feeding the soul, and eagerly imbibed
As cool refreshing water, by the care
Of the industrious husbandman, diffused
Through a parched meadow-ground, in
time of drought.
Still deeper welcome found his pure dis-
course;
How precious, when in riper days I
learned
To weigh with care his words, and to
rejoice
In the plain presence of his dignity!

Oh! many are the Poets that are sown
By Nature; men endowed with highest
gifts,
The vision and the faculty divine;
Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse,
(Which, in the docile season of their
youth,
It was denied them to acquire, through
lack
Of culture and the inspiring aid of books,
Or haply by a temper too severe,
Or a nice backwardness afraid of shame)
Nor having e'er, as life advanced, been
led
By circumstance to take unto the height

The measure of themselves, these favored Beings,
All but a scattered few, live out their time,
Husbanding that which they possess within,
And go to the grave, unthought of. Strongest minds
Are often those of whom the noisy world
Hears least; else surely this Man had not left
His graces unrevealed and unproclaimed.
But, as the mind was filled with inward light,
So not without distinction had he lived,
Beloved and honored — far as he was known.
And some small portion of his eloquent speech,
And something that may serve to set in view
The feeling pleasures of his loneliness,
His observations, and the thoughts his mind
Had dealt with — I will here record in verse;
Which, if with truth it correspond, and sink
Or rise as venerable Nature leads,
The high and tender Muses shall accept
With gracious smile, deliberately pleased,
And listening Time reward with sacred praise.

Among the hills of Athol he was born;
Where, on a small hereditary farm,
An unproductive slip of rugged ground,
His Parents, with their numerous offspring, dwelt;
A virtuous household, though exceeding poor!
Pure livers were they all, austere and grave,
And fearing God; the very children taught
Stern self-respect, a reverence for God's word,
And an habitual piety, maintained
With strictness scarcely known on English ground.

From his sixth year, the Boy of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills;
But, through the inclement and the pe
ous days
Of long-continuing winter, he repaire
Equipped with satchel, to a school, t
stood
Sole building on a mountain's dre
edge,
Remote from view of city spire, or sou
Of minster clock! From that bleak te
ment
He, many an evening, to his distant ho
In solitude returning, saw the hills
Grow larger in the darkness; all alon
Beheld the stars come out above his he
And travelled through the wood, with
one near
To whom he might confess the things
saw.

So the foundations of his mind we
laid.
In such communion, not from terror fr
While yet a child, and long before his tim
Had he perceived the presence and t
power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had i
pressed
So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, who
presence
Perplexed the bodily sense. He had r
ceived
A precious gift; for, as he grew in yea
With these impressions would he st
compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shape
and forms;
And, being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attain
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain; and on their pictured lin
Intensely brooded, even till they acquire
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fa
While yet a child, with a child's eagerne
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seaso
brought
To feed such appetite — nor this alone
Appeased his yearning: — in the after-d
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves fo
lorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked cra

sate, and even in their fixèd linea-
ments,
om the power of a peculiar eye,
y creative feeling overborne,
predominance of thought oppressed,
in their fixed and steady lineaments
raced an ebbing and a flowing mind,
ession ever varying!
Thus informed,
ad small need of books; for many a
tale
itionary, round the mountains hung,
many a legend, peopling the dark
woods,
ished Imagination in her growth,
gave the Mind that apprehensive
power
hich she is made quick to recognize
noral properties and scope of things.
eagerly he read, and read again,
te'er the minister's old shelf sup-
plied;
ife and death of martyrs, who sus-
tained,
will inflexible, those fearful pangs
nphantly displayed in records left
ersecution and the Covenant — times
se echo rings through Scotland to
this hour!
there, by lucky hap, had been pre-
served
ggling volume, torn and incomplete,
left half-told the preternatural tale,
nce of giants, chronicle of fiends,
se in garniture of wooden cuts
ge and uncouth; dire faces, figures
dire,
-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-
ankled too,
long and ghostly shanks — forms
which once seen
never be forgotten!
In his heart,
e Fear sate thus, a cherished visitant,
vanting yet the pure delight of love
nnd diffused, or by the breathing air,
the silent looks of happy things,
wing from the universal face
rth and sky. But he had felt the
power
nture, and already was prepared,
intense conceptions, to receive
y the lesson deep of love which he,
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has
taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the Boy — but for the grow-
ing Youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked
top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light!
He looked —
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, in gladness lay
Beneath him: — Far and wide the clouds
were touched,
And in their silent faces could he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form,
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his
life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no
request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and
love!

A Herdsman on the lonely mountain
tops,
Such intercourse was his, and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possessed*.
O then how beautiful, how bright, ap-
peared
The written promise! Early had he
learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith.
All things, responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving; infinite:
There littleness was not; the least of
things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit
shaped

Her prospects, nor did he believe, — he *saw*.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft as he called those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flowed; and from them he acquired
Wisdom, which works through patience; thence he learned
In oft-recurring hours of sober thought
To look on Nature with a humble heart.
Self-questioned where it did not understand,
And with a superstitious eye of love.

So passed the time; yet to the nearest town
He duly went with what small overplus
His earnings might supply, and brought away
The book that most had tempted his desires
While at the stall he read. Among the hills
He gazed upon that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton. Lore of different kind,
The annual savings of a toilsome life,
His Schoolmaster supplied; books that explain
The purer elements of truth involved
In lines and numbers, and, by charm severe,
(Especially perceived where nature droops
And feeling is suppressed) preserve the mind
Busy in solitude and poverty.
These occupations oftentimes deceived
The listless hours, while in the hollow vale,
Hollow and green, he lay on the green turf
In pensive idleness. What could he do,
Thus daily thirsting, in that lonesome life,
With blind endeavors? Yet, still uppermost,
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things that from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefo
with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of h
forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere trut
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest law
His triangles — they were the stars
heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delig
To measure the altitude of some tall cra
That is the eagle's birthplace, or son
peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that show
Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.

And thus before his eighteenth ye
was told,
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart
With still increasing weight; he w
o'erpowered
By Nature; by the turbulence subdued
Of his own mind; by mystery and hop
And the first virgin passion of a soul
Communing with the glorious universe.
Full often wished he that the winds mig
rage
When they were silent: far more fond
now
Than in his earlier season did he love
Tempestuous nights — the conflict an
the sounds
That live in darkness. From his intelle
And from the stillness of abstracte
thought
He asked repose; and, failing oft to wi
The peace required, he scanned the law
of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they sen
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist that, smitten by the su
Varies its rainbow hues. But vainly thu
And vainly by all other means, he strov
To mitigate the fever of his heart.

In dreams, in study, and in arde
thought,
Thus was he reared; much wanting t
assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining mor
And every moral feeling of his soul

ngthened and braced, by breathing
in content
keen, the wholesome, air of poverty,
drinking from the well of homely life.
ut, from past liberty, and tried re-
straints,
now was summoned to select the
course
umble industry that promised best
ield him no unworthy maintenance.
ed by his Mother, he essayed to teach
lage-school—but wandering thoughts
were then
isery to him; and the Youth resigned
sk he was unable to perform.

hat stern yet kindly Spirit, who con-
strains
Savoyard to quit his naked rocks,
free-born Swiss to leave his narrow
vales,
rit attached to regions mountainous
their own steadfast clouds) did now
impel
restless mind to look abroad with
hope.
n irksome drudgery seems it to plod
on,
ugh hot and dusty ways, or pelting
storm,
grant Merchant under a heavy load,
as he moves, and needing frequent
rest;
do such travellers find their own de-
light;
their hard service, deemed debasing
now,
ed merited respect in simpler times;
n squire, and priest, and they who
round them dwelt
istic sequestration — all dependent
n the PEDLER'S toil — supplied their
wants,
leased their fancies, with the wares
he brought.
gnorant was the Youth that still no
few
is adventurous countrymen were led
erseverance in this track of life
competence and ease: — to him it
offered
ctions manifold;—and this he chose.
is Parents on the enterprise bestowed
Their farewell benediction, but with
hearts
Foreboding evil. From his native hills
He wandered far; much did he see of
men,[1]
Their manners, their enjoyments, and
pursuits,
Their passions and their feelings; chiefly
those
Essential and eternal in the heart,
That, 'mid the simpler forms of rural life,
Exist more simple in their elements,
And speak a plainer language. In the
woods,
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields,
Itinerant in this labor, he had passed
The better portion of his time; and there
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of nature; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course,
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured; for, in himself
Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
He had no painful pressure from without
That made him turn aside from wretch-
edness
With coward fears. He could *afford* to
suffer
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence
it came
That in our best experience he was rich,
And in the wisdom of our daily life.
For hence, minutely, in his various rounds,
He had observed the progress and decay
Of many minds, of minds and bodies too;
The history of many families;
How they had prospered; how they were
o'erthrown
By passion or mischance, or such misrule
Among the unthinking masters of the earth
As makes the nations groan.

[1] See Note.

This active course
He followed till provision for his wants
Had been obtained;—the Wanderer then resolved
To pass the remnant of his days, untasked
With needless services, from hardship free.
His calling laid aside, he lived at ease:
But still he loved to pace the public roads
And the wild paths; and, by the summer's warmth
Invited, often would he leave his home
And journey far, revisiting the scenes
That to his memory were most endeared.
—Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
By worldly-mindedness or anxious care;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
By knowledge gathered up from day to day;
Thus had he lived a long and innocent life.

The Scottish Church, both on himself and those
With whom from childhood he grew up, had held
The strong hand of her purity; and still
Had watched him with an unrelenting eye.
This he remembered in his riper age
With gratitude, and reverential thoughts.
But by the native vigor of his mind,
By his habitual wanderings out of doors,
By loneliness, and goodness, and kind works,
Whate'er, in docile childhood or in youth,
He had imbibed of fear or darker thought
Was melted all away; so true was this,
That sometimes his religion seemed to me
Self-taught, as of a dreamer in the woods;
Who to the model of his own pure heart
Shaped his belief, as grace divine inspired,
And human reason dictated with awe.
—And surely never did there live on earth
A man of kindlier nature. The rough sports
And teasing ways of children vexed not him;
Indulgent listener was he to the tongue
Of garrulous age; nor did the sick man's tale,
To his fraternal sympathy addressed,
Obtain reluctant hearing.

Plain his garb
Such as might suit a rustic Sire, prepared
For sabbath duties; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark.
Active and nervous was his gait; his limbs
And his whole figure breathed intelligence.
Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek
Into a narrower circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye; that, under brows
Shaggy and gray, had meanings which it brought
From years of youth; which, like a Being made
Of many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to come,
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave.

So was He framed; and such his course of life
Who now, with no appendage but a staff
The prized memorial of relinquished toils,
Upon that cottage-bench reposed his limbs,
Screened from the sun. Supine the Wanderer lay,
His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
The shadows of the breezy elms above
Dappling his face. He had not heard the sound
Of my approaching steps, and in the shade
Unnoticed did I stand some minutes space.
At length I hailed him, seeing that his hat
Was moist with water-drops, as if the brim
Had newly-scooped a running stream. He rose,
And ere our lively greeting into peace
Had settled, "'T is," said I, "a burning day:
My lips are parched with thirst, but you it seems
Have somewhere found relief." He, at the word,
Pointing towards a sweet-briar, bade me climb

fence where that aspiring shrub looked out
on the public way. It was a plot
garden ground run wild, its matted weeds
rked with the steps of those, whom, as they passed,
gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,
currants, hanging from their leafless stems,
canty strings, had tempted to o'erleap
broken wall. I looked around, and there,
ere two tall hedge-rows of thick alder boughs
ied in a cold damp nook, espied a well
ouded with willow-flowers and plumy fern.
thirst I slaked, and, from the cheerless spot
hdrawing, straightway to the shade returned
ere sate the old Man on the cottage-bench;
l, while, beside him, with uncovered head,
t was standing, freely to respire;
cool my temples in the fanning air,
s did he speak. "I see around me here
ngs which you cannot see: we die, my Friend,
we alone, but that which each man loved
prized in his peculiar nook of earth
s with him, or is changed; and very soon
n of the good is no memorial left.
he Poets, in their elegies and songs
enting the departed, call the groves,
y call upon the hills and streams, to mourn,
senseless rocks; nor idly; for they speak,
nese their invocations, with a voice
dient to the strong creative power
uman passion. Sympathies there are
e tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
steal upon the meditative mind,
grow with thought. Beside yon spring I stood,
And eyed its waters till we seemed to feel
One sadness, they and I. For them a bond
Of brotherhood is broken: time has been
When, every day, the touch of human hand
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
In mortal stillness; and they ministered
To human comfort. Stooping down to drink,
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years, and subject only
To the soft handling of the elements:
There let it lie — how foolish are such thoughts!
Forgive them; — never — never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt within
A daughter's welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. Many a passenger
Hath blessed poor Margaret for her gentle looks,
When she upheld the cool refreshment drawn
From that forsaken spring; and no one came
But he was welcome; no one went away
But that it seemed she loved him. She is dead,
The light extinguished of her lonely hut,
The hut itself abandoned to decay,
And she forgotten in the quiet grave.

I speak," continued he, "of One whose stock
Of virtues bloomed beneath this lonely roof.
She was a Woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts: by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being, who by adding love to peace

Might live on earth a life of happiness.
Her wedded Partner lacked not on his side
The humble worth that satisfied her heart:
Frugal, affectionate, sober, and withal
Keenly industrious. She with pride would tell
That he was often seated at his loom,
In summer, ere the mower was abroad
Among the dewy grass, — in early spring,
Ere the last star had vanished. — They who passed
At evening, from behind the garden fence
Might hear his busy spade, which he would ply,
After his daily work, until the light
Had failed, and every leaf and flower were lost
In the dark hedges. So their days were spent
In peace and comfort; and a pretty boy
Was their best hope, next to the God in heaven.

Not twenty years ago, but you I think
Can scarcely bear it now in mind, there came
Two blighting seasons, when the fields were left
With half a harvest. It pleased Heaven to add
A worse affliction in the plague of war:
This happy Land was stricken to the heart!
A Wanderer then among the cottages,
I, with my freight of winter raiment, saw
The hardships of that season: many rich
Sank down, as in a dream, among the poor;
And of the poor did many cease to be,
And their place knew them not. Meanwhile, abridged
Of daily comforts, gladly reconciled
To numerous self-denials, Margaret
Went struggling on through those calamitous years
With cheerful hope, until the second autumn,
When her life's Helpmate on a sick-bed lay,
Smitten with perilous fever. In disease
He lingered long; and, when his strength returned,
He found the little he had stored, to mee
The hour of accident or crippling age,
Was all consumed. A second infant nov
Was added to the troubles of a time
Laden, for them and all of their degree
With care and sorrow; shoals of artisan
From ill-requited labor turned adrift
Sought daily bread from public charity,
They, and their wives and children — happier far
Could they have lived as do the little bird
That peck along the hedge-rows, or th kite
That makes her dwelling on the mountai rocks!

A sad reverse it was for him who lon
Had filled with plenty, and possessed i peace,
This lonely Cottage. At the door h stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merr tunes
That had no mirth in them; or with hi knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads o sticks —
Then, not less idly, sought, through ever nook
In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament; and with a strange
Amusing, yet uneasy, novelty,
He mingled, where he might, the variou tasks
Of summer, autumn, winter, and of spring
But this endured not; his good humor soon
Became a weight in which no pleasure was:
And poverty brought on a petted mood
And a sore temper: day by day he drooped,
And he would leave his work — and to the town
Would turn without an errand his slack steps;
Or wander here and there among the fields.
One while he would speak lightly of his babes,
And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He tossed them with a false unnatural joy:
And 't was a rueful thing to see the looks

he poor innocent children. 'Every
smile,'
Margaret to me, here beneath these
trees,
de my heart bleed.'"
At this the Wanderer paused;
, looking up to those enormous elms,
said, "'t is now the hour of deepest
noon.
his still season of repose and peace,
hour when all things which are not
at rest
cheerful; while this multitude of flies
tuneful hum is filling all the air;
should a tear be on an old Man's
cheek?
should we thus, with an untoward
mind,
in the weakness of humanity,
natural wisdom turn our hearts
away;
atural comfort shut our eyes and ears;
feeding on disquiet, thus disturb
calm of nature with our restless
thoughts?"

---

pake with somewhat of a solemn tone:
when he ended, there was in his face
easy cheerfulness, a look so mild,
for a little time it stole away
ecollection; and that simple tale
ed from my mind like a forgotten
sound.
ile on trivial things we held discourse,
e soon tasteless. In my own despite,
ught of that poor Woman as of one
m I had known and loved. He had
rehearsed
omely tale with such familiar power,
such an active countenance, an eye
sy, that the things of which he spake
ed present; and, attention now re-
laxed,
rt-felt chillness crept along my veins.
; and, having left the breezy shade,
drinking comfort from the warmer
sun,
had not cheered me long — ere,
looking round
that tranquil Ruin, I returned,
begged of the old Man that, for my
sake,
ould resume his story.

He replied,
"It were a wantonness, and would
demand
Severe reproof, if we were men whose
hearts
Could hold vain dalliance with the misery
Even of the dead; contented thence to
draw
A momentary pleasure, never marked
By reason, barren of all future good.
But we have known that there is often
found
In mournful thoughts, and always might
be found,
A power to virtue friendly; were 't not so,
I am a dreamer among men, indeed
An idle dreamer! 'T is a common tale,
An ordinary sorrow of man's life,
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed
In bodily form. — But without further
bidding
I will proceed.
While thus it fared with them,
To whom this cottage, till those hapless
years,
Had been a blessèd home, it was my
chance
To travel in a country far remote;
And when these lofty elms once more
appeared
What pleasant expectations lured me on
O'er the flat Common! — With quick
step I reached
The threshold, lifted with light hand the
latch;
But, when I entered, Margaret looked at
me
A little while; then turned her head away
Speechless, — and, sitting down upon a
chair,
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Nor how to speak to her. Poor Wretch!
at last
She rose from off her seat, and then, —
O Sir!
I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my
name: —
With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Unutterably helpless, and a look
That seemed to cling upon me, she in-
quired
If I had seen her husband. As she
spake

A strange surprise and fear came to my heart,
Nor had I power to answer ere she told
That he had disappeared — not two months gone.
He left his house: two wretched days had past,
And on the third, as wistfully she raised
Her head from off her pillow, to look forth,
Like one in trouble, for returning light,
Within her chamber-casement she espied
A folded paper, lying as if placed
To meet her waking eyes. This trem-blingly
She opened — found no writing, but beheld
Pieces of money carefully enclosed,
Silver and gold. 'I shuddered at the sight,'
Said Margaret, 'for I knew it was his hand
That must have placed it there; and ere that day
Was ended, that long anxious day, I learned,
From one who by my husband had been sent
With the sad news, that he had joined a troop
Of soldiers, going to a distant land.
— He left me thus — he could not gather heart
To take a farewell of me; for he feared
That I should follow with my babes, and sink
Beneath the misery of that wandering life.'

This tale did Margaret tell with many tears:
And, when she ended, I had little power
To give her comfort, and was glad to take
Such words of hope from her own mouth as served
To cheer us both. But long we had not talked
Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
And with a brighter eye she looked around
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.
We parted. — 'T was the time of early spring;
I left her busy with her garden tools;
And well remember, o'er that fence s
looked,
And, while I paced along the foot-w
path,
Called out, and sent a blessing after m
With tender cheerfulness, and with a voi
That seemed the very sound of happ
thoughts.

I roved o'er many a hill and many
dale,
With my accustomed load; in heat an
cold,
Through many a wood and many an ope
ground,
In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fai
Drooping or blithe of heart, as migh
befall;
My best companions now the drivin
winds,
And now the 'trotting brooks' and whi
pering trees,
And now the music of my own sad steps
With many a short-lived thought tha
passed between,
And disappeared.
I journeyed back this way
When, in the warmth of midsummer, th
wheat
Was yellow; and the soft and blade
grass,
Springing afresh, had o'er the hay-fiel
spread
Its tender verdure. At the door arrived
I found that she was absent. In the shade
Where now we sit, I waited her return.
Her cottage, then a cheerful object, wor
Its customary look, — only, it seemed,
The honeysuckle, crowding round th
porch,
Hung down in heavier tufts; and tha
bright weed,
The yellow stone-crop, suffered to tak
root
Along the window's edge, profusely grew
Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside
And strolled into her garden. It appeare
To lag behind the season, and had lost
Its pride of neatness. Daisy-flowers an
thrift
Had broken their trim border-lines, an
straggled

r paths they used to deck: carnations, once
ed for surpassing beauty, and no less
the peculiar pains they had required,
lined their languid heads, wanting support.
cumbrous bind-weed, with its wreaths and bells,
l twined about her two small rows of peas,
l dragged them to the earth.
Ere this an hour
s wasted. — Back I turned my restless steps;
ranger passed; and, guessing whom I sought,
said that she was used to ramble far. —
sun was sinking in the west; and now
te with sad impatience. From within
solitary infant cried aloud;
n, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
voice was silent. From the bench I rose;
neither could divert nor soothe my thoughts.
spot, though fair, was very desolate —
longer I remained, more desolate:
, looking round me, now I first observed
corner stones, on either side the porch,
n dull red stains discolored, and stuck o'er
n tufts and hairs of wool, as if the sheep,
fed upon the Common, thither came
iliarly, and found a couching-place
n at her threshold. Deeper shadows fell
n these tall elms; the cottage-clock struck eight; —
ned, and saw her distant a few steps.
face was pale and thin — her figure, too,
changed. As she unlocked the door, she said,
grieves me you have waited here so long,
in good truth, I 've wandered much of late;
sometimes — to my shame I speak — have need
ny best prayers to bring me back again.
While on the board she spread our evening meal,
She told me — interrupting not the work
Which gave employment to her listless hands —
That she had parted with her elder child;
To a kind master on a distant farm
Now happily apprenticed. — 'I perceive
You look at me, and you have cause; to-day
I have been travelling far; and many days
About the fields I wander, knowing this
Only, that what I seek I cannot find;
And so I waste my time: for I am changed;
And to myself,' said she, 'have done much wrong
And to this helpless infant. I have slept
Weeping, and weeping have I waked; my tears
Have flowed as if my body were not such
As others are; and I could never die.
But I am now in mind and in my heart
More easy; and I hope,' said she, 'that God
Will give me patience to endure the things
Which I behold at home.'
It would have grieved
Your very soul to see her. Sir, I feel
The story linger in my heart; I fear
'T is long and tedious; but my spirit clings
To that poor Woman: — so familiarly
Do I perceive her manner, and her look,
And presence; and so deeply do I feel
Her goodness, that, not seldom, in my walks
A momentary trance comes over me;
And to myself I seem to muse on One
By sorrow laid asleep; or borne away,
A human being destined to awake
To human life, or something very near
To human life, when he shall come again
For whom she suffered. Yes, it would have grieved
Your very soul to see her: evermore
Her eyelids drooped, her eyes downward were cast;
And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
Her body was subdued. In every act
Pertaining to her house-affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied; to which all outward things

Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.

Ere my departure, to her care I gave,
For her son's use, some tokens of regard,
Which with a look of welcome she received;
And I exhorted her to place her trust
In God's good love, and seek his help by prayer.
I took my staff, and, when I kissed her babe,
The tears stood in her eyes. I left her then
With the best hope and comfort I could give:
She thanked me for my wish;—but for my hope
It seemed she did not thank me.
I returned,
And took my rounds along this road again
When on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.
I found her sad and drooping: she had learned
No tidings of her husband; if he lived,
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead,
She knew not he was dead. She seemed the same
In person and appearance; but her house
Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence;
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth
Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
Which, in the cottage-window, heretofore
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall. Her infant Babe
Had from his Mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings. I withdrew,
And once again entering the garden saw
More plainly still, that poverty and grie
Were now come nearer to her: weeds de faced
The hardened soil, and knots of withere grass:
No ridges there appeared of clear blac mould,
No winter greenness; of her herbs an flowers,
It seemed the better part was gnawed awa
Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw
Which had been twined about the slende stem
Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;
The bark was nibbled round by truan sheep.
—Margaret stood near, her infant in he arms,
And, noting that my eye was on the tree
She said, 'I fear it will be dead and gon
Ere Robert come again.' When to th House
We had returned together, she inquired
If I had any hope:—but for her babe
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live, that she must di
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door.
And when
In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead
And she was left alone. She now, released
From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these wilds, and gained,
By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
And for this end had hired a neighbor's boy
To give her needful help. That very time
Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Heedless how far; and, in such piteous sort
That any heart had ached to hear her, begged
That, whereso'er I went, I still would ask
For him whom she had lost. We parted then —

final parting; for from that time forth
many seasons pass ere I returned
this tract again.
Nine tedious years;
n their first separation, nine long years,
lingered in unquiet widowhood;
ife and Widow. Needs must it have
been
re heart-wasting! I have heard, my
Friend,
in yon arbor oftentimes she sate
ie, through half the vacant sabbath
day;
if a dog passed by, she still would
quit
shade, and look abroad. On this old
bench
hours she sate; and evermore her eye
busy in the distance, shaping things
made her heart beat quick. You see
that path,
faint, — the grass has crept o'er its
gray line;
e, to and fro, she paced through many
a day
ie warm summer, from a belt of hemp
girt her waist, spinning the long-
drawn thread
backward steps. Yet ever as there
passed
n whose garments showed the sol-
dier's red,
ippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
ittle child who sate to turn the wheel
ed from his task; and she with
faltering voice
many a fond inquiry; and when they,
se presence gave no comfort, were
gone by,
ieart was still more sad. And by yon
gate,
bars the traveller's road, she often
stood,
vhen a stranger horseman came, the
latch
d lift, and in his face look wistfully;
happy, if, from aught discovered there
nder feeling, she might dare repeat
ame sad question. Meanwhile her
poor Hut
to decay; for he was gone, whose
hand,
e first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh
bands of straw
Checkered the green-grown thatch. And
so she lived
Through the long winter, reckless and
alone;
Until her house by frost, and thaw, and
rain,
Was sapped; and while she slept, the
nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy
day
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the
wind,
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot, nor would
for worlds
Have parted hence; and still that length
of road,
And this rude bench, one torturing hope
endeared,
Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my
Friend, —
In sickness she remained; and here she
died;
Last human tenant of these ruined walls!"

The old Man ceased: he saw that I was
moved;
From that low bench, rising instinctively
I turned aside in weakness, nor had power
To thank him for the tale which he had
told.
I stood, and leaning o'er the garden wall
Reviewed that Woman's sufferings; and
it seemed
To comfort me while with a brother's love
I blessed her in the impotence of grief.
Then towards the cottage I returned; and
traced
Fondly, though with an interest more mild,
That secret spirit of humanity
Which, 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies
Of nature, 'mid her plants, and weeds, and
flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survived.
The old Man, noting this, resumed, and
said,
"My friend! enough to sorrow you have
given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more:
Nor more would she have craved as due
to One

Who, in her worst distress, had ofttimes felt
The unbounded might of prayer; and learned, with soul
Fixed on the Cross, that consolation springs,
From sources deeper far than deepest pain,
For the meek Sufferer. Why then should we read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?
She sleeps in the calm earth, and peace is here.
I well remember that those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silvered o'er,
As once I passed, into my heart conveyed
So still an image of tranquillity,
So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
That passing shows of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could maintain,
Nowhere, dominion o'er the enlightened spirit
Whose meditative sympathies repose
Upon the breast of Faith. I turned away,
And walked along my road in happiness."

He ceased. Ere long the sun declining shot
A slant and mellow radiance, which began
To fall upon us, while, beneath the trees,
We sate on that low bench: and now we felt,
Admonished thus, the sweet hour coming on.
A linnet warbled from those lofty elms,
A thrush sang loud, and other melodies,
At distance heard, peopled the milder air.
The old Man rose, and, with a sprightly mien
Of hopeful preparation, grasped his staff;
Together casting then a farewell look
Upon those silent walls, we left the shade;
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A village-inn,—our evening resting-place.

Book Second.

THE SOLITARY.

ARGUMENT.

The Author describes his travels with the Wa
derer, whose character is further illustrated
Morning scene, and View of a Village Wake
Wanderer's account of a Friend whom he pu
poses to visit — View, from an eminence, of t
Valley which his Friend had chosen for his retre
— Sound of singing from below—A funeral proc
sion — Descent into the Valley — Observatio
drawn from the Wanderer at sight of a book ac
dentally discovered in a recess in the Valley
Meeting with the Wanderer's friend, the Solita
—Wanderer's description of the mode of burial
this mountainous district—Solitary contrasts wi
this, that of the individual carried a few minut
before from the cottage — The cottage entered
Description of the Solitary's apartment — Repa
there —View, from the window, of two mounta
summits; and the Solitary's description of t
companionship they afford him — Account of t
departed inmate of the cottage — Description o
grand spectacle upon the mountains, with i
effect upon the Solitary's mind—Leave the hous

In days of yore how fortunately fared
The Minstrel! wandering on from hall t
hall,
Baronial court or royal; cheered with gif
Munificent, and love, and ladies' praise
Now meeting on his road an armèd knigh
Now resting with a pilgrim by the side
Of a clear brook;—beneath an abbey
roof
One evening sumptuously lodged; th
next,
Humbly in a religious hospital;
Or with some merry outlaws of the wood
Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.
Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared
He walked — protected from the swor
of war
By virtue of that sacred instrument
His harp, suspended at the traveller's side
His dear companion wheresoe'er he wer
Opening from land to land an easy way
By melody, and by the charm of verse.
Yet not the noblest of that honored Rac
Drew happier, loftier, more empassioned
thoughts

his long journeyings and eventful life,
this obscure Itinerant had skill
ather, ranging through the tamer ground
ese our unimaginative days;
while he trod the earth in humblest guise
utred with his burthen and his staff;
now, when free to move with lighter pace.

nat wonder, then, if I, whose favorite school
been the fields, the roads, and rural lanes,
ed on this guide with reverential love?
with the other pleased, we now pursued
ourney, under favorable skies.
wheresoe'er we would, he was a light
ling: not a hamlet could we pass,
y a house, that did not yield to him
embrances; or from his tongue call forth
way-beguiling tale. Nor less regard
mpanied those strains of apt discourse,
h nature's various objects might inspire;
n the silence of his face I read
verflowing spirit. Birds and beasts,
the mute fish that glances in the stream,
harmless reptile coiling in the sun,
gorgeous insect hovering in the air,
owl domestic, and the household dog —
capacious mind, he loved them all:
rights acknowledging he felt for all.
as occasion given me to perceive
the calm pleasures of the pasturing herd
ppy contemplation soothed his walk;
the poor brute's condition, forced to run
urse of suffering in the public road,
ntrast! all too often smote his heart
unavailing pity. Rich in love
weet humanity, he was, himself,
To the degree that he desired, beloved.
Smiles of good-will from faces that he knew
Greeted us all day long; we took our seats
By many a cottage-hearth, where he received
The welcome of an Inmate from afar,
And I at once forgot, I was a Stranger.
— Nor was he loth to enter ragged huts,
Huts where his charity was blest; his voice
Heard as the voice of an experienced friend.
And, sometimes — where the poor man held dispute
With his own mind, unable to subdue
Impatience through inaptness to perceive
General distress in his particular lot;
Or cherishing resentment, or in vain
Struggling against it; with a soul perplexed,
And finding in herself no steady power
To draw the line of comfort that divides
Calamity, the chastisement of Heaven,
From the injustice of our brother men —
To him appeal was made as to a judge;
Who, with an understanding heart, allayed
The perturbation; listened to the plea;
Resolved the dubious point; and sentence gave
So grounded, so applied, that it was heard
With softened spirit, even when it condemned.

Such intercourse I witnessed, while we roved,
Now as his choice directed, now as mine;
Or both, with equal readiness of will,
Our course submitting to the changeful breeze
Of accident. But when the rising sun
Had three times called us to renew our walk,
My Fellow-traveller, with earnest voice,
As if the thought were but a moment old,
Claimed absolute dominion for the day.
We started — and he led me toward the hills,
Up through an ample vale, with higher hills
Before us, mountains stern and desolate;
But, in the majesty of distance, now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair

Of aspect, with aërial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beams.

The wealthy, the luxurious, by the stress
Of business roused, or pleasure, ere their time,
May roll in chariots, or provoke the hoofs
Of the fleet coursers they bestride, to raise
From earth the dust of morning, slow to rise;
And they, if blest with health and hearts at ease,
Shall lack not their enjoyment: — but how faint
Compared with ours! who, pacing side by side,
Could, with an eye of leisure, look on all
That we beheld; and lend the listening sense
To every grateful sound of earth and air;
Pausing at will — our spirits braced, our thoughts
Pleasant as roses in the thickets blown,
And pure as dew bathing their crimson leaves.

Mount slowly, sun! that we may journey long,
By this dark hill protected from thy beams!
Such is the summer pilgrim's frequent wish;
But quickly from among our morning thoughts
'T was chased away: for, toward the western side
Of the broad vale, casting a casual glance,
We saw a throng of people; wherefore met?
Blithe notes of music, suddenly let loose
On the thrilled ear, and flags uprising, yield
Prompt answer; they proclaim the annual Wake,
Which the bright season favors. — Tabor and pipe
In purpose join to hasten or reprove
The laggard Rustic; and repay with boons
Of merriment a party-colored knot,
Already formed upon the village-green.
— Beyond the limits of the shadow cast
By the broad hill, glistened upon our sight
That gay assemblage. Round them a
above,
Glitter, with dark recesses interposed,
Casement, and cottage-roof, and stems
trees
Half-veiled in vapory cloud, the silv
steam
Of dews fast melting on their leafy boug
By the strong sunbeams smitten. Like
mast
Of gold, the Maypole shines; as if the ra
Of morning, aided by exhaling dew,
With gladsome influence could re-anima
The faded garlands dangling from
sides.

Said I, "The music and the spright
scene
Invite us; shall we quit our road, and jo
These festive matins?" — He replie
"Not loth
To linger I would here with you partak
Not one hour merely, but till evening
close,
The simple pastimes of the day and plac
By the fleet Racers, ere the sun be set,
The turf of yon large pasture will
skimmed;
There, too, the lusty Wrestlers shall co
tend:
But know we not that he, who intermi
The appointed task and duties of the da
Untunes full oft the pleasures of the day
Checking the finer spirits that refuse
To flow when purposes are light
changed?
A length of journey yet remains untraced
Let us proceed." Then, pointing wit
his staff
Raised toward those craggy summits, h
intent
He thus imparted: —
"In a spot that lie
Among yon mountain fastnesses co
cealed,
You will receive, before the hour of noon
Good recompense, I hope, for this day
toil,
From sight of One who lives seclude
there,
Lonesome and lost: of whom, and whos
past life,

to forestall such knowledge as may be
faithfully collected from himself)
brief communication shall suffice.

ough now sojourning there, he, like
myself,
ng from a stock of lowly parentage
ng the wilds of Scotland, in a tract
re many a sheltered and well-tended
plant,
, on the humblest ground of social
life,
oms of piety and innocence.
grateful promises his youth dis-
played:
having shown in study forward zeal,
the Ministry was duly called;
straight, incited by a curious mind
d with vague hopes, he undertook the
charge
naplain to a military troop
ed by the Highland bagpipe, as they
marched
ided vest, — his fellow-countrymen.
office filling, yet by native power
force of native inclination made
tellectual ruler in the haunts
cial vanity, he walked the world,
and affecting graceful gayety;
buoyant — less a pastor with his flock
a soldier among soldiers — lived and
roamed
e Fortune led: — and Fortune, who
oft proves
careless wanderer's friend, to him
made known
oming Lady — a conspicuous flower,
red for beauty, for her sweetness
praised;
n he had sensibility to love,
tion to attempt, and skill to win.

this fair Bride, most rich in gifts of
mind,
sparingly endowed with worldly
wealth,
ffice he relinquished; and retired
the world's notice to a rural home.
's season yet with him was scarcely
past,
he was in youth's prime. How free
their love,
full their joy! 'Till, pitiable doom!
In the short course of one undreaded year
Death blasted all. Death suddenly o'er-
threw
Two lovely Children — all that they pos-
sessed!
The Mother followed: — miserably bare
The one Survivor stood; he wept, he
prayed
For his dismissal, day and night, com-
pelled
To hold communion with the grave, and
face
With pain the regions of eternity.
An uncomplaining apathy displaced
This anguish; and, indifferent to delight,
To aim and purpose, he consumed his
days,
To private interest dead, and public care.
So lived he; so he might have died.
But now,
To the wide world's astonishment, ap-
peared
A glorious opening, the unlooked-for
dawn,
That promised everlasting joy to France!
Her voice of social transport reached even
him!
He broke from his contracted bounds, re-
paired
To the great City, an emporium then
Of golden expectations, and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of
hope.
Thither his popular talents he transferred;
And, from the pulpit, zealously main-
tained
The cause of Christ and civil liberty,
As one, and moving to one glorious end.
Intoxicating service! I might say
A happy service; for he was sincere
As vanity and fondness for applause,
And new and shapeless wishes, would
allow.

That righteous cause (such power hath
freedom) bound,
For one hostility, in friendly league,
Ethereal natures and the worst of slaves;
Was served by rival advocates that came
From regions opposite as heaven and hell.
One courage seemed to animate them all:
And, from the dazzling conquests daily
gained

By their united efforts, there arose
A proud and most presumptuous confidence
In the transcendent wisdom of the age,
And her discernment; not alone in rights,
And in the origin and bounds of power
Social and temporal; but in laws divine,
Deduced by reason, or to faith revealed.
An overweening trust was raised; and fear
Cast out, alike of person and of thing.
Plague from this union spread, whose subtle bane
The strongest did not easily escape;
And He, what wonder! took a mortal taint.
How shall I trace the change, how bear to tell
That he broke faith with them whom he had laid
In earth's dark chambers, with a Christian's hope!
An infidel contempt of holy writ
Stole by degrees upon his mind; and hence
Life, like that Roman Janus, double-faced;
Vilest hypocrisy — the laughing, gay
Hypocrisy, not leagued with fear, but pride.
Smooth words he had to wheedle simple souls;
But, for disciples of the inner school,
Old freedom was old servitude, and they
The wisest whose opinions stooped the least
To known restraints; and who most boldly drew
Hopeful prognostications from a creed,
That, in the light of false philosophy,
Spread like a halo round a misty moon,
Widening its circle as the storms advance.

His sacred function was at length renounced;
And every day and every place enjoyed
The unshackled layman's natural liberty;
Speech, manners, morals, all without disguise.
I do not wish to wrong him; though the course
Of private life licentiously displayed
Unhallowed actions — planted like a crown
Upon the insolent aspiring brow
Of spurious notions — worn as open sig
Of prejudice subdued — still he retaine
'Mid much abasement, what he had r
ceived
From nature, an intense and glowi
mind.
Wherefore, when humbled Liberty gre
weak,
And mortal sickness on her face appeare
He colored objects to his own desire
As with a lover's passion. Yet his moo
Of pain were keen as those of better me
Nay keener, as his fortitude was less:
And he continued, when worse days we
come,
To deal about his sparkling eloquence,
Struggling against the strange rever
with zeal
That showed like happiness. But,
despite
Of all this outside bravery, within,
He neither felt encouragement nor hop
For moral dignity, and strength of min
Were wanting; and simplicity of life;
And reverence for himself; and, last a
best,
Confiding thoughts, through love and fe
of Him
Before whose sight the troubles of th
world
Are vain, as billows on a tossing sea.

The glory of the times fading away -
The splendor, which had given a festal a
air
To self-importance, hallowed it, a
veiled
From his own sight — this gone, he fo
feited
All joy in human nature; was consume
And vexed, and chafed, by levity a
scorn,
And fruitless indignation; galled by prid
Made desperate by contempt of men wh
throve
Before his sight in power or fame, a
won,
Without desert, what he desired; wea
men,
Too weak even for his envy or his hate
Tormented thus, after a wandering cour
Of discontent, and inwardly opprest

a malady — in part, I fear, provoked
weariness of life — he fixed his home,
rather say, sate down by very chance,
ing these rugged hills; where now he
dwells,
wastes the sad remainder of his hours,
bed in a self-indulging spleen, that
wants not
wn voluptuousness; — on this re-
solved,
this content, that he will live and
die
otten, — at safe distance from 'a
world
moving to his mind.'"
These serious words
d the preparatory notices
served my Fellow-traveller to beguile
way, while we advanced up that wide
vale.
rging now (as if his quest had been
secret of the mountains, cavern, fall
ater, or some lofty eminence,
wned for splendid prospect far and
wide)
caled, without a track to ease our
steps,
eep ascent; and reached a dreary
plain,
a tumultuous waste of huge hill tops
e us; savage region! which I paced
rited: when, all at once, behold!
ath our feet, a little lowly vale,
rly vale, and yet uplifted high
g the mountains; even as if the spot
been from eldest time by wish of
theirs
aced, to be shut out from all the
world!
ke it was in shape, deep as an urn;
rocks encompassed, save that to the
south
one small opening, where a heath-
clad ridge
ied a boundary less abrupt and close;
et treeless nook, with two green
fields,
id pool that glittered in the sun,
one bare dwelling; one abode, no
more!
ned the home of poverty and toil,
h not of want: the little fields,
made green
By husbandry of many thrifty years,
Paid cheerful tribute to the moorland
house.
— There crows the cock, single in his
domain:
The small birds find in spring no thicket
there
To shroud them; only from the neigh-
boring vales
The cuckoo, straggling up to the hill tops,
Shouteth faint tidings of some gladder
place.

Ah! what a sweet Recess, thought I,
is here!
Instantly throwing down my limbs at ease
Upon a bed of heath; — full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy
Among the mountains; never one like this;
So lonesome, and so perfectly secure;
Not melancholy — no, for it is green,
And bright, and fertile, furnished in itself
With the few needful things that life re-
quires.
— In rugged arms how softly does it lie,
How tenderly protected! Far and near
We have an image of the pristine earth,
The planet in its nakedness: were this
Man's only dwelling, sole appointed seat,
First, last, and single, in the breathing
world,
It could not be more quiet; peace is here
Or nowhere; days unruffled by the gale
Of public news or private; years that pass
Forgetfully; uncalled upon to pay
The common penalties of mortal life,
Sickness, or accident, or grief, or pain.

On these and kindred thoughts intent
I lay
In silence musing by my Comrade's side,
He also silent; when from out the heart
Of that profound abyss a solemn voice,
Or several voices in one solemn sound,
Was heard ascending; mournful, deep,
and slow
The cadence, as of psalms — a funeral
dirge!
We listened, looking down upon the hut,
But seeing no one: meanwhile from below
The strain continued, spiritual as before;
And now distinctly could I recognize

These words:— "*Shall in the grave thy love be known,*
In death thy faithfulness?" — "God rest his soul!"
Said the old man, abruptly breaking silence, —
"He is departed, and finds peace at last!"

This scarcely spoken, and those holy strains
Not ceasing, forth appeared in view a band
Of rustic persons, from behind the hut
Bearing a coffin in the midst, with which
They shaped their course along the sloping side
Of that small valley, singing as they moved;
A sober company and few, the men
Bare-headed, and all decently attired!
Some steps when they had thus advanced, the dirge
Ended; and, from the stillness that ensued
Recovering, to my Friend I said, "You spake,
Methought, with apprehension that these rites
Are paid to Him upon whose shy retreat
This day we purposed to intrude." — "I did so,
But let us hence, that we may learn the truth:
Perhaps it is not he but some one else
For whom this pious service is performed;
Some other tenant of the solitude."

So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,
Where passage could be won; and, as the last
Of the mute train, behind the heathy top
Of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground; and there
Stood waiting for my Comrade. When behold
An object that enticed my steps aside!
A narrow, winding, entry opened out
Into a platform — that lay, sheepfold-wise,
Enclosed between an upright mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall; — a cool recess,
And fanciful! For where the rock ar wall
Met in an angle, hung a penthouse, fram
By thrusting two rude staves into the wa
And overlaying them with mountain sod
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Whereon a full-grown man might res nor dread
The burning sunshine, or a transie shower;
But the whole plainly wrought by chi dren's hands!
Whose skill had thronged the floor wi a proud show
Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;
Nor wanting ornament of walks betwee
With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
And gardens interposed. Pleased wi the sight,
I could not choose but beckon to m Guide,
Who, entering, round him threw a car less glance,
Impatient to pass on, when I exclaime "Lo! what is here?" and, stoopin down, drew forth
A book, that, in the midst of stones an moss
And wreck of party-colored earthen-war
Aptly disposed, had lent its help to rais
One of those petty structures. "His must be!"
Exclaimed the Wanderer, "cannot b be his,
And he is gone!" The book, which i my hand
Had opened of itself (for it was swoln
With searching damp, and seemingly ha lain
To the injurious elements exposed
From week to week,) I found to be a wor
In the French tongue, a Novel of Voltair
His famous Optimist. "Unhappy Man!
Exclaimed my Friend: "here then ha been to him
Retreat within retreat, a sheltering-plac
Within how deep a shelter! He had fit
Even to the last, of genuine tenderness
And loved the haunts of children: here no doubt,
Pleasing and pleased, he shared thei simple sports,
Or sate companionless; and here the book

and forgotten in his careless way,
t by the cottage-children have been found:
ven bless them, and their inconsiderate work!
vhat odd purpose have the darlings turned
sad memorial of their hapless friend!"

Me," said I, "most doth it surprise, to find
book in such a place!" — "A book it is,"
nswered, "to the Person suited well,
igh little suited to surrounding things:
strange, I grant; and stranger still had been
ee the Man who owned it, dwelling here,
one poor shepherd, far from all the world! —
, if our errand hath been thrown away,
om these intimations I forebode,
ved shall I be — less for my sake than yours,
least of all for him who is no more."

this, the book was in the old Man's hand;
he continued, glancing on the leaves
ye of scorn: — "The lover," said he, "doomed
ove when hope hath failed him — whom no depth
rivacy is deep enough to hide,
yet his bracelet or his lock of hair,
that is joy to him. When change of times
summoned kings to scaffolds, do but give
faithful servant, who must hide his head
eeforth in whatsoever nook he may,
rchief sprinkled with his master's blood,
he too hath his comforter. How poor,
nd all poverty how destitute,
that Man have been left, who, hither driven,
Flying or seeking, could yet bring with him
No dearer relique, and no better stay,
Than this dull product of a scoffer's pen,
Impure conceits discharging from a heart
Hardened by impious pride! — I did not fear
To tax you with this journey;" — mildly said
My venerable Friend, as forth we stepped
Into the presence of the cheerful light —
"For I have knowledge that you do not shrink
From moving spectacles; — but let us on."

So speaking, on he went, and at the word
I followed, till he made a sudden stand:
For full in view, approaching through a gate
That opened from the enclosure of green fields
Into the rough uncultivated ground,
Behold the Man whom he had fancied dead!
I knew from his deportment, mien, and dress,
That it could be no other; a pale face,
A meagre person, tall, and in a garb
Not rustic — dull and faded like himself!
He saw us not, though distant but few steps;
For he was busy, dealing, from a store
Upon a broad leaf carried, choicest strings
Of red ripe currants; gift by which he strove,
With intermixture of endearing words,
To soothe a Child, who walked beside him, weeping
As if disconsolate. — "They to the grave
Are bearing him, my Little-one," he said,
"To the dark pit; but he will feel no pain;
His body is at rest, his soul in heaven."

More might have followed — but my honored Friend
Broke in upon the Speaker with a frank
And cordial greeting. — Vivid was the light
That flashed and sparkled from the other's eyes;
He was all fire: no shadow on his brow
Remained, nor sign of sickness on his face.

Hands joined he with his Visitant, — a grasp,
An eager grasp; and many moments' space —
When the first glow of pleasure was no more,
And, of the sad appearance which at once
Had vanished, much was come and coming back —
An amicable smile retained the life
Which it had unexpectedly received,
Upon his hollow cheek. "How kind," he said,
"Nor could your coming have been better timed;
For this, you see, is in our narrow world
A day of sorrow. I have here a charge" —
And, speaking thus, he patted tenderly
The sun-burnt forehead of the weeping child —
"A little mourner, whom it is my task
To comfort; — but how came ye?—if yon track
(Which doth at once befriend us and betray)
Conducted hither your most welcome feet,
Ye could not miss the funeral train—they yet
Have scarcely disappeared."
"This blooming Child,"
Said the old Man, "is of an age to weep
At any grave or solemn spectacle,
Inly distressed or overpowered with awe,
He knows not wherefore; — but the boy to-day,
Perhaps is shedding orphan's tears; you also
Must have sustained a loss."
"The hand of Death,"
He answered, "has been here; but could not well
Have fallen more lightly, if it had not fallen
Upon myself." — The other left these words
Unnoticed, thus continuing —
"From yon crag,
Down whose steep sides we dropped into the vale,
We heard the hymn they sang — a solemn sound
Heard anywhere; but in a place like this
'T is more than human! Many precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hop
Will last forever. Oft on my way have
Stood still, though but a casual passenge
So much I felt the awfulness of life,
In that one moment when the corse lifted
In silence, with a hush of decency;
Then from the threshold moves with sor
of peace,
And confidential yearnings, towards i
home,
Its final home on earth. What traveller –
who —
(How far soe'er a stranger) does not ow
The bond of brotherhood, when he see
them go,
A mute procession on the houseless road
Or passing by some single tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where again the raise
The monitory voice? But most of all
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
Then, when the body, soon to be consigne
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust
Is raised from the church-aisle, and forwar
borne
Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
The nearest in affection or in blood;
Yea, by the very mourners who had knel
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,
And that most awful scripture which de-
clares
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!
—Have I not seen—ye likewise may have seen —
Son, husband, brothers — brothers side by side,
And son and father also side by side,
Rise from that posture: — and in concert move,
On the green turf following the vested Priest,
Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,
From which they do not shrink, and under which
They faint not, but advance towards the open grave

after step—together, with their firm
dden faces: he that suffers most,
utwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
most serene, with most undaunted
eye! —
blest are they who live and die like
these,
d with such love, and with such
sorrow mourned!"

That poor Man taken hence to-day," replied
Solitary, with a faint sarcastic smile
h did not please me, "must be
deemed, I fear,
e unblest; for he will surely sink
his mother earth without such pomp
rief, depart without occasion given
m for such array of fortitude.
seventy winters hath he lived, and
mark!
simple Child will mourn his one short
hour,
I shall miss him: scanty tribute! yet,
wanting, he would leave the sight of
men,
e were his sole claim upon their care,
a ripe date which in the desert falls
out a hand to gather it."
At this
erposed, though loth to speak, and
said,
n it be thus among so small a band
must needs be here? in such a place
ld not willingly, methinks, lose sight
departing cloud."—"'T was not for
love" —
ered the sick Man with a careless
voice —
t I came hither; neither have I found
g associates who have power of
speech,
n such other converse as is here,
tation so prevailing as to change
mood, or undermine my first resolve."
speaking in like careless sort, he
said
y benign Companion, — "Pity 't is
fortune did not guide you to this
house
days earlier; then would you have
seen
stuff the Dwellers in a solitude,
That seems by Nature hollowed out to be
The seat and bosom of pure innocence,
Are made of; an ungracious matter this!
Which, for truth's sake, yet in remembrance too
Of past discussions with this zealous friend
And advocate of humble life, I now
Will force upon his notice; undeterred
By the example of his own pure course,
And that respect and deference which a soul
May fairly claim, by niggard age enriched
In what she most doth value, love of God
And his frail creature Man;—but ye shall hear.
I talk — and ye are standing in the sun
Without refreshment!"
Quickly had he spoken,
And, with light steps still quicker than his words,
Led toward the Cottage. Homely was the spot;
And, to my feeling, ere we reached the door,
Had almost a forbidding nakedness;
Less fair, I grant, even painfully less fair,
Than it appeared when from the beetling rock
We had looked down upon it. All within,
As left by the departed company,
Was silent; save the solitary clock
That on mine ear ticked with a mournful sound. —
Following our Guide we clomb the cottage-stairs
And reached a small apartment dark and low,
Which was no sooner entered than our Host
Said gayly, "This is my domain, my cell,
My hermitage, my cabin, what you will —
I love it better than a snail his house.
But now ye shall be feasted with our best."

So, with more ardor than an unripe girl
Left one day mistress of her mother's stores,
He went about his hospitable task.
My eyes were busy, and my thoughts no less,
And pleased I looked upon my gray-haired Friend,

As if to thank him; he returned that look,
Cheered, plainly, and yet serious. What a wreck
Had we about us! scattered was the floor,
And, in like sort, chair, window-seat, and shelf,
With books, maps, fossils, withered plants and flowers,
And tufts of mountain moss. Mechanic tools
Lay intermixed with scraps of paper, some
Scribbled with verse: a broken angling-rod
And shattered telescope, together linked
By cobwebs, stood within a dusty nook;
And instruments of music, some half-made,
Some in disgrace, hung dangling from the walls.
But speedily the promise was fulfilled;
A feast before us, and a courteous Host
Inviting us in glee to sit and eat.
A napkin, white as foam of that rough brook
By which it had been bleached, o'erspread the board;
And was itself half-covered with a store
Of dainties, — oaten bread, curd, cheese, and cream;
And cakes of butter curiously embossed,
Butter that had imbibed from meadow-flowers
A golden hue, delicate as their own
Faintly reflected in a lingering stream.
Nor lacked, for more delight on that warm day,
Our table, small parade of garden fruits,
And whortle-berries from the mountain side.
The Child, who long ere this had stilled his sobs,
Was now a help to his late comforter,
And moved, a willing Page, as he was bid,
Ministering to our need.
In genial mood,
While at our pastoral banquet thus we sate
Fronting the window of that little cell,
I could not, ever and anon, forbear
To glance an upward look on two huge Peaks
That from some other vale peered into this.
"Those lusty twins," exclaimed our host, "if here
It were your lot to dwell, would soo become
Your prized companions. — Many are th notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the wir draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths, an dashing shores;
And well those lofty brethren bear the part
In the wild concert — chiefly when th storm
Rides high; then all the upper air they fi
With roaring sound, that ceases not t flow,
Like smoke, along the level of the blas
In mighty current; theirs, too, is the son
Of stream and headlong flood that seldor fails;
And, in the grim and breathless hour o noon,
Methinks that I have heard them ech back
The thunder's greeting. Nor hav nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yiel
Music of finer tone; a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice; — the clouds,
The mist, the shadows, light of golde suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thithe — touch,
And have an answer — thither come, an shape
A language not unwelcome to sick heart
And idle spirits: — there the sun himself
At the calm close of summer's longes day,
Rests his substantial orb; — between thos heights
And on the top of either pinnacle,
More keenly than elsewhere in night' blue vault,
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud
Thoughts are not busier in the mind o man
Than the mute agents stirring there: — alone
Here do I sit and watch —"
A fall of voice,
Regretted like the nightingale's last note,

scarcely closed this high-wrought strain of rapture
with inviting smile the Wanderer said:
ow for the tale with which you threatened us!"
ruth the threat escaped me unawares:
ld the tale tire you, let this challenge stand
my excuse. Dissevered from mankind,
o your eyes and thoughts we must have seemed
n ye looked down upon us from the crag,
ders 'mid a stormy mountain sea,
re not so;—perpetually we touch
the vulgar ordinances of the world;
he, whom this our cottage hath to-day
quished, lived dependent for his bread
the laws of public charity.
Housewife, tempted by such slender gains
ight from that occasion be distilled,
ed, as she before had done for me,
loors to admit this homeless Pensioner;
portion gave of coarse but wholesome fare
h appetite required—a blind dull nook,
as she had, the *kennel* of his rest!
in itself not ill, would yet have been
rne in earlier life; but his was now
till contentedness of seventy years.
did he sit under the wide-spread tree
s old age: and yet less calm and meek,
ingly meek or venerably calm,
slow and torpid; paying in this wise
alty, if penalty it were,
endthrift feats, excesses of his prime.
d the old Man, for I pitied him!
it was, I own, to hold discourse
one so slow in gathering up his thoughts,
e was a cheap pleasure to my eyes;
inoffensive, ready in *his* way,
elpful to his utmost power: and there
ousewife knew full well what she possessed!
He was her vassal of all labor, tilled
Her garden, from the pasture fetched her kine;
And, one among the orderly array
Of hay-makers, beneath the burning sun
Maintained his place; or heedfully pursued
His course, on errands bound, to other vales,
Leading sometimes an inexperienced child
Too young for any profitable task.
So moved he like a shadow that performed
Substantial service. Mark me now, and learn
For what reward!—The moon her monthly round
Hath not completed since our dame, the queen
Of this one cottage and this lonely dale,
Into my little sanctuary rushed—
Voice to a rueful treble humanized,
And features in deplorable dismay.
I treat the matter lightly, but, alas!
It is most serious: persevering rain
Had fallen in torrents; all the mountain tops
Were hidden, and black vapors coursed their sides;
This had I seen, and saw; but, till she spake,
Was wholly ignorant that my ancient Friend—
Who at her bidding, early and alone,
Had clomb aloft to delve the moorland turf
For winter fuel—to his noontide meal
Returned not, and now, haply, on the heights
Lay at the mercy of this raging storm.
'Inhuman!'—said I, 'was an old Man's life
Not worth the trouble of a thought?—alas!
This notice comes too late.' With joy I saw
Her husband enter—from a distant vale.
We sallied forth together; found the tools
Which the neglected veteran had dropped,
But through all quarters looked for him in vain.
We shouted—but no answer! Darkness fell

Without remission of the blast or shower,
And fears for our own safety drove us home.

I, who weep little, did, I will confess,
The moment I was seated here alone,
Honor my little cell with some few tears
Which anger and resentment could not dry.
All night the storm endured; and, soon as help
Had been collected from the neighboring vale,
With morning we renewed our quest: the wind
Was fallen, the rain abated, but the hills
Lay shrouded in impenetrable mist;
And long and hopelessly we sought in vain:
Till, chancing on that lofty ridge to pass
A heap of ruin — almost without walls
And wholly without roof (the bleached remains
Of a small chapel, where, in ancient time,
The peasants of these lonely valleys used
To meet for worship on that central height) —
We there espied the object of our search,
Lying full three parts buried among tufts
Of heath-plant, under and above him strewn,
To baffle, as he might, the watery storm:
And there we found him breathing peaceably,
Snug as a child that hides itself in sport
'Mid a green hay-cock in a sunny field.
We spake — he made reply, but would not stir
At our entreaty; less from want of power
Than apprehension and bewildering thoughts.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds moved
Through the dull mist, I following — when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city — boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendor — without end
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold
With alabaster domes, and silver spires
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars — illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the cove
And mountain steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 't was an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision — forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man
Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible —
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of Spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swelled in my breast — 'I have been dead, I cried,
'And now I live! Oh! wherefore *do* I live?'
And with that pang I prayed to be no more! —

t I forget our Charge, as utterly
n forgot him:—there I stood and
gazed:
ıpparition faded not away,
I descended.
Having reached the house,
nd its rescued inmate safely lodged,
ın serene possession of himself,
e a fire whose genial warmth seemed
met
aint shining from the heart, a gleam,
mfort, spread over his pallid face.
show of joy the housewife made,
and truly
glad to find her conscience set at
ease;
ıot less glad, for sake of her good
name,
the poor Sufferer had escaped with
life.
hough he seemed at first to have re-
ceived
ırm, and uncomplaining as before
through his usual tasks, a silent
change
showed itself: he lingered three
short weeks;
from the cottage hath been borne
to-day.

ends my dolorous tale, and glad I am
it is ended." At these words he
turned—
with blithe air of open fellowship,
ht from the cupboard wine and
stouter cheer,
one who would be merry. Seeing
this,
ay-haired Friend said courteously—
"Nay, nay,
ave regaled us as a hermit ought;
et us forth into the sun!"—Our Host
though reluctantly, and forth we
went.

Book Third.

DESPONDENCY.

ARGUMENT.

ges in the Valley—Another Recess in it and described—Wanderer's sensations—Solitary's excited by the same objects—Contrast between these—Despondency of the Solitary gently reproved—Conversation exhibiting the Solitary's past and present opinions and feelings, till he enters upon his own History at length—His domestic felicity—Afflictions—Dejection Roused by the French Revolution—Disappointment and disgust—Voyage to America—Disappointment and disgust pursue him—His return—His languor and depression of mind, from want of faith in the great truths of Religion, and want of confidence in the virtue of Mankind.

A humming bee—a little tinkling rill—
A pair of falcons wheeling on the wing,
In clamorous agitation, round the crest
Of a tall rock, their airy citadel—
By each and all of these the pensive ear
Was greeted, in the silence that ensued,
When through the cottage-threshold we
had passed,
And, deep within that lonesome valley,
stood
Once more beneath the concave of a blue
And cloudless sky.—Anon exclaimed our
Host—
Triumphantly dispersing with the taunt
The shade of discontent which on his brow
Had gathered,—"Ye have left my cell,—
but see
How Nature hems you in with friendly
arms!
And by her help ye are my prisoners still.
But which way shall I lead you?—how
contrive,
In spot so parsimoniously endowed,
That the brief hours, which yet remain,
may reap
Some recompense of knowledge or de-
light?"
So saying, round he looked, as if perplexed;
And, to remove those doubts, my gray-
haired Friend
Said—"Shall we take this pathway for
our guide?—
Upward it winds, as if, in summer heats,
Its line had first been fashioned by the flock
Seeking a place of refuge at the root
Of yon black Yew-tree, whose protruded
boughs
Darken the silver bosom of the crag,
From which she draws her meagre sus-
tenance.
There in commodious shelter may we rest.

Or let us trace this streamlet to its source;
Feebly it tinkles with an earthly sound,
And a few steps may bring us to the spot
Where, haply, crowned with flowerets and
green herbs,
The mountain infant to the sun comes
forth,
Like human life from darkness."—A quick
turn
Through a strait passage of encumbered
ground,
Proved that such hope was vain:—for
now we stood
Shut out from prospect of the open vale,
And saw the water, that composed this rill,
Descending, disembodied, and diffused
O'er the smooth surface of an ample crag,
Lofty, and steep, and naked as a tower.
All further progress here was barred;—
And who,
Thought I, if master of a vacant hour,
Here would not linger, willingly detained?
Whether to such wild objects he were led
When copious rains have magnified the
stream
Into a loud and white-robed waterfall,
Or introduced at this more quiet time.

Upon a semicirque of turf-clad ground,
The hidden nook discovered to our view
A mass of rock, resembling, as it lay
Right at the foot of that moist precipice,
A stranded ship, with keel upturned, that
rests
Fearless of winds and waves. Three
several stones
Stood near, of smaller size, and not unlike
To monumental pillars: and, from these
Some little space disjoined a pair were
seen,
That with united shoulders bore aloft
A fragment, like an altar, flat and smooth:
Barren the tablet, yet thereon appeared
A tall and shining holly, that had found
A hospitable chink, and stood upright,
As if inserted by some human hand
In mockery, to wither in the sun,
Or lay its beauty flat before a breeze,
The first that entered. But no breeze did
now
Find entrance; — high or low appeared
no trace
Of motion, save the water that descended,
Diffused adown that barrier of steep ro
And softly creeping, like a breath of a
Such as is sometimes seen, and har
seen,
To brush the still breast of a crystal lak

"Behold a cabinet for sages built,
Which kings might envy!"—Praise
this effect
Broke from the happy old Man's revere
lip;
Who to the Solitary turned, and said,
"In sooth, with love's familiar privileg
You have decried the wealth which is yo
own.
Among these rocks and stones, methink
I see
More than the heedless impress that b
longs
To lonely nature's casual work: they be
A semblance strange of power intelliger
And of design not wholly worn away.
Boldest of plants that ever faced the win
How gracefully that slender shrub loo
forth
From its fantastic birthplace! And I ow
Some shadowy intimations haunt m
here,
That in these shows a chronicle survive
Of purposes akin to those of Man,
But wrought with mightier arm than no
prevails.
—Voiceless the stream descends into th
gulf
With timid lapse; — and lo! while in th
strait
I stand — the chasm of sky above my hea
Is heaven's profoundest azure; no doma
For fickle, short-lived clouds to occupy
Or to pass through; but rather an abys
In which the everlasting stars abide;
And whose soft gloom, and boundle
depth, might tempt
The curious eye to look for them by da
— Hail Contemplation! from the state
towers,
Reared by the industrious hand of huma
art
To lift thee high above the misty air
And turbulence of murmuring cities vas
From academic groves, that have for th
Been planted, hither come and find
lodge

which thou mayst resort for holier
peace, —
m whose calm centre thou, through
height or depth,
yst penetrate, wherever truth shall
lead;
asuring through all degrees, until the
scale
ime and conscious nature disappear,
t in unsearchable eternity! " [1]
pause ensued; and with minuter care
scanned the various features of the
scene:
l soon the Tenant of that lonely vale
h courteous voice thus spake —
" I should have grieved
eafter, not escaping self-reproach,
om my poor retirement ye had gone
ving this nook unvisited: but, in
sooth,
r unexpected presence had so roused
spirits, that they were bent on enter-
prise;
, like an ardent hunter, I forgot,
shall I say? — disdained, the game
that lurks
ny own door. The shapes before our
eyes
their arrangement, doubtless must
be deemed
sport of Nature, aided by blind Chance
ely to mock the works of toiling Man.
hence, this upright shaft of unhewn
stone,
n Fancy, willing to set off her stores
ounding titles, hath acquired the name
Pompey's pillar; that I gravely style
Theban obelisk; and, there, behold
ruid cromlech! — thus I entertain
antiquarian humor, and am pleased
kim along the surfaces of things,
uiling harmlessly the listless hours.
if the spirit be oppressed by sense
nstability, revolt, decay,
change, and emptiness, these freaks
of Nature
her blind helper Chance, do *then*
suffice
uicken, and to aggravate — to feed
and scorn, and melancholy pride,

[1] See Note.

Not less than that huge Pile (from some
abyss
Of mortal power unquestionably sprung)
Whose hoary diadem of pendent rocks
Confines the shrilled-voiced whirlwind,
round and round
Eddying within its vast circumference,
On Sarum's naked plain — than pyramid
Of Egypt, unsubverted, undissolved —
Or Syria's marble ruins towering high
Above the sandy desert, in the light
Of sun or moon. — Forgive me, if I say
That an appearance which hath raised
your minds
To an exalted pitch (the self-same cause
Different effect producing) is for me
Fraught rather with depression than de-
light,
Though shame it were, could I not look
around,
By the reflection of your pleasure, pleased.
Yet happier in my judgment, even than
you
With your bright transports fairly may be
deemed,
The wandering Herbalist, — who, clear
alike
From vain, and, that worse evil, vexing
thoughts,
Casts, if he ever chance to enter here,
Upon these uncouth Forms a slight regard
Of transitory interest, and peeps round
For some rare floweret of the hills, or
plant
Of craggy fountain; what he hopes for
wins,
Or learns, at least, that 't is not to be won:
Then, keen and eager, as a fine-nosed
hound,
By soul-engrossing instinct driven along
Through wood or open field, the harmless
Man
Departs, intent upon his onward quest! —
Nor is that Fellow-wanderer, so deem I,
Less to be envied, (you may trace him oft
By scars which his activity has left
Beside our roads and pathways, though,
thank Heaven!
This covert nook reports not of his hand)
He who with pocket-hammer smites the
edge
Of luckless rock of prominent stone, dis-
guised

In weather-stains or crusted o'er by Nature
With her first growths, detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter — to resolve his doubts;
And, with that ready answer satisfied,
The substance classes by some barbarous name,
And hurries on; or from the fragments picks
His specimen, if but haply interveined
With sparkling mineral, or should crystal cube
Lurk in its cells — and thinks himself enriched,
Wealthier, and doubtless wiser, than before!
Intrusted safely each to his pursuit,
Earnest alike, let both from hill to hill
Range; if it please them, speed from clime to clime;
The mind is full — and free from pain their pastime."

"Then," said I, interposing, "One is near,
Who cannot but possess in your esteem
Place worthier still of envy. May I name,
Without offence, that fair-faced cottage-boy?
Dame Nature's pupil of the lowest form,
Youngest apprentice in the school of art!
Him, as we entered from the open glen,
You might have noticed, busily engaged,
Heart, soul, and hands, — in mending the defects
Left in the fabric of a leafy dam
Raised for enabling this penurious stream
To turn a slender mill (that new-made plaything)
For his delight — the happiest he of all!"

"Far happiest," answered the desponding Man,
"If, such as now he is, he might remain!
Ah! what avails imagination high
Or question deep? what profits all that earth,
Or heaven's blue vault, is suffered to put forth
Of impulse or allurement, for the Soul
To quit the beaten track of life, and soar
Far as she finds a yielding element
In past or future; far as she can go
Through time or space — if neither in the one,
Nor in the other region, nor in aught
That Fancy, dreaming o'er the map of things,
Hath placed beyond these penetrable bounds,
Words of assurance can be heard; if nowhere
A habitation, for consummate good,
Or for progressive virtue, by the search
Can be attained, — a better sanctuary
From doubt and sorrow, than the senseless grave?"

"Is this," the gray-haired Wanderer mildly said,
"The voice, which we so lately overheard,
To that same child, addressing tenderly
The consolations of a hopeful mind?
'*His body is at rest, his soul in heaven.*'
These were your words; and, verily, methinks
Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar." —
The Other, not displeased,
Promptly replied — "My notion is the same.
And I, without reluctance, could decline
All act of inquisition whence we rise,
And what, when breath hath ceased, we may become.
Here are we, in a bright and breathing world.
Our origin, what matters it? In lack
Of worthier explanation, say at once
With the American (a thought which suits
The place where now we stand) that certain men
Leapt out together from a rocky cave;
And these were the first parents of mankind:
Or, if a different image be recalled
By the warm sunshine, and the jocund voice
Of insects chirping out their careless lives
On these soft beds of thyme-besprinkled turf,
Choose, with the gay Athenian, a conceit
As sound — blithe race! whose mantles were bedecked

golden grasshoppers, in sign that they
sprung, like those bright creatures, from the soil
reon their endless generations dwelt.
top! — these theoretic fancies jar
erious minds: then, as the Hindoos draw
holy Ganges from a skiey fount,
so deduce the stream of human life
seats of power divine; and hope, or trust,
our existence winds her stately course
ath the sun, like Ganges, to make part
living ocean; or, to sink engulfed,
Niger, in impenetrable sands
utter darkness: thought which may be faced,
gh comfortless! —
Not of myself I speak;
acquiescence neither doth imply,
e, a meekly-bending spirit soothed
atural piety; nor a lofty mind,
ilosophic discipline prepared
alm subjection to acknowledged law;
ed to have been, contented not to be.
palms I boast not; — no! to me, who find
ewing my past way, much to condemn,
to praise, and nothing to regret,
e some remembrances of dream-like joys
scarcely seem to have belonged to me)
must take my choice between the pair
rule alternately the weary hours,
is than day more acceptable; sleep
in my estimate of good, appear
ter state than waking; death than sleep:
ngly sweet is stillness after storm,
gh under covert of the wormy ground!

be it said, in justice to myself,
n more genial times, when I was free
plore the destiny of human kind
as an intellectual game pursued
curious subtilty, from wish to cheat
me sensations; but by love of truth
Urged on, or haply by intense delight
In feeding thought, wherever thought could feed)
I did not rank with those (too dull or nice,
For to my judgment such they then appeared,
Or too aspiring, thankless at the best)
Who, in this frame of human life, perceive
An object whereunto their souls are tied
In discontented wedlock; nor did e'er,
From me, those dark impervious shades, that hang
Upon the region whither we are bound,
Exclude a power to enjoy the vital beams
Of present sunshine. — Deities that float
On wings, angelic Spirits! I could muse
O'er what from eldest time we have been told
Of your bright forms and glorious faculties,
And with the imagination rest content,
Not wishing more; repining not to tread
The little sinuous path of earthly care,
By flowers embellished, and by springs refreshed.
— 'Blow winds of autumn! — let your chilling breath
'Take the live herbage from the mead, and strip
'The shady forest of its green attire, —
'And let the bursting clouds to fury rouse
'The gentle brooks! — Your desolating sway,
'Sheds,' I exclaimed, 'no sadness upon me,
'And no disorder in your rage I find.
'What dignity, what beauty, in this change
'From mild to angry, and from sad to gay,
'Alternate and revolving! How benign,
'How rich in animation and delight,
'How bountiful these elements — compared
'With aught, as more desirable and fair,
'Devised by fancy for the golden age;
'Or the perpetual warbling that prevails
'In Arcady, beneath unaltered skies,
'Through the long year in constant quiet bound,
'Night hushed as night, and day serene as day!'
— But why this tedious record? — Age, we know
Is garrulous; and solitude is apt

To anticipate the privilege of Age,
From far ye come; and surely with a hope
Of better entertainment:—let us hence!"

Loth to forsake the spot, and still more loth
To be diverted from our present theme,
I said, "My thoughts, agreeing, Sir, with yours,
Would push this censure farther; — for, if smiles
Of scornful pity be the just reward
Of Poesy thus courteously employed
In framing models to improve the scheme
Of Man's existence, and recast the world,
Why should not grave Philosophy be styled,
Herself, a dreamer of a kindred stock,
A dreamer yet more spiritless and dull?
Yes, shall the fine immunities she boasts
Establish sounder titles of esteem
For her, who (all too timid and reserved
For onset, for resistance too inert,
Too weak for suffering, and for hope too tame)
Placed, among flowery gardens curtained round
With world-excluding groves, the brotherhood
Of soft Epicureans, taught — if they
The ends of being would secure, and win
The crown of wisdom — to yield up their souls
To a voluptuous unconcern, preferring
Tranquillity to all things. Or is she,"
I cried, "more worthy of regard, the Power,
Who, for the sake of sterner quiet, closed
The Stoic's heart against the vain approach
Of admiration, and all sense of joy?"

His countenance gave notice that my zeal
Accorded little with his present mind;
I ceased, and he resumed. — "Ah! gentle Sir,
Slight, if you will, the *means;* but spare to slight
The *end* of those, who did, by system, rank,
As the prime object of a wise man's aim,
Security from shock of accident,
Release from fear; and cherished peace
days
For their own sakes, as mortal life's ch
good,
And only reasonable felicity.
What motive drew, what impulse, I wou
ask,
Through a long course of later ages, drov
The hermit to his cell in forest wide;
Or what detained him, till his closing ey
Took their last farewell of the sun a
stars,
Fast anchored in the desert? — Not alo
Dread of the persecuting sword, remors
Wrongs unredressed, or insults unaveng
And unavengeable, defeated pride,
Prosperity subverted, maddening want
Friendship betrayed, affection un
turned,
Love with despair, or grief in agony; -
Not always from intolerable pangs
He fled; but, compassed round by plea
ure, sighed
For independent happiness; cravi
peace,
The central feeling of all happiness,
Not as a refuge from distress or pain,
A breathing-time, vacation, or a truce,
But for its absolute self; a life of peac
Stability without regret or fear;
That hath been, is, and shall be eve
more! —
Such the reward he sought; and wo
out life,
There, where on few external things h
heart
Was set, and those his own; or, if not hi
Subsisting under nature's steadfast law.

What other yearning was the master t
Of the monastic brotherhood, upon ro
Aërial, or in green secluded vale,
One after one, collected from afar,
An undissolving fellowship? — What b
this,
The universal instinct of repose,
The longing for confirmed tranquillity,
Inward and outward; humble, yet su
lime:
The life where hope and memory are
one;
Where earth is quiet and her face u
changed

by the simplest toil of human hands
asons' difference; the immortal Soul
stent in self-rule; and heaven re-
vealed
editation in that quietness! —
was their scheme: and though the
wished-for end
ultitudes was missed, perhaps at-
tained
ne, they for the attempt, and pains
employed,
in my present censure, stand re-
deemed
the unqualified disdain, that once
d have been cast upon them by my
voice
ering her decisions from the seat
rward youth — that scruples not to
solve
ts, and determine questions, by the
rules
experienced judgment, ever prone
erweening faith; and is inflamed,
urage, to demand from real life
est of act and suffering, to provoke
lity — how dreadful when it comes,
her affliction be the foe, or guilt!

hild of earth, I rested, in that stage
past course to which these thoughts
advert,
earth's native energies; forgetting
nine was a condition which required
nergy, nor fortitude — a calm
ut vicissitude; which, if the like
een presented to my view elsewhere,
t have even been tempted to despise.
— for the serene was also bright;
ned happiness with joy o'erflowing,
oy, and — oh! that memory should
survive
eak the word — with rapture! Na-
ture's boon,
genuine inspiration, happiness
what rules can teach, or fancy
feign;
d, as all possessions *are* abused
are not prized according to their
worth.
et, what worth? what good is given
to men,
solid than the gilded clouds of
heaven?
What joy more lasting than a vernal
flower? —
None! 't is the general plaint of human
kind
In solitude: and mutually addressed
From each to all, for wisdom's sake: —
This truth
The priest announces from his holy seat:
And, crowned with garlands in the sum-
mer grove,
The poet fits it to his pensive lyre.
Yet, ere that final resting-place be gained,
Sharp contradictions may arise, by doom
Of this same life, compelling us to grieve
That the prosperities of love and joy
Should be permitted, oft-times, to endure
So long, and be at once cast down forever.
Oh! tremble, ye, to whom hath been as-
signed
A course of days composing happy months,
And they as happy years; the present still
So like the past, and both so firm a pledge
Of a congenial future, that the wheels
Of pleasure move without the aid of hope:
For Mutability is Nature's bane;
And slighted Hope *will* be avenged; and,
when
Ye need her favors, ye shall find her not;
But in her stead — fear — doubt — and
agony!"

This was the bitter language of the
heart:
But, while he spake, look, gesture, tone
of voice,
Though discomposed and vehement, were
such
As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic scene
Standing before the multitude, beset
With dark events. Desirous to divert
Or stem the current of the speaker's
thoughts,
We signified a wish to leave that place
Of stillness and close privacy, a nook
That seemed for self-examination made;
Or, for confession, in the sinner's need,
Hidden from all men's view. To our
attempt
He yielded not; but, pointing to a slope
Of mossy turf defended from the sun,
And on that couch inviting us to rest,

Full on that tender-hearted Man he turned
A serious eye, and his speech thus renewed.

"You never saw, your eyes did never look
On the bright form of Her whom once I loved: —
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you; else, honored Friend!
Your heart had borne a pitiable share
Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought
That I remember, and can weep no more. —
Stripped as I am of all the golden fruit
Of self-esteem; and by the cutting blasts
Of self-reproach familiarly assailed;
Yet would I not be of such wintry bareness
But that some leaf of your regard should hang
Upon my naked branches: — lively thoughts
Give birth, full often, to unguarded words;
I grieve that, in your presence, from my tongue
Too much of frailty hath already dropped;
But that too much demands still more. You know,
Revered Compatriot — and to you, kind Sir,
(Not to be deemed a stranger, as you come
Following the guidance of these welcome feet
To our secluded vale) it may be told —
That my demerits did not sue in vain
To One on whose mild radiance many gazed
With hope, and all with pleasure. This fair Bride —
In the devotedness of youthful love,
Preferring me to parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing down
Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honor, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublim
In what I had to build upon) — this Brid
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I l
To a low cottage in a sunny bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathe
On Devon's leafy shores; — a shelter
hold,
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty! — As our steps
Approach the embowered abode — o
chosen seat —
See, rooted in the earth, her kindly be
The unendangered myrtle, decked wi
flowers,
Before the threshold stands to welcome u
While, in the flowering myrtle's neig
borhood,
Not overlooked but courting no regard,
Those native plants, the holly and t
yew,
Gave modest intimation to the mind
How willingly their aid they would uni
With the green myrtle, to endear the hou
Of winter, and protect that pleasant plac
— Wild were the walks upon those lone
Downs,
Track leading into track; how marke
how worn
Into bright verdure, between fern a
gorse
Winding away its never-ending line
On their smooth surface, evidence w
none;
But, there, lay open to our daily haunt
A range of unappropriated earth,
Where youth's ambitious feet might mo
at large;
Whence, unmolested wanderers, we b
held
The shining giver of the day diffuse
His brightness o'er a tract of sea and lan
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires;
As our enjoyments, boundless. — Fro
those heights
We dropped, at pleasure, into sylva
combs;
Where arbors of impenetrable shade,
And mossy seats, detained us side by sid
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in o
hearts
'That all the grove and all the day w
ours.'

happy time! still happier was at hand;
Nature called my Partner to resign
share in the pure freedom of that life,
yed by us in common. — To my hope,
my heart's wish, my tender Mate
became
thankful captive of maternal bonds;
those wild paths were left to me alone.
e could I meditate on follies past;
, like a weary voyager escaped
n risk and hardship, inwardly retrace
urse of vain delights and thoughtless
guilt,
self-indulgence — without shame
pursued.
e, undisturbed, could think of and
could thank
whose submissive spirit was to me
and restraint — my guardian — shall
I say
earthly Providence, whose guiding
love
in a port of rest had lodged me safe;
from temptation, and from danger
far?
ns followed of acknowledgment ad-
dressed
n authority enthroned above
reach of sight; from whom, as from
their source
eed all visible ministers of good
walk the earth — Father of heaven
and earth,
er, and king, and judge, adored and
feared!
e acts of mind, and memory, and
heart,
spirit — interrupted and relieved
bservations transient as the glance
ying sunbeams, or to the outward
form
ring with power inherent and intense,
e mute insect fixed upon the plant
hose soft leaves it hangs, and from
whose cup
aws its nourishment imperceptibly —
ared my wanderings; and the
mother's kiss
nfant's smile awaited my return.

privacy we dwelt, a wedded pair,
anions daily, often all day long;
laced by fortune within easy reach
Of various intercourse, nor wishing aught
Beyond the allowance of our own fire-
side,
The twain within our happy cottage born,
Inmates, and heirs of our united love;
Graced mutually by difference of sex,
And with no wider interval of time
Between their several births than served
for one
To establish something of a leader's
sway;
Yet left them joined by sympathy in age;
Equals in pleasure, fellows in pursuit.
On these two pillars rested as in air
Our solitude.
It soothes me to perceive,
Your courtesy withholds not from my
words
Attentive audience. But, oh! gentle
Friends,
As times of quiet and unbroken peace,
Though, for a nation, times of blessed-
ness,
Give back faint echoes from the historian's
page;
So, in the imperfect sounds of this dis-
course,
Depressed I hear, how faithless is the
voice
Which those most blissful days reverber-
ate.
What special record can, or need, be given
To rules and habits, whereby much was
done,
But all within the sphere of little things;
Of humble, though, to us, important cares,
And precious interests? Smoothly did
our life
Advance, swerving not from the path pre-
scribed;
Her annual, her diurnal, round alike
Maintained with faithful care. And you
divine
The worst effects that our condition saw
If you imagine changes slowly wrought,
And in their progress unperceivable;
Not wished for; sometimes noticed with
a sigh,
(Whate'er of good or lovely they might
bring)
Sighs of regret, for the familiar good
And loveliness endeared which they re-
moved.

Seven years of occupation undisturbed
Established seemingly a right to hold
That happiness; and use and habit gave,
To what an alien spirit had acquired,
A patrimonial sanctity. And thus,
With thoughts and wishes bounded to this world,
I lived and breathed; most grateful — if to enjoy
Without repining or desire for more,
For different lot, or change to higher sphere,
(Only except some impulses of pride
With no determined object, though upheld
By theories with suitable support) —
Most grateful, if in such wise to enjoy
Be proof of gratitude for what we have;
Else, I allow, most thankless. — But, at once,
From some dark seat of fatal power was urged
A claim that shattered all. — Our blooming girl,
Caught in the gripe of death, with such brief time
To struggle in as scarcely would allow
Her cheek to change its color, was conveyed
From us to inaccessible worlds, to regions
Where height, or depth, admits not the approach
Of living man, though longing to pursue.
— With even as brief a warning — and how soon,
With what short interval of time between,
I tremble yet to think of — our last prop,
Our happy life's only remaining stay —
The brother followed; and was seen no more!

Calm as a frozen lake when ruthless winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained; as if in her,
Who, to the lowest region of the soul,
Had been erewhile unsettled and disturbed,
This second visitation had no power
To shake; but only to bind up and seal;
And to establish thankfulness of heart
In Heaven's determinations, ever just.
The eminence whereon her spirit stood,
Mine was unable to attain. Immense
The space that severed us! But, as th
sight
Communicates with heaven's etherea
orbs
Incalculably distant; so, I felt
That consolation may descend from far
(And that is intercourse, and union, too,
While, overcome with speechless grati
tude,
And, with a holier love inspired, I looke
On her — at once superior to my woes
And partner of my loss. — O heav
change,
Dimness o'er this clear luminary crept
Insensibly; — the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure glory
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched ambition drops astounded, fel
Into a gulf obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish — of itsel
ashamed,
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, she melted from my
arms;
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate

What followed cannot be reviewed in
thought;
Much less, retraced in words. If she, o
life
Blameless, so intimate with love and joy
And all the tender motions of the soul,
Had been supplanted, could I hope to
stand —
Infirm, dependent, and now destitute?
I called on dreams and visions, to disclose
That which is veiled from waking thought;
conjured
Eternity, as men constrain a ghost
To appear and answer; to the grave I
spake
Imploringly; — looked up, and asked the
Heavens
If Angels traversed their cerulean floors.
If fixed or wandering star could tidings
yield
Of the departed spirit — what abode
It occupies — what consciousness retains
Of former loves and interests. Then my
soul
Turned inward, — to examine of what
stuff

's fetters are composed; and life was
put
quisition, long and profitless!
ain of heart — now checked — and
now impelled —
intellectual power, through words
and things,
sounding on, a dim and perilous
way!
from those transports, and these toils
abstruse,
trace am I enabled to retain
me, else lost; — existing unto me
by records in myself not found.

om that abstraction I was roused, —
and how?
as a thoughtful shepherd by a flash
ghtning startled in a gloomy cave
ese wild hills. For, lo! the dread
Bastile,
all the chambers in its horrid towers,
o the ground: — by violence over-
thrown
ndignation; and with shouts that
drowned
rash it made in falling! From the
wreck
den palace rose, or seemed to rise,
ppointed seat of equitable law
mild paternal sway. The potent
shock
the transformation I perceived,
rvellously seized as in that moment
, from the blind mist issuing, I be-
held
— beyond all glory ever seen,
sion infinite of heaven and earth,
ng the soul. Meanwhile, pro-
phetic harps
ery grove were ringing, 'War shall
cease;
ye not hear that conquest is abjured?
r garlands, bring forth choicest
flowers, to deck
tree of Liberty.' — My heart re-
bounded;
elancholy voice the chorus joined;
e joyful all ye nations; in all lands,
hat are capable of joy be glad!
ceforth, whate'er is wanting to
yourselves
'In others ye shall promptly find; — and
all,
'Enriched by mutual and reflected wealth,
'Shall with one heart honor their com-
mon kind.'

Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering bride,
And airy hopes my children. — From the
depths
Of natural passion, seemingly escaped,
My soul diffused herself in wide embrace
Of institutions, and the forms of things;
As they exist, in mutable array,
Upon life's surface. What, though in
my veins
There flowed no Gallic blood, nor had I
breathed
The air of France, not less than Gallic
zeal
Kindled and burnt among the sapless
twigs
Of my exhausted heart. If busy men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should
stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest
pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation; crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my
voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers
of song
I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where mild enthusiasts tuned a pensive
lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian rule
Returned, — a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.
— With promises the Hebrew Scriptures
teem:
I felt their invitation; and resumed
A long-suspended office in the House
Of public worship, where, the glowing
phrase
Of ancient inspiration serving me,
I promised also, — with undaunted trust
Foretold, and added prayer to prophecy;
The admiration winning of the crowd;
The help desiring of the pure devout,

Scorn and contempt forbid me to proceed!
But History, time's slavish scribe, will tell
How rapidly the zealots of the cause
Disbanded—or in hostile ranks appeared;
Some, tired of honest service; these, outdone,
Disgusted therefore, or appalled, by aims
Of fiercer zealots — so confusion reigned,
And the more faithful were compelled to exclaim,
As Brutus did to Virtue, 'Liberty,
'I worshipped thee, and find thee but a Shade!'

Such recantation had for me no charm,
Nor would I bend to it; who should have grieved
At aught, however fair, that bore the mien
Of a conclusion, or catastrophe.
Why then conceal, that, when the simply good
In timid selfishness withdrew, I sought
Other support, not scrupulous whence it came;
And, by what compromise it stood, not nice?
Enough if notions seemed to be high-pitched,
And qualities determined. — Among men
So charactered did I maintain a strife
Hopeless, and still more hopeless every hour;
But, in the process, I began to feel
That, if the emancipation of the world
Were missed, I should at least secure my own,
And be in part compensated. For rights,
Widely — inveterately usurped upon,
I spake with vehemence; and promptly seized
All that Abstraction furnished for my needs
Or purposes; nor scrupled to proclaim,
And propagate, by liberty of life,
Those new persuasions. Not that I rejoiced,
Or even found pleasure, in such vagrant course,
For its own sake; but farthest from the walk
Which I had trod in happiness and peace,
Was most inviting to a troubled mind;
That, in a struggling and distempered world,
Saw a seductive image of herself.
Yet, mark the contradictions of whic Man
Is still the sport! Here Nature was n guide,
The Nature of the dissolute; but thee,
O fostering Nature! I rejected — smile
At others' tears in pity; and in scorn
At those, which thy soft influence some times drew
From my unguarded heart. — The tran quil shores
Of Britain circumscribed me; else, perhap
I might have been entangled amon deeds,
Which, now, as infamous, I shoul abhor —
Despise, as senseless: for my spirit relishe
Strangely the exasperation of that Land
Which turned an angry beak against th down
Of her own breast; confounded into hop
Of disencumbering thus her fretful wings

But all was quieted by iron bonds
Of military sway. The shifting aims,
The moral interests, the creative might,
The varied functions and high attributes
Of civil action, yielded to a power
Formal, and odious, and contemptible.
— In Britain, ruled a panic dread o change;
The weak were praised, rewarded, and advanced;
And, from the impulse of a just disdain,
Once more did I retire into myself.
There feeling no contentment, I resolved
To fly, for safeguard, to some foreign shore,
Remote from Europe; from her blasted hopes;
Her fields of carnage, and polluted air.

Fresh blew the wind, when o'er the Atlantic Main
The ship went gliding with her thoughtless crew;
And who among them but an Exile, freed
From discontent, indifferent, pleased to sit
Among the busily-employed, not more

obligation charged, with service taxed,
the loose pendant — to the idle wind
the tall mast streaming. But, ye Powers
ul and sense mysteriously allied,
ever let the Wretched, if a choice
t him, trust the freight of his distress
long voyage on the silent deep!
ike a plague, will memory break out;
in the blank and solitude of things,
his spirit, with a fever's strength,
conscience prey. — Feebly must they have felt
in old time, attired with snakes and whips
engeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
turned on me — the face of her I loved;
Vife and Mother pitifully fixing
r reproaches, insupportable!
e now that boasted liberty? No welcome
unknown objects I received; and those,
n and familiar, which the vaulted sky
n the placid clearness of the night,
se, had accusations to prefer
st my peace. Within the cabin stood
olume — as a compass for the soul —
ed among the nations. I implored
dance; but the infallible support
h was wanting. Tell me, why refused
ne by storms annoyed and adverse winds;
xed with currents; of his weakness sick;
n endeavors tired; and by his own,
his nature's, ignorance, dismayed!

g-wished-for sight, the Western World appeared;
when the ship was moored, I leaped ashore
antly — resolved to be a man,
having o'er the past no power, would live
ger in subjection to the past,
bject mind — from a tyrannic lord
g penance, fruitlessly endured:
So, like a fugitive, whose feet have cleared
Some boundary, which his followers may not cross
In prosecution of their deadly chase,
Respiring I looked round. — How bright the sun,
The breeze how soft! Can anything produced
In the old World compare, thought I, for power
And majesty with this gigantic stream,
Sprung from the desert? And behold a city
Fresh, youthful, and aspiring! What are these
To me, or I to them? As much at least
As he desires that they should be, whom winds
And waves have wafted to this distant shore,
In the condition of a damaged seed,
Whose fibres cannot, if they would, take root.
Here may I roam at large; — my business is,
Roaming at large, to observe, and not to feel,
And, therefore, not to act — convinced that all
Which bears the name of action, howsoe'er
Beginning, ends in servitude — still painful,
And mostly profitless. And, sooth to say,
On nearer view, a motley spectacle
Appeared, of high pretensions, — unreproved
But by the obstreperous voice of higher still;
Big passions strutting on a petty stage;
Which a detached spectator may regard
Not unamused. — But ridicule demands
Quick change of objects; and, to laugh alone,
At a composing distance from the haunts
Of strife and folly, though it be a treat
As choice as musing Leisure can bestow;
Yet, in the very centre of the crowd,
To keep the secret of a poignant scorn,
Howe'er to airy Demons suitable,
Of all unsocial courses, is least fit
For the gross spirit of mankind, — the one
That soonest fails to please, and quickliest turns
Into vexation.

Let us, then, I said,
Leave this unknit Republic to the scourge
Of her own passions; and to regions haste,
Whose shades have never felt the encroaching axe,
Or soil endured a transfer in the mart
Of dire rapacity. There, Man abides,
Primeval Nature's child. A creature weak
In combination, (wherefore else driven back
So far, and of his old inheritance
So easily deprived?) but, for that cause,
More dignified, and stronger in himself;
Whether to act, judge, suffer, or enjoy.
True, the intelligence of social art
Hath overpowered his forefathers, and soon
Will sweep the remnant of his line away;
But contemplations, worthier, nobler far
Than her destructive energies, attend
His independence, when along the side
Of Mississippi, or that northern stream[1]
That spreads into successive seas, he walks;
Pleased to perceive his own unshackled life,
And his innate capacities of soul,
There imaged: or when, having gained the top
Of some commanding eminence, which yet
Intruder ne'er beheld, he thence surveys
Regions of wood and wide savannah, vast
Expanse of unappropriated earth,
With mind that sheds a light on what he sees;
Free as the sun, and lonely as the sun,
Pouring above his head its radiance down
Upon a living and rejoicing world!

So, westward, tow'rd the unviolated woods
I bent my way; and, roaming far and wide,
Failed not to greet the merry Mocking-bird;
And, while the melancholy Muccawiss
(The sportive bird's companion in the grove)
Repeated, o'er and o'er, his plaintive cry,
I sympathized at leisure with the sound;
But that pure archetype of human greatness,

[1] See Note.

I found him not. There, in his stead appeared
A creature, squalid, vengeful, and impure
Remorseless, and submissive to no law
But superstitious fear, and abject sloth.

Enough is told! Here am I — ye have heard
What evidence I seek, and vainly seek
What from my fellow-beings I require,
And either they have not to give, or I
Lack virtue to receive; what I myself,
Too oft by wilful forfeiture, have lost
Nor can regain. How languidly I look
Upon this visible fabric of the world,
May be divined — perhaps it hath been said: —
But spare your pity, if there be in me
Aught that deserves respect: for I exist
Within myself, not comfortless. — The tenor
Which my life holds, he readily may conceive
Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain brook
In some still passage of its course, and seen
Within the depths of its capacious breast
Inverted trees, rocks, clouds, and azure sky;
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam
And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars; that, by their onward lapse,
Betray to sight the motion of the stream
Else imperceptible. Meanwhile, is heard
A softened roar, or murmur; and the sound
Though soothing, and the little floating isles
Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged
With the same pensive office; and make known
Through what perplexing labyrinths abrupt
Precipitations, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and quickly,
That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
Must he again encounter. — Such a stream
Is human Life; and so the Spirit fares
In the best quiet to her course allowed;
And such is mine, — save only for a hope

my particular current soon will reach
nfathomable gulf, where all is still!"

Book Fourth.

DESPONDENCY CORRECTED.

ARGUMENT.

e of feeling produced by the foregoing
ive — A belief in a superintending Pro-
e the only adequate support under affliction
nderer's ejaculation — Acknowledges the
ty of a lively faith — Hence immoderate
— Exhortations — How received — Wan-
pplies his discourse to that other cause of
on in the Solitary's mind — Disappointment
ne French Revolution — States grounds of
nd insists on the necessity of patience and
le with respect to the course of great
ions — Knowledge the source of tranquillity
al Solitude favorable to knowledge of the
Creatures; Study of their habits and
ecommended; exhortation to bodily exer-
nd communion with nature — Morbid
le pitiable — Superstition better than apathy
hy and destitution unknown in the infancy
ety — The various modes of Religion pre-
it — Illustrated in the Jewish, Persian,
nian, Chaldean, and Grecian modes of
- Solitary interposes — Wanderer points out
uence of religious and imaginative feeling
humble ranks of society, illustrated from
and past times — These principles tend to
xploded superstitions and popery — Wan-
rebuts this charge, and contrasts the
s of the Imagination with the presumptuous
ss of certain modern Philosophers — Rec-
ds other lights and guides — Asserts the
of the soul to regenerate herself; Solitary
w — Reply — Personal appeal — Exhortation
ity of body renewed — How to commune
ature — Wanderer concludes with a legiti-
nion of the imagination, affections, under-
g, and reason — Effect of his discourse —
g; Return to the Cottage.

closed the Tenant of that lonely vale
ournful narrative — commenced in
pain,
n commenced, and ended without
peace:
empered, not unfrequently, with
strains
ive feeling, grateful to our minds;
ielding surely some relief to his,

While we sate listening with compassion
due.
A pause of silence followed; then, with
voice
That did not falter though the heart was
moved,
The Wanderer said: —
"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists — one only; an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.
— The darts of anguish *fix* not where the
seat
Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity; by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless
love
Of his perfections; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently, ill-done, or left undone,
To the dishonor of his holy name.
Soul of our Souls, and safeguard of the
world!
Sustain, thou only canst, the sick of heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto thee and thine!"

Then, as we issued from that covert
nook,
He thus continued, lifting up his eyes
To heaven: — "How beautiful this dome
of sky;
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful! Shall the
Soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these? — Be mute who
will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned
voice:
My lips, that may forget thee in the
crowd,
Cannot forget thee here; where thou
hast built,
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold

Reared for thy presence: therefore, am I bound
To worship, here, and everywhere — as one
Not doomed to ignorance, though forced to tread,
From childhood up, the ways of poverty;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
And from debasement rescued. — By thy grace
The particle divine remained unquenched;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish deathless flowers,
From paradise transplanted: wintry age
Impends; the frost will gather round my heart;
If the flowers wither, I am worse than dead!
— Come, labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual sabbath; come, disease and want;
And sad exclusion through decay of sense;
But leave me unabated trust in thee —
And let thy favor, to the end of life,
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things —
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content!

And what are things eternal? — powers depart,"
The gray-haired Wanderer steadfastly replied,
Answering the question which himself had asked,
"Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat:
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
Duty exists; — immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are not.
Of other converse which mind, soul, and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more that may not perish? — Thou dread source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of al
That in the scale of being fill their place
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained; — thou, who dids wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion un disturbed;
Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep
Or from its death-like void, with punctua care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light
Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sens
And reason's steadfast rule — thou, thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessèd Spirits,
Which thou includest, as the sea he waves:
For adoration thou endur'st; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will
For apprehension those transcenden truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength an power)
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!
This universe shall pass away — a work
Glorious! because the shadow of th might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with thee
Ah! if the time must come, in which m feet
No more shall stray where meditatio leads,
By flowing stream, through wood, o craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these; the unim prisoned Mind
May yet have scope to range among he own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allowed me to remem ber
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill — expectant, I beheld

un rise up, from distant climes re-
turned
ness to chase, and sleep; and bring
the day
ounteous gift! or saw him toward
the deep
with a retinue of flaming clouds
ded; then, my spirit was entranced
joy exalted to beatitude;
measure of my soul was filled with
bliss,
holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with
light,
pomp, with glory, with magnifi-
cence!

ose fervent raptures are forever
flown;
since their date, my soul hath
undergone
ge manifold, for better or for worse:
ease I not to struggle, and aspire
enward; and chide the part of me
that flags,
igh sinful choice; or dread necessity
uman nature from above imposed.
by comparison, an easy task [1]
to despise; but, to converse with
heaven —
is not easy: — to relinquish all
ave, or hope, of happiness and joy,
stand in freedom loosened from this
world,
m not arduous; but must needs
confess
't is a thing impossible to frame
ptions equal to the soul's desires;
he most difficult of tasks to *keep*
its which the soul is competent to
gain.
n is of dust: ethereal hopes are his,
h, when they should sustain them-
selves aloft,
due consistence; like a pillar of
smoke,
with majestic energy from earth
; but, having reached the thinner air,
, and dissolves, and is no longer
seen.
this infirmity of mortal kind
w proceeds, which else were not;
at least,

[1] See Note.

If grief be something hallowed and
ordained,
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
Yet, through this weakness of the general
heart,
Is it enabled to maintain its hold
In that excess which conscience disap-
proves.
For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness; so senseless who could be
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable, blessedness,
Which reason promises, and holy writ
Ensures to all believers? — Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch; despondency far less;
And, least of all, is absolute despair.
— And, if there be whose tender frames
have drooped
Even to the dust; apparently, through
weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute;
Deem not that proof is here of hope with-
held
When wanted most; a confidence impaired
So pitiably, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down
by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh! no, the innocent Sufferer often sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the vision, with intense
And over-constant yearning; — there —
there lies
The excess, by which the balance is de-
stroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of
flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual
orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its
course
Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor rapt, nor craving, but in settled
peace,

I cannot doubt that they whom you deplore
Are glorified; or, if they sleep, shall wake
From sleep, and dwell with God in endless love.
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In mercy, carried infinite degrees
Beyond the tenderness of human hearts:
Hope, below this, consists not with belief
In perfect wisdom, guiding mightiest power,
That finds no limits but her own pure will.

Here then we rest; not fearing for our creed
The worst that human reasoning can achieve,
To unsettle or perplex it: yet with pain
Acknowledging, and grievous self-reproach,
That, though immovably convinced, we want
Zeal, and the virtue to exist by faith
As soldiers live by courage; as, by strength
Of heart, the sailor fights with roaring seas.
Alas! the endowment of immortal power [1]
Is matched unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense
In *all;* in most, with superadded foes,
Idle temptations; open vanities,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world;
And, in the private regions of the mind,
Ill-governed passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care. What then remains? — To seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer —
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart
Issuing, however feebly, nowhere flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives

[1] See Note.

To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience — conscience reverenced and obeyed,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world
— Endeavor thus to live; these rules regard;
These helps solicit; and a steadfast sea
Shall then be yours among the happy fe
Who dwell on earth, yet breathe en pyreal air,
Sons of the morning. For your noble part,
Ere disencumbered of her mortal chain
Doubt shall be quelled and trouble chase away;
With only such degree of sadness left
As may support longings of pure desire
And strengthen love, rejoicing secretly
In the sublime attractions of the grave.

While, in this strain, the venerable Sag
Poured forth his aspirations, and announced
His judgments, near that lonely house w paced
A plot of greensward, seemingly pre served
By nature's care from wreck of scattere stones,
And from encroachment of encirclin heath:
Small space! but, for reiterated steps,
Smooth and commodious; as a statel deck
Which to and fro the mariner is used
To tread for pastime, talking with hi mates,
Or haply thinking of far-distant friends
While the ship glides before a stead breeze.
Stillness prevailed around us: and th voice
That spake was capable to lift the soul
Toward regions yet more tranquil. But methought,
That he, whose fixed despondency ha given
Impulse and motive to that strong dis course,
Was less upraised in spirit than abashed
Shrinking from admonition, like a man

feels that to exhort is to reproach.
not to be diverted from his aim,
Sage continued: —
"For that other loss,
loss of confidence in social man,
ne unexpected transports of our age
ed so high, that every thought, which
looked
nd the temporal destiny of the Kind,
many seemed superfluous — as, no
cause
d e'er for such exalted confidence
; so, none is now for fixed despair:
two extremes are equally disowned
eason: if, with sharp recoil, from one
have been driven far as its opposite,
een them seek the point whereon to
build
d expectations. So doth he advise
shared at first the illusion; but was
soon
from the pedestal of pride by shocks
ch Nature gently gave, in woods and
fields;
unreproved by Providence, thus
speaking
ne inattentive children of the world:
nglorious Generation! what new
powers
you have been conferred? what gifts,
withheld
m your progenitors, have ye received,
recompense of new desert? what
claim
ye prepared to urge, that my decrees
you should undergo a sudden
change;
d the weak functions of one busy day,
laiming and extirpating, perform
at all the slowly-moving years of time,
h their united force, have left
undone?
nature's gradual processes be taught;
story be confounded! Ye aspire
hly, to fall once more; and that false
fruit,
ich, to your overweening spirits,
yields
be of a flight celestial, will produce
ery and shame. But Wisdom of her
sons
ll not the less, though late, be justified.'
Such timely warning,' said the Wanderer, "gave
That visionary voice; and, at this day,
When a Tartarean darkness overspreads
The groaning nations; when the impious
rule,
By will or by established ordinance,
Their own dire agents, and constrain the
good
To acts which they abhor: though I bewail
This triumph, yet the pity of my heart
Prevents me not from owning, that the
law,
By which mankind now suffers, is most
just.
For by superior energies; more strict
Affiance in each other; faith more firm
In their unhallowed principles; the bad
Have fairly earned a victory o'er the
weak,
The vacillating, inconsistent good.
Therefore, not unconsoled, I wait — in
hope
To see the moment, when the righteous
cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As they who have opposed her; in which
Virtue
Will, to her efforts, tolerate no bounds
That are not lofty as her rights; aspiring
By impulse of her own ethereal zeal.
That spirit only can redeem mankind;
And when that sacred spirit shall appear,
Then shall *our* triumph be complete as
theirs.
Yet, should this confidence prove vain,
the wise
Have still the keeping of their proper
peace;
Are guardians of their own tranquillity.
They act, or they recede, observe, and
feel;
'Knowing the heart of man is set to be[1]
The centre of this world, about the which
Those revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are
such
As he must bear, being powerless to
redress;
And that unless above himself he can

[1] See Note.

Erect himself, how poor a thing is Man!'[1]

Happy is he who lives to understand,
Not human nature only, but explores
All natures, — to the end that he may find
The law that governs each; and where begins
The union, the partition where, that makes
Kind and degree, among all visible Beings;
The constitutions, powers, and faculties,
Which they inherit, — cannot step beyond, —
And cannot fall beneath; that do assign
To every class its station and its office,
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.
Such converse, if directed by a meek,
Sincere, and humble spirit, teaches love:
For knowledge is delight; and such delight
Breeds love: yet, suited as it rather is
To thought and to the climbing intellect,
It teaches less to love, than to adore;
If that be not indeed the highest love!"

"Yet," said I, tempted here to interpose,
"The dignity of life is not impaired
By aught that innocently satisfies
The humbler cravings of the heart; and he
Is a still happier man, who, for those heights
Of speculation not unfit, descends;
And such benign affections cultivates
Among the inferior kinds; not merely those
That he may call his own, and which depend,
As individual objects of regard,
Upon his care, from whom he also looks
For signs and tokens of a mutual bond;
But others, far beyond this narrow sphere,
Whom, for the very sake of love, he loves.
Nor is it a mean praise of rural life
And solitude, that they do favor most,
Most frequently call forth, and best sustain,

[1] Daniel.

These pure sensations; that can penetrate
The obstreperous city; on the barren sea
Are not unfelt; and much might recommend,
How much they might inspirit and endear
The loneliness of this sublime retreat!"

"Yes," said the Sage, resuming the discourse
Again directed to his downcast Friend,
"If, with the froward will and grovelling soul
Of man, offended, liberty is here,
And invitation every hour renewed,
To mark *their* placid state, who never heard
Of a command which they have power to break,
Or rule which they are tempted to transgress:
These, with a soothed or elevated heart
May we behold; their knowledge register;
Observe their ways; and, free from envy find
Complacence there: — but wherefore this to you?
I guess that, welcome to your lonely hearth,
The redbreast, ruffled up by winter's cold
Into a 'feathery bunch,' feeds at your hand:
A box, perchance, is from your casement hung
For the small wren to build in; — not in vain,
The barriers disregarding that surround
This deep abiding place, before your sight
Mounts on the breeze the butterfly; and soars,
Small creature as she is, from earth's bright flowers,
Into the dewy clouds. Ambition reigns
In the waste wilderness: the Soul ascends
Drawn towards her native firmament of heaven,
When the fresh eagle, in the month of May,
Upborne, at evening, on replenished wing,
This shaded valley leaves; and leaves the dark

urpled hills, conspicuously renewing
oud communication with the sun
sunk beneath the horizon! — List! —
I heard,
n yon huge breast of rock, a voice
sent forth
the visible mountain made the cry.
n!" — The effect upon the soul was
such
ne expressed: from out the moun-
tain's heart
solemn voice appeared to issue, start-
ling
blank air — for the region all around
d empty of all shape of life, and si-
lent
for that single cry, the unanswered
bleat
poor lamb — left somewhere to itself,
plaintive spirit of the solitude!
paused, as if unwilling to proceed,
ugh consciousness that silence in such
place
best, the most affecting eloquence.
oon his thoughts returned upon them-
selves,
in soft tone of speech, thus he re-
sumed.

Ah! if the heart, too confidently
raised,
hance too lightly occupied, or lulled
easily, despise or overlook
vassalage that binds her to the earth,
sad dependence upon time, and all
trepidations of mortality,
t place so destitute and void — but
there
little flower her vanity shall check;
railing worm reprove her thoughtless
pride?

ese craggy regions, these chaotic
wilds,
that benignity pervade, that warms
mole contented with her darksome
walk
ne cold ground; and to the emmet
gives
oresight, and intelligence that makes
iny creatures strong by social league;
orts the generations, multiplies
tribes, till we behold a spacious plain
Or grassy bottom, all, with little hills —
Their labor, covered, as a lake with
waves;
Thousands of cities, in the desert place
Built up of life, and food, and means of
life!
Nor wanting here, to entertain the
thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less, as might seem, for general guardian-
ship
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight
And a strict love of fellowship, combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom of twilight hum their joy?
More obviously the self-same influence
rules
The feathered kinds; the fieldfare's pen-
sive flock,
The cawing rooks, and sea-mews from
afar,
Hovering above these inland solitudes,
By the rough wind unscattered, at whose
call
Up through the trenches of the long-
drawn vales
Their voyage was begun: nor is its power
Unfelt among the sedentary fowl
That seek yon pool, and there prolong
their stay
In silent congress; or together roused
Take flight; while with their clang the
air resounds:
And, over all, in that ethereal vault,
Is the mute company of changeful clouds;
Bright apparition, suddenly put forth,
The rainbow smiling on the faded storm;
The mild assemblage of the starry heav-
ens;
And the great sun, earth's universal lord!

How bountiful is Nature! he shall find
Who seeks not; and to him, who hath
not asked,
Large measure shall be dealt. Three sab-
bath-days
Are scarcely told, since, on a service bent
Of mere humanity, you clomb those
heights;
And what a marvellous and heavenly show

Was suddenly revealed! — the swains moved on,
And heeded not: you lingered, you perceived
And felt, deeply as living man could feel.
There is a luxury in self-dispraise;
And inward self-disparagement affords
To meditative spleen a grateful feast.
Trust me, pronouncing on your own desert,
You judge unthankfully: distempered nerves
Infect the thoughts: the languor of the frame
Depresses the soul's vigor. Quit your couch —
Cleave not so fondly to your moody cell;
Nor let the hallowed powers, that shed from heaven
Stillness and rest, with disapproving eye
Look down upon your taper, through a watch
Of midnight hours, unseasonably twinkling
In this deep Hollow, like a sullen star
Dimly reflected in a lonely pool.
Take courage, and withdraw yourself from ways
That run not parallel to nature's course.
Rise with the lark! your matins shall obtain
Grace, be their composition what it may,
If but with hers performed; climb once again,
Climb every day, those ramparts; meet the breeze
Upon their tops, adventurous as a bee
That from your garden thither soars, to feed
On new-blown heath; let yon commanding rock
Be your frequented watch-tower; roll the stone
In thunder down the mountains; with all your might
Chase the wild goat; and if the bold red deer
Fly to those harbors, driven by hound and horn
Loud echoing, add your speed to the pursuit;
So, wearied to your hut shall you return,
And sink at evening into sound repose."

The Solitary lifted toward the hills
A kindling eye: — accordant feelings rushed
Into my bosom, whence these words broke forth:
"Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit! — How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal, man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion — one
Among the many there; and while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapors, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and while the streams
(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties)
Descending from the region of the clouds,
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them — what a joy to roam
An equal among mightiest energies;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
'Rage on ye elements! let moon and stars
Their aspects lend, and mingle in their turn
With this commotion (ruinous though it be)
From day to night, from night to day prolonged!'"

"Yes," said the Wanderer, taking from my lips
The strain of transport, "whosoe'er in youth

hrough ambition of his soul, given way
ch desires, and grasped at such delight,
feel congenial stirrings late and long,
te of all the weakness that life brings,
es and sorrows; he, though taught to own
anquillizing power of time, shall wake,
sometimes to a noble restlessness — the sports which once he gloried in.

patriot, Friend, remote are Garry's hills,
reams far distant of your native glen;
their form and image here expressed
rotherly resemblance. Turn your steps
ver fancy leads; by day, by night,
ious engines working, not the same
se with which your soul in youth was moved,
the great Artificer endowed
no inferior power. You dwell alone;
alk, you live, you speculate alone;
th remembrance, like a sovereign prince,
a stately gallery maintain
or tragic pictures. You have seen,
acted, suffered, travelled far, observed
o incurious eye; and books are yours,
whose silent chambers treasure lies
ed from age to age; more precious far
at accumulated store of gold
ient gems, which, for a day of need,
tan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
oards of truth you can unlock at will:
sic waits upon your skilful touch,
which the wandering shepherd
rom these heights

Hears, and forgets his purpose; — furnished thus,
How can you droop, if willing to be upraised?

A piteous lot it were to flee from Man —
Yet not rejoice in Nature. He, whose hours
Are by domestic pleasures uncaressed
And unenlivened; who exists whole years
Apart from benefits received or done
'Mid the transactions of the bustling crowd;
Who neither hears, nor feels a wish to hear,
Of the world's interests — such a one hath need
Of a quick fancy, and an active heart,
That, for the day's consumption, books may yield
Food not unwholesome; earth and air correct
His morbid humor, with delight supplied
Or solace, varying as the seasons change.
— Truth has her pleasure-grounds, her haunts of ease
And easy contemplation; gay parterres,
And labyrinthine walks, her sunny glades
And shady groves in studied contrast — each,
For recreation, leading into each:
These may he range, if willing to partake
Their soft indulgences, and in due time
May issue thence, recruited for the tasks
And course of service Truth requires from those
Who tend her altars, wait upon her throne,
And guard her fortresses. Who thinks, and feels,
And recognizes ever and anon
The breeze of nature stirring in his soul,
Why need such man go desperately astray,
And nurse 'the dreadful appetite of death'?
If tired with systems, each in its degree
Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
Let him build systems of his own, and smile
At the fond work, demolished with a touch;

If unreligious, let him be at once,
Among ten thousand innocents, enrolled
A pupil in the many-chambered school,
Where superstition weaves her airy dreams.

Life's autumn past, I stand on winter's verge;
And daily lose what I desire to keep:
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, and take
A fearful apprehension from the owl
Or death-watch: and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious magpies crossed my way; —
To this would rather bend than see and hear
The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place;
Where knowledge, ill begun in cold remark
On outward things, with formal inference ends;
Or, if the mind turn inward, she recoils
At once — or, not recoiling, is perplexed —
Lost in a gloom of uninspired research;
Meanwhile, the heart within the heart, the seat
Where peace and happy consciousness should dwell,
On its own axis restlessly revolving,
Seeks, yet can nowhere find, the light of truth.

Upon the breast of new-created earth
Man walked; and when and whereso'er he moved,
Alone or mated, solitude was not.
He heard, borne on the wind, the articulate voice
Of God; and Angels to his sight appeared
Crowning the glorious hills of paradise;
Or through the groves gliding like morning mist
Enkindled by the sun. He sate — and talked
With wingèd Messengers; who daily brought
To his small island in the ethereal deep
Tidings of joy and love. — From th
pure heights
(Whether of actual vision, sensible
To sight and feeling, or that in this so
Have condescendingly been shadow
forth
Communications spiritually maintained
And intuitions moral and divine)
Fell Human-kind — to banishment co
demned
That flowing years repealed not: a
distress
And grief spread wide; but Man escap
the doom
Of destitution; — solitude was not.
— Jehovah — shapeless Power above
Powers,
Single and one, the omnipresent God,
By vocal utterance, or blaze of light,
Or cloud of darkness, localized in heave
On earth, enshrined within the wanderi
ark;
Or, out of Sion, thundering from
throne
Between the Cherubim — on the chos
Race
Showered miracles, and ceased not to d
pense
Judgments, that filled the land from a
to age
With hope, and love, and gratitude, a
fear;
And with amazement smote; — there
to assert
His scorned, or unacknowledged, sove
eignty.
And when the One, ineffable of name,
Of nature indivisible, withdrew
From mortal adoration or regard,
Not then was Deity engulphed; nor Ma
The rational creature, left, to feel t
weight
Of his own reason, without sense
thought
Of higher reason and a purer will,
To benefit and bless, through mighti
power: —
Whether the Persian — zealous to reje
Altar and image, and the inclusive wal
And roofs of temples built by hum
hands —
To loftiest heights ascending, from th
tops,

myrtle-wreathed tiara on his brow,
ıted sacrifice to moon and stars,
ɔ the winds and mother elements,
ıe whole circle of the heavens, for
him
sitive existence, and a God,
ifted hands invoked, and songs of
praise:
ss reluctantly to bonds of sense
ng his soul, the Babylonian framed
fluence undefined a personal shape;
rom the plain, with toil immense,
upreared
eight times planted on the top of
tower,
Belus, nightly to his splendid couch
ading, there might rest; upon that
height
nd serene, diffused — to overlook
ıg Euphrates, and the city vast
devoted worshippers, far-stretched,
grove and field and garden inter-
spersed;
own, and foodful region for support
t the pressure of beleaguering war.

dean Shepherds, ranging trackless
fields,
h the concave of unclouded skies
like a sea, in boundless solitude,
l on the polar star, as on a guide
ıardian of their course, that never
closed
adfast eye. The planetary Five
submissive reverence they beheld;
ed, from the centre of their sleep-
ing flocks,
radiant Mercuries, that seemed to
move
g through ether, in perpetual
round,
s and resolutions of the Gods;
y their aspects, signifying works
futurity, to Man revealed.
imaginative faculty was lord
ervations natural; and, thus
, those shepherds made report of
stars
otation passing to and fro,
n the orbs of our apparent sphere
invisible counterpart, adorned
ınswering constellations, under
earth,

Removed from all approach of living
sight
But present to the dead; who, so they
deemed,
Like those celestial messengers beheld
All accidents, and judges were of all.

The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
Rivers and fertile plains, and sounding
shores, —
Under a cope of sky more variable,
Could find commodious place for every
God,
Promptly received, as prodigally brought,
From the surrounding countries, at the
choice
Of all adventurers. With unrivalled skill,
As nicest observation furnished hints
For studious fancy, his quick hand be-
stowed
On fluent operations a fixed shape;
Metal or stone, idolatrously served.
And yet — triumphant o'er this pompous
show
Of art, this palpable array of sense,
On every side encountered; in despite
Of the gross fictions chanted in the streets
By wandering Rhapsodists; and in con-
tempt
Of doubt and bold denial hourly urged
Amid the wrangling schools — a SPIRIT
hung,
Beautiful region! o'er thy towns and
farms,
Statues and temples, and memorial tombs;
And emanations were perceived; and acts
Of immortality, in Nature's course,
Exemplified by mysteries, that were felt
As bonds, on grave philosopher imposed
And armèd warrior; and in every grove
A gay or pensive tenderness prevailed,
When piety more awful had relaxed.
— 'Take, running river, take these locks
of mine' —
Thus would the Votary say — 'this sev-
ered hair,
'My vow fulfilling, do I here present,
'Thankful for my belovèd child's return.
'Thy banks, Cephisus, he again hath trod,
'Thy murmurs heard; and drunk the
crystal lymph
'With which thou dost refresh the thirsty
lip,

'And, all day long, moisten these flowery fields!'
And doubtless, sometimes, when the hair was shed
Upon the flowing stream, a thought arose
Of Life continuous, Being unimpaired;
That hath been, is, and where it was and is
There shall endure, — existence unexposed
To the blind walk of mortal accident;
From diminution safe and weakening age;
While man grows old, and dwindles, and decays;
And countless generations of mankind
Depart; and leave no vestige where they trod.

We live by Admiration, Hope and Love;
And, even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend.
But what is error?" — "Answer he who can!"
The Sceptic somewhat haughtily exclaimed:
"Love, Hope, and Admiration, — are they not
Mad Fancy's favorite vassals? Does not life
Use them, full oft, as pioneers to ruin,
Guides to destruction? Is it well to trust
Imagination's light when reason's fails,
The unguarded taper where the guarded faints?
— Stoop from those heights, and soberly declare
What error is; and, of our errors, which
Doth most debase the mind; the genuine seats
Of power, where are they? Who shall regulate,
With truth, the scale of intellectual rank?"

"Methinks," persuasively the Sage replied,
"That for this arduous office you possess
Some rare advantages. Your early days
A grateful recollection must supply
Of much exalted good by Heaven vouchsafed
To dignify the humblest state. — Your voice
Hath, in my hearing, often testified
That poor men's children, they, and th
alone,
By their condition taught, can understa
The wisdom of the prayer that daily as
For daily bread. A consciousness is yo
How feelingly religion may be learned
In smoky cabins, from a mothe
tongue —
Heard where the dwelling vibrates to t
din
Of the contiguous torrent, gatheri
strength
At every moment — and, with strengt
increase
Of fury; or, while snow is at the door
Assaulting and defending, and the wir
A sightless laborer, whistles at his work
Fearful; but resignation tempers fear,
And piety is sweet to infant minds.
— The Shepherd-lad, that in the su
shine carves,
On the green turf, a dial — to divide
The silent hours; and who to that repo
Can portion out his pleasures, and adap
Throughout a long and lonely summe
day
His round of pastoral duties, is not lef
With less intelligence for *moral* things
Of gravest import. Early he perceive
Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can appl
That shines for him, and shines for
mankind.
Experience daily fixing his regards
On nature's wants, he knows how f
they are,
And where they lie, how answered a
appeased.
This knowledge ample recompense affor
For manifold privations; he refers
His notions to this standard; on this ro
Rest his desires; and hence, in af
life,
Soul-strengthening patience, and subli
content.
Imagination — not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldlin
mind,
On fickle pleasures, and superfluous car
And trivial ostentation — is left free
And puissant to range the solemn wall
Of time and nature, girded by a zone

t, while it binds, invigorates and
supports.
nowledge, then, that whether by the
side
iis poor hut, or on the mountain top,
n the cultured field, a Man so bred
ke from him what you will upon the
score
gnorance or illusion) lives and breathes
noble purposes of mind: his heart
s to the heroic song of ancient days;
eye distinguishes, his soul creates.
those illusions, which excite the scorn
nove the pity of unthinking minds,
they not mainly outward ministers
nward conscience? with whose service
charged
y came and go, appeared and disap-
pear,
rting evil purposes, remorse
kening, chastening an intemperate
grief,
ride of heart abating: and, whene'er
less important ends those phantoms
move,
would forbid them, if their presence
serve —
thinly-peopled mountains and wild
heaths,
ng a space, else vacant — to exalt
forms of Nature, and enlarge her
powers?

nce more to distant ages of the world
s revert, and place before our thoughts
face which rural solitude might wear
he unenlightened swains of pagan
Greece.
that fair clime, the lonely herdsman,
stretched
he soft grass through half a summer's
day,
music lulled his indolent repose:
in some fit of weariness, if he,
n his own breath was silent, chanced
to hear
tant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
h his poor skill could make, his fancy
fetched,
from the blazing chariot of the sun,
ardless Youth, who touched a golden
lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravish-
ment.
The nightly hunter, lifting a bright eye
Up towards the crescent moon, with grate-
ful heart
Called on the lovely wanderer who be-
stowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming Goddess with her
Nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the dark-
some grove,
Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,
Swept in the storm of chase; as moon and
stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heaven,
When winds are blowing strong. The
traveller slaked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
thanked
The Naiad. Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be
transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly.
The Zephyrs fanning, as they passed, their
wings,
Lacked not, for love, fair objects whom
they wooed
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs
grotesque,
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary
age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring
horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending
beard, —
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome Deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring
God!"

The strain was aptly chosen; and I
could mark
Its kindly influence, o'er the yielding brow
Of our Companion, gradually diffused;
While, listening, he had paced the noise-
less turf,
Like one whose untired ear a murmuring
stream

Detains; but tempted now to interpose,
He with a smile exclaimed: —
"'T is well you speak
At a safe distance from our native land,
And from the mansions where our youth was taught.
The true descendants of those godly men
Who swept from Scotland, in a flame of zeal,
Shrine, altar, image, and the massy piles
That harbored them, — the souls retaining yet
The churlish features of that after-race
Who fled to woods, caverns, and jutting rocks,
In deadly scorn of superstitious rites,
Or what their scruples construed to be such —
How, think you, would they tolerate this scheme
Of fine propensities, that tends, if urged
Far as it might be urged, to sow afresh
The weeds of Romish phantasy, in vain
Uprooted; would re-consecrate our wells
To good Saint Fillan and to fair Saint Anne;
And from long banishment recall Saint Giles,
To watch again with tutelary love
O'er stately Edinborough throned on crags?
A blessed restoration, to behold
The patron, on the shoulders of his priests,
Once more parading through her crowded streets,
Now simply guarded by the sober powers
Of science, and philosophy, and sense!"

This answer followed. — "You have turned my thoughts
Upon our brave Progenitors, who rose
Against idolatry with warlike mind,
And shrunk from vain observances, to lurk
In woods, and dwell under impending rocks
Ill-sheltered, and oft wanting fire and food;
Why? — for this very reason that they felt,
And did acknowledge, wheresoe'er they moved,
A spiritual presence, oft-times misconceived,
But still a high dependence, a divine
Bounty and government, that filled their hearts
With joy, and gratitude, and fear, and love;
And from their fervent lips drew hymns of praise,
That through the desert rang. Though favored less,
Far less, than these, yet such, in their degree,
Were those bewildered Pagans of old time.
Beyond their own poor natures and above
They looked; were humbly thankful for the good
Which the warm sun solicited, and earth
Bestowed; were gladsome, — and their moral sense
They fortified with reverence for the Gods;
And they had hopes that overstepped the Grave.

Now, shall our great Discoverers," he exclaimed,
Raising his voice triumphantly, "obtain
From sense and reason, less than these obtained,
Though far misled? Shall men for whom our age
Unbaffled powers of vision hath prepared,
To explore the world without and world within,
Be joyless as the blind? Ambitious spirits —
Whom earth, at this late season, hath produced
To regulate the moving spheres, and weigh
The planets in the hollow of their hand;
And they who rather dive than soar, whose pains
Have solved the elements, or analyzed
The thinking principle — shall they in fact
Prove a degraded Race? and what avails
Renown, if their presumption make them such?
Oh! there is laughter at their work in heaven!
Inquire of ancient Wisdom; go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 't was ever meant
That we should pry far off yet be unraised;
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore,
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection dead and spiritless;
And still dividing, and dividing still,

t down all grandeur, still unsatisfied
the perverse attempt, while littleness
vet become more little; waging thus
npious warfare with the very life
r own souls!
And if indeed there be
l-pervading Spirit, upon whom
ark foundations rest, could he design
this magnificent effect of power,
arth we tread, the sky that we behold
ay, and all the pomp which night
reveals;
these — and that superior mystery
ital frame, so fearfully devised,
the dread soul within it — should
exist
o be examined, pondered, searched,
d, vexed, and criticised? Accuse
me not
ogance, unknown Wanderer as I am,
ving walked with Nature threescore
years,
ffered, far as frailty would allow,
eart a daily sacrifice to Truth,
affirm of Nature and of Truth,
n I have served, that their DIVINITY
ts, offended at the ways of men
ed by such motives, to such ends
employed;
ophers, who, though the human soul
a thousand faculties composed,
wice ten thousand interests, do yet
prize
oul, and the transcendent universe,
ore than as a mirror that reflects
oud Self-love her own intelligence;
one, poor, finite object, in the abyss
nite Being, twinkling restlessly!

higher place can be assigned to him
is compeers — the laughing Sage of
France. —
ed was he, if my memory do not err,
aurel planted upon hoary hairs,
n of conquest by his wit achieved
enefits his wisdom had conferred;
ooping body tottered with wreaths
of flowers
st, far less becoming ornaments
Spring oft twines about a moulder-
ing tree;
it pleased a fond, a vain, old Man,
nost frivolous people. Him I mean
Who penned, to ridicule confiding faith,
This sorry Legend; which by chance we
found
Piled in a nook, through malice, as might
seem,
Among more innocent rubbish." — Speak-
ing thus,
With a brief notice when, and how, and
where,
We had espied the book, he drew it forth;
And courteously, as if the act removed,
At once, all traces from the good Man's
heart
Of unbenign aversion or contempt,
Restored it to its owner. "Gentle
Friend,"
Herewith he grasped the Solitary's hand,
"You have known lights and guides better
than these.
Ah! let not aught amiss within dispose
A noble mind to practise on herself,
And tempt opinion to support the wrongs
Of passion: whatsoe'er be felt or feared,
From higher judgment-seats make no
appeal
To lower: can you question that the soul
Inherits an allegiance, not by choice
To be cast off, upon an oath proposed
By each new upstart notion? In the ports
Of levity no refuge can be found,
No shelter, for a spirit in distress.
He, who by wilful disesteem of life
And proud insensibility to hope,
Affronts the eye of Solitude, shall learn
That her mild nature can be terrible;
That neither she nor Silence lack the power
To avenge their own insulted majesty.

O blest seclusion! when the mind admits
The law of duty; and can therefore move
Through each vicissitude of loss and gain,
Linked in entire complacence with her
choice;
When youth's presumptuousness is mel-
lowed down,
And manhood's vain anxiety dismissed;
When wisdom shows her seasonable fruit,
Upon the boughs of sheltering leisure hung
In sober plenty; when the spirit stoops
To drink with gratitude the crystal stream
Of unreproved enjoyment; and is pleased
To muse, and be saluted by the air

Of meek repentance, wafting wall-flower scents
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride
And chambers of transgression, now forlorn.
O, calm contented days, and peaceful nights!
Who, when such good can be obtained, would strive
To reconcile his manhood to a couch
Soft, as may seem, but, under that disguise,
Stuffed with the thorny substance of the past
For fixed annoyance; and full oft beset
With floating dreams, black and disconsolate,
The vapory phantoms of futurity?

Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment — nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair."

The Solitary by these words was touched
With manifest emotion, and exclaimed;
"But how begin? and whence? — 'The Mind is free —
Resolve,' the haughty Moralist would say,
'This single act is all that we demand.'
Alas! such wisdom bids a creature fly
Whose very sorrow is, that time hath shorn
His natural wings! — To friendship let him turn
For succor; but perhaps he sits alone
On stormy waters, tossed in a little boat
That holds but him, and can contain no more!
Religion tells of amity sublime
Which no condition can preclude; of One
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs:
But is that bounty absolute? — His gifts
Are they not, still, in some degree, rewards
For acts of service? Can his love extend
To hearts that own not him? Will showers of grace,
When in the sky no promise may be seen
Fall to refresh a parched and withered land?
Or shall the groaning Spirit cast her load
At the Redeemer's feet?"
In rueful tone
With some impatience in his mien, he spake:
Back to my mind rushed all that had been urged
To calm the Sufferer when his story closed
I looked for counsel as unbending now;
But a discriminating sympathy
Stooped to this apt reply: —
"As men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-condemned,
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame;
So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
Of all infirmity, and tending all
To the same point, attainable by all —
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.
For you, assuredly, a hopeful road
Lies open: we have heard from you a voice
At every moment softened in its course
By tenderness of heart; have seen you eye,
Even like an altar lit by fire from heaven
Kindle before us. — Your discourse this day,
That, like the fabled Lethe, wished to flow

creeping sadness, through oblivious shades
death and night, has caught at every turn
colors of the sun. Access for you
et preserved to principles of truth,
ich the imaginative Will upholds
eats of wisdom, not to be approached
the inferior Faculty that moulds,
h her minute and speculative pains,
nion, ever changing!
I have seen
rious child, who dwelt upon a tract
nland ground, applying to his ear
convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
which, in silence hushed, his very soul
ened intensely; and his countenance soon
htened with joy; for from within were heard
murings, whereby the monitor expressed
terious union with its native sea.
n such a shell the universe itself
the ear of Faith; and there are times,
ubt not, when to you it doth impart
nentic tidings of invisible things;
bb and flow, and ever-during power;
central peace, subsisting at the heart
endless agitation. Here you stand,
re, and worship, when you know it not;
s beyond the intention of your thought;
out above the meaning of your will.
es, you have felt, and may not cease to feel.
estate of man would be indeed forlorn
lse conclusions of the reasoning power
e the eye blind, and closed the passages
ugh which the ear converses with the heart.
not the soul, the being of your life,
ived a shock of awful consciousness,
ome calm season, when these lofty rocks
ight's approach bring down the unclouded sky,
est upon their circumambient walls;
mple framing of dimensions vast,
yet not too enormous for the sound
Of human anthems, — choral song, or burst
Sublime of instrumental harmony,
To glorify the Eternal! What if these
Did never break the stillness that prevails
Here,—if the solemn nightingale be mute,
And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers, — Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the caverned rocks;
The little rills, and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice — the solitary raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above all power of sight —
An iron knell! with echoes from afar
Faint — and still fainter — as the cry, with which
The wanderer accompanies her flight
Through the calm region, fades upon the ear,
Diminishing by distance till it seemed
To expire; yet from the abyss is caught again,
And yet again recovered!
But descending
From these imaginative heights, that yield
Far-stretching views into eternity,
Acknowledge that to Nature's humbler power
Your cherished sullenness is forced to bend
Even here, where her amenities are sown
With sparing hand. Then trust yourself abroad
To range her blooming bowers, and spacious fields,
Where on the labors of the happy throng
She smiles, including in her wide embrace
City, and town, and tower, — and sea with ships

Sprinkled;—be our Companion while we track
Her rivers populous with gliding life;
While, free as air, o'er printless sands we march,
Or pierce the gloom of her majestic woods;
Roaming, or resting under grateful shade
In peace and meditative cheerfulness;
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social reason's inner sense,
With inarticulate language.
For, the Man—
Who, in this spirit, communes with the Forms
Of nature, who with understanding heart
Both knows and loves such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good; and finds the good he seeks:
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak,
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further; by contemplating these Forms
In the relations which they bear to man,
He shall discern, how, through the various means
Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presences of absent things.
Trust me, that for the instructed, time will come
When they shall meet no object but may teach
Some acceptable lesson to their minds
Of human sufferings, or of human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,
Their duties from all forms; and general laws,
And local accidents, shall tend alike
To rouse, to urge; and, with the will, confer
The ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing, perseverance from their steps
Departing not, for them shall be confirmed
The glorious habit by which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burthen of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name:
For then her heart shall kindle; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.
—So build we up the Being that we are;
Thus deeply drinking-in the soul of things
We shall be wise perforce; and, while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
Earthly desires; and raise, to loftier heights
Of divine love, our intellectual soul."

Here closed the Sage that eloquent harangue,
ured forth with fervor in continuous stream,
h as, remote, 'mid savage wilderness,
Indian Chief discharges from his breast
o the hearing of assembled tribes,
pen circle seated round, and hushed
the unbreathing air, when not a leaf
s in the mighty woods. — So did he speak:
words he uttered shall not pass away
persed, like music that the wind takes up
snatches, and lets fall, to be forgotten;
— they sank into me, the bounteous gift
one whom time and nature had made wise,
cing his doctrine with authority
ich hostile spirits silently allow;
one accustomed to desires that feed
fruitage gathered from the tree of life;
hopes on knowledge and experience built;
one in whom persuasion and belief
d ripened into faith, and faith become
assionate intuition; whence the Soul,
ugh bound to earth by ties of pity and love,
m all injurious servitude was free.

he Sun, before his place of rest were reached,
d yet to travel far, but unto us,
us who stood low in that hollow dell,
had become invisible, — a pomp
ving behind of yellow radiance spread
r the mountain sides, in contrast bold
h ample shadows, seemingly, no less
n those resplendent lights, his rich bequest;
ispensation of his evening power.
down the path that from the glen had led
funeral train, the Shepherd and his Mate
e seen descending: — forth to greet them ran
little Page: the rustic pair approach;
in the Matron's countenance may be read
n indication that the words, which told
How that neglected Pensioner was sent
Before his time into a quiet grave,
Had done to her humanity no wrong:
But we are kindly welcomed — promptly served
With ostentatious zeal. — Along the floor
Of the small Cottage in the lonely Dell
A grateful couch was spread for our repose;
Where, in the guise of mountaineers, we lay,
Stretched upon fragrant heath, and lulled by sound
Of far-off torrents charming the still night,
And, to tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.

Book Fifth.

THE PASTOR.

ARGUMENT.

Farewell to the Valley — Reflections — A large and populous Vale described — The Pastor's Dwelling, and some account of him — Church and Monuments — The Solitary musing, and where — Roused — In the Churchyard the Solitary communicates the thoughts which had recently passed through his mind — Lofty tone of the Wanderer's discourse of yesterday adverted to — Rite of Baptism, and the professions accompanying it, contrasted with the real state of human life — Apology for the Rite — Inconsistency of the best men — Acknowledgment that practice falls far below the injunctions of duty as existing in the mind — General complaint of a falling-off in the value of life after the time of youth — Outward appearances of content and happiness in degree illusive — Pastor approaches — Appeal made to him — His answer — Wanderer in sympathy with him — Suggestion that the least ambitious enquirers may be most free from error — The Pastor is desired to give some portraits of the living or dead from his own observation of life among these Mountains — And for what purpose — Pastor consents — Mountain cottage — Excellent qualities of its Inhabitants — Solitary expresses his pleasure: but denies the praise of virtue to worth of this kind — Feelings of the Priest before he enters upon his account of persons interred in the Churchyard — Graves of unbaptized infants — Funeral and sepulchral observances, whence — Ecclesiastical Establishments, whence derived — Profession of unbelief in the doctrine of Immortality.

"FAREWELL, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,
And its small lot of life-supporting fields,
And guardian rocks! — Farewell, attractive seat!
To the still influx of the morning light
Open, and day's pure cheerfulness, but veiled
From human observation, as if yet
Primeval forests wrapped thee round with dark
Impenetrable shade; once more farewell,
Majestic circuit, beautiful abyss,
By Nature destined from the birth of things
For quietness profound!"
Upon the side
Of that brown ridge, sole outlet of the vale
Which foot of boldest stranger would attempt,
Lingering behind my comrades, thus I breathed
A parting tribute to a spot that seemed
Like the fixed centre of a troubled world.
Again I halted with reverted eyes;
The chain that would not slacken, was at length
Snapt, — and, pursuing leisurely my way,
How vain, thought I, is it by change of place
To seek that comfort which the mind denies;
Yet trial and temptation oft are shunned
Wisely; and by such tenure do we hold
Frail life's possessions, that even they whose fate
Yields no peculiar reason of complaint
Might, by the promise that is here, be won
To steal from active duties, and embrace
Obscurity, and undisturbed repose.
— Knowledge, methinks, in these disordered times,
Should be allowed a privilege to have
Her anchorites, like piety of old;
Men, who, from faction sacred, and unstained
By war, might, if so minded, turn aside
Uncensured, and subsist, a scattered few
Living to God and nature, and content
With that communion. Consecrated be
The spots where such abide. But happier still
The Man, whom, furthermore, a hope attends
That meditation and research may guide
His privacy to principles and powers
Discovered or invented; or set forth,
Through his acquaintance with the ways of truth,
In lucid order; so that, when his course
Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.

Acknowledgments of gratitude sincere
Accompanied these musings; fervent thanks
For my own peaceful lot and happy choice;
A choice that from the passions of the world
Withdrew, and fixed me in a still retreat;
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost,
Secluded, but not buried; and with song
Cheering my days, and with industrious thought;
With the ever-welcome company of books;
With virtuous friendship's soul-sustaining aid,
And with the blessings of domestic love.

Thus occupied in mind I paced along,
Following the rugged road, by sledge or wheel
Worn in the moorland, till I overtook
My two Associates, in the morning sunshine
Halting together on a rocky knoll,
Whence the bare road descended rapidly
To the green meadows of another vale.

Here did our pensive Host put forth his hand
In sign of farewell. "Nay," the old Man said,
"The fragrant air its coolness still retains;
The herds and flocks are yet abroad to crop
The dewy grass; you cannot leave us now,
We must not part at this inviting hour."
He yielded, though reluctant; for his mind
Instinctively disposed him to retire
To his own covert; as a billow, heaved
Upon the beach, rolls back into the sea.
— So we descend: and winding round a rock

a point that showed the valley — stretched
gth before us; and, not distant far,
a rising ground a gray church-tower,
e battlements were screened by tufted trees.
towards a crystal Mere, that lay beyond
g steep hills and woods embosomed, flowed
pious stream with boldly-winding course;
traceable, there hidden—there again
ht restored, and glittering in the sun.
ne stream's bank, and everywhere, appeared
wellings, single, or in social knots;
scattered o'er the level, others perched
e hill sides, a cheerful quiet scene,
n its morning purity arrayed.

s 'mid some happy valley of the Alps,"
, "once happy, ere tyrannic power,
only breaking in upon the Swiss,
oyed their unoffending commonwealth,
ular equality reigns here,
or yon stately House beneath whose roof
l lord might dwell." — "No feudal pomp,
ower" replied the Wanderer, "to that House
gs, but there in his allotted Home
s, from year to year, a genuine Priest,
nepherd of his flock; or, as a king
yled, when most affectionately praised,
ather of his people. Such is he;
ich and poor, and young and old, rejoice
his spiritual sway. He hath vouchsafed
e some portion of a kind regard;
omething also of his inner mind
he imparted — but I speak of him
is known to all.
The calm delights
ambitious piety he chose,
earning's solid dignity; though born
Of knightly race, nor wanting powerful friends.
Hither, in prime of manhood, he withdrew
From academic bowers. He loved the spot —
Who does not love his native soil? — he prized
The ancient rural character, composed
Of simple manners, feelings unsuppressed
And undisguised, and strong and serious thought
A character reflected in himself,
With such embellishment as well beseems
His rank and sacred function. This deep vale
Winds far in reaches hidden from our sight,
And one a turreted manorial hall
Adorns, in which the good Man's ancestors
Have dwelt through ages, Patrons of this Cure.
To them, and to his own judicious pains,
The Vicar's dwelling, and the whole domain,
Owes that presiding aspect which might well
Attract your notice; statelier than could else
Have been bestowed, through course of common chance,
On an unwealthy mountain Benefice."

This said, oft pausing, we pursued our way;
Nor reached the village-churchyard till the sun
Travelling at steadier pace than ours, had risen
Above the summits of the highest hills,
And round our path darted oppressive beams.

As chanced, the portals of the sacred Pile
Stood open; and we entered. On my frame,
At such transition from the fervid air,
A grateful coolness fell, that seemed to strike
The heart, in concert with that temperate awe

And natural reverence which the place inspired.
Not raised in nice proportions was the pile,
But large and massy; for duration built;
With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld
By naked rafters intricately crossed,
Like leafless underboughs, in some thick wood,
All withered by the depth of shade above.
Admonitory texts inscribed the walls,
Each, in its ornamental scroll, enclosed;
Each also crowned with wingèd heads — a pair
Of rudely-painted Cherubim. The floor
Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise,
Was occupied by oaken benches ranged
In seemly rows; the chancel only showed
Some vain distinctions, marks of earthly state
By immemorial privilege allowed;
Though with the Encincture's special sanctity
But ill according. An heraldic shield,
Varying its tincture with the changeful light,
Imbued the altar-window; fixed aloft
A faded hatchment hung, and one by time
Yet undiscolored. A capacious pew
Of sculptured oak stood here, with drapery lined;
And marble monuments were here displayed
Thronging the walls; and on the floor beneath
Sepulchral stones appeared, with emblems graven
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small
And shining effigies of brass inlaid.

The tribute by these various records claimed,
Duly we paid, each after each, and read
The ordinary chronicle of birth,
Office, alliance, and promotion — all
Ending in dust; of upright magistrates,
Grave doctors strenuous for the mother-church,
And uncorrupted senators, alike
To king and people true. A brazen plate,
Not easily deciphered, told of one
Whose course of earthly honor was begun
In quality of page among the train
Of the eighth Henry, when he crosse[d]
the seas
His royal state to show, and prove hi[s]
strength
In tournament, upon the fields of France
Another tablet registered the death,
And praised the gallant bearing, of [a]
Knight
Tried in the sea-fights of the secon[d]
Charles.
Near this brave Knight his Father lay en[-]
tombed;
And, to the silent language giving voice
I read, — how in his manhood's earlie[r]
day
He, 'mid the afflictions of intestine war
And rightful government subverted, found
One only solace — that he had espoused
A virtuous Lady tenderly beloved
For her benign perfections; and yet more
Endeared to him, for this, that, in he[r]
state
Of wedlock richly crowned with Heaven's
regard,
She with a numerous issue filled his house
Who throve, like plants, uninjured by the
storm
That laid their country waste. No need
to speak
Of less particular notices assigned
To Youth or Maiden gone before their
time,
And Matrons and unwedded Sisters old;
Whose charity and goodness were re[-]
hearsed
In modest panegyric.
"These dim lines,
What would they tell?" said I, — but
from the task
Of puzzling out that faded narrative,
With whisper soft my venerable Friend
Called me; and, looking down the dark
some aisle,
I saw the Tenant of the lonely vale
Standing apart; with curvèd arm reclined
On the baptismal font; his pallid face
Upturned, as if his mind were rapt, or lost
In some abstraction; — gracefully he
stood,
The semblance bearing of a sculptured
form
That leans upon a monumental urn

ace, from morn to night, from year
to year.

m from that posture did the Sexton
rouse;
entered, humming carelessly a tune,
nuation haply of the notes
had beguiled the work from which
he came,
spade and mattock o'er his shoulder
hung;
e deposited, for future need,
eir appointed place. The pale Re-
cluse
drew; and straight we followed, —
to a spot
e sun and shade were intermixed;
for there
ad oak, stretching forth its leafy arms
an adjoining pasture, overhung
space of that green churchyard with
a light
pleasant awning. On the moss-
grown wall
ncient Friend and I together took
eats; and thus the Solitary spake,
ing before us: —
"Did you note the mien
at self-solaced, easy-hearted churl,
's hireling, who scoops out his
neighbor's grave,
raps an old acquaintance up in clay,
nconcerned as he would bind a sheaf,
ant a tree. And did you hear his
voice?
abruptly summoned by the sound
some affecting images and thoughts,
h then were silent; but crave utter-
ance now.

ch," he continued, with dejected
look,
ch, yesterday, was said in glowing
phrase,
r sublime dependencies, and hopes
ture states of being; and the wings
eculation, joyfully outspread,
red above our destiny on earth:
oop, and place the prospect of the
soul
er contrast with reality,
nan's substantial life. If this mute
earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every
grave
Were as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to eye and ear,
We should recoil, stricken with sorrow
and shame,
To see disclosed, by such dread proof,
how ill
That which is done accords with what is
known
To reason, and by conscience is enjoined;
How idly, how perversely, life's whole
course,
To this conclusion, deviates from the line,
Or of the end stops short, proposed to all
At her aspiring outset.
Mark the babe
Not long accustomed to this breathing
world;
One that hath barely learned to shape a
smile,
Though yet irrational of soul, to grasp
With tiny finger — to let fall a tear;
And, as the heavy cloud of fear dissolves,
To stretch his limbs, bemocking, as might
seem,
The outward functions of intelligent man;
A grave proficient in amusive feats
Of puppetry, that from the lap declare
His expectations, and announce his claims
To that inheritance which millions rue
That they were ever born to! In due time
A day of solemn ceremonial comes;
When they, who for this Minor hold in
trust
Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage
Of mere humanity, present their Charge,
For this occasion daintily adorned,
At the baptismal font. And when the
pure
And consecrating element hath cleansed
The original stain, the child is there re-
ceived
Into the second ark, Christ's church, with
trust
That he, from wrath redeemed, therein
shall float
Over the billows of this troublesome world
To the fair land of everlasting life.
Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
Are all renounced; high as the thought
of man
Can carry virtue, virtue is professed;

A dedication made, a promise given
For due provision to control and guide,
And unremitting progress to ensure
In holiness and truth."
"You cannot blame,"
Here interposing fervently I said,
"Rites which attest that Man by nature lies
Bedded for good and evil in a gulf
Fearfully low; nor will your judgment scorn
Those services, whereby attempt is made
To lift the creature toward that eminence
On which, now fallen, erewhile in majesty
He stood; or if not so, whose top serene
At least he feels 't is given him to descry;
Not without aspirations, evermore
Returning, and injunctions from within
Doubt to cast off and weariness; in trust
That what the Soul perceives, if glory lost,
May be, through pains and persevering hope,
Recovered; or, if hitherto unknown,
Lies within reach, and one day shall be gained."

"I blame them not," he calmly answered — "no;
The outward ritual and established forms
With which communities of men invest
These inward feelings, and the aspiring vows
To which the lips give public utterance
Are both a natural process; and by me
Shall pass uncensured; though the issue prove,
Bringing from age to age its own reproach,
Incongruous, impotent, and blank.—But, oh!
If to be weak is to be wretched — miserable,
As the lost Angel by a human voice
Hath mournfully pronounced, then, in my mind,
Far better not to move at all than move
By impulse sent from such illusive power, —
That finds and cannot fasten down; that grasps
And is rejoiced, and loses while it grasps;
That tempts, emboldens — for a time sustains,
And then betrays; accuses and inflicts
Remorseless punishment; and so retread
The inevitable circle: better far
Than this, to graze the herb in thought
less peace,
By foresight or remembrance, undis
turbed!

Philosophy! and thou more vaunte
name
Religion! with thy statelier retinue,
Faith, Hope, and Charity — from th
visible world
Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er y
find
Of safest guidance or of firmest trust —
The torch, the star, the anchor; no
except
The cross itself, at whose unconscious fee
The generations of mankind have knelt
Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears
And through that conflict seeking rest —
of you,
High-titled Powers, am I constrained t
ask,
Here standing, with the unvoyageable sk
In faint reflection of infinitude
Stretched overhead, and at my pensiv
feet
A subterraneous magazine of bones,
In whose dark vaults my own shall soo
be laid,
Where are your triumphs? your dominio
where?
And in what age admitted and confirmed
— Not for a happy land do I inquire,
Island or grove, that hides a blessed fe
Who, with obedience willing and sincere
To your serene authorities conform;
But whom, I ask, of individual Souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion'
crooked ways,
Inspired, and thoroughly fortified? —
the heart
Could be inspected to its inmost folds
By sight undazzled with the glare
praise,
Who shall be named — in the resplender
line
Of sages, martyrs, confessors — the ma
Whom the best might of faith, wherev
fixed,
For one day's little compass, has preserve
From painful and discreditable shocks

ɔntradiction, from some vague desire
ably cherished, or corrupt relapse
ɔme unsanctioned fear? ”
“ If this be so,
Man,” said I, “ be in his noblest
shape
pitiably infirm; then, he who made,
who shall judge the creature, will
forgive.
et, in its general tenor, your com-
plaint
too true; and surely not misplaced:
from this pregnant spot of ground,
such thoughts
to the notice of a serious mind
atural exhalation. With the dead
eir repose, the living in their mirth,
can reflect, unmoved, upon the
round
ɔoth and solemnized complacencies,
hich, on Christian lands, from age to
age
ssion mocks performance. Earth is
sick,
Heaven is weary, of the hollow words
h States and Kingdoms utter when
they talk
ɯth and justice. Turn to private life
social neighborhood; look we to
ourselves;
ht of duty shines on every day
all; and yet how few are warmed
or cheered!
few who mingle with their fellow-
men
still remain self-governed, and
apart,
this our honored Friend; and thence
acquire
to expect his vigorous decline,
ɔromises to the end a blest old age! ”

Yet,” with a smile of triumph thus
exclaimed
Solitary, “ in the life of man,
the poetry of common speech
may be given, we see as in a glass
e reflection of the circling year,
all its seasons. Grant that Spring
is there,
ɪte of many a rough untoward blast,
ful and promising with buds and
flowers;
Yet where is glowing Summer's long
rich day,
That *ought* to follow faithfully expressed?
And mellow Autumn, charged with
bounteous fruit,
Where is she imaged? in what favored
clime
Her lavish pomp, and ripe magnificence?
—Yet, while the better part is missed,
the worse
In man's autumnal season is set forth
With a resemblance not to be denied,
And that contents him; bowers that hear
no more
The voice of gladness, less and less supply
Of outward sunshine and internal warmth;
And, with this change, sharp air and fall-
ing leaves,
Foretelling aged Winter's desolate sway.

How gay the habitations that bedeck
This fertile valley! Not a house but
seems
To give assurance of content within;
Embosomed happiness, and placid love;
As if the sunshine of the day were met
With answering brightness in the hearts
of all
Who walk this favored ground. But
chance-regards,
And notice forced upon incurious ears;
These, if these only, acting in despite
Of the encomiums by my Friend pro-
nounced
On humble life, forbid the judging mind
To trust the smiling aspect of this fair
And noiseless commonwealth. The sim-
ple race
Of mountaineers (by nature's self re-
moved
From foul temptations, and by constant
care
Of a good shepherd tended as themselves
Do tend their flocks) partake man's
general lot
With little mitigation. They escape,
Perchance, the heavier woes of guilt;
feel not
The tedium of fantastic idleness:
Yet life, as with the multitude, with them
Is fashioned like an ill-constructed tale;
That on the outset wastes its gay desires,
Its fair adventures, its enlivening hopes,

And pleasant interests — for the sequel leaving
Old things repeated with diminished grace;
And all the labored novelties at best
Imperfect substitutes, whose use and power
Evince the want and weakness whence they spring."

While in this serious mood we held discourse,
The reverend Pastor toward the church-yard gate
Approached; and, with a mild respectful air
Of native cordiality, our Friend
Advanced to greet him. With a gracious mien
Was he received, and mutual joy prevailed.
Awhile they stood in conference, and I guess
That he, who now upon the mossy wall
Sate by my side, had vanished, if a wish
Could have transferred him to the flying clouds,
Or the least penetrable hiding-place
In his own valley's rocky guardianship.
— For me, I looked upon the pair, well pleased:
Nature had framed them both, and both were marked
By circumstance, with intermixture fine
Of contrast and resemblance. To an oak
Hardy and grand, a weather-beaten oak,
Fresh in the strength and majesty of age,
One might be likened: flourishing appeared,
Though somewhat past the fulness of his prime,
The other — like a stately sycamore,
That spreads, in gentle pomp, its honied shade.

A general greeting was exchanged; and soon
The Pastor learned that his approach had given
A welcome interruption to discourse
Grave, and in truth too often sad. — "Is Man
A child of hope? Do generations press
On generations, without progress made?
Halts the individual, ere his hairs be gray,
Perforce? Are we a creature in whom good
Preponderates, or evil? Doth the will
Acknowledge reason's law? A living power
Is virtue, or no better than a name,
Fleeting as health or beauty, and unsound?
So that the only substance which remains,
(For thus the tenor of complaint hath run)
Among so many shadows, are the pains
And penalties of miserable life,
Doomed to decay, and then expire in dust!
— Our cogitations, this way have been drawn,
These are the points," the Wanderer said, "on which
Our inquest turns. — Accord, good Sir! the light
Of your experience to dispel this gloom:
By your persuasive wisdom shall the heart
That frets, or languishes, be stilled and cheered."

"Our nature," said the Priest, in mild reply,
"Angels may weigh and fathom: they perceive,
With undistempered and unclouded spirit,
The object as it is; but, for ourselves,
That speculative height we may not reach.
The good and evil are our own; and we
Are that which we would contemplate from far.
Knowledge, for us, is difficult to gain —
Is difficult to gain, and hard to keep —
As virtue's self; like virtue is beset
With snares; tried, tempted, subject to decay.
Love, admiration, fear, desire, and hate,
Blind were we without these: through these alone
Are capable to notice or discern
Or to record; we judge, but cannot be
Indifferent judges. 'Spite of proudest boast,
Reason, best reason, is to imperfect man

effort only, and a noble aim;
own, an attribute of sovereign power,
to be courted — never to be won.
look forth, or each man dive into himself;
t sees he but a creature too perturbed;
is transported to excess; that yearns,
rets, or trembles, wrongly, or too much;
es rashly, in disgust as rash recoils;
ens on spleen, or moulders in despair?
comprehension fails, and truth is missed;
darkness and delusion round our path
ad, from disease, whose subtle injury lurks
in the very faculty of sight.

t for the general purposes of faith
rovidence, for solace and support,
may not doubt that who can best subject
will to reason's law, can strictliest live
act in that obedience, he shall gain
clearest apprehension of those truths,
ch unassisted reason's utmost power
o infirm to reach. But, waiving this,
our regards confining within bounds
ess exalted consciousness, through which
very multitude are free to range,
afely may affirm that human life
her fair and tempting, a soft scene
eful to sight, refreshing to the soul,
forbidden tract of cheerless view;
as the same is looked at, or approached.
, when in changeful April fields are white
new-fallen snow, if from the sullen north
walk conduct you hither, ere the sun
gained his noontide height, this churchyard, filled
mounds transversely lying side by side
east to west, before you will appear
nillumined, blank, and dreary plain,
more than wintry cheerlessness and gloom
Saddening the heart. Go forward, and look back;
Look, from the quarter whence the lord of light,
Of life, of love, and gladness doth dispense
His beams; which, unexcluded in their fall,
Upon the southern side of every grave
Have gently exercised a melting power;
Then will a vernal prospect greet your eye,
All fresh and beautiful, and green and bright,
Hopeful and cheerful: — vanished is the pall
That overspread and chilled the sacred turf,
Vanished or hidden; and the whole domain,
To some, too lightly minded, might appear
A meadow carpet for the dancing hours.
— This contrast, not unsuitable to life,
Is to that other state more apposite,
Death and its twofold aspect! wintry — one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from hope and joy shut out;
The other, which the ray divine hath touched,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring."

"We see, then, as we feel," the Wanderer thus
With a complacent animation spake,
"And in your judgment, Sir! the mind's repose
On evidence is not to be ensured
By act of naked reason. Moral truth
Is no mechanic structure, built by rule;
And which, once built, retains a steadfast shape
And undisturbed proportions; but a thing
Subject, you deem, to vital accidents;
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fixed in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves. With joy sincere
I re-salute these sentiments confirmed
By your authority. But how acquire
The inward principle that gives effect

To outward argument; the passive will
Meek to admit; the active energy,
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and firm
To keep and cherish? how shall man unite
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart
An earth-despising dignity of soul?
Wise in that union, and without it blind!"

"The way," said I, "to court, if not obtain
The ingenious mind, apt to be set aright;
This, in the lonely dell discoursing, you
Declared at large; and by what exercise
From visible nature, or the inner self
Power may be trained, and renovation brought
To those who need the gift. But, after all,
Is aught so certain as that man is doomed
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance?
The natural roof of that dark house in which
His soul is pent! How little can be known —
This is the wise man's sigh; how far we err —
This is the good man's not unfrequent pang!
And they perhaps err least, the lowly class
Whom a benign necessity compels
To follow reason's least ambitious course;
Such do I mean who, unperplexed by doubt,
And unincited by a wish to look
Into high objects farther than they may,
Pace to and fro, from morn till eventide,
The narrow avenue of daily toil
For daily bread."
"Yes," buoyantly exclaimed
The pale Recluse — "praise to the sturdy plough,
And patient spade; praise to the simple crook,
And ponderous loom — resounding while it holds
Body and mind in one captivity;
And let the light mechanic tool be hailed
With honor; which, encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the artist's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart
— Inglorious implements of craft and toil,
Both ye that shape and build, and ye that force,
By slow solicitation, earth to yield
Her annual bounty, sparingly dealt forth
With wise reluctance; you would I extol,
Not for gross good alone which ye produce,
But for the impertinent and ceaseless strife
Of proofs and reasons ye preclude — in those
Who to your dull society are born,
And with their humble birthright rest content.
— Would I had ne'er renounced it!"
A slight flush
Of moral anger previously had tinged
The old Man's cheek; but, at this closing turn
Of self-reproach, it passed away. Said he,
"That which we feel we utter; as we think
So have we argued; reaping for our pains
No visible recompense. For our relief
You," to the Pastor turning thus he spake,
"Have kindly interposed. May I entreat
Your further help? The mine of real life
Dig for us; and present us, in the shape
Of virgin ore, that gold which we, by pains
Fruitless as those of aëry alchemists,
Seek from the torturing crucible. There lies
Around us a domain where you have long
Watched both the outward course and inner heart:
Give us, for our abstractions, solid facts;
For our disputes, plain pictures. Say what man
He is who cultivates yon hanging field;
What qualities of mind she bears, who comes,
For morn and evening service, with her pail,
To that green pasture; place before our sight
The family who dwell within yon house
Fenced round with glittering laurel; or in that
Below, from which the curling smoke ascends.
Or rather, as we stand on holy earth,[1]
And have the dead around us, take from them

[1] See Note.

instances; for they are both best
known,
by frail man most equitably judged.
omize the life; pronounce, you can,
entic epitaphs on some of these
, from their lowly mansions hither
brought,
ath this turf lie mouldering at our
feet:
y your records, may our doubts be
solved;
so, not searching higher we may learn
rize the breath we share with human
kind;
look upon the dust of man with awe."

e Priest replied — "An office you
impose
vhich peculiar requisites are mine;
uch, I feel, is wanting — else the task
d be most grateful. True indeed it is
hey whom death has hidden from our
sight
vorthiest of the mind's regard; with
these
uture cannot contradict the past:
ality's last exercise and proof
dergone; the transit made that shows
ery Soul, revealed as she departs.
on your first suggestion, will I give,
e descend into these silent vaults,
picture from the living.
You behold,
on the breast of yon dark mountain,
dark
stony barrenness, a shining speck
as a sunbeam sleeping till a shower
it away, or cloud pass over it;
uch it might be deemed — a sleep-
ing sunbeam;
is a plot of cultivated ground,
f, an island in the dusky waste;
hat attractive brightness is its own.
ofty site, by nature framed to tempt
a wilderness of rocks and stones
iller's hand, a hermit might have
chosen,
pportunity presented, thence
orth to send his wandering eye o'er
land
ocean, and look down upon the
works,
The habitations, and the ways of men,
Himself unseen! But no tradition tells
That ever hermit dipped his maple dish
In the sweet spring that lurks 'mid yon
green fields;
And no such visionary views belong
To those who occupy and till the ground,
High on that mountain where they long
have dwelt
A wedded pair in childless solitude.
A house of stones collected on the spot,
By rude hands built, with rocky knolls in
front.
Backed also by a ledge of rock, whose crest
Of birch-trees waves over the chimney top;
A rough abode — in color, shape, and
size,
Such as in unsafe times of border-war
Might have been wished for and contrived,
to elude
The eye of roving plunderer — for their
need
Suffices; and unshaken bears the assault
Of their most dreaded foe, the strong
South-west
In anger blowing from the distant sea.
— Alone within her solitary hut;
There, or within the compass of her fields,
At any moment may the Dame be found,
True as the stock-dove to her shallow nest
And to the grove that holds it. She be-
guiles
By intermingled work of house and field
The summer's day, and winter's; with
success
Not equal, but sufficient to maintain,
Even at the worst, a smooth stream of
content,
Until the expected hour at which her Mate
From the far-distant quarry's vault re-
turns;
And by his converse crowns a silent day
With evening cheerfulness. In powers of
mind,
In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered
pair:
But true humility descends from heaven;
And that best gift of heaven hath fallen
on them;
Abundant recompense for every want.
— Stoop from your height, ye proud, and
copy these!

Who, in their noiseless dwelling-place, can hear
The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace;
And recommending for their mutual need,
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity!"

"Much was I pleased," the gray-haired Wanderer said,
"When to those shining fields our notice first
You turned; and yet more pleased have from your lips
Gathered this fair report of them who dwell
In that retirement; whither, by such course
Of evil hap and good as oft awaits
A tired way-faring man, once *I* was brought
While traversing alone yon mountain pass.
Dark on my road the autumnal evening fell,
And night succeeded with unusual gloom,
So hazardous that feet and hands became
Guides better than mine eyes — until a light
High in the gloom appeared, too high, methought,
For human habitation; but I longed
To reach it, destitute of other hope.
I looked with steadiness as sailors look
On the north star, or watch-tower's distant lamp,
And saw the light — now fixed — and shifting now —
Not like a dancing meteor, but in line
Of never-varying motion, to and fro.
It is no night-fire of the naked hills,
Thought I — some friendly covert must be near.
With this persuasion thitherward my steps
I turn, and reach at last the guiding light;
Joy to myself! but to the heart of her
Who there was standing on the open hill,
(The same kind Matron whom your tongue hath praised)
Alarm and disappointment! The alarm
Ceased, when she learned through what mishap I came,
And by what help had gained those distant fields.
Drawn from her cottage, on that aëry height,
Bearing a lantern in her hand she stood
Or paced the ground — to guide her Husband home,
By that unwearied signal, kenned afar;
An anxious duty! which the lofty site,
Traversed but by a few irregular paths,
Imposes, whensoe'er untoward chance
Detains him after his accustomed hour
Till night lies black upon the ground.
'But come,
Come,' said the Matron, 'to our poor abode;
Those dark rocks hide it!' Entering, I beheld
A blazing fire — beside a cleanly hearth
Sate down; and to her office, with leave asked,
The Dame returned.
Or ere that glowing pile
Of mountain turf required the builder's hand
Its wasted splendor to repair; the door
Opened, and she re-entered with glad looks,
Her Helpmate following. Hospitable fare,
Frank conversation, made the evening's treat:
Need a bewildered traveller wish for more?
But more was given; I studied as we sate
By the bright fire, the good Man's form, and face
Not less than beautiful; an open brow
Of undisturbed humanity; a cheek
Suffused with something of a feminine hue;
Eyes beaming courtesy and mild regard;
But, in the quicker turns of the discourse,
Expression slowly varying, that evinced
A tardy apprehension. From a fount
Lost, thought I, in the obscurities of time,
But honored once, those features and that mien
May have descended, though I see them here.
In such a man, so gentle and subdued,
Withal so graceful in his gentleness,
A race illustrious for heroic deeds,
Humbled, but not degraded, may expire.

pleasing fancy (cherished and upheld
ındry recollections of such fall
ı high to low, ascent from low to high,
ooks record, and even the careless mind
ıot but notice among men and things)
t with me to the place of my repose.

ɔused by the crowing cock at dawn of day,
had risen too late to interchange
ɔrning salutation with my Host,
forth already to the far-off seat
is day's work. 'Three dark mid-winter months
s,' said the Matron 'and I never see,
e when the sabbath brings its kind release,
Helpmate's face by light of day. He quits
door in darkness, nor till dusk returns.
l, through Heaven's blessing, thus we gain the bread
which we pray; and for the wants provide
sickness, accident, and helpless age.
ıpanions have I many; many friends,
endants, comforters — my wheel, my fire,
day the house-clock ticking in mine ear,
cackling hen, the tender chicken brood,
the wild birds that gather round my porch.
honest sheep-dog's countenance I read;
ı him can talk; nor blush to waste a word
reatures less intelligent and shrewd.
if the blustering wind that drives the clouds
not for me, he lingers round my door,
makes me pastime when our tempers suit; —
above all, my thoughts are my support,
comfort: — would that they were oftener fixed
/hat, for guidance in the way that leads
'To heaven, I know, by my Redeemer taught.'
The Matron ended — nor could I forbear
To exclaim — 'O happy! yielding to the law
Of these privations, richer in the main! —
While thankless thousands are opprest and clogged
By ease and leisure; by the very wealth
And pride of opportunity made poor;
While tens of thousands falter in their path,
And sink, through utter want of cheering light;
For you the hours of labor do not flag;
For you each evening hath its shining star,
And every sabbath-day its golden sun.'"

"Yes!" said the Solitary with a smile
That seemed to break from an expanding heart,
"The untutored bird may found, and so construct,
And with such soft materials line, her nest
Fixed in the centre of a prickly brake,
That the thorns wound her not; they only guard.
Powers not unjustly likened to those gifts
Of happy instinct which the woodland bird
Shares with her species, nature's grace sometimes
Upon the individual doth confer,
Among her higher creatures born and trained
To use of reason. And, I own that, tired
Of the ostentatious world — a swelling stage
With empty actions and vain passions stuffed,
And from the private struggles of mankind
Hoping far less than I could wish to hope,
Far less than once I trusted and believed—
I love to hear of those, who, not contending
Nor summoned to contend for virtue's prize,
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim,
Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
Into their contraries the petty plagues
And hindrances with which they stand beset.

In early youth, among my native hills,
I knew a Scottish Peasant who possessed
A few small crofts of stone-encumbered ground;
Masses of every shape and size, that lay
Scattered about under the mouldering walls
Of a rough precipice; and some, apart,
In quarters unobnoxious to such chance,
As if the moon had showered them down in spite.
But he repined not. Though the plough was scared
By these obstructions, 'round the shady stones
'A fertilizing moisture,' said the Swain,
'Gathers, and is preserved; and feeding dews
'And damps, through all the droughty summer day
'From out their substance issuing, maintain
'Herbage that never fails; no grass springs up
'So green, so fresh, so plentiful, as mine!'
But thinly sown these natures; rare, at least,
The mutual aptitude or seed and soil
That yields such kindly product. He, whose bed
Perhaps yon loose sods cover, the poor Pensioner
Brought yesterday from our sequestered dell
Here to lie down in lasting quiet, he,
If living now, could otherwise report
Of rustic loneliness: that gray-haired Orphan —
So call him, for humanity to him
No parent was — feelingly could have told,
In life, in death, what solitude can breed
Of selfishness, and cruelty, and vice;
Or, if it breed not, hath not power to cure.
— But your compliance, Sir! with our request
My words too long have hindered." Undeterred,
Perhaps incited rather, by these shocks,
In no ungracious opposition, given
To the confiding spirit of his own
Experienced faith, the reverend Pastor said,
Around him looking; "Where shall I begin?
Who shall be first selected from my flock
Gathered together in their peaceful fold?"
He paused — and having lifted up his eyes
To the pure heaven, he cast them down again
Upon the earth beneath his feet; and spake: —

"To a mysteriously-united pair
This place is consecrate; to Death and Life,
And to the best affections that proceed
From their conjunction; consecrate to faith
In him who bled for man upon the cross;
Hallowed to revelation; and no less
To reason's mandates: and the hopes divine
Of pure imagination; — above all,
To charity, and love, that have provided,
Within these precincts, a capacious bed
And receptacle, open to the good
And evil, to the just and the unjust;
In which they find an equal resting-place:
Even as the multitude of kindred brooks
And streams, whose murmur fills this hollow vale,
Whether their course be turbulent or smooth,
Their waters clear or sullied, all are lost
Within the bosom of yon crystal Lake,
And end their journey in the same repose!

And blest are they who sleep; and we that know,
While in a spot like this we breathe and walk,
That all beneath us by the wings are covered
Of motherly humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade,
Though loth and slow to come! A battle-field,
In stillness left when slaughter is no more,
With this compared, makes a strange spectacle!
A dismal prospect yields the wild shore strewn
With wrecks, and trod by feet of young and old
Wandering about in miserable search

ends or kindred, whom the angry sea
res not to their prayer! Ah! who
would think
all the scattered subjects which
compose
's melancholy vision through the
space
her climes — these wretched, these
depraved,
rtue lost, insensible of peace,
the delights of charity cut off,
ity dead, the oppressor and the
opprest;
ts who utter the destroying word,
slaves who will consent to be de-
stroyed —
of one species with the sheltered
few,
with a dutiful and tender hand,
d, in a dear appropriated spot,
file of infants; some that never
breathed
vital air; others, which, though
allowed
privilege, did yet expire too soon,
h too brief a warning, to admit
nistration of the holy rite
lovingly consigns the babe to the
arms
us, and his everlasting care.
that in trembling hope are laid
apart;
ne besprinkled nursling, unrequired
e begins to smile upon the breast
eeds him; and the tottering little-one
from air and sunshine when the rose
ancy first blooms upon his cheek;
hinking, thoughtless, school-boy;
the bold youth
l impetuous, and the bashful maid
n while all the promises of life
pening round her; those of middle
age,
down while confident in strength
they stand,
pillars fixed more firmly, as might
seem,
nore secure, by very weight of all
for support, rests on them; the de-
cayed
urthensome; and lastly, that poor
few
light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and
last,
The earliest summoned and the longest
spared —
Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various, but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle 'Nature grieved, that one
should die;'[1]
Or, if the change demanded no regret,
Observed the liberating stroke — and
blessed.

And whence that tribute? wherefore
these regards?[1]
Not from the naked *Heart* alone of Man
(Though claiming high distinction upon
earth
As the sole spring and fountain-head of
tears,
His own peculiar utterance for distress
Or gladness) — No," the philosophic
Priest
Continued, " 't is not in the vital seat
Of feeling to produce them, without aid
From the pure soul, the soul sublime and
pure;
With her two faculties of eye and ear,
The one by which a creature, whom his
sins
Have rendered prone, can upward look
to heaven;
The other that empowers him to perceive
The voice of Deity, on height and plain,
Whispering those truths in stillness, which
the WORD,
To the four quarters of the winds, pro-
claims.
Not without such assistance could the use
Of these benign observances prevail:
Thus are they born, thus fostered, thus
maintained;
And by the care prospective of our wise
Forefathers, who, to guard against the
shocks
The fluctuation and decay of things,
Embodied and established these high
truths
In solemn institutions: — men convinced
That life is love and immortality,
The being one, and one the element.

[1] See Note.

There lies the channel, and original bed,
From the beginning, hollowed out and scooped
For Man's affections — else betrayed and lost,
And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!
This is the genuine course, the aim, and end
Of prescient reason; all conclusions else
Are abject, vain, presumptuous, and perverse.
The faith partaking of those holy times,
Life, I repeat, is energy of love
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, and tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass,
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy."

Book Sixth.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

ARGUMENT.

Poet's Address to the State and Church of England — The Pastor not inferior to the ancient Worthies of the Church — He begins his Narratives with an instance of unrequited Love — Anguish of mind subdued, and how — The lonely Miner — An instance of perseverance — Which leads by contrast to an example of abused talents, irresolution, and weakness — Solitary, applying this covertly to his own case, asks for an instance of some Stranger, whose dispositions may have led him to end his days here — Pastor, in answer, gives an account of the harmonizing influence of Solitude upon two men of opposite principles, who had encountered agitations in public life — The rule by which Peace may be obtained expressed, and where — Solitary hints at an overpowering Fatality — Answer of the Pastor — What subjects he will exclude from his Narratives — Conversation upon this — Instance of an unamiable character, a Female, and why given — Contrasted with this, a meek sufferer, from unguarded and betrayed love — Instance of heavier guilt, and its consequences to the Offender — With this instance of a Marriage Contract broken is contrasted one of a Widower, evidencing his faithful affection towards his deceased wife by his care of their female Children.

Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped — to gird
An English Sovereign's brow! and to the throne
Whereon he sits! Whose deep foundations lie
In veneration and the people's love;
Whose steps are equity, whose seat is law
— Hail to the State of England! And conjoin
With this a salutation as devout,
Made to the spiritual fabric of her Church
Founded in truth; by blood of Martyrdom
Cemented; by the hands of Wisdom reared
In beauty of holiness, with ordered pomp
Decent and unreproved. The voice, that greets
The majesty of both, shall pray for both
That, mutually protected and sustained,
They may endure long as the sea surrounds
This favored Land, or sunshine warm her soil.

And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple towers,
And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven;'[1]
Nor wanting, at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient minster lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air, which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams — may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
— Thus never shall the indignities of time
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage
Of bigot zeal madly to overturn;
And, if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
Upon the thronged abodes of busy men
(Depraved, and ever prone to fill the mind
Exclusively with transitory things)

[1] See Note.

ir and mien of dignified pursuit
weet civility, on rustic wilds.

ne Poet, fostering for his native land
hope, entreats that servants may
abound
nose pure altars worthy; ministers
ched from pleasure, to the love of gain
erior, insusceptible of pride,
by ambitious longings undisturbed;
, whose delight is where their duty
leads
xes them; whose least distinguished
day
es with some portion of that heavenly
lustre
ch makes the sabbath lovely in the
sight
lessèd angels, pitying human cares.
nd, as on earth it is the doom of truth
e perpetually attacked by foes
n or covert, be that priesthood still,
her defence, replenished with a band
renuous champions, in scholastic arts
oughly disciplined; nor (if in course
ne revolving world's disturbances
e should recur, which righteous
Heaven avert!
neet such trial) from their spiritual
sires
enerate; who, constrained to wield
the sword
sputation, shrunk not, though assailed
hostile din, and combating in sight
ngry umpires, partial and unjust;
did, thereafter, bathe their hands in
fire,
declare the conscience satisfied:
or their bodies would accept release;
blessing God and praising him, be-
queathed
their last breath, from out the smoul-
dering flame,
faith which they by diligence had
earned,
hrough illuminating grace, received,
heir dear countrymen, and all man-
kind.
gh example, constancy divine!

en such a Man (inheriting the zeal
from the sanctity of elder times
leviating,—a priest, the like of whom
If multipled, and in their stations set,
Would o'er the bosom of a joyful land
Spread true religion and her genuine fruits)
Before me stood that day; on holy ground
Fraught with the relics of mortality,
Exalting tender themes, by just degrees
To lofty raised; and to the highest, last;
The head and mighty paramount of
truths,—
Immortal life, in never-fading worlds,
For mortal creatures, conquered and
secured.

That basis laid, those principles of faith
Announced, as a preparatory act
Of reverence done to the spirit of the place,
The Pastor cast his eyes upon the ground;
Not, as before, like one oppressed with
awe,
But with a mild and social cheerfulness;
Then to the Solitary turned, and spake.

"At morn or eve, in your retired
domain,
Perchance you not unfrequently have
marked
A Visitor — in quest of herbs and flowers;
Too delicate employ, as would appear,
For one, who, though of drooping mien, had yet
From nature's kindliness received a frame
Robust as ever rural labor bred."

The Solitary answered: "Such a Form
Full well I recollect. We often crossed
Each other's path; but, as the Intruder
seemed
Fondly to prize the silence which he kept,
And I as willingly did cherish mine,
We met, and passed, like shadows. I
have heard,
From my good Host, that being crazed in
brain
By unrequited love, he scaled the rocks,
Dived into caves, and pierced the matted
woods,
In hope to find some virtuous herb of
power
To cure his malady!"
The Vicar smiled,—
"Alas! before to-morrow's sun goes down
His habitation will be here: for him
That open grave is destined."

"Died he then
Of pain and grief?" the Solitary asked,
"Do not believe it; never could that be!"

"He loved," the Vicar answered,
"deeply loved,
Loved fondly, truly, fervently; and dared
At length to tell his love, but sued in vain;
Rejected, yea repelled; and, if with scorn
Upon the haughty maiden's brow, 't is but
A high-prized plume which female Beauty wears
In wantonness of conquest, or puts on
To cheat the world, or from herself to hide
Humiliation, when no longer free.
That he could brook, and glory in; — but when
The tidings came that she whom he had wooed
Was wedded to another, and his heart
Was forced to rend away its only hope;
Then, Pity could have scarcely found on earth
An object worthier of regard than he,
In the transition of that bitter hour!
Lost was she, lost; nor could the Sufferer say
That in the act of preference he had been
Unjustly dealt with; but the Maid was gone!
Had vanished from his prospects and desires;
Not by translation to the heavenly choir
Who have put off their mortal spoils — ah no!
She lives another's wishes to complete,—
'Joy be their lot, and happiness,' he cried,
'His lot and hers, as misery must be mine!'

Such was that strong concussion; but the Man,
Who trembled, trunk and limbs, like some huge oak
By a fierce tempest shaken, soon resumed
The steadfast quiet natural to a mind
Of composition gentle and sedate,
And, in its movements, circumspect and slow.
To books, and to the long-forsaken desk,
O'er which enchained by science he had loved
To bend, he stoutly re-addressed himself,
Resolved to quell his pain, and search for truth
With keener appetite (if that might be)
And closer industry. Of what ensued
Within the heart no outward sign appeared
Till a betraying sickliness was seen
To tinge his cheek; and through his frame it crept
With slow mutation unconcealable;
Such universal change as autumn makes
In the fair body of a leafy grove,
Discolored, then divested.
'T is affirmed
By poets skilled in nature's secret ways
That Love will not submit to be controlled
By mastery: — and the good Man lacked not friends
Who strove to instil this truth into his mind,
A mind in all heart-mysteries unversed.
'Go to the hills,' said one, 'remit a while
'This baneful diligence: — at early morn
'Court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods;
'And, leaving it to others to foretell,
'By calculations sage, the ebb and flow
'Of tides, and when the moon will be eclipsed,
'Do you, for your own benefit, construct
'A calendar of flowers, plucked as they blow
'Where health abides, and cheerfulness and peace.'
The attempt was made; — 't is needless to report
How hopelessly; but innocence is strong
And an entire simplicity of mind
A thing most sacred in the eye of Heaven;
That opens, for such sufferers, relief
Within the soul, fountains of grace divine;
And doth commend their weakness and disease
To Nature's care, assisted in her office
By all the elements that round her wait
To generate, to preserve, and to restore;
And by her beautiful array of forms
Shedding sweet influence from above or pure
Delight exhaling from the ground they tread."

"Impute it not to impatience, if," exclaimed

Wanderer, "I infer that he was healed
perseverance in the course prescribed."

You do not err: the powers, that had been lost
low degrees, were gradually regained;
fluttering nerves composed; the beating heart
rest established; and the jarring thoughts
harmony restored. — But yon dark mould
l cover him, in the fulness of his strength,
tily smitten by a fever's force;
not with stroke so sudden as refused
e to look back with tenderness on her
om he had loved in passion; and to send
ıe farewell words — with one, but one, request;
t, from his dying hand, she would accept
his possessions that which most he prized;
ook, upon whose leaves some chosen plants,
is own hand disposed with nicest care,
ndecaying beauty were preserved;
e register, to him, of time and place,
various fluctuations in the breast;
ıer, a monument of faithful love
quered, and in tranquillity retained!

lose to his destined habitation, lies
who achieved a humbler victory,
ugh marvellous in its kind. A place there is
ı in these mountains, that allured a band
ɛeen adventurers to unite their pains
earch of precious ore: they tried, were foiled —
all desisted, all, save him alone.
taking counsel of his own clear thoughts,
trusting only to his own weak hands,
ɛd unremittingly the stubborn work,
ɛconded, uncountenanced; then, as time
Passed on, while still his lonely efforts found
No recompense, derided; and at length,
By many pitied, as insane of mind;
By others dreaded as the luckless thrall
Of subterranean Spirits feeding hope
By various mockery of sight and sound;
Hope after hope, encouraged and destroyed.
— But when the lord of seasons had matured
The fruits of earth through space of twice ten years,
The mountain's entrails offered to his view
And trembling grasp the long-deferred reward.
Not with more transport did Columbus greet
A world, his rich discovery! But our Swain,
A very hero till his point was gained,
Proved all unable to support the weight
Of prosperous fortune. On the fields he looked
With an unsettled liberty of thought,
Wishes and endless schemes; by daylight walked
Giddy and restless; ever and anon
Quaffed in his gratitude immoderate cups;
And truly might be said to die of joy!
He vanished; but conspicuous to this day
The path remains that linked his cottage-door
To the mine's mouth; a long and slanting track,
Upon the rugged mountain's stony side,
Worn by his daily visits to and from
The darksome centre of a constant hope.
This vestige, neither force of beating rain,
Nor the vicissitudes of frost and thaw
Shall cause to fade, till ages pass away;
And it is named, in memory of the event,
The PATH OF PERSEVERANCE."
"Thou from whom
Man has his strength," exclaimed the Wanderer, "oh!
Do thou direct it! To the virtuous grant
The penetrative eye which can perceive
In this blind world the guiding vein of hope;
That, like this Laborer, such may dig their way,

'Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified;'
Grant to the wise *his* firmness of resolve!"

"That prayer were not superfluous," said the Priest,
"Amid the noblest relics, proudest dust,
That Westminster, for Britain's glory, holds
Within the bosom of her awful pile,
Ambitiously collected. Yet the sigh,
Which wafts that prayer to heaven, is due to all,
Wherever laid, who living fell below
Their virtue's humbler mark; a sigh of *pain*
If to the opposite extreme they sank.
How would you pity her who yonder rests;
Him, farther off; the pair, who here are laid;
But, above all, that mixture of earth's mould
Whom sight of this green hillock to my mind
Recalls!
He lived not till his locks were nipped
By seasonable frost of age; nor died
Before his temples, prematurely forced
To mix the manly brown with silver gray,
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath usurped
The natural crown that sage Experience wears.
Gay, volatile, ingenious, quick to learn,
And prompt to exhibit all that he possessed
Or could perform; a zealous actor, hired
Into the troop of mirth, a soldier, sworn
Into the lists of giddy enterprise —
Such was he; yet, as if within his frame
Two several souls alternately had lodged,
Two sets of manners could the Youth put on;
And, fraught with antics as the Indian bird
That writhes and chatters in her wiry cage,
Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
As the mute swan that floats adown the stream,
Or, on the waters of the unruffled lake,
Anchors her placid beauty. Not a leaf,
That flutters on the bough, lighter than he;
And not a flower, that droops in the green shade,
More winningly reserved! If ye inquir
How such consummate elegance was bre
Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice
'T was Nature's will; who sometime undertakes,
For the reproof of human vanity,
Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.
Hence, for this Favorite — lavishly en dowed
With personal gifts, and bright instinctiv wit,
While both, embellishing each other stood
Yet farther recommended by the charm
Of fine demeanor, and by dance and song
And skill in letters — every fancy shape
Fair expectations; nor, when to th world's
Capacious field forth went the Adven turer, there
Were he and his attainments overlooked
Or scantily rewarded; but all hopes,
Cherished for him, he suffered to depart
Like blighted buds; or clouds tha mimicked land
Before the sailor's eye; or diamond drop
That sparkling decked the morning grass or aught
That *was* attractive, and hath ceased t be!

Yet, when this Prodigal returned, th rites
Of joyful greeting were on him bestowe
Who, by humiliation undeterred,
Sought for his weariness a place of rest
Within his Father's gates. — When came he? — clothed
In tattered garb, from hovels where abid
Necessity, the stationary host
Of vagrant poverty; from rifted barns
Where no one dwells but the wide-starin owl
And the owl's prey; from these ba haunts, to which
He had descended from the proud saloo
He came, the ghost of beauty and health,
The wreck of gayety! But soon revive
In strength, in power refitted, he renew
His suit to Fortune; and she smiled aga
Upon a fickle Ingrate. Thrice he rose

ce sank as willingly. For he — whose
nerves
e used to thrill with pleasure, while
his voice
y accompanied the tuneful harp,
ne nice finger of fair ladies touched
littering halls — was able to derive
ess enjoyment from an abject choice.
happier for the moment — who more
blithe
this fallen Spirit? in those dreary
holds
talents lending to exalt the freaks
merry-making beggars, — nor pro-
voked
laughter multiplied in louder peals
is malicious wit; then, all enchained
mute astonishment, themselves to
see
heir own arts outdone, their fame
eclipsed,
y the very presence of the Fiend
dictates and inspires illusive feats,
knavish purposes! The city, too,
h shame I speak it) to her guilty
bowers
ed him, sunk so low in self-respect
here to linger, there to eat his bread,
d minstrel of voluptuous blandish-
ment;
ming the air with skill of hand or
voice,
n who would, be wrought upon who
might,
rely wretched hearts, or falsely gay.
ch the too frequent tenor of his boast
rs that relished the report; — but all
from his Parents happily concealed;
saw enough for blame and pitying
love.
also were permitted to receive
last, repentant breath; and closed
his eyes,
nore to open on that irksome world
re he had long existed in the state
young fowl beneath one mother
hatched,
gh from another sprung, different in
kind:
re he had lived, and could not cease
to live,
acted in propensity; content
neither element of good or ill;
And yet in both rejoicing; man unblest;
Of contradictions infinite the slave,
Till his deliverance, when Mercy made
him
One with himself, and one with them that
sleep."

"'T is strange," observed the Solitary,
"strange
It seems, and scarcely less than pitiful,
That in a land where charity provides
For all that can no longer feed themselves,
A man like this should choose to bring his
shame
To the parental door; and with his sighs
Infect the air which he had freely breathed
In happy infancy. He could not pine,
Through lack of converse; no — he must
have found
Abundant exercise for thought and speech,
In his dividual being, self-reviewed,
Self-catechised, self-punished. — Some
there are
Who, drawing near their final home, and
much
And daily longing that the same were
reached,
Would rather shun than seek the fellow-
ship
Of kindred mould. — Such haply here are
laid?"

"Yes," said the Priest, "the Genius
of our hills —
Who seems, by these stupendous barriers
cast
Round his domain, desirous not alone
To keep his own, but also to exclude
All other progeny — doth sometimes lure,
Even by his studied depth of privacy,
The unhappy alien hoping to obtain
Concealment, or seduced by wish to find,
In place from outward molestation free,
Helps to internal ease. Of many such
Could I discourse; but as their stay was
brief,
So their departure only left behind
Fancies, and loose conjectures. Other
trace
Survives, for worthy mention, of a pair
Who, from the pressure of their several
fates,
Meeting as strangers, in a petty town

Whose blue roofs ornament a distant reach
Of this far-winding vale, remained as friends
True to their choice; and gave their bones in trust
To this loved cemetery, here to lodge
With unescutcheoned privacy interred
Far from the family vault.— A Chieftain one
By right of birth; within whose spotless breast
The fire of ancient Caledonia burned:
He, with the foremost whose impatience hailed
The Stuart, landing to resume, by force
Of arms, the crown which bigotry had lost,
Aroused his clan; and, fighting at their head,
With his brave sword endeavored to prevent
Culloden's fatal overthrow. Escaped
From that disastrous rout, to foreign shores
He fled; and when the lenient hand of time
Those troubles had appeased, he sought and gained,
For his obscured condition, an obscure
Retreat, within this nook of English ground.

The other, born in Britain's southern tract,
Had fixed his milder loyalty, and placed
His gentler sentiments of love and hate,
There, where *they* placed them who in conscience prized
The new succession, as a line of kings
Whose oath had virtue to protect the land
Against the dire assaults of papacy
And arbitrary rule. But launch thy bark
On the distempered flood of public life,
And cause for most rare triumph will be thine
If, spite of keenest eye and steadiest hand,
The stream, that bears thee forward, prove not, soon
Or late, a perilous master. He — who oft,
Beneath the battlements and stately trees
That round his mansion cast a sober gloom,
Had moralized on this, and other truths
Of kindred import, pleased and satisfied —
Was forced to vent his wisdom with a sigh
Heaved from the heart in fortune's bitterness,
When he had crushed a plentiful estate
By ruinous contest, to obtain a seat
In Britain's senate. Fruitless was the attempt:
And while the uproar of that desperate strife
Continued yet to vibrate on his ear,
The vanquished Whig, under a borrowed name,
(For the mere sound and echo of his own
Haunted him with sensations of disgust
That he was glad to lose) slunk from the world
To the deep shade of those untravelled Wilds;
In which the Scottish Laird had long possessed
An undisturbed abode. Here, then, the met,
Two doughty champions; flaming Jacobite
And sullen Hanoverian! You might think
That losses and vexations, less severe
Than those which they had severally sustained,
Would have inclined each to abate his zeal
For his ungrateful cause; no, — I have heard
My reverend Father tell that, 'mid the calm
Of that small town encountering thus they filled,
Daily, its bowling-green with harmless strife;
Plagued with uncharitable thoughts the church;
And vexed the market-place. But in their breasts
Of these opponents gradually wrought,
With little change of general sentiment
Such leaning towards each other, that their days
By choice were spent in constant fellowship;
And if, at times, they fretted with the yoke,
Those very bickerings made them love more.

favorite boundary to their lengthened
walks
Churchyard was. And, whether
they had come
ling their path in sympathy and
linked
cial converse, or by some short space
eetly parted to preserve the peace,
spirit seldom failed to extend its
sway
both minds, when they awhile had
marked
risible quiet of this holy ground,
breathed its soothing air: — the spirit
of hope
saintly magnanimity; that — spurn-
ing
eld of selfish difference and dispute,
every care which transitory things,
and the kingdoms of the earth,
create —
by a rapture of forgetfulness,
ude forgiveness, from the praise de-
barred,
n else the Christian virtue might
have claimed.

ere live who yet remember here to
have seen
courtly figures, seated on the stump
old yew, their favorite resting-place.
the remnant of the long-lived tree
disappearing by a swift decay,
with joint care, determined to erect,
its site, a dial, that might stand
ublic use preserved, and thus survive
ir own private monument: for this
he particular spot, in which they
wished
Heaven was pleased to accomplish
the desire)
undivided, their remains should lie.
here the mouldered tree had stood,
was raised
tructure, framing, with the ascent
of steps
o the decorated pillar lead,
k of art more sumptuous than might
seem
t this place; yet built in no proud
scorn
tic homeliness; they only aimed
ure for it respectful guardianship.

Around the margin of the plate, whereon
The shadow falls to note the stealthy
hours,
Winds an inscriptive legend." — At these
words
Thither we turned; and gathered, as we
read,
The appropriate sense, in Latin numbers
couched:
"*Time flies; it is his melancholy task,*
To bring, and bear away, delusive hopes,
And re-produce the troubles he destroys.
But, while his blindness thus is occupied,
Discerning Mortal! do thou serve the will
Of Time's eternal Master, and that peace,
Which the world wants, shall be for thee
confirmed!"

"Smooth verse, inspired by no unlet-
tered Muse,"
Exclaimed the Sceptic, "and the strain of
thought
Accords with nature's language; — the
soft voice
Of yon white torrent falling down the rocks
Speaks, less distinctly, to the same effect.
If, then, their blended influence be not lost
Upon our hearts, not wholly lost, I grant,
Even upon mine, the more are we required
To feel for those among our fellow-men,
Who, offering no obeisance to the world,
Are yet made desperate by 'too quick a
sense
Of constant infelicity,' cut off
From peace like exiles on some barren
rock,
Their life's appointed prison; not more
free
Than sentinels, between two armies, set,
With nothing better, in the chill night air,
Than their own thoughts to comfort them.
Say why
That ancient story of Prometheus chained
To the bare rock, on frozen Caucasus;
The vulture, the inexhaustible repast
Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant
the woes
By Tantalus entailed upon his race,
And the dark sorrows of the line of
Thebes?
Fictions in form, but in their substance
truths,
Tremendous truths! familiar to the men

Of long-past times, nor obsolete in ours.
Exchange the shepherd's frock of native gray
For robes with regal purple tinged; convert
The crook into a sceptre; give the pomp
Of circumstance; and here the tragic Muse
Shall find apt subjects for her highest art.
Amid the groves, under the shadowy hills,
The generations are prepared; the pangs,
The internal pangs, are ready; the dread strife
Of poor humanity's afflicted will
Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

"Though," said the Priest in answer, "these be terms
Which a divine philosophy rejects,
We, whose established and unfailing trust
Is in controlling Providence, admit
That, through all stations, human life abounds
With mysteries; — for, if Faith were left untried,
How could the might, that lurks within her, then
Be shown? her glorious excellence — that ranks
Among the first of Powers and Virtues — proved?
Our system is not fashioned to preclude
That sympathy which you for others ask;
And I could tell, not travelling for my theme
Beyond these humble graves, of grievous crimes
And strange disasters; but I pass them by,
Loth to disturb what Heaven hath hushed in peace.
— Still less, far less, am I inclined to treat
Of Man degraded in his Maker's sight
By the deformities of brutish vice:
For, in such portraits, though a vulgar face
And a coarse outside of repulsive life
And unaffecting manners might at once
Be recognized by all" — "Ah! do not think,"
The Wanderer somewhat eagerly exclaimed,
"Wish could be ours that you, for such poor gain,
(Gain shall I call it? — gain of what? — for whom?)
Should breathe a word tending to viola
Your own pure spirit. Not a step v
look for
In slight of that forbearance and reser
Which common human-heartedness i
spires,
And mortal ignorance and frailty claim
Upon this sacred ground, if nowhere else

"True," said the Solitary, "be it fa
From us to infringe the laws of charity
Let judgment here in mercy be pr
nounced;
This, self-respecting Nature promp
and this
Wisdom enjoins; but if the thing we se
Be genuine knowledge, bear we then
mind
How, from his lofty throne, the sun c
fling
Colors as bright on exhalations bred
By weedy pool or pestilential swamp,
As by the rivulet sparkling where it ru
Or the pellucid lake."
"Small risk," said
"Of such illusion do we here incur;
Temptation here is none to exceed
truth;
No evidence appears that they who re
Within this ground, were covetous
praise,
Or of remembrance even, deserved or r
Green is the Churchyard, beautiful
green,
Ridge rising gently by the side of ridg
A heaving surface, almost wholly free
From interruption of sepulchral stone
And mantled o'er with aboriginal turf
And everlasting flowers. These Da
men trust
The lingering gleam of their departed l
To oral record, and the silent heart;
Depositories faithful and more kind
Than fondest epitaph: for, if those f
What boots the sculptured tomb?
who can blame,
Who rather would not envy, men that
This mutual confidence; if, from
source,
The practice flow, — if thence, or fro
deep

general humility in death?
hould I much condemn it, if it spring
disregard of time's destructive
power,
ly capable to prey on things
th, and human nature's mortal part.
— in less simple districts, where
we see
lift its forehead emulous of stone
urting notice; and the ground all
paved
commendations of departed worth;
ng, where'er we turn, of innocent
lives,
ch domestic charity fulfilled,
ufferings meekly borne — I, for my
part,
gh with the silence pleased that here
prevails,
g those fair recitals also range,
ed by the natural spirit which they
breathe.
in the centre of a world whose soil
ık with all unkindness, compassed
round
such memorials, I have sometimes
felt,
s no momentary happiness
ve *one* Enclosure where the voice
that speaks
y or detraction is not heard;
malice may not enter: where the
traces
l inclinations are unknown;
e love and pity tenderly unite
resignation; and no jarring tone
les, the peaceful concert to disturb
ity and gratitude."
"Thus sanctioned,"
astor said, "I willingly confine
rratives to subjects that excite
gs with these accordant; love, es-
teem,
dmiration; lifting up a veil,
beam introducing among hearts
d and covert; so that ye shall have
images before your gladdened eyes
ure's unambitious underwood,
owers that prosper in the shade.
And when
k of such among my flock as swerved
, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse, or error, something
more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend;
To such will we restrict our notice, else
Better my tongue were mute.
And yet there are,
I feel, good reasons why we should not
leave
Wholly untraced a more forbidding way.
For, strength to persevere and to support,
And energy to conquer and repel —
These elements of virtue, that declare
The native grandeur of the human soul —
Are oft-times not unprofitably shown
In the perverseness of a selfish course:
Truth every day exemplified, no less
In the gray cottage by the murmuring
stream
Than in fantastic conqueror's roving
camp,
Or 'mid the factious senate, unappalled
Whoe'er may sink, or rise — to sink
again,
As merciless proscription ebbs and flows.

There," said the Vicar, pointing as he
spake,
"A woman rests in peace; surpassed by
few
In power of mind, and eloquent discourse.
Tall was her stature; her complexion dark
And saturnine; her head not raised to hold
Converse with heaven, nor yet deprest to-
wards earth,
But in projection carried, as she walked
Forever musing. Sunken were her eyes;
Wrinkled and furrowed with habitual
thought
Was her broad forehead; like the brow of
one
Whose visual nerve shrinks from a pain-
ful glare
Of overpowering light. — While yet a
child,
She, 'mid the humble flowerets of the
vale,
Towered like the imperial thistle, not
unfurnished
With its appropriate grace, yet rather
seeking
To be admired, than coveted and loved.
Even at that age she ruled, a sovereign
queen,

Over her comrades; else their simple sports,
Wanting all relish for her strenuous mind,
Had crossed her only to be shunned with scorn.
— Oh! pang of sorrowful regret for those
Whom, in their youth, sweet study has enthralled,
That they have lived for harsher servitude,
Whether in soul, in body, or estate!
Such doom was hers; yet nothing could subdue
Her keen desire of knowledge, nor efface
Those brighter images by books imprest
Upon her memory, faithfully as stars
That occupy their places, and, though oft
Hidden by clouds, and oft bedimmed by haze,
Are not to be extinguished, nor impaired.

Two passions, both degenerate, for they both
Began in honor, gradually obtained
Rule over her, and vexed her daily life;
An unremitting, avaricious thrift;
And a strange thraldom of maternal love,
That held her spirit, in its own despite,
Bound — by vexation, and regret, and scorn,
Constrained forgiveness, and relenting vows,
And tears, in pride suppressed, in shame concealed —
To a poor dissolute Son, her only child.
— Her wedded days had opened with mishap,
Whence dire dependence. What could she perform
To shake the burthen off? Ah! there was felt,
Indignantly, the weakness of her sex.
She mused, resolved, adhered to her resolve;
The hand grew slack in alms-giving, the heart
Closed by degrees to charity; heaven's blessing
Not seeking from that source, she placed her trust
In ceaseless pains — and strictest parsimony
Which sternly hoarded all that could b
spared,
From each day's need, out of each day
least gain.

Thus all was re-established, and a pi
Constructed, that sufficed for every en
Save the contentment of the builder
mind;
A mind by nature indisposed to aught
So placid, so inactive, as content;
A mind intolerant of lasting peace,
And cherishing the pang her heart d
plored.
Dread life of conflict! which I oft cor
pared
To the agitation of a brook that runs
Down a rocky mountain, buried now a
lost
In silent pools, now in strong eddi
chained;
But never to be charmed to gentleness
Its best attainment fits of such repose
As timid eyes might shrink from fatho
ing.

A sudden illness seized her in t
strength
Of life's autumnal season. — Shall I t
How on her bed of death the Matron la
To Providence submissive, so she thoug
But fretted, vexed, and wrought upo
almost
To anger, by the malady that griped
Her prostrate frame with unrelaxi
power,
As the fierce eagle fastens on the lamb
She prayed, she moaned; — her husban
sister watched
Her dreary pillow, waited on her nee
And yet the very sound of that kind f
Was anguish to her ears! 'And must
rule,'
This was the death-doomed Woman he
to say
In bitterness, 'and must she rule a
reign,
'Sole Mistress of this house, when I
gone?
'Tend what I tended, calling it her ow
Enough; — I fear, too much. — One v
nal evening,

le she was yet in prime of health and strength,
ll remember, while I passed her door
ıe, with loitering step, and upward eye
ıed towards the planet Jupiter that hung
ve the centre of the Vale, a voice
sed me, her voice; it said, 'That glorious star
its untroubled element will shine
now it shines, when we are laid in earth
d safe from all our sorrows.' With a sigh
spake, yet, I believe, not unsustained
aith in glory that shall far transcend
ıt by these perishable heavens disclosed
ight or mind. Nor less than care divine
vine mercy. She, who had rebelled,
into meekness softened and subdued;
after trials not in vain prolonged,
resignation sink into the grave;
her uncharitable acts, I trust,
harsh unkindnesses are all forgiven,
, in this Vale, remembered with deep awe."

Vicar paused; and toward a seat advanced,
ng stone-seat, fixed in the Churchyard wall;
shaded by cool sycamore, and part
ing a sunny resting-place to them
seek the House of worship, while the bells
ing with all their voices, or before
ast hath ceased its solitary knoll.
ath the shade we all sate down; and there,
ffice, uninvited, he resumed.

ıs on a sunny bank, a tender lamb
s in safe shelter from the winds of March,
ned by its parent, so that little mound
guarded by its neighbor; the small heap
Speaks for itself; an Infant there doth rest;
The sheltering hillock is the Mother's grave.
If mild discourse, and manners that conferred
A natural dignity on humblest rank;
If gladsome spirits, and benignant looks,
That for a face not beautiful did more
Than beauty for the fairest face can do;
And if religious tenderness of heart,
Grieving for sin, and penitential tears
Shed when the clouds had gathered and distained
The spotless ether of a maiden life;
If these may make a hallowed spot of earth
More holy in the sight of God or Man;
Then, o'er that mould, a sanctity shall brood
Till the stars sicken at the day of doom.

Ah! what a warning for a thoughtless man,
Could field or grove, could any spot of earth,
Show to his eye an image of the pangs
Which it hath witnessed; render back an echo
Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod!
There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,
And on the very turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears
Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Of the path worn by mournful tread of her
Who, at her heart's light bidding, once had moved
In virgin fearlessness, with step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains gemmed with morning dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.
—Serious and thoughtful was her mind; and yet,
By reconcilement exquisite and rare,

The form, port, motions, of this Cottage-girl
Were such as might have quickened and inspired
A Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth
Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade
What time the hunter's earliest horn is heard
Startling the golden hills.
A wide-spread elm
Stands in our valley, named THE JOYFUL TREE;
From dateless usage which our peasants hold
Of giving welcome to the first of May
By dances round its trunk. — And if the sky
Permit, like honors, dance and song, are paid
To the Twelfth Night, beneath the frosty stars
Or the clear moon. The queen of these gay sports,
If not in beauty yet in sprightly air,
Was hapless Ellen.—No one touched the ground
So deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks
Less gracefully were braided; — but this praise,
Methinks, would better suit another place.

She loved, and fondly deemed herself beloved.
— The road is dim, the current unperceived,
The weakness painful and most pitiful,
By which a virtuous woman, in pure youth,
May be delivered to distress and shame.
Such fate was hers. — The last time Ellen danced,
Among her equals, round THE JOYFUL TREE,
She bore a secret burthen; and full soon
Was left to tremble for a breaking vow, —
Then, to bewail a sternly-broken vow,
Alone, within her widowed Mother's house.
It was the season of unfolding leaves,
Of days advancing toward their utmost length,
And small birds singing happily to mates
Happy as they. With spirit-saddening power
Winds pipe through fading woods; but those blithe notes
Strike the deserted to the heart; I speak
Of what I know, and what we feel within.
— Beside the cottage in which Ellen dwelt
Stands a tall ash-tree; to whose topmost twig
A thrush resorts, and annually chants,
At morn and evening from that naked perch,
While all the undergrove is thick with leaves,
A time-beguiling ditty, for delight
Of his fond partner, silent in the nest.
—'Ah why,' said Ellen, sighing to herself,
'Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge;
'And nature that is kind in woman's breast,
'And reason that in man is wise and good,
'And fear of him who is a righteous judge;
'Why do not these prevail for human life,
'To keep two hearts together, that began
'Their spring-time with one love, and that have need
'Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
'To grant, or be received; while that poor bird —
'O come and hear him! Thou who hast to me
'Been faithless, hear him, though a lowly creature,
'One of God's simple children that yet know not
'The universal Parent, how he sings
'As if he wished the firmament of heaven
'Should listen, and give back to him the voice
'Of his triumphant constancy and love;
'The proclamation that he makes, how far
'His darkness doth transcend our fickle light!'

Such was the tender passage, not by me
Repeated without loss of simple phrase,
Which I perused, even as the words had been
Committed by forsaken Ellen's hand
To the blank margin of a Valentine,
Bedropped with tears. 'T will please you to be told

studiously withdrawing from the eye
l companionship, the Sufferer yet
nely reading found a meek resource:
thankful for the warmth of summer
days,
n she could slip into the cottage-barn,
find a secret oratory there;
n the garden, under friendly veil
eir long twilight, pore upon her book
e last lingering help of the open sky
dark night dismissed her to her bed!
did a waking fancy sometimes lose
nconquerable pang of despisèd love.

kindlier passion opened on her soul
n that poor Child was born. Upon
its face
azed as on a pure and spotless gift
expected promise, where a grief
ead was all that had been thought
of, — joy
velier than bewildered traveller feels,
a perilous waste that all night long
harassed him toiling through fearful
storm,
n he beholds the first pale speck
serene
ay-spring, in the gloomy east, re-
vealed,
greets it with thanksgiving. 'Till
this hour,'
in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,
e was a stony region in my heart;
He, at whose command the parchèd
rock
smitten, and poured forth a quench-
ing stream,
n softened that obduracy, and made
ooked-for gladness in the desert
place,
ave the perishing; and, henceforth,
I breathe
air with cheerful spirit, for thy sake
nfant! and for that good Mother
dear,
bore me; and hath prayed for me
in vain; —
not in vain; it shall not be in vain.'
pake, nor was the assurance unful-
filled;
heart-rending thoughts would oft
return,

They stayed not long. — The blameless
Infant grew.
The Child whom Ellen and her Mother
loved
They soon were proud of; tended it and
nursed;
A soothing comforter, although forlorn;
Like a poor singing-bird from distant
lands;
Or a choice shrub, which he, who passes by
With vacant mind, not seldom may ob-
serve
Fair-flowering in a thinly-peopled house,
Whose window, somewhat sadly, it
adorns.

Through four months' space the Infant
drew its food
From the maternal breast; then scruples
rose;
Thoughts, which the rich are free from,
came and crossed
The fond affection. She no more could
bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means: so, to that parent's
care
Trusting her child, she left their common
home,
And undertook with dutiful content
A Foster-mother's office.
'T is, perchance,
Unknown to you that in these simple vales
The natural feeling of equality
Is by domestic service unimpaired;
Yet, though such service be, with us,
removed
From sense of degradation, not the less
The ungentle mind can easily find means
To impose severe restraints and laws
unjust,
Which hapless Ellen now was doomed
to feel:
For (blinded by an over-anxious dread
Of such excitement and divided thought
As with her office would but ill accord)
The pair, whose infant she was bound to
nurse,
Forbade her all communion with her own:
Week after week, the mandate they en-
forced.

— So near! yet not allowed, upon that sight
To fix her eyes—alas! 't was hard to bear!
But worse affliction must be borne — far worse;
For 't is Heaven's will — that, after a disease
Begun and ended within three days' space,
Her child should die; as Ellen now exclaimed,
Her own — deserted child! — Once, only once,
She saw it in that mortal malady;
And, on the burial-day, could scarcely gain
Permission to attend its obsequies.
She reached the house, last of the funeral train;
And some one, as she entered, having chanced
To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,
'Nay,' said she, with commanding look, a spirit
Of anger never seen in her before,
'Nay, ye must wait my time!' and down she sate,
And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping,
Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
Until at length her soul was satisfied.

You see the Infant's Grave; and to this spot,
The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad,
On whatsoever errand, urged her steps:
Hither she came; here stood, and sometimes knelt
In the broad day, a rueful Magdalene!
So call her; for not only she bewailed
A mother's loss, but mourned in bitterness
Her own transgression; penitent sincere
As ever raised to heaven a streaming eye?
—At length the parents of the foster-child,
Noting that in despite of their commands
She still renewed and could not but renew
Those visitations, ceased to send her forth;
Or, to the garden's narrow bounds, confined.
I failed not to remind them that they erred;
For holy Nature might not thus be crossed,
Thus wronged in woman's breast: in vain
I pleaded —
But the green stalk of Ellen's life was
snapped,
And the flower drooped; as every eye
could see,
It hung its head in mortal languishment
— Aided by this appearance, I at length
Prevailed; and, from those bonds released
she went
Home to her mother's house.
The Youth was fled
The rash betrayer could not face the sham
Or sorrow which his senseless guilt had
caused;
And little would his presence, or proc
given
Of a relenting soul, have now availed;
For, like a shadow, he was passed awa
From Ellen's thoughts; had perished f
her mind
For all concerns of fear, or hope, or lov
Save only those which to their commo
shame,
And to his moral being appertained:
Hope from that quarter would, I know
have brought
A heavenly comfort; there she recognize
An unrelaxing bond, a mutual need;
There, and, as seemed, there only.
She had buil
Her fond maternal heart had built, a ne
In blindness all too near the river's edg
That work a summer flood with hasty swe
Had swept away; and now her Spi
longed
For its last flight to heaven's security.
— The bodily frame wasted from day
day;
Meanwhile, relinquishing all other care
Her mind she strictly tutored to find pea
And pleasure in endurance. Much s
thought,
And much she read; and brooded feeling
Upon her own unworthiness. To me,
As to a spiritual comforter and friend,
Her heart she opened; and no pai
were spared
To mitigate, as gently as I could,
The sting of self-reproach, with heali
words.
Meek Saint! through patience glorifi
on earth!

hom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
ghastly face of cold decay put on
n-like beauty, and appeared divine!
I not mention — that, within those walls,
ue observance of her pious wish,
congregation joined with me in prayer
her soul's good? Nor was that office vain.
Iuch did she suffer: but, if any friend,
olding her condition, at the sight
e way to words of pity or complaint,
stilled them with a prompt reproof, and said,
who afflicts me knows what I can bear;
d, when I fail, and can endure no more,
ll mercifully take me to himself.'
hrough the cloud of death, her Spirit passed
that pure and unknown world of love
re injury cannot come: — and here is laid
mortal Body by her Infant's side."

ne Vicar ceased; and downcast looks made known
each had listened with his inmost heart.
me, the emotion scarcely was less strong
ss benign than that which I had felt
n seated near my venerable Friend,
er those shady elms, from him I heard
story that retraced the slow decline
Iargaret, sinking on the lonely heath
the neglected house to which she clung.
noted that the Solitary's cheek
essed the power of nature. — Pleased though sad,
pleased than sad, the gray-haired Wanderer sate;
ks to his pure imaginative soul
cious and serene; his blameless life,
knowledge, wisdom, love of truth, and love
uman kind! He was it who first broke
pensive silence, saying: —
"Blest are they
se sorrow rather is to suffer wrong
Than to do wrong, albeit themselves have erred.
This tale gives proof that Heaven most gently deals
With such, in their affliction. — Ellen's fate,
Her tender spirit, and her contrite heart,
Call to my mind dark hints which I have heard
Of one who died within this vale, by doom
Heavier, as his offence was heavier far.
Where, Sir, I pray you, where are laid the bones
Of Wilfrid Armathwaite?"
The Vicar answered,
"In that green nook, close by the Churchyard wall,
Beneath yon hawthorn, planted by myself
In memory and for warning, and in sign
Of sweetness where dire anguish had been known,
Of reconcilement after deep offence —
There doth he rest. No theme his fate supplies
For the smooth glozings of the indulgent world;
Nor need the windings of his devious course
Be here retraced; — enough that, by mishap
And venial error, robbed of competence,
And her obsequious shadow, peace of mind,
He craved a substitute in troubled joy;
Against his conscience rose in arms, and, braving
Divine displeasure, broke the marriage-vow.
That which he had been weak enough to do
Was misery in remembrance; he was stung,
Stung by his inward thoughts, and by the smiles
Of wife and children stung to agony.
Wretched at home, he gained no peace abroad;
Ranged through the mountains, slept upon the earth,
Asked comfort of the open air, and found
No quiet in the darkness of the night,
No pleasure in the beauty of the day.
His flock he slighted: his paternal fields

Became a clog to him, whose spirit wished
To fly — but whither! And this gracious Church,
That wears a look so full of peace and hope
And love, benignant mother of the vale,
How fair amid her brood of cottages!
She was to him a sickness and reproach.
Much to the last remained unknown: but this
Is sure, that through remorse and grief he died;
Though pitied among men, absolved by God,
He could not find forgiveness in himself;
Nor could endure the weight of his own shame.

Here rests a Mother. But from her I turn
And from her grave. — Behold — upon that ridge,
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,
Carries into the centre of the vale
Its rocks and woods — the Cottage where she dwelt
And where yet dwells her faithful Partner, left
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop
Of many helpless Children. I begin
With words that might be prelude to a tale
Of sorrow and dejection; but I feel
No sadness, when I think of what mine eyes
See daily in that happy family.
— Bright garland form they for the pensive brow
Of their undrooping Father's widowhood,
Those six fair Daughters, budding yet — not one,
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower.
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once
That Father was, and filled with anxious fear,
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half
Of what he seems to take; or gives it back,
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer;
He gives it — the boon produce of a soil
Which our endeavors have refused to till,
And hope hath never watered. The Abode,
Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,
Even were the object nearer to our sight,
Would seem in no distinction to surpass
The rudest habitations. Ye might think
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or grown
Out of the living rock, to be adorned
By nature only; but, if thither led,
Ye would discover, then, a studious work
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.

Brought from the woods the honeysuckle twines
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,
A plant no longer wild; the cultured rose
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon
Roof-high; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,
A hardy Girl continues to provide;
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,
Her Father's prompt attendant, does for him
All that a boy could do, but with delight
More keen and prouder daring; yet hath she,
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed
For her own flowers and favorite herbs, a space,
By sacred charter, holden for her use.
— These, and whatever else the garden bears
Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not
I freely gather; and my leisure draws
A not unfrequent pastime from the hum
Of bees around their range of sheltered hives
Busy in that enclosure; while the rill,
That sparkling thrids the rocks, attuned his voice
To the pure course of human life which there
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom

ight is falling round my steps, then most
Dwelling charms me; often I stop short,
o could refrain?) and feed by stealth my sight
prospect of the company within,
open through the blazing window:—there
the eldest Daughter at her wheel
ning amain, as if to overtake
never-halting time; or, in her turn,
hing some Novice of the sisterhood
skill in this or other household work,
ch, from her Father's honored hand, herself,
e she was yet a little-one, had learned.
Man! he is not gay, but they are gay;
the whole house seems filled with gayety.
rice happy, then, the Mother may be deemed,
Wife, from whose consolatory grave
ned, that ye in mind might witness where,
how, her Spirit yet survives on earth!"

Book Seventh.

THE CHURCHYARD AMONG THE MOUNTAINS — (*continued*).

ARGUMENT.

ession of these Narratives upon the Author's — Pastor invited to give account of certain s that lie apart — Clergyman and his Family tunate influence of change of situation — ty in extreme old age — Another Clergyman, acter of resolute Virtue — Lamentations over ected applause — Instance of less exalted ence in a deaf man — Elevated character of l man — Reflection upon Blindness — Inter- by a Peasant who passes — His animal ulness and careless vivacity — He occasions ssion on the fall of beautiful and interesting — A female Infant's Grave — Joy at her — Sorrow at her Departure — A youthful nt — His patriotic enthusiasm and distin- d qualities — His untimely death — Exulta- the Wanderer, as a patriot, in this Picture ary how affected — Monument of a Knight ditions concerning him — Peroration of the Wanderer on the transitoriness of things and the revolutions of society — Hints at his own past Calling — Thanks the Pastor.

While thus from theme to theme the Historian passed,
The words he uttered, and the scene that lay
Before our eyes, awakened in my mind
Vivid remembrance of those long-past hours;
When, in the hollow of some shadowy vale,
(What time the splendor of the setting sun
Lay beautiful on Snowdon's sovereign brow,
On Cader Idris, or huge Penmanmaur)
A wandering Youth, I listened with delight
To pastoral melody or warlike air,
Drawn from the chords of the ancient British harp
By some accomplished Master, while he sate
Amid the quiet of the green recess,
And there did inexhaustibly dispense
An interchange of soft or solemn tunes,
Tender or blithe; now, as the varying mood
Of his own spirit urged, — now, as a voice
From youth or maiden, or some honored chief
Of his compatriot villagers (that hung
Around him, drinking in the impassioned notes
Of the time-hallowed minstrelsy) required
For their heart's ease or pleasure. Strains of power
Were they, to seize and occupy the sense;
But to a higher mark than song can reach
Rose this pure eloquence. And, when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts,
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.

"These grassy heaps lie amicably closed,"
Said I, "like surges heaving in the wind
Along the surface of a mountain pool:
Whence comes it, then, that yonder we behold

Five graves, and only five, that rise together
Unsociably sequestered, and encroaching
On the smooth playground of the village-school?"

The Vicar answered, — "No disdainful pride
In them who rest beneath, nor any course
Of strange or tragic accident, hath helped
To place those hillocks in that lonely guise.
— Once more look forth, and follow with your sight
The length of road that from yon mountain's base
Through bare enclosures stretches, till its line
Is lost within a little tuft of trees;
Then, reappearing in a moment, quits
The cultured fields; and up the heathy waste,
Mounts, as you see, in mazes serpentine,
Led towards an easy outlet of the vale.
That little shady spot, that sylvan tuft,
By which the road is hidden, also hides
A cottage from our view; though I discern
(Ye scarcely can) amid its sheltering trees
The smokeless chimney-top. —
All unembowered
And naked stood that lowly Parsonage
(For such in truth it is, and appertains
To a small Chapel in the vale beyond)
When hither came its last Inhabitant.
Rough and forbidding were the choicest roads
By which our northern wilds could then be crossed;
And into most of these secluded vales
Was no access for wain, heavy or light.
So, at his dwelling-place the Priest arrived
With store of household goods, in panniers slung
On sturdy horses graced with jingling bells,
And on the back of more ignoble beast;
That, with like burthen of effects most prized
Or easiest carried, closed the motley train.
Young was I then, a schoolboy of eight years;
But still, methinks, I see them as they passed
In order, drawing toward their wished-for home.
— Rocked by the motion of a trusty ass
Two ruddy children hung, a well-poised freight,
Each in his basket nodding drowsily;
Their bonnets, I remember, wreathed with flowers,
Which told it was the pleasant month of June;
And, close behind, the comely Matron rode,
A woman of soft speech and gracious smile
And with a lady's mien. — From far they came,
Even from Northumbrian hills; yet their had been
A merry journey, rich in pastime, cheered
By music, prank, and laughter-stirring jest;
And freak put on, and arch word dropped — to swell
The cloud of fancy and uncouth surmise
That gathered round the slowly-moving train.
— 'Whence do they come? and with what errand charged?
Belong they to the fortune-telling tribe
'Who pitch their tents under the green wood tree?
'Or Strollers are they, furnished to enact
'Fair Rosamond, and the Children of the Wood,
'And, by that whiskered tabby's aid, set forth
'The lucky venture of sage Whittington
'When the next village hears the show announced
'By blast of trumpet?' Plenteous were the growth
Of such conjectures, overheard, or seen
On many a staring countenance portrayed
Of boor or burgher, as they marched along
And more than once their steadiness of face
Was put to proof, and exercise supplied
To their inventive humor, by stern look
And questions in authoritative tone,
From some staid guardian of the public peace,
Checking the sober steed on which he rode
In his suspicious wisdom; oftener still
By notice indirect, or blunt demand
From traveller halting in his own despite
A simple curiosity to ease:

/hich adventures, that beguiled and cheered
r grave migration, the good pair would tell,
ı undiminished glee, in hoary age.

Priest he was by function; but his course
ı his youth up, and high as manhood's noon,
e hour of life to which he then was brought)
been irregular, I might say, wild;
ooks unsteadied, by his pastoral care
little checked. An active, ardent mind;
ıcy pregnant with resource and scheme
heat the sadness of a rainy day;
ds apt for all ingenious arts and games;
nerous spirit, and a body strong
ope with stoutest champions of the bowl —
earned for him sure welcome, and the rights
prized visitant, in the jolly hall
:ountry 'squire; or at the statelier board
luke or earl, from scenes of courtly pomp
drawn, — to while away the summer hours
ondescension among rural guests.

ith these high comrades he had revelled long,
cked industriously, a simple Clerk
ppes of coming patronage beguiled
he heart sickened. So, each loftier aim
doning and all his showy friends,
life's stay (slender it was, but sure)
ırned to this secluded chapelry;
had been offered to his doubtful choice
ı unthought-of patron. Bleak and bare
found the cottage, their allotted home;
d without, and rude within; a spot
which the Cure not long had been endowed:
ar remote the chapel stood, — remote,
And, from his Dwelling, unapproachable,
Save through a gap high in the hills, an opening
Shadeless and shelterless, by driving showers
Frequented, and beset with howling winds.
Yet cause was none, whate'er regret might hang
On his own mind, to quarrel with the choice
Or the necessity that fixed him here;
Apart from old temptations, and constrained
To punctual labor in his sacred charge.
See him a constant preacher to the poor!
And visiting, though not with saintly zeal,
Yet, when need was, with no reluctant will,
The sick in body, or distrest in mind;
And, by a salutary change, compelled
To rise from timely sleep, and meet the day
With no engagement, in his thoughts, more proud
Or splendid than his garden could afford,
His fields, or mountains by the heath-cock ranged
Or the wild brooks; from which he now returned
Contented to partake the quiet meal
Of his own board, where sat his gentle Mate
And three fair Children, plentifully fed
Though simply, from their little household farm;
Nor wanted timely treat of fish or fowl
By nature yielded to his practised hand; —
To help the small but certain comings-in
Of that spare benefice. Yet not the less
Theirs was a hospitable board, and theirs
A charitable door.

So days and years
Passed on; — the inside of that rugged house
Was trimmed and brightened by the Matron's care,
And gradually enriched with things of price,
Which might be lacked for use or ornament.
What, though no soft and costly sofa there
Insidiously stretched out its lazy length,
And no vain mirror glittered upon the walls,
Yet were the windows of the low abode
By shutters weather-fended, which at once

Repelled the storm and deadened its loud roar.
There snow-white curtains hung in decent folds;
Tough moss, and long-enduring mountain plants,
That creep along the ground with sinuous trail,
Were nicely braided; and composed a work
Like Indian mats, that with appropriate grace
Lay at the threshold and the inner doors;
And a fair carpet, woven of homespun wool
But tinctured daintily with florid hues,
For seemliness and warmth, on festal days,
Covered the smooth blue slabs of mountain-stone
With which the parlor-floor, in simplest guise
Of pastoral homesteads, had been long inlaid.

Those pleasing works the Housewife's skill produced:
Meanwhile the unsedentary Master's hand
Was busier with his task — to rid, to plant,
To rear for food, for shelter, and delight;
A thriving covert! And when wishes, formed
In youth, and sanctioned by the riper mind,
Restored me to my native valley, here
To end my days; well pleased was I to see
The once-bare cottage, on the mountain-side,
Screened from assault of every bitter blast;
While the dark shadows of the summer leaves
Danced in the breeze, checkering its mossy roof.
Time, which had thus afforded willing help
To beautify with nature's fairest growths
This rustic tenement, had gently shed,
Upon its Master's frame, a wintry grace;
The comeliness of unenfeebled age.

But how could I say, gently? for he still
Retained a flashing eye, a burning palm,
A stirring foot, a head which beat a
nights
Upon its pillow with a thousand schemes
Few likings had he dropped, few pleasures
lost;
Generous and charitable, prompt to serve
And still his harsher passions kept thei
hold —
Anger and indignation. Still he loved
The sound of titled names, and talked i
glee
Of long-past banquetings with high-bor
friends:
Then, from those lulling fits of vain de
light
Uproused by recollected injury, railed
At their false ways disdainfully, — and o
In bitterness, and with a threatening ey
Of fire, incensed beneath its hoary brow
— Those transports, with staid looks c
pure good-will,
And with soft smile, his consort woul
reprove.
She, far behind him in the race of years
Yet keeping her first mildness, was a
vanced
Far nearer, in the habit of her soul,
To that still region whither all are bound
Him might we liken to the setting sun
As seen not seldom on some gusty day,
Struggling and bold, and shining from th
west
With an inconstant and unmellowed ligh
She was a soft attendant cloud, that hu
As if with wish to veil the restless orb;
From which it did itself imbibe a ray
Of pleasing lustre. — But no more of thi
I better love to sprinkle on the sod
That now divides the pair, or rather sa
That still unites them, praises, like hea
en's dew,
Without reserve descending upon both

Our very first in eminence of years
This old Man stood, the patriarch of t
Vale!
And, to his unmolested mansion, deat
Had never come, through space of fo
years;
Sparing both old and young in that abo
Suddenly then they disappeared: r
twice

ummer scorched the fields; not twice
had fallen,
ose high peaks, the first autumnal
snow,
e the greedy visiting was closed,
the long-privileged house left
empty — swept
a plague. Yet no rapacious plague
been among them; all was gentle
death,
fter one, with intervals of peace.
ppy consummation! an accord
, perfect, to be wished for! save
that here
something which to mortal sense
might sound
harshness, — that the old gray-
headed Sire,
ldest, he was taken last; survived
the meek Partner of his age, his
Son,
Daughter, and that late and high-
prized gift,
ittle smiling Grandchild, were no
more.

l gone, all vanished! he deprived
and bare,
will he face the remnant of his life?
t will become of him?' we said, and
mused
conjectures — 'Shall we meet him
now
nting with rod and line the craggy
brooks?
nall we overhear him, as we pass,
ing to entertain the lonely hours
music?' (for he had not ceased to
touch
harp or viol which himself had
framed,
heir sweet purposes, with perfect
skill.)
t titles will he keep? will he remain
cian, gardener, builder, mechanist,
nter, and a rearer from the seed?
n of hope and forward-looking mind
to the last!' — Such was he, un-
subdued.
Heaven was gracious; yet a little
while,
is Survivor, with his cheerful throng
en projects, and his inward hoard
Of unsunned griefs, too many and too
keen,
Was overcome by unexpected sleep,
In one blest moment. Like a shadow
thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him, while reclined he lay
For noontide solace on the summer grass,
The warm lap of his mother earth: and so,
Their lenient term of separation past,
That family (whose graves you there be-
hold)
By yet a higher privilege once more
Were gathered to each other."
Calm of mind
And silence waited on these closing words;
Until the Wanderer (whether moved by
fear
Lest in those passages of life were some
That might have touched the sick heart
of his Friend
Too nearly, or intent to reinforce
His own firm spirit in degree deprest
By tender sorrow for our mortal state)
Thus silence broke: — "Behold a
thoughtless Man
From vice and premature decay preserved
By useful habits, to a fitter soil
Transplanted ere too late. — The hermit,
lodged
Amid the untrodden desert, tells his
beads,
With each repeating its allotted prayer,
And thus divides and thus relieves the
time;
Smooth task, with *his* compared, whose
mind could string,
Not scantily, bright minutes on the thread
Of keen domestic anguish; and beguile
A solitude, unchosen, unprofessed;
Till gentlest death released him.
Far from us
Be the desire — too curiously to ask
How much of this is but the blind result
Of cordial spirits and vital temperament,
And what to higher powers is justly due.
But you, Sir, know that in a neighboring
vale
A Priest abides before whose life such
doubts
Fall to the ground; whose gifts of nature
lie
Retired from notice, lost in attributes

Of reason, honorably effaced by debts
Which her poor treasure-house is content to owe,
And conquest over her dominion gained,
To which her frowardness must needs submit.
In this one Man is shown a temperance—proof
Against all trials; industry severe
And constant as the motion of the day;
Stern self-denial round him spread, with shade
That might be deemed forbidding, did not there
All generous feelings flourish and rejoice;
Forbearance, charity in deed and thought,
And resolution competent to take
Out of the bosom of simplicity
All that her holy customs recommend,
And the best ages of the world prescribe.
—Preaching, administering, in every work
Of his sublime vocation, in the walks
Of worldly intercourse between man and man,
And in his humble dwelling, he appears
A laborer, with moral virtue girt,
With spiritual graces, like a glory, crowned."

"Doubt can be none," the Pastor said, "for whom
This portraiture is sketched. The great, the good,
The well-beloved, the fortunate, the wise,—
These titles emperors and chiefs have borne,
Honor assumed or given: and him, the WONDERFUL,
Our simple shepherds, speaking from the heart,
Deservedly have styled.—From his abode
In a dependent chapelry that lies
Behind yon hill, a poor and rugged wild,
Which in his soul he lovingly embraced,
And, having once espoused, would never quit;
Into its graveyard will ere long be borne
That lowly, great, good Man. A simple stone
May cover him; and by its help, perchance,
A century shall hear his name pronounce
With images attendant on the sound;
Then, shall the slowly-gathering twilig
close
In utter night; and of his course rema
No cognizable vestiges, no more
Than of this breath, which shapes its
in words
To speak of him, and instantly dissolves

The Pastor, pressed by thoughts whi
round his theme
Still lingered, after a brief pause,
sumed;
"Noise is there not enough in doleful wa
But that the heaven-born poet mu
stand forth,
And lend the echoes of his sacred shel
To multiply and aggravate the din?
Pangs are there not enough in hopel
love—
And, in requited passion, all too much
Of turbulence, anxiety, and fear—
But that the minstrel of the rural shad
Must tune his pipe, insidiously to nurs
The perturbation in the suffering brea
And propagate its kind, far as he may
—Ah who (and with such rapture as be
The hallowed theme) will rise and ce
brate
The good man's purposes and deed
retrace
His struggles, his discomfitures deplor
His triumphs hail, and glorify his end
That virtue, like the fumes and vap
clouds
Through fancy's heat redounding in
brain,
And like the soft infections of the hea
By charm of measured words may spre
o'er field,
Hamlet, and town; and piety survive
Upon the lips of men in hall or bowe
Not for reproof, but high and warm
light,
And grave encouragement, by song
spired?
—Vain thought! but wherefore murm
or repine?
The memory of the just survives in heav
And, without sorrow, will the gro
receive
That venerable clay. Meanwhile the

hat lies here confines us to degrees
cellence less difficult to reach,
nilder worth: nor need we travel far
those to whom our last regards were paid,
uch example.
Almost at the root
t tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
lender stem, while here I sit at eve,
tretches towards me, like a long straight path
d faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
n blue stone, a gentle Dalesman lies,
whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
recious gift of hearing. He grew up
year to year in loneliness of soul;
this deep mountain-valley was to him
lless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
ever rouse this Cottager from sleep
startling summons; not for his delight
ernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
ured the laboring bee. When stormy winds
working the broad bosom of the lake
thousand thousand sparkling waves,
ng the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
gitated scene before his eye
ilent as a picture: evermore
all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
by the solace of his own pure thoughts
d, he duteously pursued the round
al labors; the steep mountain-side
ded, with his staff and faithful dog;
lough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
ne ripe corn before his sickle fell
g the jocund reapers. For himself,
tchful and industrious as he was,
ought not: neither field nor flock he owned:
sh for wealth had place within his mind;
sband's love, nor father's hope or care.

Though born a younger brother, need was none
That from the floor of his paternal home
He should depart, to plant himself anew.
And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
His parents laid in earth, no loss ensued
Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,
By the pure bond of independent love,
An inmate of a second family;
The fellow-laborer and friend of him
To whom the small inheritance had fallen.
— Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
That pressed upon his brother's house; for books
Were ready comrades whom he could not tire;
Of whose society the blameless Man
Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
Even to old age, with unabated charm
Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;
Beyond its natural elevation raised
His introverted spirit; and bestowed
Upon his life an outward dignity
Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
The stormy day, each had its own resource;
Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
Science severe, or word of holy Writ
Announcing immortality and joy
To the assembled spirits of just men
Made perfect, and from injury secure.
— Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
Nor languor, peevishness, nor vain complaint:
And they, who were about him, did not fail
In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
His gentle manners: and his peaceful smiles,
The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were told,
A slow disease insensibly consumed

The powers of nature: and a few short steps
Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
(Yon cottage shaded by the woody crags)
To the profounder stillness of the grave.
— Nor was his funeral denied the grace
Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;
Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.
And now that monumental stone preserves
His name, and unambitiously relates
How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
And in what pure contentedness of mind,
The sad privation was by him endured.
— And yon tall pine-tree, whose composing sound
Was wasted on the good Man's living ear,
Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
And, at the touch of every wandering breeze,
Murmurs, not idly, o'er his peaceful grave.

Soul-cheering Light, most bountiful of things!
Guide of our way, mysterious comforter!
Whose sacred influence, spread through earth and heaven,
We all too thanklessly participate,
Thy gifts were utterly withheld from him
Whose place of rest is near yon ivied porch.
Yet, of the wild brooks ask if he complained;
Ask of the channelled rivers if they held
A safer, easier, more determined, course.
What terror doth it strike into the mind
To think of one, blind and alone, advancing
Straight toward some precipice's airy brink!
But, timely warned, *He* would have stayed his steps,
Protected, say enlightened, by his ear;
And on the very edge of vacancy
Not more endangered than a man whose eye
Beholds the gulf beneath. — No floweret blooms
Throughout the lofty range of the rough hills,
Nor in the woods, that could from hi conceal
Its birthplace; none whose figure d not live
Upon his touch. The bowels of the ear
Enriched with knowledge his industrio mind;
The ocean paid him tribute from the stor
Lodged in her bosom; and, by science le
His genius mounted to the plains heaven.
— Methinks I see him — how his ey balls rolled,
Beneath his ample brow, in darkne paired, —
But each instinct with spirit; and the frar
Of the whole countenance alive wi thought,
Fancy, and understanding; while t voice
Discoursed of natural or moral truth
With eloquence, and such authen power,
That, in his presence, humbler knowled stood
Abashed, and tender pity overawed."

"A noble — and, to unreflecting minc
A marvellous spectacle," the Wande said,
"Beings like these present! But prc abounds
Upon the earth that faculties, which see
Extinguished, do not, *therefore*, cease be.
And to the mind among her powers sense
This transfer is permitted, — not alone
That the bereft their recompense may wi
But for remoter purposes of love
And charity; nor last nor least for this
That to the imagination may be given
A type and shadow of an awful truth;
How, likewise, under sufferance divin
Darkness is banished from the realms death,
By man's imperishable spirit, quelled.
Unto the men who see not as we see
Futurity was thought, in ancient times
To be laid open, and they prophesied.

know we not that from the blind
have flowed
ighest, holiest, raptures of the lyre;
visdom married to immortal verse?"

ong the humbler Worthies, at our
feet
insensible to human praise,
or regret, — *whose* lineaments
would next
been portrayed, I guess not; but it
chanced
near the quiet churchyard where we
sate,
n of horses, with a ponderous freight
ng behind, adown a rugged slope,
e sharp descent confounded their
array,
at that moment, ringing noisily.

Iere," said the Pastor, "do we
muse, and mourn
aste of death; and lo! the giant oak
hed on his bier — that massy timber
wain;
il to note the Man who guides the
team."

was a peasant of the lowest class:
ocks profusely round his temples
hung
tering curls, like ivy, which the bite
ter cannot thin; the fresh air lodged
n his cheek, as light within a cloud;
e returned our greeting with a smile.
he had passed, the Solitary spake;
an he seems of cheerful yesterdays
onfident to-morrows; with a face
orldly-minded, for it bears too much
Nature's impress, — gayety and
health,
om and hope; but keen, withal, and
shrewd.
stures note, — and hark! his tones
of voice
vivacious as his mien and looks."

Pastor answered: "You have read
him well.
fter year is added to his store
ilent increase: summers, winters —
past,
to come; yea, boldly might I say,
Ten summers and ten winters of a space
That lies beyond life's ordinary bounds,
Upon his sprightly vigor cannot fix
The obligation of an anxious mind,
A pride in having, or a fear to lose;
Possessed like outskirts of some large
domain,
By any one more thought of than by him
Who holds the land in fee, its careless
lord!
Yet is the creature rational, endowed
With foresight; hears, too, every sabbath
day,
The Christian promise with attentive ear;
Nor will, I trust, the Majesty of Heaven
Reject the incense offered up by him,
Though of the kind which beasts and birds
present
In grove or pasture; cheerfulness of soul,
From trepidation and repining free.
How many scrupulous worshippers fall
down
Upon their knees, and daily homage pay
Less worthy, less religious even, than his!

This qualified respect, the old Man's
due,
Is paid without reluctance; but in truth,"
(Said the good Vicar with a fond half-
smile)
"I feel at times a motion of despite
Towards one, whose bold contrivances
and skill,
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous
part
In works of havoc; taking from these
vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapors
nursed,
In the dry crannies of the pendent rocks;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's
edge,
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak whose roots by noontide dew
were damped,
And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety. — Many a
ship
Launched into Morecamb-bay to *him* hath
owed

Her strong knee-timbers, and the mast that bears
The loftiest of her pendants; He, from park
Or forest, fetched the enormous axle-tree
That whirls (how slow itself!) ten thousand spindles:
And the vast engine laboring in the mine,
Content with meaner prowess, must have lacked
The trunk and body of its marvellous strength,
If his undaunted enterprise had failed
Among the mountain coves.
Yon household fir,
A guardian planted to fence off the blast,
But towering high the roof above, as if
Its humble destination were forgot —
That sycamore, which annually holds[1]
Within its shade, as in a stately tent
On all sides open to the fanning breeze,
A grave assemblage, seated while they shear
The fleece-encumbered flock — the JOYFUL ELM,
Around whose trunk the maidens dance in May —
And the LORD'S OAK — would plead their several rights
In vain, if he were master of their fate;
His sentence to the axe would doom them all.
But, green in age and lusty as he is,
And promising to keep his hold on earth
Less, as might seem, in rivalship with men
Than with the forest's more enduring growth,
His own appointed hour will come at last;
And, like the haughty Spoilers of the world,
This keen Destroyer, in his turn, must fall.

Now from the living pass we once again:
From Age," the Priest continued, " turn your thoughts;
From Age, that often unlamented drops,
And mark that daisied hillock, three spans long!

[1] See Note.

— Seven lusty Sons sate daily round th board
Of Gold-rill side; and, when the hope ha ceased
Of other progeny, a Daughter then
Was given, the crowning bounty of th whole;
And so acknowledged with a tremulou joy
Felt to the centre of that heavenly caln
With which by nature every mother soul
Is stricken in the moment when her throe
Are ended, and her ears have heard th cry
Which tells her that a living child is born
And she lies conscious, in a blissful res
That the dread storm is weathered b them both.

The Father — him at this unlooked-fo gift
A bolder transport seizes. From the sid
Of his bright hearth, and from his ope door,
Day after day the gladness is diffused
To all that come, almost to all that pass
Invited, summoned, to partake the chee
Spread on the never-empty board, an drink
Health and good wishes to his new-bor girl,
From cups replenished by his joyous hand
— Those seven fair brothers variousl were moved
Each by the thoughts best suited to h years:
But most of all and with most thankfu mind
The hoary grandsire felt himself enriched
A happiness that ebbed not, but remaine
To fill the total measure of his soul!
— From the low tenement, his own abode
Whither, as to a little private cell,
He had withdrawn from bustle, care, an noise,
To spend the sabbath of old age in peace
Once every day he duteously repaired
To rock the cradle of the slumbering babe
For in that female infant's name he hear
The silent name of his departed wife;
Heart-stirring music! hourly heard tha name;

blest he was, 'Another Margaret Green,'
did he say, 'was come to Gold-rill side.'

! pang unthought of, as the precious boon
had been unlooked-for; oh! dire stroke
solating anguish for them all!
st as the Child could totter on the floor,
by some friendly finger's help upstayed,
e round the garden walk, while she perchance
catching at some novelty of spring,
nd-flower, or glossy insect from its cell
n by the sunshine — at that hopeful season
vinds of March, smiting insidiously,
d in the tender passage of the throat
ess obstruction; whence, all unforewarned,
ousehold lost their pride and soul's delight.
t time hath power to soften all regrets,
prayer and thought can bring to worst distress
resignation. Therefore, though some tears
ot to spring from either Parent's eye
they hear of sorrow like their own,
is departed Little-one, too long
nnocent troubler of their quiet, sleeps
t may now be called a peaceful bed.

a bright day — so calm and bright, it seemed
, with our sad spirits, heavenly-fair —
mountains echoed to an unknown sound;
ey, thrice repeated o'er the Corse
wn into the hollow of that grave,
e shelving sides are red with naked mould.
ns of April, duly wet this earth!
burning sun of midsummer, these sods,
That they may knit together, and therewith
Our thoughts unite in kindred quietness!
Nor so the Valley shall forget her loss.
Dear Youth, by young and old alike beloved,
To me as precious as my own! — Green herbs
May creep (I wish that they would softly creep)
Over thy last abode, and we may pass
Reminded less imperiously of thee; —
The ridge itself may sink into the breast
Of earth, the great abyss, and be no more;
Yet shall not thy remembrance leave our hearts,
Thy image disappear!
The Mountain-ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked,
By a brook-side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn: the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form:
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals (if such fables without blame
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground)
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley. — How the quoit

Whizzed from the Stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious foot-ball mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight, — or shaped a rainbow curve,
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loth to assault the majesty he loved:
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the royal brood. The sailing glead,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe;
The sportive sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious water-fowl, from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the Mere;
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim,
And lived by his forbearance.
From the coast
Of France a boastful Tyrant hurled his threats;
Our Country marked the preparation vast
Of hostile forces; and she called — with voice
That filled her plains, that reached her utmost shores,
And in remotest vales was heard — to arms!
— Then, for the first time, here you might have seen
The shepherd's gray to martial scarlet changed,
That flashed uncouthly through the woods and fields.
Ten hardy Striplings, all in bright attire,
And graced with shining weapons, weekly marched,
From this lone valley, to a central spot
Where, in assemblage with the flower and choice
Of the surrounding district, they might learn
The rudiments of war; ten — hardy, strong,
And valiant; but young Oswald, like chief
And yet a modest comrade, led them for
From their shy solitude, to face the worl
With a gay confidence and seemly pride
Measuring the soil beneath their happ feet
Like Youths released from labor, and y bound
To most laborious service, though t them
A festival of unencumbered ease;
The inner spirit keeping holiday,
Like vernal ground to sabbath sunshin left.

Oft have I marked him, at some lei sure hour,
Stretched on the grass, or seated in th shade,
Among his fellows, while an ample ma
Before their eyes lay carefully outspread
From which the gallant teacher woul discourse,
Now pointing this way, and now that. — 'Here flows,'
Thus would he say, 'the Rhine, tha famous stream!
'Eastward, the Danube toward this in land sea,
'A mightier river, winds from realm t realm;
'And, like a serpent, shows his glitterin back
'Bespotted — with innumerable isles:
'Here reigns the Russian, there the Turk observe
'His capital city!' Thence, along a trac
Of livelier interest to his hopes and fears,
His finger moved, distinguishing the spot
Where widespread conflict then mos fiercely raged;
Nor left unstigmatized those fatal fields
On which the sons of mighty Germany
Were taught a base submission. — 'Here behold
'A nobler race, the Switzers, and thei land,
'Vales deeper far than these of ours, huge woods,
'And mountains white with everlasting snow!'

ıd, surely, he, that spake with kind-
ling brow,
a true patriot, hopeful as the best
at young peasantry, who, in our days,
fought and perished for Helvetia's
rights —
ıot in vain! — or those who, in old
time,
vork of happier issue, to the side
ell came trooping from a thousand
huts,
ı he had risen alone! No braver
Youth
ended from Judean heights, to march
righteous Joshua; nor appeared in
arms
ı grove was felled, and altar was
cast down,
Gideon blew the trumpet, soul-in-
flamed,
trong in hatred of idolatry."

e Pastor, even as if by these last
words
d from his seat within the chosen
shade,
d toward the grave; — instinctively
his steps
llowed; and my voice with joy ex-
claimed:
ver to the Oppressors of the world
is given,
ht of which they dream not. Oh!
the curse,
the awakener of divinest thoughts,
r and founder of exalted deeds;
to whole nations bound in servile
straits,
beral donor of capacities
than heroic! this to be, nor yet
sense of one connatural wish, nor
yet
ve the least return of human thanks;
ng no recompense but deadly hate
pity mixed, astonishment with
scorn!"

en this involuntary strain had
ceased,
Pastor said: "So Providence is
served;
rkèd weapon of the skies can send
nation into deep, dark holds,
Which the mild sunbeam hath not power
to pierce.
Ye Thrones that have defied remorse, and
cast
Pity away, soon shall ye quake with *fear!*
For, not unconscious of the mighty debt
Which to outrageous wrong the sufferer
owes,
Europe, through all her habitable bounds,
Is thirsting for *their* overthrow, who yet
Survive, as pagan temples stood of yore,
By horror of their impious rites, preserved;
Are still permitted to extend their pride,
Like cedars on the top of Lebanon
Darkening the sun.
But less impatient thoughts,
And love 'all hoping and expecting all,'
This hallowed grave demands, where rests
in peace
A humble champion of the better cause,
A Peasant-youth, so call him, for he asked
No higher name; in whom our country
showed,
As in a favorite son, most beautiful.
In spite of vice, and misery, and disease,
Spread with the spreading of her wealthy
arts,
England, the ancient and the free, ap-
peared
In him to stand before my swimming eyes,
Unconquerably virtuous and secure.
— No more of this, lest I offend his dust:
Short was his life, and a brief tale remains.

One day — a summer's day of annual
pomp
And solemn chase — from morn to sultry
noon
His steps had followed, fleetest of the fleet,
The red-deer driven along its native
heights
With cry of hound and horn; and, from
that toil
Returned with sinews weakened and re-
laxed,
This generous Youth, too negligent of self,
Plunged — 'mid a gay and busy throng
convened
To wash the fleeces of his Father's flock —
Into the chilling flood. Convulsions dire
Seized him, that self-same night; and
through the space

Of twelve ensuing days his frame was wrenched,
Till nature rested from her work in death.
To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid
A soldier's honors. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue —
A golden lustre slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence had looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid: seldom hath that eye been moist
With tears, that wept not then; nor were the few,
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder, which announced,
Through the still air, the closing of the Grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation, never heard before!"

The Pastor ceased. — My venerable Friend
Victoriously upraised his clear bright eye;
And, when that eulogy was ended, stood
Enrapt, as if his inward sense perceived
The prolongation of some still response,
Sent by the ancient Soul of this wide land,
The Spirit of its mountains and its seas,
Its cities, temples, fields, its awful power,
Its rights and virtues — by that Deity
Descending, and supporting his pure heart
With patriotic confidence and joy.
And, at the last of those memorial words,
The pining Solitary turned aside;
Whether through manly instinct to conceal
Tender emotions spreading from the heart
To his worn cheeks; or with uneasy shame
For those cold humors of habitual spleen
That, fondly seeking in dispraise of man
Solace and self-excuse, had sometim
urged
To self-abuse a not ineloquent tongue.
— Right toward the sacred Edifice h
steps
Had been directed; and we saw him no
Intent upon a monumental stone,
Whose uncouth form was grafted on th
wall,
Or rather seemed to have grown into th
side
Of the rude pile; as oft-times trunks
trees,
Where nature works in wild and cragg
spots,
Are seen incorporate with the livin
rock —
To endure for aye. The Vicar, taking not
Of his employment, with a courteous smil
Exclaimed —
"The sagest Antiquarian's ey
That task would foil;" then, letting fa
his voice
While he advanced, thus spake: "Tradi
tion tells
That, in Eliza's golden days, a Knight
Came on a war-horse sumptuously attired
And fixed his home in this sequestere
vale.
'T is left untold if here he first drew breath
Or as a stranger reached this deep recess
Unknowing and unknown. A pleasing
thought
I sometimes entertain, that haply bound
To Scotland's court in service of hi
Queen,
Or sent on mission to some northern Chie
Of England's realm, this vale he might
have seen
With transient observation; and thence
caught
An image fair, which, brightening in his
soul
When joy of war and pride of chivalry
Languished beneath accumulated years,
Had power to draw him from the world,
resolved
To make that paradise his chosen home
To which his peaceful fancy oft had turned.

Vague thoughts are these; but, if belief
may rest
Upon unwritten story fondly traced

om sire to son, in this obscure retreat
e Knight arrived, with spear and
shield, and borne
on a Charger gorgeously bedecked
th broidered housings. And the lofty
Steed —
sole companion, and his faithful
friend,
om he, in gratitude, let loose to range
ertile pastures — was beheld with eyes
admiration and delightful awe,
those untravelled Dalesmen. With
less pride,
free from touch of envious discontent,
y saw a mansion at his bidding rise,
e a bright star, amid the lowly band
their rude homesteads. Here the
Warrior dwelt;
l, in that mansion, children of his own,
kindred, gathered round him. As a
tree
t falls and disappears, the house is
gone;
l, through improvidence or want of
love
ancient worth and honorable things,
spear and shield are vanished, which
the Knight
ng in his rustic hall. One ivied arch
self have seen, a gateway, last remains
hat foundation in domestic care
sed by his hands. And now no trace
is left
he mild-hearted Champion, save this
stone,
hless memorial! and his family name
ne by yon clustering cottages, that
sprang
n out the ruins of his stately lodge:
se, and the name and title at full
length,—
Alfred Erthing, with appropriate
words
ompanied, still extant, in a wreath
osy, girding round the several fronts
hree clear-sounding and harmonious
bells,
in the steeple hang, his pious gift."

So fails, so languishes, grows dim,
and dies,"
gray-haired Wanderer pensively ex-
claimed,
"All that this world is proud of. From
their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,[1]
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and
palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man him-
self
Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,
Did most resemble him. Degrees and
ranks,
Fraternities and orders — heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed — are scoffed at with a
smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of Desolation, aimed: to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden over-
throw:
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire; and nature's pleasant robe of
green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory. The
vast Frame
Of social nature changes evermore
Her organs and her members, with decay
Restless, and restless generation, powers
And functions dying and produced at
need, —
And by this law the mighty whole sub-
sists:
With an ascent and progress in the main;
Yet, oh! how disproportioned to the hopes
And expectations of self-flattering minds!

The courteous Knight, whose bones are
here interred,
Lived in an age conspicuous as our own
For strife and ferment in the minds of
men;
Whence alteration in the forms of things,
Various and vast. A memorable age!
Which did to him assign a pensive lot —
To linger 'mid the last of those bright
clouds
That, on the steady breeze of honor, sailed

[1] See Note.

In long procession calm and beautiful.
He who had seen his own bright order fade,
And its devotion gradually decline,
(While war, relinquishing the lance and shield,
Her temper changed, and bowed to other laws)
Had also witnessed, in his morn of life,
That violent commotion, which o'erthrew,
In town and city and sequestered glen,
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn roof,
And old religious house — pile after pile;
And shook their tenants out into the fields,
Like wild beasts without home! Their hour was come;
But why no softening thought of gratitude,
No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt?
Benevolence is mild; nor borrows help,
Save at worst need, from bold impetuous force,
Fittiest allied to anger and revenge.
But Human-kind rejoices in the might
Of mutability; and airy hopes,
Dancing around her, hinder and disturb
Those meditations of the soul that feed
The retrospective virtues. Festive songs
Break from the maddened nations at the sight
Of sudden overthrow; and cold neglect
Is the sure consequence of slow decay.

Even," said the Wanderer, "as that courteous Knight,
Bound by his vow to labor for redress
Of all who suffer wrong, and to enact
By sword and lance the law of gentleness,
(If I may venture of myself to speak,
Trusting that not incongruously I blend
Low things with lofty) I too shall be doomed
To outlive the kindly use and fair esteem
Of the poor calling which my youth embraced
With no unworthy prospect. But enough;
—Thoughts crowd upon me — and 't were seemlier now
To stop, and yield our gracious Teacher thanks
For the pathetic records which his voice
Hath here delivered; words of heartfelt truth,
Tending to patience when affliction strikes;
To hope and love; to confident repose
In God; and reverence for the dust of Man."

Book Eighth.

THE PARSONAGE.

ARGUMENT.

Pastor's apology and apprehensions that he might have detained his Auditors too long, with the Pastor's invitation to his house — Solitary disinclined to comply — Rallies the Wanderer — And playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of the Knight-errant — Which leads to Wanderer's giving an account of changes in the Country from the manufacturing spirit — Favorable effects — The other side of the picture, and chiefly as it has affected the humbler classes — Wanderer asserts the hollowness of all national grandeur if unsupported by moral worth — Physical science unable to support itself — Lamentations over an excess of manufacturing industry among the humbler Classes of Society — Picture of a Child employed in a Cotton-mill — Ignorance and degradation of Children among the agricultural Population reviewed — Conversation broken off by a renewed Invitation from the Pastor — Path leading to his House — Its appearance described — His Daughter — His Wife — His Son (a boy) enters with his Companion — Their happy appearance — The Wanderer how affected by the sight of them.

The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale
To those acknowledgments subscribed his own,
With a sedate compliance, which the Priest
Failed not to notice, inly pleased, and said: —
"If ye, by whom invited I began
These narratives of calm and humble life,
Be satisfied t' is well, — the end is gained;
And, in return for sympathy bestowed
And patient listening, thanks accept from me.
— Life, death, eternity! momentous themes

e they — and might demand a seraph's tongue,
re they not equal to their own support;
d therefore no incompetence of mine
uld do them wrong. The universal forms
human nature, in a spot like this,
sent themselves at once to all men's view:
wished for act and circumstance, that make
e individual known and understood;
d such as my best judgment could select
om what the place afforded, have been given;
ough apprehensions crossed me that my zeal
his might well be likened, who unlocks
abinet stored with gems and pictures — draws
treasures forth, soliciting regard
this, and this, as worthier than the last,
the spectator, who awhile was pleased
re than the exhibitor himself, becomes
ary and faint, and longs to be released.
But let us hence! my dwelling is in sight,
d there — "
At this the Solitary shrunk
h backward will; but, wanting not address
t inward motion to disguise, he said
his Compatriot, smiling as he spake;
'The peaceable remains of this good Knight
uld be disturbed, I fear, with wrathful scorn,
onsciousness could reach him where he lies
t one, albeit of these degenerate times,
loring changes past, or dreading change
eseen, had dared to couple, even in thought,
fine vocation of the sword and lance
h the gross aims and body-bending toil
a poor brotherhood who walk the earth
ed, and, where they are not known, despised.
Yet, by the good Knight's leave, the two estates
Are graced with some resemblance. Errant those,
Exiles and wanderers — and the like are these;
Who, with their burthen, traverse hill and dale,
Carrying relief for nature's simple wants.
— What though no higher recompense be sought
Than honest maintenance, by irksome toil
Full oft procured, yet may they claim respect,
Among the intelligent, for what this course
Enables them to be and to perform.
Their tardy steps give leisure to observe,
While solitude permits the mind to feel;
Instructs, and prompts her to supply defects
By the division of her inward self
For grateful converse: and to these poor men
Nature (I but repeat your favorite boast)
Is bountiful — go wheresoe'er they may;
Kind nature's various wealth is all their own.
Versed in the characters of men; and bound,
By ties of daily interest, to maintain
Conciliatory manners and smooth speech;
Such have been, and still are in their degree,
Examples efficacious to refine
Rude intercourse; apt agents to expel,
By importation of unlooked-for arts,
Barbarian torpor, and blind prejudice;
Raising, through just gradation, savage life
To rustic, and the rustic to urbane.
— Within their moving magazines is lodged
Power that comes forth to quicken and exalt
Affections seated in the mother's breast,
And in the lover's fancy; and to feed
The sober sympathies of long-tried friends.
— By these Itinerants, as experienced men,
Counsel is given; contention they appease
With gentle language; in remotest wilds,

Tears wipe away, and pleasant tidings bring;
Could the proud quest of chivalry do more?"

"Happy," rejoined the Wanderer, "they who gain
A panegyric from your generous tongue!
But, if to these Wayfarers once pertained
Aught of romantic interest, it is gone.
Their purer service, in this realm at least,
Is past forever. — An inventive Age
Has wrought, if not with speed of magic, yet
To most strange issues. I have lived to mark
A new and unforeseen creation rise
From out the labors of a peaceful Land
Wielding her potent enginery to frame
And to produce, with appetite as keen
As that of war, which rests not night or day,
Industrious to destroy! With fruitless pains
Might one like me *now* visit many a tract
Which, in his youth, he trod, and trod again,
A lone pedestrian with a scanty freight,
Wished-for, or welcome, wheresoe'er he came —
Among the tenantry of thorpe and vill;
Or straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,
And dignified by battlements and towers
Of some stern castle, mouldering on the brow
Of a green hill or bank of rugged stream.
The foot-path faintly marked, the horse-track wild,
And formidable length of plashy lane,
(Prized avenues ere others had been shaped
Or easier links connecting place with place)
Have vanished — swallowed up by stately roads
Easy and bold, that penetrate the gloom
Of Britain's farthest glens. The Earth has lent[1]
Her waters, Air her breezes; and the sail
Of traffic glides with ceaseless intercourse,
Glistening along the low and woody dale;
Or, in its progress, on the lofty side,
Of some bare hill, with wonder kenn
from far.

Meanwhile, at social Industry's com
mand,
How quick, how vast an increase! Fro
the germ
Of some poor hamlet, rapidly produce
Here a huge town, continuous and com
pact,
Hiding the face of earth for leagues -
and there,
Where not a habitation stood before,
Abodes of men irregularly massed
Like trees in forests, — spread throug
spacious tracts,
O'er which the smoke of unremitting fir
Hangs permanent, and plentiful as wreath
Of vapor glittering in the morning sun.
And, wheresoe'er the traveller turns h
steps,
He sees the barren wilderness erased,
Or disappearing; triumph that proclaim
How much the mild Directress of th
plough
Owes to alliance with these new-born arts
— Hence is the wide sea peopled, —
hence the shores
Of Britain are resorted to by ships
Freighted from every climate of the worl
With the world's choicest produce. Henc
that sum
Of keels that rest within her crowde
ports,
Or ride at anchor in her sounds and bays
That animating spectacle of sails
That, through her inland regions, to an
fro
Pass with the respirations of the tide,
Perpetual, multitudinous! Finally,
Hence a dread arm of floating power,
voice
Of thunder daunting those who would ap
proach
With hostile purposes the blessèd Isle,
Truth's consecrated residence, the seat
Impregnable of Liberty and Peace.

And yet, O happy Pastor of a flock
Faithfully watched, and, by that lovin
care

[1] See Note.

d Heaven's good providence, preserved
from taint!
h you I grieve, when on the darker
side
this great change I look; and there
behold
h outrage done to nature as compels
e indignant power to justify herself;
, to avenge her violated rights,
England's bane. — When soothing
darkness spreads
r hill and vale," the Wanderer thus
expressed
recollections, "and the punctual stars,
ile all things else are gathering to their
homes,
vance, and in the firmament of heaven
ter — but undisturbing, undisturbed;
if their silent company were charged
h peaceful admonitions for the heart
all-beholding Man, earth's thoughtful
lord;
en, in full many a region, once like this
assured domain of calm simplicity
d pensive quiet, an unnatural light
pared for never-resting Labor's eyes
aks from a many-windowed fabric
huge;
d at the appointed hour a bell is heard—
harsher import than the curfew-knoll
t spake the Norman Conqueror's stern
behest —
ocal summons to unceasing toil!
gorged are now the ministers of day;
l, as they issue from the illumined pile,
resh band meets them, at the crowded
door —
l in the courts — and where the rum-
bling stream,
t turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
res, like a troubled spirit, in its bed
ong the rocks below. Men, maidens,
youths,
her and little children, boys and girls,
er, and each the wonted task resumes
hin this temple, where is offered up
Gain, the master idol of the realm,
oetual sacrifice. Even thus of old
ancestors, within the still domain
vast cathedral or conventual church,
ir vigils kept; where tapers day and
night
the dim altar burned continually,
In token that the House was evermore
Watching to God. Religious men were
they;
Nor would their reason, tutored to aspire
Above this transitory world, allow
That there should pass a moment of the
year,
When in their land the Almighty's service
ceased.

Triumph who will in these profaner rites
Which we, a generation self-extolled,
As zealously perform! I cannot share
His proud complacency:—yet do I exult,
Casting reserve away, exult to see
An intellectual mastery exercised
O'er the blind elements; a purpose given,
A perseverance fed; almost a soul
Imparted — to brute matter. I rejoice,
Measuring the force of those gigantic
powers
That, by the thinking mind, have been
compelled
To serve the will of feeble-bodied Man.
For with the sense of admiration blends
The animating hope that time may come
When, strengthened, yet not dazzled, by
the might
Of this dominion over nature gained,
Men of all lands shall exercise the same
In due proportion to their country's need;
Learning, though late, that all true glory
rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the moral law. Egyptian Thebes,
Tyre, by the margin of the sounding
waves,
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been
raised.
— Call Archimedes from his buried tomb
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is the Philosophy whose sway depends
On mere material instruments; — how
weak
Those arts, and high inventions, if un-
propped
By virtue. — He, sighing with pensive
grief,
Amid his calm abstractions, would admit

That not the slender privilege is theirs
To save themselves from blank forgetfulness!"

When from the Wanderer's lips these words had fallen,
I said, "And, did in truth those vaunted Arts
Possess such privilege, how could we escape
Sadness and keen regret, we who revere,
And would preserve as things above all price,
The old domestic morals of the land,
Her simple manners, and the stable worth
That dignified and cheered a low estate?
Oh! where is now the character of peace,
Sobriety, and order, and chaste love,
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,
And pure good-will, and hospitable cheer;
That made the very thought of country-life
A thought of refuge, for a mind detained
Reluctantly amid the bustling crowd?
Where now the beauty of the sabbath kept
With conscientious reverence, as a day
By the almighty Lawgiver pronounced
Holy and blest? and where the winning grace
Of all the lighter ornaments attached
To time and season, as the year rolled round?"

"Fled!" was the Wanderer's passionate response,
"Fled utterly! or only to be traced
In a few fortunate retreats like this;
Which I behold with trembling, when I think
What lamentable change, a year — a month —
May bring; that brook converting as it runs
Into an instrument of deadly bane
For those, who, yet untempted to forsake
The simple occupations of their sires,
Drink the pure water of its innocent stream
With lip almost as pure. — Domestic bliss
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!

Lo! in such neighborhood, from morn t
eve,
The habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone, — no helping han
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe
No daughters round her, busy at th
wheel,
Or in dispatch of each day's little growt
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared wit
pride;
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer th
mind;
Nothing to praise to teach, or to com
mand!

The Father, if perchance he still retai
His old employments, goes to field c
wood,
No longer led or followed by the Sons;
Idlers perchance they were, — but in h
sight;
Breathing fresh air, and treading the gree
earth:
'Till their short holiday of childhoo
ceased,
Ne'er to return! That birthright now
lost.
Economists will tell you that the State
Thrives by the forfeiture — unfeelin
thought,
And false as monstrous! Can the mothe
thrive
By the destruction of her innocent sons
In whom a premature necessity
Blocks out the forms of nature, precon
sumes
The reason, famishes the heart, shuts u
The infant Being in itself, and makes
Its very spring a season of decay!
The lot is wretched, the condition sad,
Whether a pining discontent survive,
And thirst for change; or habit hath sub
dued
The soul deprest, dejected — even to lov
Of her close tasks, and long captivity.

Oh, banish far such wisdom as con
demns
A native Briton to these inward chains,
Fixed in his soul, so early and so deep;

hout his own consent, or knowledge,
fixed!
is a slave to whom release comes
not,
cannot come. The boy, where'er
he turns,
ill a prisoner; when the wind is up
ng the clouds, and roars through the
ancient woods;
hen the sun is shining in the east,
t and calm. Behold him — in the
school
is attainments? no; but with the air
ning his temples under heaven's blue
arch.
raiment, whitened o'er with cotton-
flakes
ocks of wool, announces whence he
comes.
ping his gait and cowering, his lip
pale,
respiration quick and audible;
scarcely could you fancy that a gleam
d break from out those languid eyes,
or a blush
tle upon his cheek. Is this the form,
hat the countenance, and such the
port,
o mean Being? One who should be
clothed
dignity befitting his proud hope;
, in his very childhood, should ap-
pear
me from present purity and joy!
limbs increase; but liberty of mind
ne forever; and this organic frame,
yful in its motions, is become
to the joy of her own motions dead;
even the touch, so exquisitely poured
ugh the whole body, with a languid
will
rms its functions; rarely competent
npress a vivid feeling on the mind
hat there is delightful in the breeze,
gentle visitations of the sun,
pse of liquid element — by hand,
oot, or lip, in summer's warmth —
perceived.
n hope look forward to a manhood
raised
uch foundations?"

"Hope is none for him!"
pale Recluse indignantly exclaimed,
"And tens of thousands suffer wrong as
deep.
Yet be it asked, in justice to our age,
If there were not, before those arts
appeared,
These structures rose, commingling old
and young,
And unripe sex with sex, for mutual taint;
If there were not, *then*, in our far-famed
Isle,
Multitudes, who from infancy had
breathed
Air unimprisoned, and had lived at large;
Yet walked beneath the sun, in human
shape,
As abject, as degraded? At this day,
Who shall enumerate the crazy huts
And tottering hovels, whence do issue
forth
A ragged Offspring, with their upright
hair
Crowned like the image of Fantastic Fear;
Or wearing, (shall we say?) in that white
growth
An ill-adjusted turban, for defence
Or fierceness, wreathed around their sun-
burnt brows,
By savage Nature? Shrivelled are their
lips,
Naked, and colored like the soil, the feet
On which they stand; as if thereby they
drew
Some nourishment, as trees do by their
roots,
From earth, the common mother of us all.
Figure and mien, complexion and attire,
Are leagued to strike dismay; but out-
stretched hand
And whining voice denote them suppli-
cants
For the least boon that pity can bestow.
Such on the breast of darksome heaths are
found;
And with their parents occupy the skirts
Of furze-clad commons; such are born
and reared
At the mine's mouth under impending
rocks;
Or dwell in chambers of some natural
cave;
Or where their ancestors erected huts,
For the convenience of unlawful gain,
In forest purlieus; and the like are bred,

All England through, where nooks and slips of ground
Purloined, in times less jealous than our own,
From the green margin of the public way,
A residence afford them, 'mid the bloom
And gayety of cultivated fields.
Such (we will hope the lowest in the scale)
Do I remember oft-times to have seen
'Mid Buxton's dreary heights. In earnest watch,
Till the swift vehicle approach, they stand;
Then, following closely with the cloud of dust,
An uncouth feat exhibit, and are gone
Heels over head, like tumblers on a stage.
— Up from the ground they snatch the copper coin,
And, on the freight of merry passengers
Fixing a steady eye, maintain their speed;
And spin — and pant — and overhead again,
Wild pursuivants! until their breath is lost,
Or bounty tires — and every face, that smiled
Encouragement, hath ceased to look that way.
— But, like the vagrants of the gypsy tribe,
These, bred to little pleasure in themselves,
Are profitless to others.
Turn we then
To Britons born and bred within the pale
Of civil polity, and early trained
To earn, by wholesome labor in the field,
The bread they eat. A sample should I give
Of what this stock hath long produced to enrich
The tender age of life, ye would exclaim,
'Is this the whistling plough-boy whose shrill notes
Impart new gladness to the morning air!'
Forgive me if I venture to suspect
That many, sweet to hear of in soft verse,
Are of no finer frame. Stiff are his joints;
Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees
Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,
Fellows to those that lustily upheld
The wooden stools for everlasting use,

Whereon our fathers sate. And ma
his brow
Under whose shaggy canopy are set
Two eyes — not dim, but of a healt
stare —
Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, a
strange —
Proclaiming boldly that they never dr
A look or motion of intelligence
From infant-conning of the Christ-cro
row,
Or puzzling through a primer, line
line,
Till perfect mastery crown the pains
last.
— What kindly warmth from touch
fostering hand,
What penetrating power of sun or bree
Shall e'er dissolve the crust wherein
soul
Sleeps, like a caterpillar sheathed in ic
This torpor is no pitiable work
Of modern ingenuity; no town
Nor crowded city can be taxed with aug
Of sottish vice or desperate breach of la
To which (and who can tell where
- how soon?)
He may be roused. This Boy the fie
produce:
His spade and hoe, mattock and glitt
ing scythe,
The carter's whip that on his shoulder re
In air high-towering with a boorish pom
The sceptre of his sway; his country
name,
Her equal rights, her churches and
schools —
What have they done for him? An
let me ask,
For tens of thousands uninformed as h
In brief, what liberty of *mind* is here?

This ardent sally pleased the mild go
Man,
To whom the appeal couched in its cl
ing words
Was pointedly addressed: and to
thoughts
That, in assent or opposition, rose
Within his mind, he seemed prepared
give
Prompt utterance; but the Vicar int
posed

h invitation urgently renewed.
Ve followed, taking as he led, a path
ng a hedge of hollies dark and tall,
ose flexile boughs low bending with
a weight
leafy spray, concealed the stems and
roots
t gave them nourishment. When
frosty winds
vl from the north, what kindly warmth,
methought,
iere — how grateful this impervious
screen!
Not shaped by simple wearing of the
foot
rural business passing to and fro
the commodious walk: a careful hand
marked the line, and strewn its sur-
face o'er
n pure cerulean gravel, from the
heights
hed by a neighboring brook. —
Across the vale
stately fence accompanied our steps;
thus the pathway, by perennial green
rded and graced, seemed fashioned
to unite,
y a beautiful yet solemn chain,
Pastor's mansion with the house of
prayer.

ke image of solemnity, conjoined
feminine allurement soft and fair,
mansion's self displayed; — a rev-
erend pile
bold projections and recesses deep;
owy, yet gay and lightsome as it stood
ting the noontide sun. We paused
to admire
pillared porch, elaborately embossed;
low wide windows with their mul-
lions old;
cornice, richly fretted, of gray stone;
that smooth slope from which the
dwelling rose,
beds and banks Arcadian of gay
flowers
flowering shrubs, protected and
adorned:
ision bright! and every flower as-
suming
ore than natural vividness of hue,
unaffected contrast with the gloom
Of sober cypress, and the darker foil
Of yew, in which survived some traces,
here
Not unbecoming, of grotesque device
And uncouth fancy. From behind the
roof
Rose the slim ash and massy sycamore,
Blending their diverse foliage with the
green
Of ivy, flourishing and thick, that clasped
The huge round chimneys, harbor of
delight
For wren and redbreast, — where they
sit and sing
Their slender ditties when the trees are
bare.
Nor must I leave untouched (the picture
else
Were incomplete) a relique of old times
Happily spared, a little Gothic niche
Of nicest workmanship; that once had
held
The sculptured image of some patron-
saint,
Or of the blessed Virgin, looking down
On all who entered those religious doors.

But lo! where from the rocky garden-
mount
Crowned by its antique summer-house —
descends,
Light as the silver fawn, a radiant Girl;
For she hath recognized her honored
friend,
The Wanderer ever welcome! A prompt
kiss
The gladsome Child bestows at his re-
quest;
And, up the flowery lawn as we advance,
Hangs on the old Man with a happy look,
And with a pretty restless hand of love.
— We enter — by the Lady of the place
Cordially greeted. Graceful was her port:
A lofty stature undepressed by time,
Whose visitation had not wholly spared
The finer lineaments of form and face;
To that complexion brought which pru-
dence trusts in
And wisdom loves. — But when a stately
ship
Sails in smooth weather by the placid
coast

On homeward voyage, what — if wind and wave,
And hardship undergone in various climes,
Have caused her to abate the virgin pride,
And that full trim of inexperienced hope
With which she left her haven — not for this,
Should the sun strike her, and the impartial breeze
Play on her streamers, fails she to assume
Brightness and touching beauty of her own,
That charm all eyes. So bright, so fair, appeared
This goodly Matron, shining in the beams
Of unexpected pleasure.—Soon the board
Was spread, and we partook a plain repast.

Here, resting in cool shelter, we beguiled
The mid-day hours with desultory talk;
From trivial themes to general argument
Passing, as accident or fancy led,
Or courtesy prescribed. While question rose
And answer flowed, the fetters of reserve
Dropping from every mind, the Solitary
Resumed the manners of his happier days;
And in the various conversation bore
A willing, nay, at times, a forward part;
Yet with the grace of one who in the world
Had learned the art of pleasing, and had now
Occasion given him to display his skill,
Upon the steadfast 'vantage-ground of truth.
He gazed, with admiration unsuppressed,
Upon the landscape of the sun-bright vale,
Seen, from the shady room in which we sate,
In softened perspective; and more than once
Praised the consummate harmony serene
Of gravity and elegance, diffused
Around the mansion and its whole domain;
Not, doubtless, without help of female taste
And female care. — "A blessed lot is yours!"
The words escaped his lip, with a tender sigh
Breathed over them: but suddenly the door
Flew open, and a pair of lusty Boys
Appeared, confusion checking their d
light.
— Not brothers they in feature or attire,
But fond companions, so I guessed, i
field,
And by the river's margin — whence the
come,
Keen anglers with unusual spoil elated.
One bears a willow-pannier on his back
The boy of plainer garb, whose blus
survives
More deeply tinged. Twin might th
other be
To that fair girl who from the garden
mount
Bounded: — triumphant entry this for him
Between his hands he holds a smooth blu
stone,
On whose capacious surface see outsprea
Large store of gleaming crimson-spotte
trouts;
Ranged side by side, and lessening b
degrees
Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle.
Upon the board he lays the sky-blue ston
With its rich freight; their number h
proclaims;
Tells from what pool the noblest had bee
dragged;
And where the very monarch of the brook
After long struggle, had escaped at last —
Stealing alternately at them and us
(As doth his comrade too) a look of pride
And, verily, the silent creatures made
A splendid sight, together thus exposed
Dead — but not sullied or deformed b
death,
That seemed to pity what he could no
spare.

But oh, the animation in the mien
Of those two boys! yea in the very word
With which the young narrator was in
spired,
When, as our questions led, he told a
large
Of that day's prowess! Him might
compare,
His looks, tones, gestures, eager elo
quence,
To a bold brook that splits for better speed
And at the self-same moment, works it
way

ough many channels, ever and anon
ted and re-united: his compeer
he still lake, whose stillness is to sight
beautiful — as grateful to the mind.
But to what object shall the lovely Girl
ikened? She whose countenance and air
te the graceful qualities of both,
n as she shares the pride and joy of both.

ly gray-haired Friend was moved; his vivid eye
tened with tenderness; his mind, I knew,
s full; and had, I doubted not, returned,
on this impulse, to the theme — erewhile
uptly broken off. The ruddy boys
hdrew, on summons to their well-earned meal;
l He — to whom all tongues resigned their rights
h willingness, to whom the general ear
ened with readier patience than to strain
music, lute or harp, a long delight
t ceased not when his voice had ceased
— as One
o from truth's central point serenely views
compass of his argument — began
dly, and with a clear and steady tone.

Book Ninth.

Discourse of the Wanderer, and an evening visit to the lake.

Argument.

Wanderer asserts that an active principle pervades the Universe, its noblest seat the human mind — How lively this principle is in Childhood — hence the delight in old Age of looking back to Childhood — The dignity, powers, and privileges of Age asserted — These not to be looked for generally but under a just government — Right of property — Man Creature to be exempt from being considered as a mere Instrument — The condition of the Poor in Towns deplored — Former conversation resumed, and the Wanderer's opinions set in a clearer light — Truth placed within reach of the humblest — Equality — Happy state of the two Boys again adverted to — Earnest wish expressed for a System of National Education established universally by Government — Glorious effects of this foretold — Walk to the Lake — Grand spectacle from the side of a hill — Address of Priest to the Supreme Being — In the course of which he contrasts with ancient Barbarism the present appearance of the scene before him — The change ascribed to Christianity — Apostrophe to his flock, living and dead — Gratitude to the Almighty — Return over the Lake — Parting with the Solitary — Under what circumstances.

"To every Form of being is assigned,"
Thus calmly spake the venerable Sage,
"An *active* Principle: — howe'er removed
From sense and observation, it subsists
In all things, in all natures; in the stars
Of azure heaven, the unenduring clouds,
In flower and tree, in every pebbly stone
That paves the brooks, the stationary rocks,
The moving waters, and the invisible air.
Whate'er exists hath properties that spread
Beyond itself, communicating good,
A simple blessing, or with evil mixed;
Spirit that knows no insulated spot,
No chasm, no solitude; from link to link
It circulates, the Soul of all the worlds.
This is the freedom of the universe;
Unfolded still the more, more visible,
The more we know; and yet is reverenced least,
And least respected in the human Mind,
Its most apparent home. The food of hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.
We perish also; for we live by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life.
To-morrow — nay perchance this very hour
(For every moment hath its own to-morrow!)
Those blooming Boys, whose hearts are almost sick
With present triumph, will be sure to find
A field before them freshened with the dew
Of other expectations; — in which course
Their happy year spins round. The youth obeys

A like glad impulse; and so moves the man
'Mid all his apprehensions, cares, and fears, —
Or so he ought to move. Ah! why in age
Do we revert so fondly to the walks
Of childhood — but that there the Soul discerns
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired
Of her own native vigor; thence can hear
Reverberations; and a choral song,
Commingling with the incense that ascends,
Undaunted, toward the imperishable heavens,
From her own lonely altar?
Do not think
That good and wise ever will be allowed,
Though strength decay, to breathe in such estate
As shall divide them wholly from the stir
Of hopeful nature. Rightly is it said
That Man descends into the VALE of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of Age,
As of a final EMINENCE; though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 't is not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty; a place of power,
A throne, that may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain-top, — say one of those
High peaks, that bound the vale where now we are.
Faint, and diminished to the gazing eye,
Forest and field, and hill and dale appear,
With all the shapes over their surface spread:
But, while the gross and visible frame of things
Relinquishes its hold upon the sense,
Yea almost on the Mind herself, and seems
All unsubstantialized, — how loud the voice
Of waters, with invigorated peal
From the full river in the vale below,
Ascending! For on that superior height
Who sits, is disencumbered from the press
Of near obstructions, and is privileged
To breathe in solitude, above the host
Of ever-humming insects, 'mid thin air
That suits not them. The murmur
the leaves
Many and idle, visits not his ear:
This he is freed from, and from thousan
notes
(Not less unceasing, not less vain tha
these,)
By which the finer passages of sense
Are occupied; and the Soul, that wou
incline
To listen, is prevented or deterred.

And may it not be hoped, that, place
by age
In like removal, tranquil though severe
We are not so removed for utter loss;
But for some favor, suited to our need
What more than that the severing shou
confer
Fresh power to commune with the i
visible world,
And hear the mighty stream of tenden
Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
To the vast multitude; whose doom it
To run the giddy round of vain delight
Or fret and labor on the Plain below.

But, if to such sublime ascent the hop
Of Man may rise, as to a welcome clos
And termination of his mortal course;
Them only can such hope inspire who
minds
Have not been starved by absolute n
glect;
Nor bodies crushed by unremitting toil
To whom kind Nature, therefore, m
afford
Proof of the sacred love she bears for al
Whose birthright Reason, therefore, m
ensure.
For me, consulting what I feel within
In times when most existence with herse
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly Nature hath free sco
And Reason's sway predominates; ev
so far,
Country, society, and time itself,
That saps the individual's bodily frame
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the almighty Ruler's grace, pa
take

one maternal spirit, bringing forth
cherishing with ever-constant love,
t tires not, nor betrays. Our life is turned
of her course, wherever man is made
offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
mplement, a passive thing employed
a brute mean, without acknowledgment
ommon right or interest in the end;
l or abused, as selfishness may prompt.
what can follow for a rational soul
erted thus, but weakness in all good,
strength in evil? Hence an after-call
chastisement, and custody, and bonds,
oft-times Death, avenger of the past,
the sole guardian in whose hands we dare
ust the future. — Not for these sad issues
Man created; but to obey the law
fe, and hope, and action. And 't is known
when we stand upon our native soil,
bowed by such objects as oppress
active powers, those powers themselves become
ng to subvert our noxious qualities:
sweep distemper from the busy day,
make the chalice of the big round year
o'er with gladness; whence the Being moves
eauty through the world; and all who see
him, rejoicing in his neighborhood."

Then," said the Solitary, "by what force
nguage shall a feeling heart express
sorrow for that multitude in whom
ook for health from seeds that have been sown
ckness, and for increase in a power
works but by extinction? On themselves
cannot lean, nor turn to their own hearts
now what they must do; their wisdom is
ook into the eyes of others, thence
e instructed what they must avoid:
Or rather, let us say, how least observed,
How with most quiet and most silent death,
With the least taint and injury to the air
The oppressor breathes, their human form divine,
And their immortal soul, may waste away."

The Sage rejoined, "I thank you — you have spared
My voice the utterance of a keen regret,
A wide compassion which with you I share.
When, heretofore, I placed before your sight
A Little-one, subjected to the arts
Of modern ingenuity, and made
The senseless member of a vast machine,
Serving as doth a spindle or a wheel;
Think not, that, pitying him, I could forget
The rustic Boy, who walks the fields, untaught;
The slave of ignorance, and oft of want,
And miserable hunger. Much, too much,
Of this unhappy lot, in early youth
We both have witnessed, lot which I myself
Shared, though in mild and merciful degree:
Yet was the mind to hindrances exposed,
Through which I struggled, not without distress
And sometimes injury, like a lamb enthralled
'Mid thorns and brambles; or a bird that breaks
Through a strong net, and mounts upon the wind,
Though with her plumes impaired. If they, whose souls
Should open while they range the richer fields
Of merry England, are obstructed less
By indigence, their ignorance is not less,
Nor less to be deplored. For who can doubt
That tens of thousands at this day exist
Such as the boy you painted, lineal heirs
Of those who once were vassals of her soil,
Following its fortunes like the beasts or trees

Which it sustained. But no one takes delight
In this oppression; none are proud of it;
It bears no sounding name, nor ever bore;
A standing grievance, an indigenous vice
Of every country under heaven. My thoughts
Were turned to evils that are new and chosen,
A bondage lurking under shape of good, —
Arts, in themselves beneficent and kind,
But all too fondly followed and too far; —
To victims, which the merciful can see
Nor think that they are victims — turned to wrongs,
By women, who have children of their own,
Beheld without compassion, yea with praise!
I spake of mischief by the wise diffused
With gladness, thinking that the more it spreads
The healthier, the securer, we become:
Delusion which a moment may destroy!
Lastly, I mourned for those whom I had seen
Corrupted and cast down, on favored ground,
Where circumstance and nature had combined
To shelter innocence, and cherish love;
Who, but for this intrusion, would have lived,
Possessed of health, and strength, and peace of mind;
Thus would have lived, or never have been born.

Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence that difference? whence but from himself?
For see the universal Race endowed
With the same upright form! — The sun is fixed,
And the infinite magnificence of heaven
Fixed, within reach of every human eye;
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears;
The vernal field infuses fresh delight
Into all hearts. Throughout the world of sense,
Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a pow
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impart
law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all
Reason, and, with that reason, smiles a
tears;
Imagination, freedom in the will;
Conscience to guide and check; and dea
to be
Foretasted, immortality conceived
By all, — a blissful immortality,
To them whose holiness on earth sha
make
The Spirit capable of heaven, assured.
Strange, then, nor less than monstrou
might be deemed
The failure, if the Almighty, to this poi
Liberal and undistinguishing, should hi
The excellence of moral qualities
From common understanding; leavi
truth
And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark
Hard to be won, and only by a few;
Strange, should He deal herein with ni
respects,
And frustrate all the rest! Believe it no
The primal duties shine aloft — like stars
The charities that soothe, and heal, an
bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man — lik
flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pur
thoughts —
No mystery is here! Here is no boon
For high — yet not for low; for proudl
graced —
Yet not for meek of heart. The smok
ascends
To heaven as lightly from the cottag
hearth
As from the haughtiest palace. He
whose soul
Ponders this true equality, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude an
hope;
Yet, in that meditation, will he find
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,

l for the injustice grieving, that hath made
wide a difference between man and man.

hen let us rather fix our gladdened thoughts
n the brighter scene. How blest that pair
looming Boys (whom we beheld even now)
t in their several and their common lot!
w short hours of each returning day
thriving prisoners of their village school:
thence let loose, to seek their pleasant homes
ange the grassy lawn in vacancy:
reathe and to be happy, run and shout
, — but no delay, no harm, no loss:
every genial power of heaven and earth,
ugh all the seasons of the changeful year,
equiously doth take upon herself
abor for them; bringing each in turn
tribute of enjoyment, knowledge, health,
ty, or strength! Such privilege is theirs,
ted alike in the outset of their course
oth; and, if that partnership must cease,
ve not," to the Pastor here he turned,
ch as I glory in that child of yours,
ne not for his cottage-comrade, whom
e no higher destiny awaits
the old hereditary wish fulfilled;
wish for liberty to live — content
what Heaven grants, and die — in peace of mind,
in the bosom of his native vale.
ast, whatever fate the noon of life
rves for either, sure it is that both
been permitted to enjoy the dawn;
ther regarded as a jocund time,
in itself may terminate, or lead
urse of nature to a sober eve.
have been fairly dealt with; looking back
will allow that justice has in them
shown, alike to body and to mind."

He paused, as if revolving in his soul
Some weighty matter; then, with fervent voice
And an impassioned majesty, exclaimed—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this imperial Realm
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*,
Them who are born to serve her and obey;
Binding herself by statute [1] to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised, — so that none,
However destitute, be left to droop
By timely culture unsustained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through a weary life without the help
Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilized,
A servile band among the lordly free!
This sacred right, the lisping babe proclaims
To be inherent in him, by Heaven's will,
For the protection of his innocence;
And the rude boy — who, having overpast
The sinless age, by conscience is enrolled,
Yet mutinously knits his angry brow,
And lifts his wilful hand on mischief bent,
Or turns the godlike faculty of speech
To impious use — by process indirect
Declares his due, while he makes known his need.
— This sacred right is fruitlessly announced,
This universal plea in vain addressed,
To eyes and ears of parents who themselves
Did, in the time of their necessity,
Urge it in vain; and, therefore, like a prayer
That from the humblest floor ascends to heaven,
It mounts to meet the State's parental ear;
Who, if indeed she own a mother's heart,
And be not most unfeelingly devoid

[1] See Note.

Of gratitude to Providence, will grant
The unquestionable good — which, England, safe
From interference of external force,
May grant at leisure; without risk incurred
That what in wisdom for herself she doth,
Others shall e'er be able to undo.

Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs
To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned; and territory split,
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind,
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.
Meantime the sovereignty of these fair Isles
Remains entire and indivisible:
And, if that ignorance were removed, which breeds
Within the compass of their several shores
Dark discontent, or loud commotion, each
Might still preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly bodies shining in their spheres.
— The discipline of slavery is unknown
Among us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus, duties rising out of good possest,
And prudent caution needful to avert
Impending evil, equally require
That the whole people should be taught and trained.
So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age.

With such foundations laid, avaunt the fear
Of numbers crowded on their native soil,
To the prevention of all healthful growth
Through mutual injury! Rather in the law
Of increase and the mandate from above
Rejoice! — and ye have special cause for joy.
— For, as the element of air affords
An easy passage to the industrious bees

Fraught with their burthens; and a w
as smooth
For those ordained to take their soundi
flight
From the thronged hive, and settle whe
they list
In fresh abodes — their labor to renew
So the wide waters, open to the power
The will, the instincts, and appointe
needs
Of Britain, do invite her to cast off
Her swarms, and in succession send the
forth;
Bound to establish new communities
On every shore whose aspect favors ho
Or bold adventure; promising to skill
And perseverance their deserved rewar

"Yes," he continued, kindling as
spake,
"Change wide, and deep, and silent
performed,
This Land shall witness; and as da
roll on,
Earth's universal frame shall feel th
effect;
Even till the smallest habitable rock,
Beaten by lonely billows, hear the song
Of humanized society; and bloom
With civil arts, that shall breathe fort
their fragrance,
A grateful tribute to all-ruling Heaven.
From culture, unexclusively bestowed
On Albion's noble Race in freedom bor
Expect these mighty issues: from the pair
And faithful care of unambitious schoo
Instructing simple childhood's ready ear
Thence look for these magnificent results
— Vast the circumference of hope —
and ye
Are at its centre, British Lawgivers;
Ah! sleep not there in shame! Sha
Wisdom's voice
From out the bosom of these trouble
times
Repeat the dictates of her calmer mind,
And shall the venerable halls ye fill
Refuse to echo the sublime decree?
Trust not to partial care a general good
Transfer not to futurity a work
Of urgent need. — Your Country mus
complete
Her glorious destiny. Begin even now

when oppression, like the Egyptian plague
rkness, stretched o'er guilty Europe, makes
brightness more conspicuous that invests
appy Island where ye think and act; when destruction is a prime pursuit,
to the wretched nations for what end powers of civil polity were given."

ruptly here, but with a graceful air,
Sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased
, looking forth, the gentle Lady said,
old the shades of afternoon have fallen
this flowery slope; and see — beyond —
silvery lake is streaked with placid blue;
preparing for the peace of evening.
temptingly the landscape shines! The air
hes invitation; easy is the walk
e lake's margin, where a boat lies moored
r a sheltering tree." — Upon this hint
ose together; all were pleased; but most
beauteous girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy.
as a sunbeam glides along the hills
vanished — eager to impart the scheme
r loved brother and his shy compeer.
w was there bustle in the Vicar's house
earnest preparation. — Forth we went,
lown the vale along the streamlet's edge
ed our way, a broken company,
or conversing, single or in pairs.
having reached a bridge, that overarched
asty rivulet where it lay becalmed
leep pool, by happy chance we saw
fold image; on a grassy bank
w-white ram, and in the crystal flood
er and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathèd horns superb,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy counter-part.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

"Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
Or to disturb, so fair a spectacle,
And yet a breath can do it!"
These few words
The Lady whispered, while we stood and gazed
Gathered together, all in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said
In like low voice to my particular ear,
"I love to hear that eloquent old Man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
On human life from infancy to age.
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms of things,
Caught in their fairest, happiest, attitude!
While he is speaking, I have power to see
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath ceased,
Then, with a sigh, sometimes I feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
Whose highest beauty, beautiful as it is,
Like that reflected in yon quiet pool,
Seems but a fleeting sunbeam's gift, whose peace,
The sufferance only of a breath of air!"

More had she said — but sportive shouts were heard
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two Boys,
Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after us.

With caution we embarked; and now the pair
For prouder service were addrest; but each,
Wishful to leave an opening for my choice,
Dropped the light oar his eager hand had seized.
Thanks given for that becoming courtesy,
Their place I took — and for a grateful office
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!
A Youth, I practised this delightful art;
Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
Of joyous comrades. Soon as the reedy marge
Was cleared, I dipped, with arms accordant, oars
Free from obstruction; and the boat advanced
Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves
With correspondent wings the abyss of air.
— "Observe," the Vicar said, "yon rocky isle
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall guide the helm,
While thitherward we shape our course; or while
We seek that other, on the western shore;
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
Supporting gracefully a massy dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the Deep."

"Turn where we may," said I, "we cannot err
In this delicious region." — Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of place
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new
— Ah! that such beauty, varying in light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with ca
And in his mind recorded it with love
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while Poet speaks
Of trivial occupations well devised,
And unsought pleasures springing up chance;
As if some friendly Genius had ordai
That, as the day thus far had been riched
By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its clo

One spirit animating old and young
A gypsy-fire we kindled on the shore
Of the fair Isle with birch-trees fring
— and there,
Merrily seated in a ring, partook
A choice repast — served by our you companions
With rival earnestness and kindred gl
Launched from our hands the smoo stone skimmed the lake;
With shouts we raised the echoes: stiller sounds
The lovely Girl supplied — a simple so
Whose low tones reached not to the d tant rocks
To be repeated thence, but gently sank
Into our hearts; and charmed the peac ful flood.
Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoil
From land and water; lilies of ea hue —
Golden and white, that float upon t waves,
And court the wind; and leaves of th shy plant,
(Her flowers were shed) the lily of t vale,
That loves the ground, and from the s withholds
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze h sweets.

ıch product, and such pastime, did
the place
season yield; but, as we re-embarked,
ring, in quest of other scenes, the shore
ıat wild spot, the Solitary said
ow voice, yet careless who might hear,
ıe fire, that burned so brightly to our
wish,
re is it now? — Deserted on the
beach —
g, or dead! Nor shall the fanning
breeze
ve its ashes. What care we for this,
se ends are gained? Behold an em-
blem here
ıe day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!
in this unpremeditated slight
ıat which is no longer needed, see
common course of human gratitude!"

is plaintive note disturbed not the
repose
e still evening. Right across the lake
pinnace moves; then, coasting creek
and bay,
es we behold, and into thickets peep,
re couch the spotted deer; or raised
our eyes
aggy steeps on which the careless goat
sed by the side of dashing waterfalls;
thus the bark, meandering with the
shore,
ed her voyage, till a natural pier
tting rock invited us to land.

ert to follow as the Pastor led,
lomb a green hill's side; and, as we
clomb,
Valley, opening out her bosom, gave
prospect, intercepted less and less,
the flat meadows and indented coast
e smooth lake, in compass seen: —
far off,
yet conspicuous, stood the old
Church-tower,
jesty presiding over fields
ıabitations seemingly preserved
all intrusion of the restless world
cks impassable and mountains huge.

t heath this elevated spot supplied,
hoice of moss-clad stones, whereon
we couched

Or sate reclined; admiring quietly
The general aspect of the scene; but each
Not seldom over anxious to make known
His own discoveries; or to favorite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
That rapturous moment never shall I forget
When these particular interests were
effaced
From every mind! — Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound; but rays of
light —
Now suddenly diverging from the orb
Retired behind the mountain tops or veiled
By the dense air — shot upwards to the
crown
Of the blue firmament — aloft, and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Through their ethereal texture pierced —
ere we,
Who saw, of change were conscious —
had become
Vivid as fire; clouds separately poised, —
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the
sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on
each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to
receive.
That which the heavens displayed, the
liquid deep
Repeated; but with unity sublime!

While from the grassy mountain's open
side
We gazed, in silence hushed, with eyes
intent
On the refulgent spectacle, diffused
Through earth, sky, water, and all visible
space,
The Priest in holy transport thus ex-
claimed:
"Eternal Spirit! universal God!
Power inaccessible to human thought,
Save by degrees and steps which thou hast
deigned
To furnish; for this effluence of thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local transitory type

Of thy paternal splendors, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
The radiant Cherubim; — accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble Creatures, here convened,
Presume to offer; we, who — from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face —
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
Such as they are who in thy presence stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty streamed forth
From thy empyreal throne, the elect of earth
Shall be — divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonor, cleansed from mortal stain.
— Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude
Time's weary course! Or if, by the decree,
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the law,
As it is written in thy holy book,
Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good, that they shall rise,
To have a nearer view of thee, in heaven.
— Father of good! this prayer in bounty grant,
In mercy grant it, to thy wretched sons.
Then, not till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples meet
The sacred truth to knowledge, linger still;
Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.

So fare the many: and the thoughtful few,
Who in the anguish of their souls bewa
This dire perverseness, cannot choose b
ask,
Shall it endure? — Shall enmity and strif
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow the
seed;
And the kind never perish? Is the hop
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtai
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest da
arrive
When they, whose choice or lot it is
dwell
In crowded cities, without fear shall liv
Studious of mutual benefit; and he,
Whom Morn awakens, among dews ar
flowers
Of every clime, to till the lonely field,
Be happy in himself? — The law of fait
Working through love, such conque
shall it gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impar
And with that help the wonder shall
seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and th
praise
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy

Once," and with mild demeanor, as
spake,
On us the venerable Pastor turned
His beaming eye that had been raised
Heaven,
"Once, while the Name, Jehovah, was
sound
Within the circuit of this sea-girt isle
Unheard, the savage nations bowed th
head
To Gods delighting in remorseless deeds
Gods which themselves had fashioned,
promote
Ill purposes, and flatter foul desires.
Then, in the bosom of yon mountain-cov
To those inventions of corrupted man
Mysterious rites were solemnized; ar
there —
Amid impending rocks and gloom
woods —
Of those terrific Idols some received
Such dismal service, that the loudest voi
Of the swoln cataracts (which now a
heard

murmuring) was too weak to overcome,
ough aided by wild winds, the groans and shrieks
uman victims, offered up to appease
o propitiate. And, if living eyes
l visionary faculties to see
thing that hath been as the thing that is,
ast we might behold this crystal Mere
immed with smoke, in wreaths voluminous,
g from the body of devouring fires,
Taranis erected on the heights
priestly hands, for sacrifice performed
ltingly, in view of open day
l full assemblage of a barbarous host;
o Andates, female Power! who gave
r so they fancied) glorious victory.
A few rude monuments of mountain-stone
ive; all else is swept away. — How bright
appearances of things! From such, how changed
existing worship; and with those compared,
worshippers how innocent and blest!
vide the difference, a willing mind
ht almost think, at this affecting hour,
paradise, the lost abode of man,
raised again: and to a happy few,
s original beauty, here restored.

Whence but from thee, the true and only God,
from the faith derived through Him who bled
n the cross, this marvellous advance
ood from evil; as if one extreme
e left, the other gained. — O ye, who come
neel devoutly in yon reverend Pile,
d to such office by the peaceful sound
abbath bells; and ye, who sleep in earth,
cares forgotten, round its hallowed walls!
you, in presence of this little band
ered together on the green hill-side,
Pastor is emboldened to prefer
l thanksgivings to the eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands, have made
Your very poorest rich in peace of thought
And in good works; and him, who is endowed
With scantiest knowledge, master of all truth
Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Conscious of that abundant favor showered
On you, the children of my humble care,
And this dear land, our country, while on earth
We sojourn, have I lifted up my soul,
Joy giving voice to fervent gratitude.
These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;
These fertile fields, that recompense your pains;
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waters and the still —
They see the offering of my lifted hands,
They hear my lips present their sacrifice,
They know, if I be silent, morn or even:
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent; and thought is praise to him,
Audible praise, to thee, omniscient Mind,
From whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!"

This vesper-service closed, without delay,
From that exalted station to the plain
Descending, we pursued our homeward course,
In mute composure, o'er the shadowy lake,
Under a faded sky. No trace remained
Of those celestial splendors; gray the vault —
Pure, cloudless, ether; and the star of eve
Was wanting; but inferior lights appeared
Faintly, too faint almost for sight; and some
Above the darkened hills stood boldly forth
In twinkling lustre, ere the boat attained

Her mooring-place; where, to the sheltering tree,
Our youthful Voyagers bound fast her prow,
With prompt yet careful hands. This done, we paced
The dewy fields; but ere the Vicar's door
Was reached, the Solitary checked his steps;
Then, intermingling thanks, on each bestowed
A farewell salutation; and, the like
Receiving, took the slender path that leads
To the one cottage in the lonely dell:
But turned not without welcome promise made
That he would share the pleasures and pursuits
Of yet another summer's day, not loth
To wander with us through the fertile vales,
And o'er the mountain-wastes. "Another sun,"
Said he, "shall shine upon us, ere we part;
Another sun, and peradventure more;
If time, with free consent, be yours to give,
And season favors."
To enfeebled Power,
From this communion with uninjured Minds,
What renovation had been brought; and what
Degree of healing to a wounded spirit,
Dejected, and habitually disposed
To seek, in degradation of the Kind,
Excuse and solace for her own defects;
How far those erring notions were reformed;
And whether aught, of tendency as good
And pure, from further intercourse ensued;
This — if delightful hopes, as heretofore,
Inspire the serious song, and gentle Hearts
Cherish, and lofty Minds approve the past —
My future labors may not leave untold.

1795–1814. 1814.

LAODAMIA.

Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of t trees growing and withering put the subject in my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of givi it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has be given to it by any of the Ancients who ha treated of it. It cost me more trouble th almost anything of equal length I have ev written.

"With sacrifice before the rising morn
Vows have I made by fruitless hope in spired;
And from the infernal God's 'mid shad forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered Lord have required:
Celestial pity I again implore; —
Restore him to my sight — great Jov restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowe
With faith, the Suppliant heavenwar lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from cloud,
Her countenance brightens — and her ey expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, h stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived? — O joy!
What doth she look on? — whom do she behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy
His vital presence? his corporeal mould
It is — if sense deceive her not — 't is He
And a God leads him, winged Mercury

Mild Hermes spake — and touched h with his wand
That calms all fear; "such grace ha crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upp air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hour space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face!

h sprang the impassioned Queen her
Lord to clasp;
in that consummation she essayed;
unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
often as that eager grasp was made.
Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
re-assume his place before her sight.

otesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
irm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
is our palace,— yonder is thy throne;
k, and the floor thou tread'st on
will rejoice.
to appal me have the gods bestowed
precious boon; and blest a sad
abode."

eat Jove, Laodamia! doth not leave
gifts imperfect:— Spectre though I
be,
not sent to scare thee or deceive;
n reward of thy fidelity.
something also did my worth obtain;
fearless virtue bringeth boundless
gain.

ou knowest, the Delphic oracle fore-
told
the first Greek who touched the
Trojan stand
ld die; but me the threat could not
withhold:
nerous cause a victim did demand;
forth I leapt upon the sandy plain;
f-devoted chief — by Hector slain."

preme of Heroes — bravest, noblest,
best!
natchless courage I bewail no more,
h then, when tens of thousands
were deprest
ubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
found'st — and I forgive thee —
here thou art —
bler counsellor than my poor heart.

thou, though capable of sternest
deed,
kind as resolute, and good as brave;
he, whose power restores thee, hath
decreed
should'st elude the malice of the
grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian
air.

"No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow
this;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my
side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one
nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!"
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious
Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

"This visage tells thee that my doom is
past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even
if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth de-
stroys
Those raptures duly — Erebus disdains:
Calm pleasures there abide — majestic
pains.

"Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the
soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly
mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn —"

"Ah, wherefore? — Did not Hercules by
force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the
tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal
bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of
years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful
peers.

"The Gods to us are merciful — and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the
sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,

Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favorite seat be feeble
woman's breast.

"But if thou goest, I follow —"
"Peace!" he said, —
She looked upon him and was calmed
and cheered;
The ghastly color from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien,
appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy
place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and
pure;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous — imaged
there
In happier beauty; more pellucid
streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal
gleams;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the
brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath
earned
That privilege by virtue.—"Ill," said he,
"The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain
delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day
and night;

"And while my youthful peers before
my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enter-
prise
By martial sports, — or, seated in the
tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were d
tained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchaine

"The wished-for wind was given: —
then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolv
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should
The foremost prow in pressing to t
strand, —
Mine the first blood that tinged t
Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pa
When of thy loss I thought, belov
Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory han
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,
The paths which we had trod — the
fountains, flowers,
My new-planned cities, and unfinish
towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe
cry,
'Behold they tremble! — haughty th
array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred: — but lo
thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrough

"And Thou, though strong in love,
all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below
The invisible world with thee hath sy
pathized;
Be thy affections raised and solemnize

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend
Seeking a higher object. Love was give
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for th
end;
For this the passion to excess was driven
That self might be annulled: her bonda
prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed
love." —

d she shrieked! for Hermes re-
appears!
d the dear Shade she would have
clung — 't is vain:
ıours are past — too brief had they
been years;
him no mortal effort can detain:
, toward the realms that know not
earthly day,
ırough the portal takes his silent way,
on the palace-floor a lifeless corse
She lay.

, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
erished; and, as for a wilful crime,
ıe just Gods whom no weak pity
moved,
doomed to wear out her appointed
time,
from happy Ghosts, that gather
flowers
issful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

t tears to human suffering are due;
mortal hopes defeated and o'er-
thrown
nourned by man, and not by man
alone,
ndly he believes. — Upon the side
Hellespont (such faith was enter-
tained)
ot of spiry trees for ages grew
out the tomb of him for whom she
died;
ever, when such stature they had
gained
Ilium's walls were subject to their
view,
rees' tall summits withered at the
sight;
ıstant interchange of growth and
blight! [1]

r the account of these long-lived trees,
ny's *Natural History*, lib. xvi. cap. 44;
the features in the character of Protesilaus
Iphigenia in Aulis of Euripides. Virgil
the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful
among unhappy Lovers,
"— His Laodamía,
t comes.—"

1815.

DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

This poem was first introduced by a stanza that I have since transferred to the Notes, for reasons there given, and I cannot comply with the request expressed by some of my friends that the rejected stanza should be restored. I hope they will be content if it be, hereafter, immediately attached to the poem, instead of its being degraded to a place in the Notes.[2]

I.

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turned, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage *then* did wait
On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere —
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

II.

Five thousand warriors — O the rapturous
day!
Each crowned with flowers, and armed
with spear and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might
yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on? — The anxious
people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,
He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corselet
clad!
Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or
fear
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals
dear)

[2] See Note.

That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are entered, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine; —
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

III.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)
Which Dion learned to measure with sublime delight; —
But He hath overleaped the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go —
But whence that sudden check? that fearful start!
He hears an uncouth sound —
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dus bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round a round!
A woman's garb the Phantom wo
And fiercely swept the marb floor, —
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops

IV.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reapir
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowe
Sweeping — vehemently sweeping
No pause admitted, no design avowed
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest! avaunt,"
Exclaimed the Chieftain — "let rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lu flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantr
Which they behold, whom venge Furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unwo
And, in their anguish, bear what oth minds have borne!"

V.

But Shapes that come not at an earth call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bi
Lords of the visionary eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will fall!
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Imp ment
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labor night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;

ence angry perturbations, — and that look
ch no Philosophy can brook!

VI.

ated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
n the ruins of thy glorious name;
, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
ue thee with their deadly aim!
atchless perfidy! portentous lust
monstrous crime! — that horror-striking blade,
vn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
noble Syracusan low in dust!
ldered the walls — the marble city wept —
sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
n calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
e had fallen in magnanimity;
pirit too capacious to require
Destiny her course should change; too just
is own native greatness to desire
wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
ere the hopeless troubles, that involved
soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
ased from life and cares of princely state,
eft this moral grafted on his Fate;
n only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
only him, the shield of Jove defends,
se means are fair and spotless as his ends."

4. 1820.

EMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

1814.

his tour, my wife and her sister Sara were mpanions. The account of the "Brownie's and the Brownies was given me by a man et with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a bove Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass k, by the side of which, we were told, ings were often held in the open air. The is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking. How much is it to be regretted that, instead of writing such Poems as the "Holy Fair" and others, in which the religious observances of his country are treated with so much levity and too often with indecency, Burns had not employed his genius in describing religion under the serious and affecting aspects it must so frequently take.

I.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

The Brownie's Cell.

I.

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,
Or depth of labyrinthine glen;
Or into trackless forest set
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met;
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore;
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store;)
And in the wilderness were bound
To such apartments as they found,
Or with a new ambition raised;
That God might suitably be praised.

II.

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey;
Or where broad waters round him lay:
But this wild ruin is no ghost
Of his devices — buried, lost!
Within this little lonely isle
There stood a consecrated Pile;
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,
For them whose timid Spirits clung
To mortal succor, though the tomb
Had fixed, forever fixed, their doom!

III.

Upon those servants of another world
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,
Their habitation shook; — it fell,
And perished, save one narrow cell;
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired
Who neither grovelled nor aspired:
He, struggling in the net of pride,

The future scorned, the past defied;
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge!

IV.

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,
Who stood and flourished face to face
With their perennial hills;—but Crime,
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,
Brought low a Power, which from its home
Burst, when repose grew wearisome;
And, taking impulse from the sword,
And, mocking its own plighted word,
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt!

V.

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle!
No right had he but what he made
To this small spot, his leafy shade;
But the ground lay within that ring
To which he only dared to cling;
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,
The craven few who bowed the head
Beneath the change; who heard a claim
How loud! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI.

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went
(So seemed it) down a strange descent:
Till they, who saw his outward frame,
Fixed on him an unhallowed name;
Him, free from all malicious taint,
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,
A pen unwearied—to indite,
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night;
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span
The faded glories of his Clan!

VII.

Suns that through blood their western harbor sought,
And stars that in their courses fought;
Towers rent, winds combating with woods,
Lands deluged by unbridled floods;
And beast and bird that from the spell
Of sleep took import terrible;—
These types mysterious (if the show
Of battle and the routed foe
Had failed) would furnish an array
Of matter for the dawning day!

VIII.

How disappeared He?—ask the ne
and toad,
Inheritors of his abode;
The otter crouching undisturbed,
In her dank cleft;—but be thou curbe
O froward Fancy! 'mid a scene
Of aspect winning and serene;
For those offensive creatures shun
The inquisition of the sun!
And in this region flowers delight,
And all is lovely to the sight.

IX.

Spring finds not here a melancholy brea
When she applies her annual test
To dead and living; when her breath
Quickens, as now, the withered heath;
Nor flaunting Summer—when he throv
His soul into the briar-rose;
Or calls the lily from her sleep
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep;
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

X.

Wild Relique! beauteous as the chose
spot
In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot;
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,
(High Servant of paternal Love)
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye;
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitag
glowed,
Close-crowding round the infant-god;
All colors,—and the liveliest streak
A foil to his celestial cheek!

1814.

1820.

II.

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,

IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER.

I had seen this celebrated Waterfall twice b
fore; but the feelings, to which it had give
birth, were not expressed till they recurred i
presence of the object on this occasion.

"—How Wallace fought for Scotland, left the nam
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear Country; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,

natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
ıdependence and stern liberty."— See p. 271.

ORD of the vale! astounding Flood;
he dullest leaf in this thick wood
uakes — conscious of thy power;
he caves reply with hollow moan;
nd vibrates, to its central stone,
on time-cemented Tower!

nd yet how fair the rural scene!
or thou, O Clyde, hast ever been
eneficent as strong;
leased in refreshing dews to steep
he little trembling flowers that peep
hy shelving rocks among.

ence all who love their country, love
o look on thee — delight to rove
Vhere they thy voice can hear;
nd, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,
ord of the vale! to Heroes laid
dust, that voice is dear!

long thy banks, at dead of night
veeps visibly the Wallace Wight;
r stands, in warlike vest,
loft, beneath the moon's pale beam,
Champion worthy of the stream,
on gray tower's living crest!

ıt clouds and envious darkness hide
Form not doubtfully descried:—
ıeir transient mission o'er,
say to what blind region flee
ıese Shapes of awful phantasy?
what untrodden shore?

ss than divine command they spurn;
ıt this we from the mountains learn,
ıd this the valleys show;
ıat never will they deign to hold
mmunion where the heart is cold
human weal and woe.

e man of abject soul in vain
all walk the Marathonian plain;
thrid the shadowy gloom,
at still invests the guardian Pass,
ıere stood, sublime, Leonidas
voted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,
Or kneel, before the votive shrine
By Uri's lake, where Tell
Leapt, from his storm-vext boat, to land,
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand
That day the Tyrant fell.

1814. 1820.

III.

Effusion

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN, NEAR DUNKELD.

I am not aware that this condemnatory effusion was ever seen by the owner of the place. He might be disposed to pay little attention to it; but were it to prove otherwise I should be glad, for the whole exhibition is distressingly puerile.

"The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared parting in the middle — flying asunder as by the touch of magic — and lo! we were at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions; the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls."— *Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-Traveller.*

What He — who, 'mid the kindred throng
Of Heroes that inspired his song,
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms!
What! Ossian here — a painted Thrall,
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
To serve — an unsuspected screen
For show that must not yet be seen;
And, when the moment comes, to part
And vanish by mysterious art;
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,
For ingress to a world of wonder;
A gay saloon, with waters dancing
Upon the sight wherever glancing;
One loud cascade in front, and lo!
A thousand like it, white as snow —
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam

As active round the hollow dome,
Illusive cataracts! of their terrors
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,
That catch the pageant from the flood
Thundering adown a rocky wood.
What pains to dazzle and confound!
What strife of color, shape and sound
In this quaint medley, that might seem
Devised out of a sick man's dream!
Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
As ever made a maniac dizzy,
When disenchanted from the mood
That loves on sullen thoughts to brood!
O Nature — in thy changeful visions,
Through all thy most abrupt transitions
Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime —
Ever averse to pantomime,
Thee neither do they know nor us
Thy servants, who can trifle thus;
Else verily the sober powers
Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,
Exalted by congenial sway
Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,
And Names that moulder not away,
Had wakened some redeeming thought
More worthy of this favored Spot;
Recalled some feeling — to set free
The Bard from such indignity!
[1] The Effigies of a valiant Wight
I once beheld, a Templar Knight;
Not prostrate, not like those that rest
On tombs, with palms together prest,
But sculptured out of living stone,
And standing upright and alone,
Both hands with rival energy
Employed in setting his sword free
From its dull sheath — stern sentinel
Intent to guard St. Robert's cell;
As if with memory of the affray
Far distant, when, as legends say,
The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force
From its dear home the Hermit's corse,
That in their keeping it might lie,
To crown their abbey's sanctity.
So had they rushed into the grot
Of sense despised, a world forgot,
And torn him from his loved retreat,
Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat
Still hint that quiet best is found,
Even by the *Living*, under ground;
But a bold Knight, the selfish aim,
Defeating, put the monks to shame,
There where you see his Image stand
Bare to the sky, with threatening brand
Which lingering NID is proud to show
Reflected in the pool below.
Thus, like the men of earliest days,
Our sires set forth their grateful praise:
Uncouth the workmanship, and rude!
But, nursed in mountain solitude,
Might some aspiring artist dare
To seize whate'er, through misty air,
A ghost, by glimpses, may present
Of imitable lineament,
And give the phantom an array
That less should scorn the abandoned clay;
Then let him hew with patient stroke
An Ossian out of mural rock,
And leave the figurative Man —
Upon thy margin, roaring Bran! —
Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,
An everlasting watch to keep;
With local sanctities in trust,
More precious than a hermit's dust;
And virtues through the mass infused,
Which old idolatry abused.
What though the Granite would deny
All fervor to the sightless eye;
And touch from rising suns in vain
Solicit a Memnonian-strain;
Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,
The wind might force the deep-grooved harp
To utter melancholy moans
Not unconnected with the tones
Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones;
While grove and river notes would lend,
Less deeply sad, with these to blend!
Vain pleasures of luxurious life,
Forever with yourselves at strife;
Through town and country both deranged
By affectations interchanged,
And all the perishable gauds
That heaven-deserted man applauds;
When will your hapless patrons learn
To watch and ponder — to discern
The freshness, the everlasting youth,
Of admiration sprung from truth;
From beauty infinitely growing
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing —
To sound the depths of every Art

[1] On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

t seeks its wisdom through the heart?
hus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-
graced
h baubles of theatric taste,
looks the torrent breathing showers
motley bands of alien flowers
tiff confusion set or sown,
Nature cannot find her own,
keep a remnant of the sod
ch Caledonian Heroes trod)
ised; and, thirsting for redress,
oiled into the wilderness.
4. 1827.

IV.

YARROW VISITED.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

(See page 226.)

mentioned in my verses on the death of the
ck Shepherd, my first visit to Yarrow was in
ompany. We had lodged the night before at
uhair, where Hogg had joined us and also
Anderson, the Editor of the British Poets,
was on a visit at the Manse. Dr. A. walked
us till we came in view of the Vale of Yarrow,
being advanced in life, he then turned back.
old Man was passionately fond of poetry,
h with not much of a discriminating judg-
as the Volumes he edited sufficiently show.
was much pleased to meet with him, and
knowledge my obligation to his collection,
had been my brother John's companion in
than one voyage to India, and which he
me before his departure from Grasmere,
to return. Through these volumes I
ne first familiar with Chaucer, and so little
y had I then to spare for books, that, in all
bility, but for this same work, I should have
n little of Drayton, Daniel, and other dis-
shed poets of the Elizabethan age, and
mmediate successors, till a much later period
life. I am glad to record this, not from any
tance of its own, but as a tribute of
ade to this simple-hearted old man, whom
er again had the pleasure of meeting. I
n read or think of this poem without
ing that my dear Sister was not of the
as she would have had so much delight in
ng the time when, travelling together in
nd, we declined going in search of this
ated stream, not altogether, I will frankly
s, for the reasons assigned in the poem on
casion.

AND is this — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perished!
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why? — a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice —
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;

The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there —
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'T were no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see — but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives —
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapors linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine —
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where 'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me — to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

1814. 1820.

"FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF DEJECTION FREED."

Composed in Edinburgh, during my Scot tour with Mrs. Wordsworth and my sister Mi Hutchinson, in the year 1814. Poor Gillies nev rose above that course of extravagance in whi he was at that time living, and which soon reduc him to poverty in all its degrading shifts, me dicity being far from the worst. I grieve whe ever I think of him, for he was far from bei without genius, and had a generous heart, n always to be found in men given up to profusio He was nephew of Lord Gillies the Scotch judg and also of the historian of Greece. He w cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted many portraits with success in our house.

FROM the dark chambers of dejectio freed,
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,
Rise, GILLIES, rise; the gales of yout shall bear
Thy genius forward like a wingèd stee
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove d creed
In wrath) fell headlong from the fields air,
Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds th dare,
If aught be in them of immortal seed,
And reason govern that audacious flight
Which heavenward they direct. — The droop not thou,
Erroneously renewing a sad vow
In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove
A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.

1814. 1815.

LINES.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY O THE AUTHOR'S POEM "THE EXCUR SION," UPON HEARING OF THE DEAT OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL.

To public notice, with reluctance strong
Did I deliver this unfinished Song;
Yet for one happy issue; — and I look
With self-congratulation on the Book
Which pious, learnèd, MURFITT saw an read; —

n my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed;
conned the new-born Lay with grate-
ful heart —
boding not how soon he must depart;
reeting that to him the joy was given
ch good men take with them from
earth to heaven.
v. 13, 1814. 1815.

TO B. R. HAYDON.

H is our calling, Friend! — Creative
Art
ether the instrument of words she use,
encil pregnant with ethereal hues,)
ands the service of a mind and heart,
igh sensitive, yet, in their weakest
part,
ically fashioned — to infuse
n in the whispers of the lonely Muse,
le the whole world seems adverse to
desert.
, oh! when Nature sinks, as oft she
may,
ugh long-lived pressure of obscure
distress,
to be strenuous for the bright reward,
in the soul admit of no decay,
k no continuance of weak-minded-
ness —
t is the glory, for the strife is hard!
RCH, 1815. 1816.

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE.

THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF ONMOUTH AND MILTON'S HISTORY F ENGLAND.)

s was written at Rydal Mount, as a token
ectionate respect for the memory of Milton.
ve determined," says he, in his preface to
istory of England, "to bestow the telling
ven of these reputed tales, be it for nothing
ut in favor of our English Poets and Rheto-
s, who by their wit will know how to use
judiciously."

RE be the temples which, in Brit-
ain's Isle,
is paternal Gods, the Trojan raised?
like a morning dream, or like a pile
ouds that in cerulean ether blazed!

Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed
shore,
They sank, delivered o'er
To fatal dissolution; and, I ween,
No vestige then was left that such had ever
been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed
In old Armorica, whose secret springs
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed
The marvellous current of forgotten
things;
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,
And Albion's giants quelled,
A brood whom no civility could melt,
"Who never tasted grace, and goodness
ne'er had felt."*

By brave Corineus aided, he subdued,
And rooted out the intolerable kind;
And this too-long-polluted land imbued
With goodly arts and usages refined;
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike
towers,
And pleasure's sumptuous bowers;
Whence all the fixed delights of house
and home,
Friendships that will not break, and love
that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain! region all too fair
For self-delighting fancy to endure
That silence only should inhabit there,
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure!
But, intermingled with the generous seed,
Grew many a poisonous weed;
Thus fares it still with all that takes its
birth
From human care, or grows upon the
breast of earth.

Hence, and how soon! that war of ven-
geance waged
By Guendolen against her faithless lord;
Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged
Had slain his paramour with ruthless
sword:
Then, into Severn hideously defiled,
She flung her blameless child,
Sabrina, — vowing that the stream should
bear
That name through every age, her hatred
to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear
By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift.
Ye lightnings, hear his voice! — they cannot hear,
Nor can the winds restore his simple gift.
But One there is, a Child of nature meek,
Who comes her Sire to seek;
And he, recovering sense, upon her breast
Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest.

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,
And those that Milton loved in youthful years;
The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes;
The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers;
Of Arthur, —who, to upper light restored,
With that terrific sword
Which yet he brandishes for future war,
Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field
Of old tradition, one particular flower
Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,
And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?
Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,
While I this flower transplant
Into a garden stored with Poesy;
Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,
That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian ruled not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighboring countries through his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honors on the good;
The oppressor he withstood;
And while he served the Gods with reverence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds — h
son;
But how unworthy of that sire was he
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till
length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyra
chased;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthi
Brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exi
went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regai
In many a court, and many a warrior's ter
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambiti
failed,
Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights his pride no mo
could brook,
He towards his native country cast
longing look.

Fair blew the wished-for wind — t
voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers scare
"Poorly provided, poorly followèd,"
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born
highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deifie
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames
side!

From that wild region where the crow
less King
Lay in concealment with his scanty trai
Supporting life by water from the sprin
And such chance food as outlaws c
obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his frien
A messenger he sends;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread, — the sum
his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early mor
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanc
to hear

startling outcry made by hound and horn,
om which the tusky wild boar flies in fear;
d, scouring toward him o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
e bids his little company advance
ith seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

e royal Elidure, who leads the chase,
ath checked his foaming courser: — can it be!
ethinks that I should recognize that face,
ough much disguised by long adversity!
e gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded and amazed —
t is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

ng, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,
ebly returned by daunted Artegal;
nose natural affection doubts enslave,
d apprehensions dark and criminal.
th to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
d, while they stood upon the plain apart,
us Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;
O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
neither lost to love, nor to regret,
r to my wishes lost; — forgive the wrong,
ich it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,
Thy royal mantle worn:
as their natural guardian; and 't is just
at now I should restore what hath been held in trust."

hile the astonished Artegal stood mute,
en thus exclaimed: "To me, of titles shorn,
And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn:
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."

"I do not blame thee," Elidure replied;
"But, if my looks did with my words agree,
I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,
Who to this blessed place
At this blest moment led me, if I speak
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

"Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,
The British sceptre, here would I to thee
The symbol yield; and would undo this clasp,
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake: "I only sought,
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
Art pitiably blind:
Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st rue,
When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right with right?
But thou — I know not how inspired, how led —
Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!

And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate:
For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king,
and sovereign lord;

"Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm.
I, Brother! only should be king in name,
And govern to my shame;
A shadow in a hated land, while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share
would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast;
This can thy own experience testify:
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

"And what if o'er thy bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished; gladness ceases in the groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear
Seems the wide world, far brighter than before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore;
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou may' know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few;
And circumspect must be our course, ar slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers; — let them calm wait
Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soo be realized."

The Story tells what courses were pursue
Until king Elidure, with full consent
Of all his peers, before the multitude,
Rose, — and, to consummate this just in tent,
Did place upon his brother's head th crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive yo lord,
Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightfu king restored!"

The people answered with a loud acclaim
Yet more; — heart-smitten by the heroi deed,
The reinstated Artegal became
Earth's noblest penitent; from bondag freed
Of vice — thenceforth unable to subvert
Or shake his high desert.
Long did he reign; and, when he died the tear
Of universal grief bedewed his honore bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved;
With whom a crown (temptation that hat set
Discord in hearts of men till they hav braved
Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met
'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love did seem
A thing of no esteem;
And, from this triumph of affection pure
He bore the lasting name of "piou Elidure."

1815. 1820.

SEPTEMBER, 1815.

For me who under kindlier laws." This con-
ion has more than once, to my great regret,
ed painfully sad feelings in the hearts of
g persons fond of poetry and poetic com-
ion, by contrast of their feeble and declining
h with that state of robust constitution which
pted me to rejoice in a season of frost and
as more favorable to the Muses than sum-
itself.

ILE not a leaf seems faded; while the
fields,
h ripening harvest prodigally fair,
rightest sunshine bask; this nipping
air,
t from some distant clime where Win-
ter wields
icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
bitter change, and bids the flowers
beware;
whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
inst the threatening foe your trustiest
shields."
me, who under kindlier laws belong
Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry
ough leaves yet green, and yon crystal-
line sky,
ounce a season potent to renew,
l frost and snow, the instinctive joys
of song,
nobler cares than listless summer
knew.
5. 1816.

NOVEMBER, 1.

ggested on the banks of the Brathay by the
of Langdale Pikes. It is delightful to re-
ber these moments of far-distant days, which
bly would have been forgotten if the im-
on had not been transferred to verse. The
observation applies to the next.

clear, how keen, how marvellously
bright
effluence from yon distant mountain's
head,
ch, strewn with snow smooth as the
sky can shed,
es like another sun — on mortal sight
sen, as if to check approaching Night,
all her twinkling stars. Who now
would tread,
If so he might, yon mountain's glittering
head —
Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aërial
Powers
Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,
White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,
Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring
Has filled the laughing vales with wel-
come flowers.
1815. 1816.

"THE FAIREST, BRIGHTEST, HUES OF ETHER FADE."[1]

Suggested at Hacket, which is on the craggy ridge that rises between the two Langdales and looks towards Windermere. The Cottage of Hacket was often visited by us, and at the time when this Sonnet was written, and long after, was occupied by the husband and wife described in the "Excursion," where it is mentioned that she was in the habit of walking in the front of the dwelling with a light to guide her husband home at night. The same cottage is alluded to in the "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont" as that from which the female peasant hailed us on our morning journey. The musician mentioned in the Sonnet was the Rev. Samuel Tillbrook of Peterhouse, Cambridge, who remodelled the Ivy Cottage at Rydal after he had purchased it.

THE fairest, brightest hues of ether fade;
The sweetest notes must terminate and
die;
O Friend! thy flute has breathed a har-
mony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade;
Such strains of rapture as[2] the Genius
played
In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit
high;
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,
Never before to human sight betrayed.
Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening
spread!
The visionary Arches are not there,
Nor the green Islands, nor the shining
Seas:

[1] This and the following eight sonnets were composed between the years 1810–15.

[2] See the Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*.

Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,
Whence I have risen, uplifted, on the breeze
Of harmony, above all earthly care.

1815.

"WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN, HIS JUDGMENT BLIND."

"WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind;
Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays;
Heavy is woe; — and joy, for humankind,
A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze!"
Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days
Who wants the glorious faculty assigned
To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,
And color life's dark cloud with orient rays.
Imagination is that sacred power,
Imagination lofty and refined;
'T is hers to pluck the amaranthine flower
Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind
Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,
And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

1815.

"HAIL, TWILIGHT, SOVEREIGN OF ONE PEACEFUL HOUR."

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. — Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Powe
brought forth
These mighty barriers, and the gulf b
tween;
The flood, the stars, — a spectacle as o
As the beginning of the heavens and eart

1815

"THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD, SOFTLY SAID."

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, soft
said,
"Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou a
bright!"
Forthwith, that little cloud, in eth
spread
And penetrated all with tender light,
She cast away, and showed her fulge
head
Uncovered; dazzling the Beholder's sig
As if to vindicate her beauty's right
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd.
Meanwhile that veil, removed or throw
aside,
Went floating from her, darkening as
went;
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,
Approached this glory of the firmament
Who meekly yields, and is obscured —
content
With one calm triumph of a modest pride

1815.

"EVEN AS A DRAGON'S EYE THA FEELS THE STRESS."

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels th
stress
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp
Suddenly glaring through sepulchra
damp,
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless
The lake below reflects it not; the sky,
Muffled in clouds, affords no company
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness.
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thin
Which sends so far its melancholy light,
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring
A gay society with faces bright,

versing, reading, laughing; — or they sing,
le hearts and voices in the song unite.
1815.

MARK THE CONCENTRED HAZELS THAT ENCLOSE."

ggested in the wild hazel wood at the foot of n-crag, where the stone still lies, with others e form and character, though much of the that veiled it from the glare of day has been l. This beautiful ground was lately purchased ır friend Mrs. Fletcher, the ancient owners, respected persons, being obliged to part with consequence of the imprudence of a son. It tifying to mention that, instead of murmur- nd repining at this change of fortune, they d their services to Mrs. Fletcher, the hus- as an out-door laborer, and the wife as a stic servant. I have witnessed the pride and ure with which the man worked at improve- s of the ground round the house. Indeed, he ssed those feelings to me himself, and the enance and manner of his wife always de- feelings of the same character. I believe a ır disposition to contentment under change tune is common among the class to which good people belong. Yet, in proof that to vith their patrimony is most painful to them, refer to those stanzas entitled "Repent- " no inconsiderable part of which was taken tim from the language of the speaker herself.

K the concentred hazels that enclose
old gray Stone, protected from the ray
oontide suns: — and even the beams that play
glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,
seldom free to touch the moss that grows
n that roof, amid embowering gloom,
very image framing of a Tomb,
hich some ancient Chieftain finds repose
ng the lonely mountains. — Live, ye trees!
thou, gray Stone, the pensive likeness keep
dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
more than Fancy to the influence bends
When solitary Nature condescends
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.
1815.

TO THE POET, JOHN DYER.

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, "deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lulled;"
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest Lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
O'er naked Snowdon's wide aërial waste:
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!
1815.

"BROOK! WHOSE SOCIETY THE POET SEEKS."

BROOK! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks;
If wish were mine some type of thee to view,
Thee, and not thee thyself, I would not do
Like Grecian Artists, give thee human cheeks,
Channels for tears; no Naiad should'st thou be, —

Have neither limbs, feet, feathers, joints nor hairs:
It seems the Eternal Soul is clothed in thee
With purer robes than those of flesh and blood,
And hath bestowed on thee a safer good;
Unwearied joy, and life without its cares.

1815.

"SURPRISED BY JOY—IMPATIENT AS THE WIND."

This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catharine long after her death.

SURPRISED by joy — impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport — Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind —
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss? — That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

1815.

ODE.

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING. JANUARY 18, 1816.[1]

The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described. The view taken of Napoleon's character and proceedings is little in accordance with that taken by some historians and critical philosophers. I am glad and proud of the difference, and trust that this series of poems, infinitely below the subject as they are, will survive counteract, in unsophisticated minds, the pe cious and degrading tendency of those views doctrines that lead to the idolatry of power power, and, in that false splendor to lose si of its real nature and constitution as it often for the gratification of its possessor with reference to a beneficial end — an infirmity t has characterized men of all ages, classes, employments, since Nimrod became a mig hunter before the Lord.

[1] See Note.

I.

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Nigh
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitu
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude;
Whether thy punctual visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarc dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presen bright
Cheer'st the low threshold of the pea ant's cell!
Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sk
In naked splendor, clear from mist haze,
Or cloud approaching to divert the ray
Which even in deepest winter testify Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaz
—Well does thine aspect usher in this Da
As aptly suits therewith that modest pa Submitted to the chains
That bind thee to the path which G ordains That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, th pass away!
Nor less, the stillness of these fros plains,
Their utter stillness, and the silent gra
Of yon ethereal summits white with sno
(Whose tranquil pomp and spotless puri Report of storms gone by To us who tread below)
Do with the service of this Day accord
— Divinest Object which the uplifted e
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heigh has poured
Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humb Vale;
Thou who dost warm Earth's univers mould,

d for thy bounty wert not unadored
By pious men of old;
ce more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid
thee hail!
ght be thy course to-day, let not this
promise fail!

II.

Mid the deep quiet of this morning
hour,
nature seems to hear me while I speak,
feelings urged that do not vainly seek
language, ready as the tuneful notes
t stream in blithe succession from the
throats
Of birds, in leafy bower,
rbling a farewell to a vernal shower.
There is a radiant though a short-lived
flame,
t burns for Poets in the dawning east;
l oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
en the captivity of sleep had ceased;
He who fixed immovably the frame
the round world, and built, by laws
as strong,
A solid refuge for distress —
The towers of righteousness;
knows that from a holier altar came
quickening spark of this day's sacri-
fice;
ws that the source is nobler whence
doth rise
The current of this matin song;
That deeper far it lies
n aught dependent on the fickle skies.

III.

ave we not conquered? — by the
vengeful sword?
no, by dint of Magnanimity;
curbed the baser passions, and left
free
yal band to follow their liege Lord
r-sighted Honor, and his staid Com-
peers,
g a track of most unnatural years;
xecution of heroic deeds
se memory, spotless as the crystal
beads
morning dew upon the untrodden
meads,
live enrolled above the starry
spheres.

He, who in concert with an earthly string
Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
Of One whose spirit no reverse could
quell;
Of One that 'mid the failing never failed —
Who paints how Britain struggled and
prevailed
Shall represent her laboring with an eye
Of circumspect humanity;
Shall show her clothed with strength and
skill,
All martial duties to fulfil;
Firm as a rock in stationary fight;
In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight
To rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream —
Woe, woe to all that face her in the field!
Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield.

IV.

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness
dive.
The very humblest are too proud of heart;
And one brief day is rightly set apart
For Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
For that Almighty God to whom we owe,
Say not that we have vanquished — but
that we survive.

V.

How dreadful the dominion of the
impure!
Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim
That less than power unbounded could
not tame
That soul of Evil — which, from hell let
loose,
Had filled the astonished world with such
abuse
As boundless patience only could endure?
— Wide-wasted regions — cities wrapt in
flame —
Who sees, may lift a streaming eye
To Heaven; — who never saw, may heave
a sigh;
But the foundation of our nature shakes,
And with an infinite pain the spirit aches,

When desolated countries, towns on fire,
Are but the avowed attire
Of warfare waged with desperate mind
Against the life of virtue in mankind;
Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the fair gardens of civility,
By ignorance defaced,
By violence laid waste,
Perish without reprieve for flower or tree!

VI.

A crouching purpose — a distracted will —
Opposed to hopes that battened upon scorn,
And to desires whose ever-waxing horn
Not all the light of earthly power could fill;
Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,
And to celerities of lawless force;
Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse —
What could they gain but shadows of redress?
— So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.[1]
Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend.
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
— O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

VII.

No more — the guilt is banished,
And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;
And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanished,
Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!
— No more — these lingerings of distress
Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.
What robe can Gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory, and felicity, and love,
Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

[1] See Note.

VIII.

O Britain! dearer far than life is dea
If one there be
Of all thy progeny
Who can forget thy prowess, never mo
Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear
Thy green leaves rustle or thy torren
roar.
As springs the lion from his den,
As from a forest-brake
Upstarts a glistering snake,
The bold Arch-despot re-appeared; -
again
Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cas
With all her armèd Powers,
On that offensive soil, like wave
upon a thousand shores.
The trumpet blew a universal blast!
But Thou art foremost in the field: -
there stand:
Receive the triumph destined to thy hand
All States have glorified themselves; -
their claims
Are weighed by Providence, in balanc
even;
And now, in preference to the mightie
names,
To Thee the exterminating sword is giver
Dread mark of approbation, justly gained
Exalted office, worthily sustained!

IX.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts
The memory of thy favor,
That else insensibly departs,
And loses its sweet savor!
Lodge it within us! — as the power o
light
Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,
Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,
So shine our thankfulness forever bright
What offering, what transcendent monu
ment,
Shall our sincerity to Thee present?
— Not work of hands; but trophies tha
may reach
To highest heaven — the labor of the Soul
That builds, as thy unerring precept
teach,
Upon the internal conquests made by each
Her hope of lasting glory for the whole
Yet will not heaven disown nor eart
gainsay

outward service of this day;
ether the worshippers entreat
giveness from God's mercy-seat;
hanks and praises to His throne as-
cend
t He has brought our warfare to an
end,
that we need no second victory! —
what a ghastly sight for man to see;
to the heavenly saints in peace who
dwell,
For a brief moment, terrible;
to thy sovereign penetration, fair,
ore whom all things are, that were,
judgments that have been, or e'er
shall be;
ks in the chain of thy tranquillity!
ng the bosom of this favored Nation,
athe Thou, this day, a vital undula-
tion!
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of thy moving spirit!
't is a goodly Ordinance, — the sight,
ugh sprung from bleeding war, is one
of pure delight;
s Thou the hour, or ere the hour
arrive,
en a whole people shall kneel down
in prayer,
, at one moment, in one rapture,
strive
h lip and heart to tell their gratitude
For thy protecting care,
ir solemn joy — praising the Eternal
Lord
For tyranny subdued,
for the sway of equity renewed,
liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

X.

ut hark — the summons! — down the
placid lake
ts the soft cadence of the church-
tower bells;
ht shines the Sun, as if his beams
would wake
tender insects sleeping in their cells;
ht shines the Sun — and not a breeze
to shake
drops that tip the melting icicles.
O, enter now his temple gate!
ting words — perchance already flung
(As the crowd press devoutly down the
aisle
Of some old Minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspir-
ing blast,
And has begun — its clouds of sound to
cast
Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
But in the bosom, with devout respect
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall ele-
vate:
For to a few collected in his name,
Their heavenly Father will incline an ear
Gracious to service hallowed by its aim; —
Awake! the majesty of God revere!
Go — and with foreheads meekly
bowed
Present your prayers — go — and rejoice
aloud —
The Holy One will hear!
And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith
sincere,
Ye, in your low and undisturbéd estate,
Shall simply feel and purely meditate —
Of warnings — from the unprecedented
might,
Which, in our time, the impious have dis-
closed;
And of more arduous duties thence im-
posed
Upon the future advocates of right:
Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution, —
To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high DAY of THANKS, before the
Throne of Grace!

1816. 1816.

ODE.

I.

IMAGINATION — ne'er before content,
But aye ascending, restless in her pride
From all that martial feats could yield
To her desires, or to her hopes present —

Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,
And with the embrace was satisfied.
— Fly, ministers of Fame,
With every help that ye from earth and heaven may claim!
Bear through the world these tidings of delight!
— Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne them in the sight
Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower
That landward stretches from the sea,
The morning's splendors to devour;
But this swift travel scorns the company
Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power.
— *The shock is given — the Adversaries bleed —*
Lo, Justice triumphs! Earth is freed!
Joyful annunciation! — it went forth —
It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North —
It found no barrier on the ridge
Of Andes — frozen gulphs became its bridge —
The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight —
Upon the Lakes of Asia 't is bestowed —
The Arabian desert shapes a willing road
Across her burning breast,
For this refreshing incense from the West! —
— Where snakes and lions breed,
Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,
Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er
The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed —
While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night —
The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!
The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,
And in its sparkling progress read
Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed:
Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,
And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done;
Even the proud Realm, from whose di
tracted borders
This messenger of good was launched i
air,
France, humbled France, amid her wil
disorders,
Feels, and hereafter shall the truth d
clare,
That she too lacks not reason to rejoic
And utter England's name with sadl
plausive voice.

II.

O genuine glory, pure renown!
And well might it beseem that might
Town
Into whose bosom earth's best treasure
flow,
To whom all persecuted men retreat;
If a new Temple lift her votive brow
High on the shore of silver Thames — t
greet
The peaceful guest advancing from afa
Bright be the Fabric, as a star
Fresh risen, and beautiful within! — ther
meet
Dependence infinite, proportion just;
A Pile that Grace approves, and Tim
can trust
With his most sacred wealth, heroic dus

III.

But if the valiant of this land
In reverential modesty demand,
That all observance, due to them, be pai
Where their serene progenitors are laid
Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint
like sages,
England's illustrious sons of long, lon
ages;
Be it not unordained that solemn rites,
Within the circuit of those Gothic walls
Shall be performed at pregnant intervals
Commemoration holy that unites
The living generations with the dead;
By the deep soul-moving sense
Of religious eloquence, —
By visual pomp, and by the tie
Of sweet and threatening harmony;
Soft notes, awful as the omen
Of destructive tempests coming,
And escaping from that sadness
Into elevated gladness;

While the white-robed choir attend-
ant,
Under mouldering banners pendant,
oke all potent symphonies to raise
Songs of victory and praise,
them who bravely stood unhurt, or
bled
medicable wounds, or found their
graves
the battle field, or under ocean's
waves;
vere conducted home in single state,
long procession — there to lie,
re their sons' sons, and all posterity,
eard by them, their deeds shall cele-
brate!

IV.

Nor will the God of peace and love
Such martial service disapprove.
He guides the Pestilence — the
cloud
Of locusts travels on his breath;
The region that in hope was ploughed
drought consumes, his mildew taints
with death;
He springs the hushed Volcano's
mine,
uts the Earthquake on her still design,
ens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,
drinking towns and cities, still can
drink
s and towns — 't is Thou — the work
is Thine! —
fierce Tornado sleeps within thy
courts —
He hears the word — he flies —
And navies perish in their ports;
Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and mourning for our
errors,
And sins, that point their terrors,
ow our heads before Thee, and we
laud
magnify thy name, Almighty God!
But Man is thy most awful instrument,
In working out a pure intent;
cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling
mail,
for thy righteous purpose they pre-
vail;
Thine arm from peril guards the
coasts
Of them who in thy laws delight:
Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful
fight,
Tremendous God of battles, Lord of
Hosts!

V.

Forbear; — to Thee —
Father and Judge of all, with fervent
tongue
But in a gentler strain
Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,
(Too quick and keen) incited to disdain
Of pity pleading from the heart in vain —
To Thee — To Thee —
Just God of christianized Humanity
Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks
ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an
end,
And that we need no second victory!
Blest, above measure blest,
If on thy love our Land her hopes shall
rest,
And all the Nations labor to fulfil
Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in
pure good will.

1816. 1816.

INVOCATION TO THE EARTH.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

Composed immediately after the "Thanksgiving Ode," to which it may be considered as a second part.

I.

"Rest, rest, perturbèd Earth!
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind!"
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than
the wind:
"From regions where no evil thing has
birth
I come — thy stains to wash away,
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder
day.
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs
that have risen
From out thy noisome prison;
The penal caverns groan

With tens of thousands rent from off the tree
Of hopeful life, — by battle's whirlwind blown
Into the deserts of Eternity.
Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!
But not on high, where madness is resented,
And murder causes some sad tears to flow,
Though, from the widely sweeping blow,
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented.

II.

"False Parent of Mankind!
Obdurate, proud, and blind,
I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse!
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,
Upon the act a blessing I implore,
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,
Are conscious; — may the like return no more!
May Discord — for a Seraph's care
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer —
May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss
These mortal spheres above,
Be chained forever to the black abyss.
And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,
And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve!"
The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,
And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

1816. 1816.

ODE.

——— Carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,
Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis
Post mortem ducibus
——— clarius indicant
Laudes, quam ——— Pierides; neque,
Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,
Mercedem tuleris. — Hor. Car. 8, Lib. 4.

I.

When the soft hand of sleep had clo
the latch
On the tired household of corporeal ser
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant wat
Was free her choicest favors to dispen
I saw, in wondrous pérspective display
A landscape more august than happ
skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light
shade;
An intermingled pomp of vale and hi
City, and naval stream, suburban grov
And stately forest where the wild d
rove;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky tow
And scattered rural farms of aspect brig
And, here and there, between the p
toral downs,
The azure sea upswelled upon the sigh
Fair prospect, such as Britain only show
But not a living creature could be seer
Through its wide circuit, that, in de
repose,
And, even to sadness, lonely and serer
Lay hushed; till — through a portal
the sky
Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in
storm,
Opening before the sun's triumpha
eye —
Issued, to sudden view, a glorious Forn
Earthward it glided with a swift descen
Saint George himself this Visitant mu
be;
And, ere a thought could ask on wh
intent
He sought the regions of Humanity,
A thrilling voice was heard, that vivifie
City and field and flood; — aloud it cried -

"Though from my celestial home,
"Like a Champion, armed I come
"On my helm the dragon crest,
"And the red cross on my breast;
"I, the Guardian of this Land,
"Speak not now of toilsome duty;
"Well obeyed was that command -
"Whence bright days of festiv
beauty;
"Haste, Virgins, haste! — the flowe
which summer gave
"Have perished in the field;

ut the green thickets plenteously shall yield
" Fit garlands for the brave,
hat will be welcome, if by you entwined;
Iaste, Virgins, haste; and you, ye Matrons grave,
o forth with rival youthfulness of mind,
" And gather what ye find
f hardy laurel and wild holly boughs —
o deck your stern Defenders' modest brows!
" Such simple gifts prepare,
hough they have gained a worthier meed;
" And in due time shall share
hose palms and amaranthine wreaths
nto their martyred Countrymen decreed,
realms where everlasting freshness breathes!"

II.

nd lo! with crimson banners proudly streaming,
upright weapons innocently gleaming,
ng the surface of a spacious plain
ance in order the redoubted Bands,
there receive green chaplets from the hands
Of a fair female train —
Maids and Matrons, dight
In robes of dazzling white;
le from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise
By the cloud-capt hills retorted;
And a throng of rosy boys
In loose fashion tell their joys;
gray-haired sires, on staffs supported,
round, and by their smiling seem to say,
s strives a grateful Country to display
mighty debt which nothing can repay!

III.

non before my sight a palace rose
of all precious substances, — so pure
exquisite, that sleep alone bestows
ty like splendor to endure:
red, with streaming thousands, through the gate,
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate
The heaven of sable night
With starry lustre; yet had power to throw
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,
Upon a princely company below,
While the vault rang with choral harmony,
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.
— No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge
Of exultation hung a dirge
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,
That kindled recollections
Of agonized affections;
And, though some tears the strain attended,
The mournful passion ended
In peace of spirit, and sublime content!

IV.

But garlands wither; festal shows depart,
Like dreams themselves; and sweetest sound —
(Albeit of effect profound)
It was — and it is gone!
Victorious England! bid the silent Art
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,
Those high achievements; even as she arrayed
With second life the deed of Marathon
Upon Athenian walls;
So may she labor for thy civic halls:
And be the guardian spaces
Of consecrated places,
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil;
And let imperishable Columns rise
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil;
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,
And competent to shed a spark divine
Into the torpid breast of daily life; —
Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,
The morning sun may shine
With gratulation thoroughly benign!

V.

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove
And sage Mnemosyne, — full long debarred

From your first mansions, exiled all too long
From many a hallowed stream and grove,
Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,
Chanting for patriot heroes the reward
Of never-dying song!
Now (for, though Truth descending from above
The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye
Your kindred Deities, *Ye* live and move,
Spared for obeisance from perpetual love
For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)
Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,
Or top serene of unmolested mountain,
Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,
And for a moment meet the soul's desires!
That I, or some more favored Bard, may hear
What ye, celestial Maids! have often sung
Of Britain's acts, — may catch it with rapt ear,
And give the treasure to our British tongue!
So shall the characters of that proud page
Support their mighty theme from age to age;
And, in the desert places of the earth,
When they to future empires have given birth,
So shall the people gather and believe
The bold report, transferred to every clime;
And the whole world, not envious but admiring,
And to the like aspiring,
Own — that the progeny of this fair Isle
Had power as lofty actions to achieve
As were performed in man's heroic prime;
Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held
Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,
A corresponding virtue to beguile
The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time —
That not in vain they labored to secure,
For their great deeds, perpetual memory,
And fame as largely spread as land and sea,
By Works of spirit high and passion pure!

JANUARY, 1816. 1816.

ODE.

I.

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,
And binds her temples with the ci
wreath?
What joy to read the promise of her mie
How sweet to rest her wide-spread wir
beneath
But they are ever playing,
And twinkling in the light,
And, if a breeze be straying,
That breeze she will invite;
And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fa
And calls a look of love into her face,
And spreads her arms, as if the general
Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.
— Melt, Principalities, before her melt
Her love ye hailed — her wrath have fel
But She through many a change of for
hath gone,
And stands amidst you now an arm
creature,
Whose panoply is not a thing put on,
But the live scales of a portentous natur
That, having forced its way from bir
to birth,
Stalks round — abhorred by Heaven,
terror to the Earth!

II.

I marked the breathings of her drag
crest;
My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,
In many a midnight vision bowed
Before the ominous aspect of her spear
Whether the mighty beam, in scorn u
held,
Threatened her foes, — or, pompous
at rest,
Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,
As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud
Across the setting sun and all the fie
west.

III.

So did she daunt the Earth, and Go
defy!
And, wheresoe'er she spread her sov
reignty,
Pollution tainted all that was most pur
— Have we not known — and live w
not to tell —

Justice seemed to hear her final knell?
buried deeper in her own deep breast
stores, and sighed to find them insecure!
Hope was maddened by the drops that fell
shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.
he followed shame, and woe supplanted woe —
s the only change that time can show?
long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens, how long?
firm ejaculation! from the tongue
ations wanting virtue to be strong
the measure of accorded might,
daring not to feel the majesty of right!

IV.

eak Spirits are there — who would ask,
the pressure of a painful thing,
ion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;
t their wishes loose, in forest-glade,
Among the lurking powers
Of herbs and lowly flowers,
eek, from saints above, miraculous aid —
Man may be accomplished for a task
h his own nature hath enjoined; — and why?
en that interference hath relieved him,
He must sink down to languish
rse than former helplessness — and lie
Till the caves roar, — and, imbecility
Again engendering anguish,
ame weak wish returns, that had before deceived him.

V.

Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed
urse of things, and change the creed
hath been held aloft before men's sight
the first framing of societies,
er, as bards have told in ancient song,
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;
Or prest together by the appetite,
And by the power, of wrong.
1816. 1816.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

1812-13.

HUMANITY, delighting to behold
A fond reflection of her own decay,
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain:
Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter! who beset,
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,
That host, when from the regions of the Pole
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal —
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth;
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold;
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs;
For why — unless for liberty enrolled
And sacred home — ah! why should hoary Age be bold?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,
But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind,
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,

And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,
And to the battle ride.
No pitying voice commands a halt,
No courage can repel the dire assault;
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink — and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them — and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!
FEBRUARY, 1816. 1816.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild Seasons — in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while father Time
Looks on delighted — meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing!
Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,
And to the aërial zephyrs as they pass,
That old decrepit Winter — *He* hath slain
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!
FEBRUARY, 1816. 1816.

"BY MOSCOW SELF-DEVOTED TO A BLAZE."

BY Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
Of dreadful sacrifice; by Russian blood
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood;
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise
To rob our Human-nature of just praise
For what she did and suffered. Pleasure
Of a deliverance absolute and pure
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways
Of Providence. But now did the Most High
Exalt his still small voice; — to quell Host
Gathered his power, a manifest ally;
He, whose heaped waves confounded proud boast
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, Frost,
"Finish the strife by deadliest victory
1816. 1816

THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM.

ABRUPTLY paused the strife; — the fi throughout
Resting upon his arms each warrior sto
Checked in the very act and deed of blo
With breath suspended, like a listen scout.
O Silence! thou wert mother of a sho
That through the texture of yon azure do
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest ho
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout!
The barrier Rhine hath flashed, throu battle-smoke,
On men who gaze heart-smitten by t view,
As if all Germany had felt the shock!
— Fly, wretched Gauls! ere they t charge renew
Who have seen — themselves now casti off the yoke —
The unconquerable Stream his course pu sue.[1]
1816. 1827

SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI.

FEBRUARY, 1816.

OH, for a kindling touch from that pu flame
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifi
Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,

[1] See Note.

rds like these: "Up, Voice of song!
proclaim
saintly rapture with celestial aim:
lo! the Imperial City stands released
m bondage threatened by the em-
battled East,
Christendom respires; from guilt
and shame
leemed, from miserable fear set free
one day's feat, one mighty victory.
Chant the Deliverer's praise in every
tongue!
cross shall spread, the crescent hath
waxed dim;
conquering, as in joyful Heaven is
sung,
CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND
GOD BY HIM." [1]

1816.

ASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

ast six lines intended for an Inscription.)

FEBRUARY, 1816.

PID sons of Albion! not by you
despised; ah no, the spacious earth
saw a race who held, by right of
birth,
ny objects to which love is due:
ght not life—to God and Nature
true;
ath, becoming death, is dearer far,
duty bids you bleed in open war:
hath your prowess quelled that im-
pious crew.
s!—for instant sacrifice prepared;
ed with ardor and on triumph bent
lirest shocks of mortal accident—
u who fell, and you whom slaughter
spared
ard the fallen, and consummate the
event,
Country rears this sacred Monument!

1816.

ASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

FEBRUARY 1816.

ard—whose soul is meek as dawn-
ing day,
ained to judgments righteously
severe,

[1] See Filicaia's ode.

Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,
As recognizing one Almighty sway:
He—whose experienced eye can pierce
the array
Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,
The aspiring heads of future things appear,
Like mountain-tops whose mists have
rolled away—
Assoiled from all encumbrance of our
time,[1]
He only, if such breathe, in strains devout
Shall comprehend this victory sublime;
Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,
The triumph hail, which from their peace-
ful clime
Angels might welcome with a choral
shout!

1816. 1816.

"EMPERORS AND KINGS, HOW OFT HAVE TEMPLES RUNG."

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have
temples rung
With impious thanksgiving, the Almigh-
ty's scorn!
How oft above their altars have been hung
Trophies that led the good and wise to
mourn
Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,
And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung!
Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory,
Peace is sprung;
In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn.
Glory to arms! But, conscious that the
nerve
Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed
Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear
to swerve!
Be just, be grateful; nor, the oppressor's
creed
Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve
Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.

1816. 1827.

FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN.

DEAR Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould
Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings;

[1] "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil." — *Spenser.*

And to inflict shame's salutary stings
On the remorseless hearts of men grown old
In a blind worship; men perversely bold
Even to this hour, — yet, some shall now forsake
Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,
To warn the living; if truth were ever told
By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave:
O murdered Prince! meek, loyal, pious, brave!
The power of retribution once was given:
But 't is a rueful thought that willow bands
So often tie the thunder-wielding hands
Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven!

1816. 1816.

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

Your letter, reminding me of an expectation I some time since held out to you of allowing some specimens of my translation from the Æneid to be printed in the Philological Museum, was not very acceptable; for I had abandoned the thought of ever sending into the world any part of that experiment — for it was nothing more — an experiment begun for amusement, and I now think a less fortunate one than when I first named it to you. Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing; but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation. On this point, however, I do not wish to insist, and merely send the following passage, taken at random, from a wish to comply with your request.

W. W.

BUT Cytherea, studious to invent
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,
Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face
To young Ascanius, should assume his place;
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat
Of passion at the bosom's inmost se
She dreads the treacherous house double tongue;
She burns, she frets — by Juno's ra stung;
The calm of night is powerless to re
These cares, and thus she speak winged Love:

"O son, my strength, my power! dost despise
(What, save thyself, none dares thr earth and skies)
The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I f
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!
What perils meet Æneas in his cour
How Juno's hate with unrelenting fo
Pursues thy brother — this to the known;
And oft-times hast thou made my g thine own.
Him now the generous Dido by soft ch
Of bland entreaty at her court detai
Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a sna
Hence, ere some hostile God can i vene,
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame queen
With passion for Æneas, such strong
That at my beck, mine only, she move.
Hear, and assist; — the father's man calls
His young Ascanius to the Tyrian wa
He comes, my dear delight, — and co est things
Preserved from fire and flood for pres brings.
Him will I take, and in close covert k
'Mid groves Idalian, lulled to gentle sl
Or on Cythera's far-sequestered steep
That he may neither know what hop mine,
Nor by his presence traverse the desi
Do thou, but for a single night's space,
Dissemble; be that boy in form and fa
And when enraptured Dido shall rec
Thee to her arms, and kisses interwe
With many a fond embrace, while runs high,
And goblets crown the proud festivity

til thy subtle poison, and inspire,
every touch, an unsuspected fire."

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight
s off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,
e young Iulus; but the gentlest dews
slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse
e true Ascanius steeped in placid rest;
en wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,
rough upper air to an Idalian glade,
ere he on soft *amaracus* is laid,
th breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.
Cupid, following cheerily his guide
nates, with the gifts to Carthage hied;
d, as the hall he entered, there, between
e sharers of her golden couch, was seen
clined in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.
e Trojans, too (Æneas at their head),
couches lie, with purple overspread.
antime in canisters is heaped the bread,
lucid water for the hands is borne,
d napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn.
hin are fifty handmaids, who prepare,
they in order stand, the dainty fare;
d fume the household deities with store
odorous incense; while a hundred more
tched with an equal number of like age,
each of manly sex, a docile page,
rshal the banquet, giving with due grace
cup or viand its appointed place.
Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,
ir painted couches seek, obedient to command.
y look with wonder on the gifts — they gaze
n Iulus, dazzled with the rays
t from his ardent countenance are flung,
charmed to hear his simulating tongue;
pass unpraised the robe and veil divine,
nd which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill;
She views the gifts; upon the child then turns
Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.
To ease a father's cheated love he hung
Upon Æneas, and around him clung;
Then seeks the queen; with her his arts he tries;
She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,
Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest!)
How great a God, incumbent o'er her breast,
Would fill it with his spirit. He, to please
His Acidalian mother, by degrees,
Blots out Sichaeus, studious to remove
The dead, by influx of a living love,
By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest.
Troubling a heart that had been long at rest.

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceased
The first division of the splendid feast,
While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,
Huge goblets are brought forth; they crown the wine;
Voices of gladness roll the walls around;
Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound;
From gilded rafters many a blazing light
Depends, and torches overcome the night.
The minutes fly — till, at the queen's command,
A bowl of state is offered to her hand:
Then she, as Belus wont, and all the line
From Belus, filled it to the brim with wine;
Silence ensued. "O Jupiter, whose care
Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer!
Productive day be this of lasting joy
To Tyrians, and these exiles driven from Troy;
A day to future generations dear!
Let Bacchus, donor of soul-quick'ning cheer,
Be present; kindly Juno, be thou near!
And, Tyrians, may your choicest favors wait
Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate!"

She spake and shed an offering on the board;
Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine had poured
And gave to Bitias, urging the prompt lord;
He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught;
Then every chief in turn the beverage quaffed.

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, to resounding strings,
The labors of the Sun, the lunar wanderings;
When human kind, and brute; what natural powers
Engender lightning, whence are falling showers.
He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain
The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught with rain;
— Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights
Post seaward, — what impedes the tardy nights.
The learnèd song from Tyrian hearers draws
Loud shouts, — the Trojans echo the applause.
— But, lengthening out the night with converse new,
Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew;
Of Priam asked, of Hector — o'er and o'er —
What arms the son of bright Aurora wore; —
What steeds the car of Diomed could boast;
Among the leaders of the Grecian host.
How looked Achilles, their dread paramount —
"But nay — the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,
Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,
Your own grief and your friends? — your wandering course;
For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged
The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged."

1816.

1832.

A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

OR,

CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEASHORE

The first and last fourteen lines of this poe
each make a sonnet, and were composed as suc
but I thought that by intermediate lines th
might be connected so as to make a whole. O
or two expressions are taken from Milton's *H*
tory of England.

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal cha
Mustering a face of haughty sovereignt
To aid a covert purpose, cried — "O
Approaching Waters of the deep, th
share
With this green isle my fortunes, con
not where
Your Master's throne is set." — De
was the Sea;
Her waves rolled on, respecting his decr
Less than they heed a breath of wanto
air.
— Then Canute, rising from the invade
throne,
Said to his servile Courtiers, — "Poo
the reach,
The undisguised extent, of mortal sway
He only is a King, and he alone
Deserves the name (this truth the billow
preach)
Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, an
heaven, obey."
This just reproof the prosperous Dan
Drew, from the influx of the main,
For some whose rugged northern mouth
would strain
At oriental flattery;
And Canute (fact more worthy to b
known)
From that time forth did for his brow
disown
The ostentatious symbol of a crown;
Esteeming earthly royalty
Contemptible as vain.
Now hear what one of elder days,
Rich theme of England's fondest praise
Her darling Alfred, *might* have spoken
To cheer the remnant of his host
When he was driven from coast to coast
Distressed and harassed, but with min
unbroken:

My faithful followers, lo! the tide is
spent
rose, and steadily advanced to fill
shores and channels, working
Nature's will
ng the mazy streams that backward
went,
in the sluggish pools where ships
are pent:
now, his task performed, the flood
stands still,
ne green base of many an inland hill,
lacid beauty and sublime content!
the repose that sage and hero find;
measured rest the sedulous and good
umbler name; whose souls do, like
the flood
Ocean, press right on; or gently wind,
her to be diverted nor withstood,
l they reach the bounds by Heaven
assigned."

6. 1820.

TO DORA.

e complaint in my eyes which gave occasion
s address to my daughter first showed itself
consequence of inflammation, caught at the
f Kirkstone, when I was over-heated by
g carried up the ascent my eldest son, a
infant. Frequently has the disease recurred
leaving my eyes in a state which has often
nted my reading for months, and makes me
s day incapable of bearing without injury
rong light by day or night. My acquaint-
with books has therefore been far short of
ishes; and on this account, to acknowledge
ervices daily and hourly done me by my
and friends, this note is written.

little onward lend thy guiding hand
hese dark steps, a little further on!"

WHAT trick of memory to *my* voice
hath brought
mournful iteration? For though
Time,
Conqueror, crowns the Conquered,
on this brow
ing his favorite silver diadem,
he, nor minister of his — intent
n before him — hath enrolled me yet,
gh not unmenaced, among those who
lean
a living staff, with borrowed sight.
— O my own Dora, my belovèd child!
Should that day come — but hark! the
birds salute
The cheerful dawn, brightening for me
the east;
For me, thy natural leader, once again
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop
From flower to flower supported; but to
curb
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er
the lawn,
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge
Of foaming torrents. — From thy orisons
Come forth; and, while the morning air
is yet
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy
way,
And now precede thee, winding to and
fro,
Till we by perseverance gain the top
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink pre-
cipitous
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld
From this corporeal frame; whereon who
stands,
Is seized with strong incitement to push
forth
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge
— dread thought,
For pastime plunge — into the "abrupt
abyss," —
Where ravens spread their plumy vans, at
ease!
And yet more gladly thee would I con-
duct
Through woods and spacious forests, — to
behold
There, how the Original of human art,
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and
erects
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-
arched roof,
And storms the pillars rock. But we such
schools
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer noon, while beams of
light,
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall
To mind the living presences of nuns;

A gentle, pensivè, white-robed sisterhood,
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused.
Now also shall the page of classic lore,
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again
Lie open; and the book of Holy Writ,
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield
To heights more glorious still, and into shades
More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.
1816. 1820.

TO ——

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HELVELLYN.

Written at Rydal Mount. The lady was Miss Blackett, then residing with Mr. Montagu Burgoyne at Fox-Ghyll. We were tempted to remain too long upon the mountain; and I, imprudently, with the hope of shortening the way, led her among the crags and down a steep slope which entangled us in difficulties that were met by her with much spirit and courage.

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn;
Awed, delighted, and amazed!

Potent was the spell that bound thee
Not unwilling to obey;
For blue Ether's arms, flung round thee,
Stilled the pantings of dismay.

Lo! the dwindled woods and meadows;
What a vast abyss is there!
Lo! the clouds, the solemn shadows,
And the glistenings — heavenly fair!

And a record of commotion
Which a thousand ridges yield;
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean
Gleaming like a silver shield!

Maiden! now take flight; — inherit
Alps or Andes — they are thine!
With the morning's roseate Spirit,
Sweep their length of snowy line;

Or survey their bright dominions
In the gorgeous colors drest
Flung from off the purple pinions,
Evening spreads throughout the west

Thine are all the coral fountains
Warbling in each sparry vault
Of the untrodden lunar mountains;
Listen to their songs! — or halt,

To Niphates' top invited,
Whither spiteful Satan steered;
Or descend where the ark alighted,
When the green earth re-appeared;

For the power of hills is on thee,
As was witnessed through thine eye
Then, when old Helvellyn won thee
To confess their majesty!
1816. 182

VERNAL ODE.

Composed at Rydal Mount, to place in vi
the immortality of succession where immorta
is denied, as far as we know, to the individ
creature.

Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam
minimis. — PLIN. *Nat. Hist.*

I.

BENEATH the concave of an April sky
When all the fields with freshest gre
were dight,
Appeared, in presence of the spiritual e
That aids or supersedes our grosser sig
The form and rich habiliments of One
Whose countenance bore resemblance
the sun,
When it reveals, in evening majesty,
Features half lost amid their own pu
light.
Poised like a weary cloud, in middle a
He hung, — then floated with angelic ea
(Softening that bright effulgence by d
grees)
Till he had reached a summit sharp a
bare,

re oft the venturous heifer drinks the
noontide breeze.
the apex of that lofty cone
ated, there the Stranger stood alone;
as a gorgeous Fabric of the east
enly raised by some enchanter's
power,
re nothing was; and firm as some old
Tower
ritain's realm, whose leafy crest
es high, embellished by a gleaming
shower!

II.

ath the shadow of his purple wings
ed a golden harp; — he touched the
strings;
after prelude of unearthly sound
ed through the echoing hills around,
ang —
"No wintry desolations,
hing blight or noxious dew,
t my native habitations;
d in glory, far beyond the scope
an's inquiring gaze, but to his hope
ed, though faintly, in the hue
und of night's ethereal blue;
n the aspect of each radiant orb; —
fixed, some wandering with no timid
curb:
vandering star and fixed, to mortal
eye,
ed in absolute serenity,
ree from semblance of decline; —
as if Evening brought their natal
hour,
larkness splendor gave, her silence
power
stify of Love and Grace divine.

III.

at if those bright fires
subject to decay,
naply of extinguished sires,
selves to lose their light, or pass away
clouds before the wind,
nks poured out to Him whose hand
bestows,
ly, on human kind
vision of endurance and repose.
d though to every draught of vital
breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth
or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
Howe'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or dearth.
Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the
sky
The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers; — what living eye hath
viewed
Their myriads? — endlessly renewed,
Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the subtle waters stray;
Wherever sportive breezes bend
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsusceptible of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to
range!"

IV.

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the
cares
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral
Muse!
That, to the sparkling crown Urania
wears,
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,
Prefer'st a garland culled from purple
heath,
Or blooming thicket moist with morning
dews;
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to
me?
And was it granted to the simpler ear
Of thy contented Votary
Such melody to hear!
Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,
While thy tired lute hangs on the haw-
thorn-tree,
To lie and listen, — till o'er-drowsèd sense

Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence —
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee.
— A slender sound! yet hoary Time
Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime
Of all his years; — a company
Of ages coming, ages gone;
(Nations from before them sweeping,
Regions in destruction steeping,)
But every awful note in unison
With that faint utterance, which tells
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;
Where She — a statist prudent to confer
Upon the common weal; a warrior bold,
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,
And armed with living spear for mortal fight;
A cunning forager
That spreads no waste; a social builder; one
In whom all busy offices unite
With all fine functions that afford delight —
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells!

v.

And is She brought within the power
Of vision? — o'er this tempting flower
Hovering until the petals stay
Her flight, and take its voice away! —
Observe each wing! — a tiny van!
The structure of her laden thigh,
How fragile! yet of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;
High as the imperial front of man;
The roseate bloom on woman's cheek;
The soaring eagle's curvèd beak;
The white plumes of the floating swan;
Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane
Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain
At which the desert trembles. — Humming Bee!
Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,
The seeds of malice were not sown;
All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,
And no pride blended with their dignity.
— Tears had not broken from their source;
Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den;
The golden years maintained a course
Not undiversified though smooth even;
We were not mocked with glimpse shadow then,
Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with
And earth and stars composed a univ heaven!

1817. 18

ODE TO LYCORIS. May, 181

The discerning reader, who is aware that i poem of Ellen Irwin I was desirous of thro the reader at once out of the old ballad, so possible, to preclude a comparison between mode of dealing with the subject and the m meant to adopt — may here perhaps perceive this poem originated in the four last lines o first stanza. Those specks of snow, reflect the lake and so transferred, as it were, t subaqueous sky, reminded me of the swans the fancy of the ancient classic poets yoked t car of Venus. Hence the tenor of the whole stanza, and the name of Lycoris, which — some readers who think my theology and clas allusion too far-fetched and therefore more o unnatural and affected — will tend to unrealiz sentiment that pervades these verses. But s one who has written so much in verse as I done may be allowed to retrace his steps i regions of fancy which delighted him in his hood, when he first became acquainted wit Greek and Roman Poets. Before I read V I was so strongly attached to Ovid, whose M morphoses I read at school, that I was quite passion whenever I found him, in books of cism, placed below Virgil. As to Homer, I never weary of travelling over the scenes thr which he led me. Classical literature affecte by its own beauty. But the truths of scrip having been entrusted to the dead languages these fountains having been recently laid op the Reformation, an importance and a san were at that period attached to classical liter that extended, as is obvious in Milton's Lyc for example, both to its spirit and form degree that can never be revived. No doub hackneyed and lifeless use into which mytho fell towards the close of the 17th century, which continued through the 18th, disguste general reader with all allusion to it in mo verse; and though, in deference to this dis and also in a measure participating in it, stained in my earlier writings from all introdu of pagan fable, surely, even in its humble f it may ally itself with real sentiment, as I truly affirm it did in the present case.

I.

ge hath been when Earth was proud
istre too intense
e sustained; and Mortals bowed
front in self-defence.
then, if Dian's crescent gleamed,
upid's sparkling arrow streamed
e on the wing the Urchin played,
d fearlessly approach the shade?
nough for one soft vernal day,
a bard of ebbing time,
nurtured in a fickle clime,
haunt this hornèd bay;
se amorous water multiplies
litting halcyon's vivid dyes;
smooths her liquid breast — to show
e swan-like specks of mountain snow,
e as the pair that slid along the plains
eaven, when Venus held the reins!

II.

uth we love the darksome lawn
ed by the owlet's wing;
, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,
Autumn to the Spring.
ancies do we then affect,
xury of disrespect
ır own prodigal excess
o familiar happiness.
is (if such name befit
thee my life's celestial sign!)
Nature marks the year's decline,
rs to welcome it;
ed with the harvest hope that runs
e the path of milder suns;
ed while the sylvan world displays
peness to the feeding gaze;
ed when the sullen winds resound
the knell
e resplendent miracle.

III.

omething whispers to my heart
as we downward tend,
is! life requires an *art*
nich our souls must bend;
l — to balance and supply;
ere the flowing fount be dry,
on it must, a sense to sip,
nk, with no fastidious lip.
welcome, above all, the Guest
e smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,
to recall the Deity
Of youth into the breast:
May pensive Autumn ne'er present
A claim to her disparagement!
While blossoms and the budding spray
Inspire us in our own decay;
Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,
Be hopeful Spring the favorite of the Soul!

1817. 1820.

TO THE SAME.

This as well as the preceding and the two that follow were composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighborhood. Nine-tenths of my verses have been murmured out in the open air: and here let me repeat what I believe has already appeared in print. One day a stranger having walked round the garden and grounds of Rydal Mount asked one of the female servants, who happened to be at the door, permission to see her master's study. "This," said she, leading him forward, "is my master's library where he keeps his books, but his study is out of doors." After a long absence from home it has more than once happened that some one of my cottage neighbors has said — "Well, there he is; we are glad to hear him *booing* about again." Once more, in excuse for so much egotism, let me say, these notes are written for my familiar friends, and at their earnest request. Another time a gentleman whom James had conducted through the grounds asked him what kind of plants throve best there: after a little consideration he answered — "Laurels." "That is," said the stranger, "as it should be; don't you know that the laurel is the emblem of poetry, and that poets used on public occasions to be crowned with it?" James stared when the question was first put, but was doubtless much pleased with the information.

ENOUGH of climbing toil! — Ambition treads
Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,
Or slippery even to peril! and each step,
As we for most uncertain recompense
Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,
Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,
Induces, for its old familiar sights,
Unacceptable feelings of contempt,
With wonder mixed — that Man could e'er be tied,
In anxious bondage, to such nice array
And formal fellowship of petty things!

— Oh! 't is the *heart* that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of her own;
And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,
And gurgling rills, assist her in the work
More efficaciously than realms outspread,
As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze —
Ocean and Earth contending for regard.
The umbrageous woods are left — how far beneath!
But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth
Of yon wild cave, whose jaggèd brows are fringed
With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still
And sultry air, depending motionless.
Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered
(As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)
By stealthy influx of the timid day
Mingling with night, such twilight to compose
As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian grot,
From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,
He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,
Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.
Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave
Protect us, there deciphering as we may
Diluvian records; or the sighs of Earth
Interpreting; or counting for old Time
His minutes, by reiterated drops,
Audible tears, from some invisible source
That deepens upon fancy — more and more
Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep forth
To awe the lightness of humanity:
Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,
There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
And no one can tell whither. Dearest Friend!

We two have known such happy h
together
That, were power granted to rep
them (fetched
From out the pensive shadows wh
they lie)
In the first warmth of their orig
sunshine,
Loth should I be to use it: passing sw
Are the domains of tender memory!
1817. 182

THE LONGEST DAY.

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER.

Suggested by the sight of my daughter (D
playing in front of Rydal Mount; and compo
in a great measure the same afternoon. I h
often wished to pair this poem upon the *lon*
with one upon the *shortest*, day, and regret e
now that it has not been done.

LET us quit the leafy arbor,
And the torrent murmuring by;
For the sun is in his harbor,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended
Eve renews her calm career:
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest of the year.

Dora! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song?
Who would stop the swallow, wheelin
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

, while shades to shades succeeding
l the landscape from the sight,
ould urge this moral pleading,
forerunner of "Good night!"

MER ebbs; — each day that follows
reflux from on high,
ding to the darksome hollows
ere the frosts of winter lie.

who governs the creation,
is providence, assigned
n a gradual declination
he life of human kind.

we mark it not; — fruits redden,
h flowers blow, as flowers have
blown,
the heart is loth to deaden
es that she so long hath known.

hou wiser, youthful Maiden!
when thy decline shall come,
not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,
e the knowledge of thy doom.

, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
thine eyes upon the sea
absorbs time, space, and number;
thou to Eternity!

ow thou the flowing river
vhose breast are thither borne
leceived, and each deceiver,
ough the gates of night and morn;

ough the year's successive portals;
ough the bounds which many a star
ks, not mindless of frail mortals
n his light returns from far.

when thou with Time hast travelled
ard the mighty gulf of things,
the mazy stream unravelled
thy best imaginings;

k, if thou on beauty leanest,
k how pitiful that stay,
not virtue give the meanest
ms superior to decay.

, like a strict preceptor,
times frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it, — if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And ensures those palms of honor
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year!

1817. 1820.

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS.

Bunches of fern may often be seen wheeling about in the wind as here described. The particular bunch that suggested these verses was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail Raise. The verses were composed in 1817, but the application is for all times and places.

"WHO but hails the sight with pleasure
When the wings of genius rise,
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!

"Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!" —

ANSWER.

"Stranger, 't is no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage
'Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the nations
See, when public perturbations
Lift men from their native stations
Like yon TUFT OF FERN;

"Such it is; the aspiring creature
Soaring on undaunted wing,
(So you fancied) is by nature
A dull helpless thing,
Dry and withered, light and yellow; —
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait — and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavoring!"

1817. 1820.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

Written at Rydal Mount. Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers, by day and night, over this Pass, alone and with beloved friends.

I.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work.
A deep delight the bosom thrills
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills:
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind,
Nor hint of man; if stone or rock
Seem not his handiwork to mock
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery — or model roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped:
Altars for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed —
On which four thousand years have gazed!

II.

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes!
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props
Of restless ownership!
Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall
To feed the insatiate Prodigal!
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields;
Wages of folly — baits of crime,
Of life's uneasy game the stake,
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time; —
O care! O guilt! — O vales and plains
Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You, —
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III.

List to those shriller notes! — *that* mark
Perchance was on the blast,
When, through this Height's inverted arch,
Rome's earliest legion passed!
— They saw, adventurously impelled,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block — and yon, whose church-like frame
Gives to this savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapory bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide:
And I (as all men may find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And they have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That choice lacked courage to bestow!

IV.

My Soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted — can she slight
The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there,
The shelter — that the pérspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toil pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears — and Love
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
— Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell, thou desolate Domain!

, pointing to the cultured plain,
s like a shepherd-boy;
who is she? — Can that be Joy!
with a sunbeam for her guide,
thly skims the meadows wide;
e Faith, from yonder opening cloud,
ll and vale proclaims aloud,
ate'er the weak may dread, the
wicked dare,
lot, O Man, is good, thy portion,
fair!"

1820.

IENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

N THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

s arose out of a flash of moonlight that
the ground when I was approaching the
hat lead from the garden at Rydal Mount
ront of the house. "From her sunk eye a
t tear stole forth" is taken, with some loss,
discarded poem, "The Convict," in which
d, when he was discovered lying in the
ese lines: —

t now he upraises the deep-sunken eye,
The motion unsettles a tear;
e silence of sorrow it seems to supply
And asks of me — why I am here."

I.

of the Moon! — for so I name
ilent greeting from above;
tle flash of light that came
her whom drooping captives love;
thou of still higher birth?
that didst part the clouds of earth,
rpor to reprove!

II.

boon of pitying Heaven! — alas,
not trust thy placid cheer!
ring that Time to-night will pass
reshold of another year;
ars to me are sad and dull;
ry moments are too full
pelessness and fear.

III.

et, the soul-awakening gleam,
truck perchance the farthest cone
tland's rocky wilds, did seem
t me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

IV.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wild realms a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

V.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher — to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields
— It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

VI.

Yet how? — for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time;
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

VII.

Unblest distinction! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains:
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone; — but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

VIII.

A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

IX.

Farewell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!

By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

X.

Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block!

1817. 1827.

SEQUEL TO THE "BEGGARS," 1802.

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER.

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys?
For whose free range the dædal earth
Was filled with animated toys,
And implements of frolic mirth;
With tools for ready wit to guide;
And ornaments of seemlier pride,
More fresh, more bright, than princes wear;
For what one moment flung aside,
Another could repair;
What good or evil have they seen
Since I their pastime witnessed here,
Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer?
I ask — but all is dark between!
They met me in a genial hour,
When universal nature breathed
As with the breath of one sweet flower, —
A time to overrule the power
Of discontent, and check the birth
Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,
The most familiar bane of life
Since parting Innocence bequeathed
Mortality to Earth!
Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,
Sailed through the sky — the brooks ran clear;
The lambs from rock to rock were bounding;
With songs the budded groves resounding;
And to my heart are still endeared
The thoughts with which it then was cheered;
The faith which saw that gladsome p
Walk through the fire with unsinged h
Or, if such faith must needs deceive —
Then, Spirits of beauty and of grace,
Associates in that eager chase;
Ye, who within the blameless mind
Your favorite seat of empire find —
Kind Spirits! may we not believe
That they, so happy and so fair
Through your sweet influence, and the c
Of pitying Heaven, at least were free
From touch of *deadly* injury?
Destined whate'er their earthly doom
For mercy and immortal bloom!

1817. 182

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM;

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WOR

I distinctly recollect the evening when th verses were suggested in 1818. It was on road between Rydal and Grasmere, where Gl worms abound. A Star was shining above ridge of Loughrigg Fell, just opposite. I member a critic, in some review or other, cr out against this piece. "What so monstro said he, "as to make a star talk to a glow-wor Poor fellow! we know from this sage observa what the "primrose on the river's brim wa him."

A PILGRIM, when the summer day
Had closed upon his weary way,
A lodging begged beneath a castle's ro
But him the haughty Warder spurned
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned
To seek such covert as the field
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yie
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.

He paced along; and, pensively,
Halting beneath a shady tree,
Whose moss-grown root might serve couch or seat,
Fixed on a Star his upward eye;
Then, from the tenant of the sky
He turned, and watched with kind look,
A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,
Apparent at his feet.

The murmur of a neighboring stream
Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,

regnant dream, within whose shadowy
bounds
recognized the earth-born Star,
l *That* which glittered from afar;
l (strange to witness!) from the frame
he ethereal Orb, there came
lligible sounds.

ch did it taunt the humble Light
t now, when day was fled, and night
shed the dark earth, fast closing weary
eyes,
ery reptile could presume
show her taper in the gloom,
f in rivalship with One
o sate a ruler on his throne
cted in the skies.

xalted Star!" the Worm replied,
bate this unbecoming pride,
vith a less uneasy lustre shine;
u shrink'st as momently thy rays
mastered by the breathing haze;
le neither mist, nor thickest cloud
t shapes in heaven its murky shroud,
h power to injure mine.

not for this do I aspire
natch the spark of local fire,
at my will burns on the dewy lawn,
n thy acknowledged glories; — No!
thus upbraided, I may show
t favors do attend me here,
like thyself, I disappear
re the purple dawn."

n this in modest guise was said,
ss the welkin seemed to spread
ding sound—for aught but sleep unfit!
quaked, the rivers backward ran;
Star, so proud of late, looked wan;
reeled with visionary stir
ie blue depth, like Lucifer
headlong to the pit!

raged: and, when the spangled floor
ncient ether was no more,
heavens succeeded, by the dream
brought forth;
all the happy Souls that rode
sfigured through that fresh abode,
heretofore, in humble trust,
e meekly 'mid their native dust,
Glow-worms of the earth!

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice
Proceeding, made the heart rejoice
Of Him who slept upon the open lea:
Waking at morn he murmured not;
And, till life's journey closed, the spot
Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,
Where by that dream he had been cheered
Beneath the shady tree.

1818. 1820.

INSCRIPTIONS

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL.

1818.

I.

HOPES what are they? — Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

What are fears but voices airy?
Whispering harm where harm is not;
And deluding the unwary
Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory? — in the socket
See how dying tapers fare!
What is pride? — a whizzing rocket
That would emulate a star.

What is friendship? — do not trust her,
Nor the vows which she has made;
Diamonds dart their brightest lustre
From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth? — a staff rejected;
Duty? — an unwelcome clog;
Joy? — a moon by fits reflected
In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering,
To the Traveller's eye it shone:
He hath hailed it re-appearing —
And as quickly it is gone;

Such is Joy — as quickly hidden,
Or mis-shapen to the sight,
And by sullen weeds forbidden
To resume its native light.

What is youth? — a dancing billow,
(Winds behind, and rocks before!)
Age? — a drooping, tottering willow
On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace? — when pain is over,
And love ceases to rebel,
Let the last faint sigh discover
That precedes the passing knell!
1818. 1820.

II.

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK.

The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere. It was on my right hand, and my eyes were upon it when it fell, as told in these lines.

PAUSE, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be
Whom chance may lead to this retreat,
Where silence yields reluctantly
Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat;

Give voice to what my hand shall trace,
And fear not lest an idle sound
Of words unsuited to the place
Disturb its solitude profound.

I saw this Rock, while vernal air
Blew softly o'er the russet heath,
Uphold a Monument as fair
As church or abbey furnisheth.

Unsullied did it meet the day,
Like marble, white, like ether, pure;
As if, beneath, some hero lay,
Honored with costliest sepulture.

My fancy kindled as I gazed;
And, ever as the sun shone forth,
The flattered structure glistened, blazed,
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.

But frost had reared the gorgeous Pile
Unsound as those which Fortune builds —
To undermine with secret guile,
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.

And, while I gazed, with sudden shock
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground;
And naked left this dripping Rock,
With shapeless ruin spread around!
1818. 1820

III.

Where the second quarry now is, as you p
from Rydal to Grasmere, there was formerl
length of smooth rock that sloped towards
road, on the right hand. I used to call it Tadp
Slope, from having frequently observed there
water-bubbles gliding under the ice, exactly
the shape of that creature.

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts! — A wind-swe
meadow
Mimicking a troubled sea,
Such is life; and death a shadow
From the rock eternity!

IV.

NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAG

TROUBLED long with warring notions
Long impatient of thy rod,
I resign my soul's emotions
Unto Thee, mysterious God!

What avails the kindly shelter
Yielded by this craggy rent,
If my spirit toss and welter
On the waves of discontent?

Parching Summer hath no warrant
To consume this crystal Well;
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,
Neither sully it nor swell.

Thus, dishonoring not her station,
Would my Life present to Thee,
Gracious God, the pure oblation
Of divine tranquillity!
1818. 1820.

V.

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

e smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
the confiding Bark, untrue;
d, if she trust the stars above,
ey can be treacherous too.

e umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread
l oft, when storms the welkin rend,
ws lightning down upon the head
romised to defend.

Thou art true, incarnate Lord,
o didst vouchsafe for man to die;
smile is sure, thy plighted word
change can falsify!

nt before thy gracious throne,
l asked for peace on suppliant knee;
l peace was given, — nor peace alone,
faith sublimed to ecstasy!
18. 1820.

MPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR AND BEAUTY.

lt and in a great measure composed upon the mount in front of our abode at Rydal. In luding my notices of this class of poems it be as well to observe that among the "Misneous Sonnets" are a few alluding to morning essions which might be read with mutual ĭt in connection with these "Evening Voluns." See, for example, that one on Westter Bridge, that composed on a May morning, one on the song of the Thrush, and that ning — "While beams of orient light shoot and high."

I.

o this effulgence disappeared
a flying haste, I might have sent,
ng the speechless clouds, a look
lank astonishment;
't is endued with power to stay,
sanctify one closing day,
frail Mortality may see —
t is? — ah no, but what *can* be!
e was when field and watery cove
modulated echoes rang,
e choirs of fervent Angels sang
r vespers in the grove;
rowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,
Strains suitable to both. — Such holy rite,
Methinks, if audibly repeated now
From hill or valley, could not move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle — the gleam —
The shadow — and the peace supreme!

II.

No sound is uttered, — but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
Far-distant images draw nigh,
Called forth by wondrous potency
Of beamy radiance, that imbues,
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!
In vision exquisitely clear,
Herds range along the mountain side;
And glistening antlers are descried;
And gilded flocks appear.
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe
That this magnificence is wholly thine!
— From worlds not quickened by the sun
A portion of the gift is won;
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread
On ground which British shepherds tread!

III.

And, if there be whom broken ties
Afflict, or injuries assail,
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes
Present a glorious scale,
Climbing suffused with sunny air,
To stop — no record hath told where!
And tempting Fancy to ascend,
And with immortal Spirits blend![1]
— Wings at my shoulders seem to play;
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze
On those bright steps that heavenward raise
Their practicable way.
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,
And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

[1] See Note.

And if some traveller, weary of his road,
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,
Ye Genii! to his covert speed;
And wake him with such gentle heed
As may attune his soul to meet the dower
Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

IV.

Such hues from their celestial Urn
Were wont to stream before mine eye,
Where'er it wandered in the morn
Of blissful infancy.
This glimpse of glory, why renewed?
Nay, rather speak with gratitude;
For, if a vestige of those gleams
Survived, 't was only in my dreams.
Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve
No less than Nature's threatening voice,
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From THEE if I would swerve;
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
Which, at this moment, on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth,
Rejoices in a second birth!
— 'T is past, the visionary splendor fades;
And night approaches with her shades.
1818. 1820.

NOTE. — The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third Stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapors, or sunny haze; — in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent.

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,
Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,
Went forth — his course surrendering to the care
Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl
Insidiously, untimely thunders growl;
While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied nu
bers, tear
The lingering remnant of their yell
hair,
And shivering wolves, surprised w
darkness, howl
As if the sun were not. He raised his
Soul-smitten; for, that instant, did app
Large space ('mid dreadful clouds)
purest sky,
An azure disc — shield of Tranquillity
Invisible, unlooked-for, minister
Of providential goodness ever nigh!
FEBRUARY, 1819. 181

THIS, AND THE TWO FOLLO ING, WERE SUGGESTED MR. W. WESTALL'S VIE OF THE CAVES, ETC., YORKSHIRE.

PURE element of waters! wheresoe'e
Thou dost forsake thy subterrane
haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and ber
bearing plants,
Rise into life and in thy train appear;
And, through the sunny portion of
year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering purs
vants:
And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pan
And hart and hind and hunter with
spear,
Languish and droop together. Nor unt
In man's perturbèd soul thy sway benig
And, haply, far within the marble bel
Of central earth, where tortured Spi
pine
For grace and goodness lost, thy murm
melt
Their anguish, — and they blend sw
songs with thine.[1]
1819. 181

MALHAM COVE.

WAS the aim frustrated by force or gu
When giants scooped from out the ro
ground,

[1] Waters (as Mr. Westall informs us in letterpress prefixed to his admirable views) invariably found to flow through these caver

under tier, this semicirque profound?
nts — the same who built in Erin's isle
Causeway with incomparable toil!)—
ad this vast theatric structure wound
finished sweep into a perfect round,
ightier work had gained the plausive smile
l-beholding Phœbus! But, alas,
earth! false world! Foundations must be laid
eaven; for, 'mid the wreck of IS and WAS,
gs incomplete and purposes betrayed
sadder transits o'er thought's optic glass
noblest objects utterly decayed.
9. 1819.

GORDALE.

arly dawn, or rather when the air
mers with fading light, and shadowy Eve
siest to confer and to bereave;
pensive Votary! let thy feet repair
ordale-chasm, terrific as the lair
e the young lions couch; for so, by leave
e propitious hour, thou may'st perceive
ocal Deity, with oozy hair
nineral crown, beside his jaggèd urn,
nbent: Him thou may'st behold, who hides
neaments by day, yet there presides,
ing the docile waters how to turn,
need be) impediment to spurn,
force their passage to the salt-sea tides!
1819.

AËRIAL ROCK — WHOSE SOLITARY BROW."

rojecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in
f Rydal Mount. Thence looking at it,
e struck with the boldness of its aspect;
lking under it, you admire the beauty of
ails. It is vulgarly called Holme-scar,
ly from the insulated pasture by the
de below it.

AËRIAL Rock — whose solitary brow
From this low threshold daily meets my sight;
When I step forth to hail the morning light;
Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell — how
Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow?
How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest?
— By planting on thy naked head the crest
Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme!
That doth presume no more than to supply
A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream
Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
Rise, then, ye votive Towers! and catch a gleam
Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die.
1819. 1819.

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST.

I observed this beautiful nest on the largest island of Rydal Water.

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower; or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
Ceilinged and roofed; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring,
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,
And dimly-gleaming Nest, — a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
I gazed — and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride!
1819. 1819.

WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless
sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage
benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and
line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,
He found the longest summer day too
short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford
brook —
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh meads — where flowed,
from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!

1819. 1819.

CAPTIVITY — MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with
deadlier chill,
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,
Glistening with unparticipated ray,
Or shining slope where he must never
stray;
So joys, remembered without wish or will,
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my
mind
To fit proportion with my altered state!
Quench those felicities whose light I find
Reflected in my bosom all too late! —
O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait;
And, like mine eyes that stream with sor-
row, blind!"

1819. 1819.

TO A SNOWDROP.

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and
white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day
day,
Storms, sallying from the mountain-to
waylay
The rising sun, and on the plains desce
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a fri
Whose zeal outruns his promise! B
eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly
With bright jonquils, their odors lavish
On the soft west-wind and his frolic pe
Nor will I then thy modest grace forg
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinge
Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years

1819. 181

ON SEEING A TUFT OF SNO DROPS IN A STORM.

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate
And grandeur crouches like a guilty th
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature b
Mature release, in fair society
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger
Like these frail snowdrops that toge
cling,
And nod their helmets, smitten by the w
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping
Observe the faithful flowers! if smal
great
May lead the thoughts, thus strugg
used to stand
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstin
And so the bright immortal Theban b
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's c
mand,
Might overwhelm, but could not separ

1819. 18

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE V LEYS OF WESTMORELAND, EASTER SUNDAY.

WITH each recurrence of this glo
morn
That saw the Saviour in his human f
Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cot
dame
Put on fresh raiment — till that hou
worn:

estic hands the home-bred wool had
shorn,
she who span it culled the daintiest
fleece,
oughtful reverence to the Prince of
Peace,
se temples bled beneath the platted
thorn.
st estate when piety sublime
e humble props disdained not! O
green dales!
nay *I* be who heard your sabbath
chime
n Art's abused inventions were un-
known;
Nature's various wealth was all your
own;
benefits were weighed in Reason's
scales!

1819.

RIEF, THOU HAST LOST AN EVER-READY FRIEND."

uld write a treatise of lamentation upon the
s brought about among the cottages of
oreland by the silence of the spinning-
During long winter nights and wet days,
eel upon which wool was spun gave em-
ent to a great part of a family. The old
owever infirm, was able to card the wool,
sate in the corner by the fireside; and
when a boy, have I admired the cylinders
ed wool which were softly laid upon each
by his side. Two wheels were often at
n the same floor; and others of the family,
little children, were occupied in teasing
aning the wool to fit it for the hand of the
So that all, except the smallest infants,
ontributing to mutual support. Such was
ployment that prevailed in the pastoral
Where wool was not at hand, in the small
owns, the wheel for spinning flax was
in as constant use, if knitting was not
ed; which latter occupation has the ad-
e (in some cases disadvantage) that, not
f necessity stationary, it allowed of gos-
about from house to house, which good
ives reckoned an idle thing.

, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend
hat the cottage Spinning-wheel is
mute;
are—a comforter that best could suit
Her froward mood, and softliest repre-
hend;
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used
to lend,
More efficaciously than aught that flows
From harp or lute, kind influence to com-
pose
The throbbing pulse—else troubled with-
out end:
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce
and rest
From her own overflow, what power sedate
On those revolving motions did await
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast;
And, to a point of just relief, abate
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

1819. 1819.

"I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE WATCHED, WITH CALM REGRET."

Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite. Not once only, but a hundred times, have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened by the same objects seen from the same place.

I WATCH, and long have watched, with
calm regret
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire
(So might he seem) of all the glittering
quire!
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and
yet;
But now the horizon's rocky parapet
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright
attire,
He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—
Then pays submissively the appointed debt
To the flying moments, and is seen no
more.
Angels and gods! We struggle with our
fate,
While health, power, glory, from their
height decline,
Depressed; and then extinguished; and
our state,
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,
That no to-morrow shall our beams re-
store!

1819. 1819.

"I HEARD (ALAS! 'T WAS ONLY IN A DREAM)."

I HEARD (alas! 't was only in a dream)
Strains — which, as sage Antiquity believed,
By waking ears have sometimes been received
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream;
A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.
For is she not the votary of Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow[1]
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires!
She soared — and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow. .

1819. 1819.

THE HAUNTED TREE.

TO ———

This tree grew in the park of Rydal, and I have often listened to its creaking as described.

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less
To overshade than multiply his beams
By soft reflection — grateful to the sky,
To rocks, fields, woods. Nor doth our human sense
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attired
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use
Was fashioned; whether, by the hand of Art,
That eastern Sultan, amid flowers enwrought

[1] See the Phædon of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

On silken tissue, might diffuse his lim
In languor; or, by Nature, for repose
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied
the chase.
O Lady! fairer in thy Poet's sight
Than fairest spiritual creature of
groves,
Approach; — and, thus invited, cr
with rest
The noon-tide hour: though truly s
there are
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid
This venerable Tree; for, when the
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creal
sound
(Above the general roar of woods
crags)
Distinctly heard from afar — a dol
note!
As if (so Grecian shepherds would
deemed)
The Hamadryad, pent within, bewai
Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelie
By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghos
Haunts the old trunk; lamenting d
of which
The flowery ground is conscious. Bu
wind
Sweeps now along this elevated ridg
Not even a zephyr stirs; — the obno
Tree
Is mute; and, in his silence, would
down,
O lovely Wanderer of the trackless
On thy reclining form with more de
Than his coevals in the sheltered va
Seem to participate, the while they
Their own far-stretching arms and
heads
Vividly pictured in some glassy pool
That, for a brief space, checks the h
ing stream!

1819. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1819.

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fi
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,
The mountains looking on.

sooth to say, yon vocal grove,
it uninspired by love,
ove untaught to ring,
well afford to mortal ear
mpulse more profoundly dear
music of the Spring.

hat from turbulence and heat
eeds, from some uneasy seat
ature's struggling frame,
e region of impatient life:
jealousy, and quivering strife,
ein a portion claim.

this is holy; — while I hear
e vespers of another year,
hymn of thanks and praise,
pirit seems to mount above
anxieties of human love,
earth's precarious days.

ist! — though winter storms be nigh,
ecked is that soft harmony:
e lives Who can provide
ll his creatures; and in Him,
like the radiant Seraphim,
e choristers confide.
9. 1820.

PON THE SAME OCCASION.

ARTING summer hath assumed
spect tenderly illumed,
gentlest look of spring;
calls from yonder leafy shade
ded, yet prepared to fade,
nely carolling.

aint and hesitating trill,
tribute as to winter chill
onely redbreast pays!
, loud, and lively is the din,
social warblers gathering in
harvest of sweet lays.

doth the example fail to cheer
conscious that my leaf is sere,
yellow on the bough: —
rosy garlands, from my head!
yrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed
nd a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice;
Wide is the range, and free the choice
Of undiscordant themes;
Which, haply, kindred souls may prize
Not less than vernal ecstasies,
And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong,
And they like Demi-gods are strong
On whom the Muses smile;
But some their function have disclaimed,
Best pleased with what is aptliest framed
To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains
Committed to the silent plains
In Britain's earliest dawn:
Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,
While all-too-daringly the veil
Of nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note
When the live chords Alcæus smote,
Inflamed by sense of wrong;
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire
Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallowed was the page
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage
The pangs of vain pursuit;
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid
With finest touch of passion swayed
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll
Of pure Simonides.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth
Of poesy; a bursting forth
Of genius from the dust:
What Horace gloried to behold,
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?
Can haughty Time be just!
1819. 1820.

"THERE IS A LITTLE UNPRETENDING RILL."

This Rill trickles down the hill-side into Windermere, near Lowwood. My sister and I, on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour.

THERE is a little unpretending Rill
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught
That ever among Men or Naiads sought
Notice or name! — It quivers down the hill,
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will;
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought
Oftener than Ganges or the Nile; a thought
Of private recollection sweet and still!
Months perish with their moons; year treads on year!
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst say
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,
And flies their memory fast almost as they;
The immortal Spirit of one happy day
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear.
1820. 1820.

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur!
Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood!
Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,
Press the point home, or falter and demur,
Checked in your course by many a teasing burr;
These natural council-seats your acrid blood
Might cool; — and, as the Genius of the flood
Stoops willingly to animate and spur
Each lighter function slumbering in the brain,
Yon eddying balls of foam, these arro gleams
That o'er the pavement of the surgi streams
Welter and flash, a synod might detai
With subtle speculations, haply vain,
But surely less so than your far-fetch themes!
1820. 1820

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJES (GEORGE THE THIRD).

WARD of the LAW! — dread Shadow a King!
Whose realm had dwindled to one stat room;
Whose universe was gloom immersed gloom,
Darkness as thick as life o'er life co fling,
Save haply for some feeble glimmerin
Of Faith and Hope — if thou, by natu doom,
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sor cling,
When thankfulness were best? — Fre flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeed sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole re
Which justly it can claim. The Nat hears
In this deep knell, silent for threesc years,
An unexampled voice of awful memo
1820. 182

"THE STARS ARE MANSION BUILT BY NATURE'S HAND."

THE stars are mansions built by Natu hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the b
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their imn tal vest;
Huge Ocean shows, within his yel strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see — is dome, or vault, or n

fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.
d thought for every season! but the Spring
e it while cares were weighing on my heart,
d song of birds, and insects murmuring;
while the youthful year's prolific art—
bud, leaf, blade, and flower — was fashioning
des where self-disturbance hath no part.
20. 1820.

THE LADY MARY LOWTHER.

ith a selection from the Poems of Anne, ıtess of Winchilsea; and extracts of similar ıcter from other Writers; transcribed by a le friend.

ɔy! I rifled a Parnassian Cave
t seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore;
culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store
genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave
spotless limbs; and ventured to explore
shades — for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,
up at random by the sullen wave.
emale hands the treasures were resigned;
lo this Work! — a grotto bright and clear
ı stain or taint; in which thy blameless mind
feed on thoughts though pensive not austere;
f thy deeper spirit be inclined
oly musing, it may enter here.
o. 1820.

THE DETRACTION WHICH OLLOWED THE PUBLICATION F A CERTAIN POEM.

Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was f late called 'Tetrachordon.'"

ɔok came forth of late, called PETER BELL;
negligent the style; — the matter? — good
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;
But some (who brook those hackneyed themes full well,
Nor heat, at Tam o'Shanter's name, their blood)
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell.
Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,
Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,
Heed not such onset! nay, if praise of men
To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,
Lift up that gray-haired forehead, and rejoice
In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen!
1820. 1820.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!
In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth:
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street —
An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown!
1820. 1820.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

SHAME on this faithless heart! that could allow
Such transport, though but for a moment's space;

Not while — to aid the spirit of the place —
The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow
The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough;
But in plain daylight: — She, too, at my side,
Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,
Maintains inviolate its slightest vow!
Sweet Fancy! other gifts must I receive;
Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim;
Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,
And to that brow life's morning wreath restore;
Let *her* be comprehended in the frame
Of these illusions, or they please no more.
1820. 1820.

JUNE, 1820.

Fame tells of groves — from England far away —
[1] Groves that inspire the Nightingale to trill
And modulate, with subtle reach of skill
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay;
Such bold report I venture to gainsay:
For I have heard the quire of Richmond hill
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day;
When, haply under shade of that same wood,
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood —
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,
Ye heavenly Birds! to your Progenitors.
1820. 1820.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

1820.

I set out in company with my Wife and Sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Monkhouse, then just married, and Miss Horrocks. These two ladies, sisters, we left at Berne, while Mr. Monkhouse took the opportunity of making an excursion with among the Alps as far as Milan. Mr. H. Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when t ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded Paris, where Mr. Monkhouse and H. C. R. us, and where we spent five weeks, of wh there is not a record in these poems.

[1] Wallachia is the country alluded to.

DEDICATION.

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS. TO ——)

Dear Fellow-travellers! think not that the Mu
To You presenting these memorial Lays,
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze
As on a mirror that gives back the hues
Of living Nature; no — though free to choose
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply
The life, the truth, the beauty: she confides
In that enjoyment which with You abides,
Trusts to your love and vivid memory;
Thus far contented, that for You her verse
Shall lack not power the "meeting soul pierce!"

W. Wordsworth

Rydal Mount, *Nov.* 1821.

I.

FISH-WOMEN — ON LANDING AT CALAIS.

'T is said, fantastic ocean doth enfold
The likeness of whate'er on land is see
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Que
Above whose heads the tide so long h
rolled,
The Dames resemble whom we h
behold,
How fearful were it down through op
ing waves
To sink, and meet them in their fret
caves,
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably o
And shrill and fierce in accent! — F
it not:
For they Earth's fairest daughters
excel;
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot;
Their voices into liquid music swell,

ling each pearly cleft and sparry
grot,
undisturbed abodes where Sea-
nymphs dwell! [1]

1822.

II.

BRUGÈS.[1]

ès I saw attired with golden light
amed from the west) as with a robe
of power:
splendor fled; and now the sunless
hour,
slowly making way for peaceful
night,
suits with fallen grandeur, to my
sight
s the beauty, the magnificence,
sober graces, left her for defence
st the injuries of time, the spite
rtune, and the desolating storms
ure war. Advance not — spare to
hide,
tle Power of darkness! these mild
hues;
re not yet these silent avenues
tateliest architecture, where the
Forms
n-like females, with soft motion,
glide!

1822.

III.

BRUGÈS.

pirit of Antiquity — enshrined
nptuous buildings, vocal in sweet
song,
ture, speaking with heroic tongue,
ith devout solemnities entwined —
s to the seat of grace within the
mind:
Forms that glide with swan-like
ease along,
motions, even amid the vulgar
throng,
harmonious decency confined:
he streets were consecrated ground,
ty one vast temple, dedicate

[1] See Note.

To mutual respect in thought and deed;
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;
To social cares from jarring passions
freed;
A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

1820. 1822.

IV.

AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A WINGÈD Goddess — clothed in vesture
wrought
Of rainbow colors; One whose port was
bold,
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely
hold
The glittering crowns and garlands which
it brought —
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot.
She vanished; leaving prospect blank
and cold
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us
rolled
In dreary billows; wood, and meagre cot,
And monuments that soon must dis-
appear;
Yet a dread local recompense we found;
While glory seemed betrayed, while
patriot-zeal
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should*
feel
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage
near,
And horror breathing from the silent
ground!

1820. 1822.

V.

BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIÈGE.

The scenery on the Meuse pleases me more, upon the whole, than that of the Rhine, though the river itself is much inferior in grandeur. The rocks both in form and color, especially between Namur and Liège, surpass any upon the Rhine, though they are in several places disfigured by quarries, whence stones were taken for the new fortifications. This is much to be regretted, for they are useless, and the scars will remain perhaps for thousands of years. A like injury to a still greater degree has been inflicted, in my memory, upon the beautiful rocks of Clifton on

the banks of the Avon. There is probably in existence a very long letter of mine to Sir Uvedale Price, in which was given a description of the landscapes on the Meuse as compared with those on the Rhine.

Details in the spirit of these sonnets are given both in Mrs. Wordsworth's Journals and my Sister's, and the re-perusal of them has strengthened a wish long entertained that somebody would put together, as in one work, the notices contained in them, omitting particulars that were written down merely to aid our memory, and bringing the whole into as small a compass as is consistent with the general interests belonging to the scenes, circumstances, and objects touched on by each writer.

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favorite playground, are with crimson stains
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dews?
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,
With its gray rocks clustering in pensive shade —
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

1820. 1822.

VI.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

WAS it to disenchant, and to undo,
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may rene
Why does this puny Church present view
Her feeble columns? and that sca chair!
This sword that one of our weak ti might wear!
Objects of false pretence, or meanly tr
If from a traveller's fortune I might cl
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Bre
That ROLAND clove with huge t handed sway,
And to the enormous labor left his na
Where unremitting frosts the rocky c cent bleach.[1]

1820. 182

VII.

IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOG

O FOR the help of Angels to complet
This Temple — Angels governed by a p
Thus far pursued (how gloriously!) Man,
Studious that HE might not disdain seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that as ing heat
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! wh gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazoning
But faintly picture, 't were an office m
For you, on these unfinished shafts to
The midnight virtues of your harmony:
This vast design might tempt you to rep
Strains that call forth upon empyr ground
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices swee

1820. 182

VIII.

IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BAN OF THE RHINE.

AMID this dance of objects sadness ste
O'er the defrauded heart — while swe ing by,
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the gr Earth reels:

[1] See Note.

ward, in rapid evanescence, wheels
venerable pageantry of Time,
beetling rampart, and each tower
sublime,
what the Dell unwillingly reveals
irking cloistral arch, through trees
espied
the bright River's edge. Yet why
repine?
nuse, to creep, to halt at will, to
gaze —
sweet wayfaring — of life's spring
the pride,
summer's faithful joy — *that* still is
mine,
in fit measure cheers autumnal days.

1822.

IX.

HYMN.

THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH HE RAPIDS UNDER THE CASTLE OF EIDELBERG.

bless our slender Boat,
the current swept along;
its threatenings — let them not
own the music of a song
hed thy mercy to implore,
e these troubled waters roar!

ur, for our warning, seen
eding on that precious Rood;
hile through the meadows green
ntly wound the peaceful flood,
orgot Thee, do not Thou
gard thy Suppliants now!

r, like yon ancient Tower
tching o'er the River's bed,
the shadow of thy power,
e we sleep among the dead;
who trod'st the billowy sea,
l us in our jeopardy!

our Bark among the waves;
ough the rocks our passage smooth;
e the whirlpool frets and raves
thy love its anger soothe:
ir hope is placed in Thee;
ere Domine! [1]

1822.

X.

THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE.

NOT, like his great Compeers, indignantly
Doth DANUBE spring to life! [1] The wandering Stream
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee
Slips from his prison walls: and Fancy, free
To follow in his track of silver light,
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight
Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet
In conflict; whose rough winds forgot their jars
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece;
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece —
ARGO — exalted for that daring feat
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

1820. 1822.

XI.

ON APPROACHING THE STAUBBACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN.

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired — designed
For what strange service, does this concert reach
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!
'Mid fields familiarized to human speech? —
No Mermaid's warble — to allay the wind
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach —
More thrilling melodies; Witch answering Witch,
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant

[1] See Note

The strain should flow — free Fancy to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this bright, this sky-born, WATERFALL![1]

1820. 1822.

XII.

THE FALL OF THE AAR — HANDEC.

FROM the fierce aspect of this River, throwing
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink:
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing:
They suck — from breath that, threatening to destroy,
Is more benignant than the dewy eve —
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy:
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,
These humbler adorations will receive.

1820. 1822.

XIII.

MEMORIAL.

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN.

"*DEM*
ANDENKEN
MEINES FREUNDES
ALOYS REDING
MDCCCXVIII."

Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

[1] See Note.

AROUND a wild and woody hill
A gravelled pathway treading,
We reached a votive Stone that bears
The name of Aloys Reding.

Well judged the Friend who placed there
For silence and protection;
And haply with a finer care
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West;
And, while in summer glory
He sets, his sinking yields a type
Of that pathetic story:

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss
Amid the grove to linger;
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone
Touched by his golden finger.

1820. 182

XIV.

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATH LIC CANTONS.

DOOMED as we are our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The altar, to deride the fane,
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze:
Hail to the firm unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam — along the brink
Of Rhine — or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or champain wi
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity! — to bid us think,
And feel, if we would know.

1820. 182

XV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

O LIFE! without thy checkered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe

ss and failure, could a ground
nagnanimity be found;
ith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
ence could virtue flow?

ntered through a ghastly breach—
hile sin lasts must effort cease;
n upon earth 's an empty boast;
or the bowers of Eden lost,
has placed within our reach
tion of God's peace.

1822.

XVI.

E ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ.

AT know we of the Blest above
at they sing and that they love?"
f they ever did inspire
tal hymn, or shaped the choir,
where those harvest Damsels float
ward in their rugged Boat,
e all the ruffling winds are fled—
slumbering on some mountain's
head)
surely, hath that gracious aid
elt, that influence is displayed.
of Heaven, in order stand
stic Maidens, every hand
a Sister's shoulder laid,—
nt, as glides the boat along,
ole, but a touching, song;
nt, as Angels do above,
elodies of Peace in love!

1822.

XVII.

LBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS.[1]

ntlest uses, oft-times Nature takes
ork of Fancy from her willing hands;
ch a beautiful creation makes
aders needless spells and magic
wands,
r the boldest tale belief commands.
first mine eyes beheld that famous
Hill,
cred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,
ntermingling motions soft and still,
ound its top, on wings that changed
their hues at will.

[1] See Note.

Clouds do not name those Visitants; they
were
The very Angels whose authentic lays,
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle
air,
Made known the spot where piety should
raise
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise.
Resplendent Apparition! if in vain
My ears did listen, 't was enough to gaze;
And watch the slow departure of the train,
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain
thirsted to detain.

1820. 1822.

XVIII.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign
Than fairest Star, upon the height
Of thy own mountain,[2] set to keep
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,
What eye can look upon thy shrine
Untroubled at the sight?

These crowded offerings as they hang
In sign of misery relieved,
Even these, without intent of theirs,
Report of comfortless despairs,
Of many a deep and cureless pang
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aërial cleft,
As to a common centre, tend
All sufferers that no more rely
On mortal succor—all who sigh
And pine, of human hope bereft,
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild!
Though plenteous flowers around thee
blow
Not only from the dreary strife
Of Winter, but the storms of life,
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

Even for the Man who stops not here,
But down the irriguous valley hies,
Thy very name, O Lady! flings,
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,

[2] Mount Righi.

A tender sense of shadowy fear,
And chastening sympathies!

Nor falls that intermingling shade
To summer-gladsomeness unkind:
It chastens only to requite
With gleams of fresher, purer, light;
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,
More sweetly breathes the wind.

But on!—a tempting downward way,
A verdant path before us lies;
Clear shines the glorious sun above;
Then give free course to joy and love,
Deeming the evil of the day
Sufficient for the wise.

1820. 1822.

XIX.

EFFUSION.

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF.

This Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to have been placed, when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss Story.

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow
On Marathonian valor, yet the tear
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,
While narrow cares their limits overflow.
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold!
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold!

And when that calm Spectatress from on high
Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,
Who never gazes but to beautify;
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls;
Then might the passing Monk rece
boon
Of saintly pleasure from these pict
walls,
While, on the warlike groups, the mel
ing lustre falls.

How blest the souls who when their
come
Yield not to terror or despondency,
But face like that sweet Boy their m
doom,
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, whi
Expectant stands beneath the linden t
He quakes not like the timid forest g
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to
Assured that Heaven its justice will
claim,
And to his Father give its own une
aim.

1820. 18

XX.

THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ.

BY antique Fancy trimmed—th
lowly, bred
To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ!
seen
The genuine features of the golden m
Equality by Prudence governèd,
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead
And, therefore, art thou blest with pe
serene
As that of the sweet fields and mead
green
In unambitious compass round thee spr
Majestic BERNE, high on her guar
steep,
Holding a central station of comman
Might well be styled this noble bo
HEAD;
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entre
ments deep,
Its HEART; and ever may the heroic
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy free
keep![1]

[1] Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking
French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for th
time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the fro
of this small Canton, to impose upon it the
of their governors.

1820. 18

XXI.

HEARING THE "RANZ DES CHES" ON THE TOP OF THE S OF ST. GOTHARD.

EN — but no faculty of mine
those modulations to detect,
, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss
affect
tenderest passion; leaving him to
pine
me reports) and die, — his sweet-
breathed kine
mbering, and green Alpine pastures
decked
ernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
le as fabulous. — Here while I re-
cline,
ul how others by this simple Strain
oved, for me—upon this Mountain
named
od himself from dread pre-emi-
nence —
ng thoughts, by memory reclaimed,
o the Music's touching influence;
ys of distant home my heart enchain.

1822.

XXII.

FORT FUENTES.

Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a minence that rises from the plain at the the Lake of Como, commanding views up celine, and toward the town of Chiavenna. spect in the latter direction is character- melancholy sublimity. We rejoiced at avored with a distinct view of those heights; not, as we had expected from king up of the storm, steeped in celestial et in communion with clouds floating or ry — scatterings from heaven. The Ruin sting both in mass and in detail. An In-, upon elaborately sculptured marble the ground, records that the Fort had cted by Count Fuentes in the year 1600, he reign of Philip the Third; and the about twenty years after, by one of his lants. Marble pillars of gateways are ding, and a considerable part of the walls: a smooth green turf has taken the pavement, and we could see no trace or image; but everywhere something to remind one of former splendor, and of devastation and tumult. In our ascent we had passed abundance of wild vines intermingled with bushes: near the ruins were some ill tended, but growing willingly; and rock, turf, and fragments of the pile, are alike covered or adorned with a variety of flowers, among which the rose-colored pink was growing in great beauty. While descending, we discovered on the ground, apart from the path, and at a considerable distance from the ruined Chapel, a statue of a Child in pure white marble, uninjured by the explosion that had driven it so far down the hill. "How little," we exclaimed, "are these things valued here! Could we but transport this pretty Image to our own garden!" — Yet it seemed it would have been a pity any one should remove it from its couch in the wilderness, which may be its own for hundreds of years. — *Extract from Journal.*

DREAD hour! when, upheaved by war's
sulphurous blast,
This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian
stone
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,
To couch in this thicket of brambles
alone,

To rest where the lizard may bask in the
palm
Of his half-open hand pure from
blemish or speck;
And the green, gilded snake, without
troubling the calm
Of the beautiful countenance, twine
round his neck;

Where haply (kind service to Piety due!)
When winter the grove of its mantle
bereaves,
Some bird (like our own honored red-
breast) may strew
The desolate Slumberer with moss and
with leaves.

FUENTES once harbored the good and the
brave,
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleas-
ure unknown;
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the
mountains was blown:

Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent;—
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away!

1820. 1822.

XXIII.

THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR.

SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO.

This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano; and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and on one side nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome; but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods and dazzling waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sealike extent of plain fading into the sky; and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps — unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands.

THOU sacred Pile! whose turrets rise
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,
Guarded by lone San Salvador;
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,
But ne'er to human rage!

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned
To rest the universal Lord:
Why leap the fountains from their cells
Where everlasting Bounty dwells? —
That, while the Creature is sustained,
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times —
Let all remind the soul of heaven;
Our slack devotion needs them all;
And Faith — so oft of sense the thrall,
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs —
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,
And all the Pomps of this frail "spo
Which men call Earth," have yearne
seek,
Associate with the simply meek,
Religion in the sainted grove,
And in the hallowed grot.

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,
Of fainting hopes and backward will
Did mighty Tell repair of old —
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,
Deliverer of the steadfast rocks
And of the ancient hills!

He, too, of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his daunted peers,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering with a wide embrace,
Into his single breast, a sheaf
Of fatal Austrian spears.[1]

1820. 182

XXIV.

THE ITALIAN ITINERANT AND T SWISS GOATHERD.

PART I.

I.

Now that the farewell tear is dried,
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy gu
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy
The wages of thy travel, joy!
Whether for London bound — to tril
Thy mountain notes with simple skill
Or on thy head to poise a show
Of Images in seemly row;
The graceful form of milk-white Stee
Or Bird that soared with Ganymede;
Or through our hamlets thou wilt bea
The sightless Milton, with his hair
Around his placid temples curled;
And Shakspeare at his side — a freig
If clay could think and mind were wei
For him who bore the world!

[1] Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Semp broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. event is one of the most famous in the anna Swiss heroism; and pictures and prints of i frequent throughout the country.

e be thy guide, adventurous Boy;
wages of thy travel, joy!

II.

thou, perhaps, (alert as free
gh serving sage philosophy)
ramble over hill and dale,
ender of the well-wrought Scale,
se sentient tube instructs to time
rpose to a fickle clime:
ther thou choose this useful part,
inister to finer art,
gh robbed of many a cherished
dream,
crossed by many a shattered scheme,
t stirring wonders wilt thou see
e proud Isle of liberty!
vill the Wanderer sometimes pine
thoughts which no delights can
chase,
ll a Sister's last embrace,
Mother's neck entwine;
shall forget the Maiden coy
would have loved the bright-haired
Boy!

III.

ong, encouraged by the grace
beams from his ingenuous face,
his Adventurer scruples not
ophesy a golden lot;
recompense, and safe return
OMO's steeps — his happy bourn!
e he, aloft in garden glade,
tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,
owering maize, and prop the twig
ill supports the luscious fig;
ed his eye in paths sun-proof
purple of the trellis-roof,
through the jealous leaves escapes
Cadenabbia's pendent grapes.
might he tempt that Goatherd-child
are his wanderings! him whose look
yet my heart can scarcely brook,
uchingly he smiled —
th a rapture caught from heaven —
nasked alms in pity given.

PART II.

I.

nodding plumes, and lightly drest
foresters in leaf-green vest,
Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground
For Tell's dread archery renowned,
Before the target stood — to claim
The guerdon of the steadiest aim.
Loud was the rifle-gun's report —
A startling thunder quick and short!
But, flying through the heights around,
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound
Of hearts and hands alike "prepared
The treasures they enjoy to guard!"
And, if there be a favored hour
When Heroes are allowed to quit
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit
With tutelary power,
On their Descendants shedding grace —
This was the hour, and that the place.

II.

But Truth inspired the Bards of old
When of an iron age they told,
Which to unequal laws gave birth,
And drove Astræa from the earth.
— A gentle Boy (perchance with blood
As noble as the best endued,
But seemingly a Thing despised;
Even by the sun and air unprized;
For not a tinge or flowery streak
Appeared upon his tender cheek)
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,
Apart, besides his silent goats,
Sate watching in a forest shed,
Pale, raggèd, with bare feet and head;
Mute as the snow upon the hill,
And, as the saint he prays to, still.
Ah, what avails heroic deed?
What liberty? if no defence
Be won for feeble Innocence.
Father of all! though wilful Manhood read
His punishment in soul-distress,
Grant to the morn of life its natural
blessedness!

1820. 1822.

XXV.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA — MILAN.[1]

THO' searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal
grace,

[1] See Note.

The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder — and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings — still bespeak
A labor worthy of eternal youth!

1820. 1822.

XXVI.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820.

HIGH on her speculative tower
Stood Science waiting for the hour
When Sol was destined to endure
That darkening of his radiant face
Which Superstition strove to chase,
Erewhile, with rites impure.

Afloat beneath Italian skies,
Through regions fair as Paradise
We gayly passed, — till Nature wrought
A silent and unlooked-for change,
That checked the desultory range
Of joy and sprightly thought.

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,
The waves danced round us as before,
As lightly, though of altered hue,
'Mid recent coolness, such as falls
At noontide from umbrageous walls
That screen the morning dew.

No vapor stretched its wings; no cloud
Cast far or near a murky shroud;
The sky an azure field displayed;
'T was sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,
And as in slumber laid, —

Or something night and day between,
Like moonshine — but the hue was green;
Still moonshine, without shadow, spre
On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,
Where gazed the peasant from his doo
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps — it lay,
Lugano! on thy ample bay;
The solemnizing veil was drawn
O'er villas, terraces, and towers;
To Albogasio's olive bowers,
Porlezza's verdant lawn.

But Fancy with the speed of fire
Hath passed to Milan's loftiest spire,
And there alights 'mid that aërial host
Of Figures human and divine, [1]
White as the snows of Apennine
Indúrated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day
Angels she sees — that might from heav
have flown,
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown —

Sees long-drawn files, concentric ring
Each narrowing above each; — the win
The uplifted palms, the silent marble
The starry zone of sovereign height [2]
All steeped in this portentous light!
All suffering dim eclipse!

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrough
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like water in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared.

Lo! while I speak, the laboring Sun
His glad deliverance has begun:
The cypress waves her sombre plume
More cheerily; and town and tower,
The vineyard and the olive-bower,
Their lustre re-assume!

O Ye, who guard and grace my home
While in far-distant lands we roam,

[1] See Note.

[2] Above the highest circle of figures is a
of metallic stars.

at countenance hath this Day put on
for you?
ile we looked round with favored eyes,
l sullen mists hide lake and skies
d mountains from your view?

was it given you to behold
e vision, pensive though not cold,
m the smooth breast of gay Winander-
mere?
v ye the soft yet awful veil
ead over Grasmere's lovely dale,
lvellyn's brow severe?

sk in vain — and know far less
ickness, sorrow, or distress
ve spared my Dwelling to this hour;
blindness! but ordained to prove
faith in Heaven's unfailing love
d all-controlling power.
820. 1822.

XXVII.

THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS.

I.

w blest the Maid whose heart—yet free
m Love's uneasy sovereignty —
ts with a fancy running high,
r simple cares to magnify;
om Labor, never urged to toil,
h cherished on a healthful soil;
o knows not pomp, who heeds not
pelf;
ose heaviest sin it is to look
ance upon her pretty Self
lected in some crystal brook;
om grief hath spared — who sheds no
tear
in sweet pity; and can hear
ther's praise from envy clear.

II.

h (but O lavish Nature! why
t dark unfathomable eye,
ere lurks a Spirit that replies
stillest mood of softest skies,
hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
ther's first, and then her own?)
h, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut shade
To accomplish there her loveliness:
Nice aid maternal fingers lend;
A Sister serves with slacker hand;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the
festal band.

III.

How blest (if truth may entertain
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)
The HELVETIAN Girl — who daily braves,
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep!
— Say whence that modulated shout!
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng?
Or does the greeting to a rout
Of giddy Bacchanals belong?
Jubilant outcry! rock and glade
Resounded — but the voice obeyed
The breath of an Helvetian Maid.

IV.

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood;
Her courage animates the flood;
Her steps the elastic greensward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice!
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art — for through thy veins
The blood of Heroes runs its race!
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That, for the virtuous, Life prepares;
The fetters which the Matron wears;
The patriot Mother's weight of anxious
cares!

V.

1 "Sweet HIGHLAND Girl! a very shower
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"
When thou didst flit before mine eyes,
Gay Vision under sullen skies,
While Hope and Love around thee played,
Near the rough falls of Inversneyd!
Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen
No breach of promise in the fruit?
Was joy, in following joy, as keen

1 See address to a Highland Girl, p. 221.

As grief can be in grief's pursuit?
When youth had flown did hope still bless
Thy goings — or the cheerfulness
Of innocence survive to mitigate distress?

VI.

But from our course why turn — to tread
A way with shadows overspread;
Where what we gladliest would believe
Is feared as what may most deceive?
Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned
But heath-bells from thy native ground,
Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,
Nor take one ray of light from Thee;
For in my Fancy thou dost share
The gift of immortality;
And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,
The Votaress by Lugano's side;
And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep
descried!

1820. 1822.

XXVIII.

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY THE WAYSIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

AMBITION — following down this far-famed slope
Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,
While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won —
Perchance, in future ages, here may stop;
Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope
By admonition from this prostrate Stone!
Memento uninscribed of Pride o'erthrown;
Vanity's hieroglyphic; a choice trope
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine!
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath:
What groans! what shrieks! what quietness in death.

1820. 1822.

XXIX.

STANZAS.

COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

VALLOMBROSA! I longed in thy shadie
wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covere
floor,
To listen to ANIO'S precipitous flood,
When the stillness of evening hath dee
ened its roar;
To range through the Temples of PÆSTU
to muse
In POMPEII preserved by her burial
earth;
On pictures to gaze where they drank
their hues;
And murmur sweet songs on the grou
of their birth.

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur
Rome,
Could I leave them unseen, and not yie
to regret?
With a hope (and no more) for a seas
to come,
Which ne'er may discharge the magni
cent debt?
Thou fortunate Region! whose Greatne
inurned
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dus
Twice-glorified fields! if in sadness
turned
From your infinite marvels, the sadne
was just.

Now, risen e'er the light-footed Cham
retires
From dew-sprinkled grass to heig
guarded with snow,
Toward the mists that hang over the la
of my Sires,
From the climate of myrtles contented
go.
My thoughts become bright like y
edging of Pines
On the steep's lofty verge: how it bla
ened the air!
But, touched from behind by the Sun
now shines
With threads that seem part of his o
silver hair.

gh the toil of the way with dear
Friends we divide,
gh by the same zephyr our temples
be fanned
e rest in the cool orange-bower side
by side,
arning survives which few hearts
shall withstand:
step hath its value while homeward
we move; —
when the girdle of England appears!
moment in life is so conscious of
love,
e in the heart made more happy by
tears?

1822.

XXX.

ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI.

beast of chase hath broken from
the cover?
GEMMI listens to as full a cry,
ltitudinous a harmony
inds as rang the heights of Latmos
over,
, from the soft couch of her sleep-
ing Lover,
rting, Cynthia skimmed the moun-
tain dew
n pursuit — and gave, where'er she
flew,
uous motion to the Stars above her.
ary Wolf-dog, ranging on
gh the bleak concave, wakes this
wondrous chime
y voices locked in unison, —
— far-off — near — deep — solemn
and sublime! —
om the body of one guilty deed,
usand ghostly fears, and haunting
thoughts, proceed!

1822.

XXXI.

PROCESSIONS.

STED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN
THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

pease the Gods; or public thanks
to yield;
olicit knowledge of events,
Which in her breast Futurity concealed;
And that the past might have its true intents
Feelingly told by living monuments —
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.

The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,
Marched round the altar — to commemorate
How, when their course they through the desert took,
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,
They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low;
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that shook
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets blow!

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,
The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove
Provoked responses with shrill canticles;
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,
They round his altar bore the hornèd God,
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Pomps? the haughty claims
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars;
The feast of Neptune — and the Cereal Games,
With images, and crowns, and empty cars;
The dancing Salii — on the shields of Mars
Smiting with fury; and a deeper dread
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted!

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft
Appeared — to govern Christian pageantries:
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft

Moved to the chant of sober litanies.
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze
From a long train—in hooded vestments fair
Enwrapt — and winding, between Alpine trees
Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,
Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIÈRE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes!
Still, with those white-robed Shapes — a living Stream,
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise[1]
For the same service, by mysterious ties;
Numbers exceeding credible account
Of number, pure and silent Votaries
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount;
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount!

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam
While they the Church engird with motion slow,
A product of that awful Mountain seem,
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow;
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,
A livelier sisterly resemblance show
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,
Bear to the glacier band — those Shapes aloft descried.

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs
Of that licentious craving in the mind
To act the God among external things,
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind;
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned;
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,
Avoid these sights; nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss!

1820. 1822.

[1] See Note.

XXXII.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

The lamented Youth whose untimely
gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was
erick William Goddard, from Boston in
America. He was in his twentieth year, an
resided for some time with a clergyman
neighborhood of Geneva for the completi
his education. Accompanied by a fellow-
a native of Scotland, he had just set out
Swiss tour when it was his misfortune to
with a Friend of mine who was hastening t
our party. The travellers, after spending
together on the road from Berne and at So
took leave of each other at night, the youn
having intended to proceed directly to Z
But early in the morning my friend foun
new acquaintances, who were informed
object of his journey, and the friends he
pursuit of, equipped to accompany him. W
at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and M
and his fellow-student became in consequen
travelling companions for a couple of days.
ascended the Righi together; and, after co
plating the sunrise from that noble mountai
separated at an hour and on a spot well sui
the parting of those who were to meet no
Our party descended through the valley
Lady of the Snow, and our late companio
Art. We had hoped to meet in a few we
Geneva; but on the third succeeding day (
21st of August) Mr. Goddard perished,
overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Z
His companion saved himself by swimmin
was hospitably received in the mansion of a
gentleman (M. Keller) situated on the e
coast of the lake. The corpse of poor Go
was cast ashore on the estate of the same g
man, who generously performed all the ri
hospitality which could be rendered to the
as well as to the living. He caused a han
mural monument to be erected in the Chu
Küsnacht, which records the premature f
the young American, and on the shores too
lake the traveller may read an inscription po
out the spot where the body was deposited
waves.

LULLED by the sound of pastoral be
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,
From the dread summit of the Quee
Of mountains, through a deep ravin
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells
"Our Lady of the Snow."

[2] Mount Righi — Regina Montium.

ky was blue, the air was mild;
were the streams and green the
bowers;
to rough assaults unknown,
enial spot had *ever* shown
ntenance that as sweetly smiled —
ace of summer-hours.

ve were gay, our hearts at ease;
pleasure dancing through the frame
urneyed; all we knew of care —
ath that straggled here and there;
uble — but the fluttering breeze;
nter — but a name.

esight could have rent the veil
ee short days—but hush—no more!
is the grave, and calmer none
that to which thy cares are gone,
Victim of the stormy gale;
o on ZURICH'S shore!

DDARD! what art thou?—a name—
beam followed by a shade!
ore, for aught that time supplies,
reat, the experienced, and the wise:
uch from this frail earth we claim,
herefore are betrayed.

et, while festive mirth ran wild,
, from a deep lake's mighty urn,
slips, like an enfranchised slave,
green river, proud to lave,
current swift and undefiled,
wers of old LUCERNE.

rted upon solemn ground
ted towards the unfading sky;
l our thoughts were *then* of Earth,
ives to common pleasures birth;
othing in our hearts we found
rompted even a sigh.

sympathizing Powers of air,
ye that post o'er seas and lands,
moistened by Virginian dew,
t untimely grave to strew,
turf may never know the care
ndred human hands!

d by every gentle Muse
t his Transatlantic home:

Europe, a realized romance,
Had opened on his eager glance;
What present bliss! — what golden views!
What stores for years to come!

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,
His soul her daily tasks renewed,
Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings
High poised — or as the wren that sings
In shady places, to proclaim
Her modest gratitude.

Not vain is sadly-uttered praise;
The words of truth's memorial vow
Are sweet as morning fragrance shed
From flowers 'mid GOLDAU'S ruins bred;
As evening's fondly-lingering rays,
On RIGHI'S silent brow.

Lamented Youth! to thy cold clay
Fit obsequies the Stranger paid;
And piety shall guard the Stone
Which hath not left the spot unknown
Where the wild waves resigned their
prey —
And *that* which marks thy bed.

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee,
Lost Youth! a solitary Mother;
This tribute from a casual Friend
A not unwelcome aid may lend,
To feed the tender luxury,
The rising pang to smother.[1]

1820. 1822.

XXXIII.

SKY-PROSPECT — FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE.

Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape
Of a proud Ararat! and, thereupon,
The Ark, her melancholy voyage done!
Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape;
There, combats a huge crocodile — agape

[1] The persuasion here expressed was not groundless. The first human consolation that the afflicted Mother felt, was derived from this tribute to her son's memory, a fact which the author learned, at his own residence, from her Daughter, who visited Europe some years afterwards. — Goldau is one of the villages desolated by the fall of part of the Mountain Rossberg.

A golden spear to swallow! and that brown
And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,
Stirs and recedes — destruction to escape!
Yet all is harmless — as the Elysian shades
Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose —
Silently disappears, or quickly fades:
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows
That for oblivion take their daily birth
From all the fuming vanities of Earth!
1820. 1822.

XXXIV.

ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOR OF BOULOGNE.[1]

WHY cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,
Ye furious waves! a patriotic Son
Of England — who in hope her coast had won,
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er?
Well — let him pace this noted beach once more,
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells;
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror! —
Enough: my Country's cliffs I can behold,
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,
And folly cursed with endless memory:
These local recollections ne'er can cloy;
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy!
1820. 1822.

XXXV.

AFTER LANDING — THE VALLEY OF DOVER.

Nov. 1820.

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game
Which faction breeds; the turmoil where? that passed
Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame.
Peace greets us; — rambling on wit
an aim
We mark majestic herds of cattle, fre
To ruminate,[1] couched on the grassy
And hear far-off the mellow horn
claim
The Season's harmless pastime. R
sound
Stirs not; enrapt I gaze with strange
light,
While consciousnesses, not to be
owned,
Here only serve a feeling to invite
That lifts the spirit to a calmer heigh
And makes this rural stillness more
found.
1820. 182

XXXVI.

AT DOVER.

For the impressions on which this sonnet t
I am indebted to the experience of my daug
during her residence at Dover with our
friend, Miss Fenwick.

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and
increase
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-
Town,
Under the white cliff's battleme
crown,
Hushed to a depth of more than Sab
peace:
The streets and quays are thronged,
why disown
Their natural utterance: whence
strange release
From social noise — silence elsew
unknown? —
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wo
cease;
Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs hav
free
Thy sense from pressure of life's com
din;
As the dread Voice that speaks from
the sea
Of God's eternal Word, the Voic
Time
Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, sh
of crime,
The shouts of folly, and the groans of s
1820. 18

[1] See Note.

XXXVII.

DESULTORY STANZAS.

ON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS.

hen the final page before me spread,
r further outlet left to mind or heart?
sumptuous Book! too forward to be read,
w can I give thee license to depart?
e tribute more: unbidden feelings start
th from their coverts; slighted objects rise;
spirit is the scene of such wild art
on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,
ibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

that I saw returns upon my view,
that I heard comes back upon my ear,
that I felt this moment doth renew;
l where the foot with no unmanly fear
coiled — and wings alone could travel — there
love at ease; and meet contending themes
t press upon me, crossing the career
recollections vivid as the dreams
midnight, — cities, plains, forests, and mighty streams.

ere Mortal never breathed I dare to sit
ong the interior Alps, gigantic crew,
o triumphed o'er diluvian power! — and yet
at are they but a wreck and residue,
ose only business is to perish? — true
which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time
or their proper greatness to subdue;
aking of death alone, beneath a clime
ere life and rapture flow in plentitude sublime.

cy hath flung for me an airy bridge
oss thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!
i that *here* rests upon the granite ridge
Monte Rosa — *there* on frailer stone
Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone;
And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale
The aspect I behold of every zone;
A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,
Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as ST. MAURICE, from yon eastern FORKS,[1]
Down the main avenue my sight can range:
And all its branchy vales, and all that lurks
Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,
For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;
Snows, torrents; — to the region's utmost bound,
Life, Death, in amicable interchange; —
But list! the avalanche — the hush profound
That follows — yet more awful than that awful sound!

Is not the chamois suited to his place?
The eagle worthy of her ancestry?
— Let Empires fall; but ne'er shall Ye disgrace
Your noble birthright, ye that occupy
Your council-seats beneath the open sky,
On Sarnen's Mount there judge of fit and right,
In simple democratic majesty;
Soft breezes fanning your rough brows — the might
And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE
Calls me to pace her honored Bridge[2] — that cheers
The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,
An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years.
Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears
That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake

[1] At the head of the Vallais. See Note.
[2] See Note.

Just at the point of issue, where it fears
The form and motion of a stream to take;
Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as
a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral
rolled,
This long-roofed Vista penetrate — but
see,
One after one, its tablets, that unfold
The whole design of Scripture history;
From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern
skies,
Announcing, ONE was born mankind to
free;
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice;
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all
eyes.

Our pride misleads, our timid likings kill.
— Long may these homely Works devised
of old,
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold
The State, — the Country's destiny to
mould;
Turning, for them who pass, the common
dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august —
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and
the just!

No more; Time halts not in his noiseless
march —
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid
flood;
Life slips from underneath us, like that
arch
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,
Earth stretched below, heaven in our
neighborhood.
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way;
Go forth, and please the gentle and the
good;
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace
some future Lay.

1822? 1822.

THE RIVER DUDDON.[1]

A SERIES OF SONNETS.

1820.

It is with the little river Duddon as it is wit
most other rivers, Ganges and Nile not excepted
— many springs might claim the honor of bein
its head. In my own fancy I have fixed its ris
near the noted Shire-stones placed at the meet
ing-point of the counties, Westmoreland, Cum
berland, and Lancashire. They stand by th
wayside on the top of the Wrynose Pass, and
used to be reckoned a proud thing to say that, b
touching them at the same time with feet an
hands, one had been in the three counties at once
At what point of its course the stream takes th
name of Duddon I do not know. I first becam
acquainted with the Duddon, as I have goo
reason to remember, in early boyhood. Upo
the banks of the Derwent I had learnt to be ver
fond of angling. Fish abound in that large river
not so in the small streams in the neighborhoo
of Hawkshead; and I fell into the common delu
sion that the farther from home the better spor
would be had. Accordingly, one day I attache
myself to a person living in the neighborhood o
Hawkshead, who was going to try his fortun
as an angler near the source of the Duddon. W
fished a great part of the day with very sorr
success, the rain pouring torrents, and long befor
we got home I was worn out with fatigue; and
if the good man had not carried me on his back
I must have lain down under the best shelter
could find. Little did I think then it would b
my lot to celebrate, in a strain of love and ad
miration, the stream which for many years
never thought of without recollections of disap
pointment and distress.

During my college vacation, and two or thre
years afterwards, before taking my Bachelor'
degree, I was several times resident in the hous
of a near relative who lived in the small town o
Broughton. I passed many delightful hours upo
the banks of this river, which becomes an estuar
about a mile from that place. The remembrance
of that period are the subject of the 21st Sonnet
The subject of the 27th is in fact taken from
tradition belonging to Rydal Hall, which onc
stood, as is believed, upon a rocky and wood
hill on the right hand as you go from Rydal t
Ambleside, and was deserted from the superst
tious fear here described, and the present sit
fortunately chosen instead. The present Hal

[1] See Note.

ected by Sir Michael le Fleming, and it
hoped that at some future time there will
difice more worthy of so beautiful a posi-
With regard to the 30th Sonnet it is odd
that this imagination was realized in the
40, when I made a tour through that dis-
h my wife and daughter, Miss Fenwick
niece, and Mr. and Miss Quillinan. Be-
return from Seathwaite chapel the party
ed. Mrs. Wordsworth, while most of us
rther up the stream, chose an opposite
n, having told us that we should overtake
our way to Ulpha. But she was tempted
he main road to ascend a rocky eminence
thinking it impossible we should pass
seeing her. This, however, unfortunately
ed, and then ensued vexation and distress,
ly to me, which I should be ashamed to
corded, for I lost my temper entirely.
I nor those that were with me saw her
l we reached the Inn at Broughton, seven
This may perhaps in some degree excuse
ability on the occasion, for I could not
k she had been much to blame. It ap-
however, on explanation, that she had
d on the rock, calling out and waving her
rchief as we were passing, in order that
might ascend and enjoy a prospect which
ch charmed her. "But on we went, her
proving vain." How then could she
Broughton before us? When we found
not gone on before to Ulpha Kirk, Mr.
n went back in one of the carriages in
of her. He met her on the road, took
and by a shorter way conveyed her to
ton, where we were all reunited and spent
evening.
e many affecting remembrances connected
s stream. Those I forbear to mention;
ly things that occurred on its banks during
part of that visit to the seaside of which
ner part is detailed in my "Epistle to Sir
Beaumont."

River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell,
confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland,
cashire; and, having served as a bound-
e two last counties for the space of about
ive miles, enters the Irish Sea, between
of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

To.

E REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON,
HER POEMS IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820.)

Minstrels played their Christmas tune
ght beneath my cottage-eaves;

While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check, the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand;

And who but listened? — till was paid
Respect to every Inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours.

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear — and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod, — the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, Mountains old!

Bear with me, Brother! quench the thought
That slights this passion, or condemns;
If thee fond Fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
Short leisure even in busiest days;
Moments, to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial City's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy!
1820. 1820.

I.

NOT envying Latian shades — if yet they throw
A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,
Blandusia, prattling as when long ago
The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing;
Careless of flowers that in perennial blow
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow;
I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!
Better to breathe at large on this clear height
Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream:
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!
1820 1820.

II.

CHILD of the clouds! remote from e
taint
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast;
Thine are the honors of the lofty wa
Not seldom, when with heat the val
faint,
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled ti
quaint
Thy cradle decks; — to chant thy bi
thou hast
No meaner Poet than the whistling B
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!
She guards thee, ruthless Power!
would not spare
Those mighty forests, once the bis
screen,
Where stalked the huge deer to his sha
lair [1]
Through paths and alleys roofed
darkest green;
Thousands of years before the silent
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hu
keen!
1820. 182

III.

How shall I paint thee? — Be this na
stone
My seat, while I give way to such int
Pleased could my verse, a speaking r
ument,
Make to the eyes of men thy feat
known.
But as of all those tripping lambs no
Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature
To thy beginning nought that doth pre
Peculiar ground for hope to build up
To dignify the spot that gives thee b
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
Appears, and none of modern Fortu
care;
Yet thou thyself hast round thee sh
gleam
Of brilliant moss, instinct with fresh
rare;
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mo
Earth!
1820. 18

[1] The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gi
species long since extinct.

IV.

E, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take
parting glance, no negligent adieu!
rotean change seems wrought while I pursue
curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;
rather thou appear'st a glistering snake,
nt, and to the gazer's eye untrue,
ding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
rf willows gliding, and by ferny brake.
ts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill
ed instantly in garb of snow-white foam;
laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb
igh, a rival purpose to fulfil;
let the dastard backward wend, and roam,
ing less bold achievement, where he will!
o. 1820.

V.

listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound
ed o'er sullen moss and craggy mound —
uitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid
sun in heaven! — but now, to form a shade
Thee, green alders have together wound
foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
thou hast also tempted here to rise,
sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and gray;
se ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
essly watched, sport through the summer day,
pleased associates: — light as endless May
fant bosoms lonely Nature lies.
o. 1820.

VI.

FLOWERS.

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,
Where small birds warble to their paramours;
And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;
I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,
Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,
Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze.
There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,[1]
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favorites of Heaven.
1820. 1820.

VII.

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"
The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
Or he would pass into her bird, that throws
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
Enraptured, — could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows;
And what the little careless innocent
Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice!
There are whose calmer mind it would content
To be an unculled floweret of the glen,
Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren
That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.
1820. 1820.

[1] See Note.

VIII.

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell — who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed
In hideous usages, and rites accursed,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies; — both air and earth are mute;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

1820. 1820.

IX.

THE STEPPING-STONES.

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown
Into a Brook of loud and stately march,
Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;
And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone
Chosen for ornament — stone matched with stone
In studied symmetry, with interspace
For the clear waters to pursue their race
Without restraint. How swiftly have they flown,
Succeeding — still succeeding! Here the Child
Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,
His budding courage to the proof; and here
Declining Manhood learns to note the sly
And sure encroachments of infirmity,
Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

1820. 1820.

X.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

NOT so that Pair whose youthful spiri
dance
With prompt emotion, urging them
pass;
A sweet confusion checks the Shepher
lass;
Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askanc
To stop ashamed — too timid to advanc
She ventures once again — another paus
His outstretched hand He tauntingly wit
draws —
She sues for help with piteous utteranc
Chidden she chides again; the thrilli
touch
Both feel, when he renews the wished-f
aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should s
too much,
Should beat too strongly, both may
betrayed.
The frolic Loves, who, from yon hi
rock, see
The struggle, clap their wings for victor

1820. 1820.

XI.

THE FAËRY CHASM.

No fiction was it of the antique age:
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cle
Is of the very footmarks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed; — on th
smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipag
In secret revels — haply after theft
Of some sweet Babe — Flower stolen, a
coarse Weed left
For the distracted Mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might! — B
where, oh! where
Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances wild in char
ter? —
Deep underground? Or in the upper a
On the shrill wind of midnight? or wh
floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gos
mer?

1820. 182

XII.

HINTS FOR THE FANCY.

, loitering Muse — the swift Stream
chides us — on!
eit his deep-worn channel doth immure
ects immense portrayed in miniature,
d shapes for many a strange comparison!
garas, Alpine passes, and anon
ɔdes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
ght liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
en the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
l the solidities of mortal pride,
ace and tower, are crumbled into dust! —
Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,
ll find such toys of fancy thickly set:
n from the sight, enamoured Muse — we must;
l, if thou canst, leave them without regret!

20. 1820.

XIII.

OPEN PROSPECT.

L to the fields — with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,
one small hamlet, under a green hill
stering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill!
lance suffices; — should we wish for more,
June would scorn us. But when bleak winds roar
ɔugh the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,
ad swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash
matted forests of Ontario's shore
vasteful steel unsmitten — then would I
n into port; and, reckless of the gale,
kless of angry Duddon sweeping by,
le the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,
Laugh with the generous household heartily
At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

1820. 1820.

XIV.

O MOUNTAIN Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine: — thou hast viewed
These only, Duddon! with their paths renewed
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue

1806. 1807.

XV.

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play
Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptured? — weary slaves
Of slow endeavor! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?
Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed?

1820. 1820.

XVI.

AMERICAN TRADITION.

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile
Or plague the fancy mid the sculptured shows
Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows;
There would the Indian answer with a smile
Aimed at the White Man's ignorance, the while,
Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,
Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,
Mounted through every intricate defile,
Triumphant — Inundation wide and deep,
O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep
Else unapproachable, their buoyant way;
And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,
Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey;
Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified! [1]

1820. 1820.

XVII.

RETURN.

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,
Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;
Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes
Departed ages, shedding where he flew
Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew
The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks;
And into silence hush the timorous flocks,
That, calmly couching while the nightly dew
Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars
Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height, [2]

[1] See Humboldt's *Personal Narrative.*
[2] See Note.

Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jo
and Mars:
Or, near that mystic Round of Dru
frame
Tardily sinking by its proper weight
Deep into patient Earth, from whc
smooth breast it came!

1820. 1820

XVIII.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion! "mother of form a
fear,"
Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
New rites ordaining when the old a
wrecked,
Or cease to please the fickle worshippe
Mother of Love! (that name best su
thee here)
Mother of Love! for this deep vale, p
tect
Truth's holy lamp, pure source of brig
effect,
Gifted to purge the vapory atmospher
That seeks to stifle it; — as in those da
When this low Pile [3] a Gospel Teacl
knew,
Whose good works formed an endl
retinue:
A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse p
trays;
Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herb
drew;
And tender Goldsmith crowned w
deathless praise!

1820. 182

XIX.

TRIBUTARY STREAM.

MY frame hath often trembled with
light
When hope presented some far-dist
good,
That seemed from heaven descendi
like the flood
Of yon pure waters, from their aëry hei
Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to uni
Who, 'mid a world of images impres

[3] See Note.

he calm depth of his transparent
breast,
ars to cherish most that Torrent
white,
fairest, softest, liveliest of them all!
seldom hath ear listened to a tune
lulling than the busy hum of Noon,
n by that voice — whose murmur
musical
unces to the thirsty fields a boon
y and fresh, till showers again shall
fall.

1820.

XX.

THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE.

old inventive Poets, had they seen,
ther felt, the entrancement that de-
tains
waters, Duddon! 'mid these flowery
plains —
till repose, the liquid lapse serene,
sferred to bowers imperishably green,
beautified Elysium! But these
chains
soon be broken; — a rough course
remains,
h as the past; where Thou, of
placid mien,
uous as a firstling of the flock,
ountenanced like a soft cerulean sky,
change thy temper; and, with many
a shock
and received in mutual jeopardy,
e, like a Bacchanal, from rock to
rock,
ng her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

1820.

XXI.

NCE that low voice? — A whisper
from the heart,
old of days long past, when here I
roved
friends and kindred tenderly be-
loved;
who had early mandates to depart,
re allowed to steal my path athwart
ddon's side; once more do we unite,
more, beneath the kind Earth's
tranquil light;
And smothered joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Mem-
ory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light
and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recall
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

1820.

XXII.

TRADITION.

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant
time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths
surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from
the prime
Derives its name, reflected, as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet
sound:
The starry treasure from the blue pro-
found
She longed to ravish; — shall she plunge,
or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend could
dare
To prompt the thought? — Upon the steep
rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

1820.

XXIII.

SHEEP-WASHING.

SAD thoughts, avaunt! — partake we their
blithe cheer
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn
flock
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of
rock,
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth
and clear
As this we look on. Distant Mountains
hear,

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites
Clamor of boys and innocent despites
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.
And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive
Such wrong; nor need *we* blame the licensed joys,
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.
1820. 1820.

XXIV.

THE RESTING-PLACE.

MID-NOON is past; — upon the sultry mead
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!
This Nook — with woodbine hung and straggling weed
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbor — proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass — narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task,
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.
1820. 1820.

XXV.

METHINKS 't were no unprecedented feat
Should some benignant Minister of air
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair,
The One for whom my heart shall ever beat
With tenderest love; — or, if a safer seat
Atween his downy wings be furnished, there
Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear
O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat!

Rough ways my steps have trod; rough and long
For her companionship; here dwel ease:
With sweets that she partakes not distaste
Mingles, and lurking consciousn wrong;
Languish the flowers; the waters se waste
Their vocal charm: their sparklings to please.
1820.

XXVI.

RETURN, Content? for fondly I pu
Even when a child, the Streams heard, unseen;
Through tangled woods, impending between;
Or, free as air, with flying inquest v
The sullen reservoirs whence thei brood —
Pure as the morning, fretful, boist keen,
Green as the salt-sea billows, whit green —
Poured down the hills, a choral mult
Nor have I tracked their course for gains;
They taught me random cares and joys,
That shield from mischief and pr from stains
Vague minds, while men are growi of boys;
Maturer Fancy owes to their rough
Impetuous thoughts that brook not reins.
1820.

XXVII.

FALLEN, and diffused into a sha heap,
Or quietly self-buried in earth's m
Is that embattled House, whose Keep,
Flung from yon cliff a shadow larg cold.
There dwelt the gay, the bountifu bold:
Till nightly lamentations, like the

winds — though winds were silent — struck a deep
l lasting terror through that ancient Hold.
line of Warriors fled; — they shrunk when tried
ghostly power: — but Time's unsparing hand
h plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land;
l now, if men with men in peace abide,
other strength the weakest may withstand,
worse assaults may safely be defied.
20. 1820.

XXVIII.

JOURNEY RENEWED.

ose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest,
wded together under rustling trees
shed by the current of the water-breeze;
for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,
Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest;
all the startled scaly tribes that slink
his coverts, and each fearless link
ancing insects forged upon his breast;
these, and hopes and recollections worn
e to the vital seat of human clay;
l meetings, tender partings, that upstay
drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn
is pure presence near the trysting thorn —
nked the Leader of my onward way.
0. 1820.

XXIX.

ecord tells of lance opposed to lance,
e charging horse, 'mid these retired domains;
that their turf drank purple from the veins
roes, fallen, or struggling to advance,
doubtful combat issued in a trance
ctory, that struck through heart and reins
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn
Of power usurped; with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway.
1820. 1820.

XXX.

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes divorce
Of that serene companion — a good name,
Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:
And oft-times he — who, yielding to the force
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend —
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse.
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side: —
Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride;
I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,
Sure, when the separation has been tried,
That we, who part in love, shall meet again.
1820. 1820.

XXXI.

THE KIRK of ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky:
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more

Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar.
1820. 1820.

XXXII.

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep;
Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands
And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands
Held; but in radiant progress toward the Deep
Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep
Sink, and forget their nature — *now* expands
Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands
Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep!
Beneath an ampler sky a region wide
Is opened round him: — hamlets, towers, and towns,
And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar;
In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied
Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,
With commerce freighted, or triumphant war.
1820. 1820.

XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

But here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendor: lowly is the mast
That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail;
While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale
Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stre
be free —
The sweets of earth contentedly resig
And each tumultuous working left be
At seemly distance—to advance like T
Prepared, in peace of heart, in cal
mind
And soul, to mingle with Eternity!
1820. 18

XXXIV.

AFTER-THOUGHT.

I thought of Thee, my partner and
guide,
As being past away.— Vain sympath
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my
I see what was, and is, and will abi
Still glides the Stream, and shall for
glide;
The Form remains, the Function n
dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and
wise,
We Men, who in our morn of youth d
The elements, must vanish; — be it s
Enough, if something from our hands
power
To live, and act, and serve the fu
hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we
Through love, through hope, and fa
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we kn
1820. 18

A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHI

This Parsonage was the residence of my fr
Jones, and is particularly described in and
note.

Where holy ground begins, unhallo
ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwi
And, wheresoe'er the stealing foot
tends,
Garden, and that domain where kind
friends,

[1] See Note.

neighbors rest together, here confound
r several features, mingled like the sound
nany waters, or as evening blends
n shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
t fragrant greetings to each silent grave;
while those lofty poplars gently wave
r tops, between them comes and goes a sky
ht as the glimpses of eternity,
aints accorded in their mortal hour.
o. 1822.

TO ENTERPRISE.

P for the Young the impassioned smile
from thy countenance, as I see thee stand
n on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,
ender volume grasping in thy hand —
chance the pages that relate
various turns of Crusoe's fate) —
spare the exulting smile,
drop thy pointing finger bright
ne first flash of beacon light;
neither veil thy head in shadows dim,
turn thy face away
n One who, in the evening of his day,
hee would offer no presumptuous hymn!

I.

Spirit! who art free to rove
ng the starry courts of Jove,
oft in splendor dost appear
odied to poetic eyes,
e traversing this nether sphere,
re Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE.
ghter of Hope! her favorite Child,
m she to young Ambition bore,
n hunter's arrow first defiled
grove, and stained the turf with gore;
wingèd Fancy took, and nursed
road Euphrates' palmy shore,
where the mightier Waters burst
n caves of Indian mountains hoar!
vrapped thee in a panther's skin;
Thou, thy favorite food to win,
flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare
From her rock-fortress in mid air,
With infant shout; and often sweep,
Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain;
Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep
Upon the couchant lion's mane!
With rolling years thy strength increased
And, far beyond thy native East,
To thee, by varying titles known
As variously thy power was shown,
Did incense-bearing altars rise,
Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,
From suppliants panting for the skies!

II.

What though this ancient Earth be trod
No more by step of Demi-god
Mounting from glorious deed to deed
As thou from clime to clime didst lead;
Yet still, the bosom beating high,
And the hushed farewell of an eye
Where no procrastinating gaze
A last infirmity betrays,
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay.
By thy divinity impelled,
The Stripling seeks the tented field;
The aspiring Virgin kneels; and, pale
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,
A soft and tender Heroine
Vowed to severer discipline;
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,
And of the ocean's dismal breast
A play-ground, — or a couch of rest;
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,
Thou to his dangers dost enchain
The Chamois-chaser awed in vain
By chasm or dizzy precipice;
And hast Thou not with triumph seen
How soaring Mortals glide between
Or through the clouds, and brave the light
With bolder than Icarian flight?
How they, in bells of crystal, dive —
Where winds and waters cease to strive—
For no unholy visitings,
Among the monsters of the Deep;
And all the sad and precious things
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,
In never-slackening voyage go
Straight as an arrow from the bow;
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,

Keep faith with Time on distant shores?
—Within our fearless reach are placed
The secrets of the burning Waste;
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,
Nile trembles at his fountain head;
Thou speak'st — and lo! the polar Seas
Unbosom their last mysteries.
— But oh! what transports, what sublime
reward,
Won from the world of mind, dost thou
prepare
For philosophic Sage; or high-souled Bard
Who, for thy service trained in lonely
woods,
Hath fed on pageants floating through the
air,
Or calentured in depth of limpid floods;
Nor grieves — tho' doomed thro' silent
night to bear
The domination of his glorious themes,
Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams!

III.

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,
From source still deeper, and of higher
worth,
'T is thine the quickening impulse to con-
trol,
And in due season send the mandate forth;
Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,
When but a single Mind resolves to crouch
no more.

IV.

Dread Minister of wrath!
Who to their destined punishment dost
urge
The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of
hardened heart!
Not unassisted by the flattering stars,
Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path
When they in pomp depart
With trampling horses and refulgent
cars —
Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge;
Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown
strands;
Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands —
An Army now, and now a living hill [1]
That a brief while heaves with convulsive
throes —

[1] See Note.

Then all is still;
Or, to forget their madness and their v
Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spo
snows!

V.

Back flows the willing current of my S
If to provoke such doom the Impious
Why should it daunt a blameless pra
—Bold Goddess! range our Youth am
Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to b
In hearts no longer young;
Still may a veteran Few have pride
In thoughts whose sternness makes
sweet;
In fixed resolves by Reason justified
That to their object cleave like sleet
Whitening a pine tree's northern sid
When fields are naked far and wide
And withered leaves, from earth's
breast
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere
find rest.

VI.

But, if such homage thou disdain
As doth with mellowing years agree
One rarely absent from thy train
More humble favors may obtain
For thy contented Votary.
She, who incites the frolic lambs
In presence of their heedless dams,
And to the solitary fawn
Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Ny
That wakes the breeze, the spar
lymph
Doth hurry to the lawn;
She, who inspires that strain of joy
holy
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed
melancholy,
Pours forth in shady groves, shall
for me;
And vernal mornings opening bright
With views of undefined delight,
And cheerful songs, and suns that s
On busy days, with thankful night
mine.

VII.

But thou, O Goddess! in thy favorit
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,
The wide earth's storehouse fenced a

breakers roaring to the gales
stretch a thousand thousand sails)
ken the slothful, and exalt the vile! —
impulse is the life of Fame;
Hope would almost cease to be
rn from thy society;
Love, when worthiest of his name,
oud to walk the earth with Thee!
. 1822.

CCLESIASTICAL SONNETS.[1]

IN SERIES.

1821–22.

y purpose in writing this Series was, as much sible, to confine my view to the introduction, ess, and operation of the Church in England, previous and subsequent to the Reformation. Sonnets were written long before ecclesiastistory and points of doctrine had excited the st with which they have been recently en- into and discussed. The former particular tioned as an excuse for my having fallen ror in respect to an incident which had been ed as setting forth the height to which the of the Popedom over temporal sovereignty ttained, and the arrogance with which it isplayed. I allude to the last Sonnet but the first series, where Pope Alexander the at Venice is described as setting his foot on eck of the Emperor Barbarossa. Though related as a fact in history, I am told it is e legend of no authority. Substitute for it leniable truth not less fitted for my purpose, y, the penance inflicted by Gregory the th upon the Emperor Henry the Fourth.

fore I conclude my notice of these Sonnets, observe that the opinion I pronounced in of Laud (long before the Oxford Tract nent) and which had brought censure upon om several quarters, is not in the least ed. Omitting here to examine into his ct in respect to the persecuting spirit with he has been charged, I am persuaded that f his aims to restore ritual practices which en abandoned were good and wise, whatrrors he might commit in the manner he mes attempted to enforce them. I further e that, had not he, and others who shared nions and felt as he did, stood up in oppoto the reformers of that period, it is ques- le whether the Church would ever have red its lost ground and become the blessing it now is, and will, I trust, become in a still greater degree, both to those of its communion and to those who unfortunately are separated from it.

[1] See Note.

PART I.

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN, TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION.

"A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise
Convert delight into a Sacrifice."

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing
Of mountain quiet and boon nature's grace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plausive string
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,
Won for herself a lasting resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
And, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.
1821. 1822.

II.

CONJECTURES.

IF there be prophets on whose spirits rest
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed
With its first bounty. Wandering through the west,

Did holy Paul [1] a while in Britain dwell,
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest?
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred?
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores
Storm-driven; who, having seen the cup of woe
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard
The precious Current they had taught to flow?

1821. 1822.

III.

TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS.

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the seamew [2] — white
As Menai's foam; and toward the mystic ring
Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,
Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,
Portending ruin to each baleful rite,
That, in the lapse of ages, hate crept o'er
Diluvian truths, and patriarchal lore.
Haughty the Bard: can these meek doctrines blight
His transports? whither his heroic strains?
But all shall be fulfilled; — the Julian spear
A way first opened; and, with Roman chains,
The tidings come of Jesus crucified;
They come — they spread — the weak, the suffering, hear;
Receive the faith, and in the hope abide.

1821. 1822.

[1] See Note.

[2] This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

IV.

DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION.

MERCY and Love have met thee on
road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gi
fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestow
Yet shall it claim our reverence, tha
God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal S
These jealous Ministers of law aspire
As to the one sole fount whence wis
flowed,
Justice, and order. Tremblingly esca
As if with prescience of the coming st
That intimation when the stars
shaped;
And still, 'mid yon thick woods,
primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstit
form
That fills the Soul with unavailing ru

1821. 18

V.

UNCERTAINTY.

DARKNESS surrounds us; seeking, we
lost
On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigan
coves,
Or where the solitary shepherd roves
Along the plain of Sarum, by the gh
Of Time and shadows of Tradition, cr
And where the boatman of the We
Isles
Slackens his course — to mark those
piles
Which yet survive on bleak Iona's cc
Nor these, nor monuments of eldest na
Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,
Nor characters of Greek or Roman fa
To an unquestionable Source have le
Enough — if eyes, that sought the fo
tain-head
In vain, upon the growing Rill may g

1821. 18

VI.

PERSECUTION.

ıENT! for Diocletian's fiery sword
rks busy as the lightning; but instinct
h malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked
ch God's ethereal storehouses afford:
inst the Followers of the incarnate Lord
ages; some are smitten in the field—
ıe pierced to the heart through the ineffectual shield
acred home;—with pomp are others gored
dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,
land's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake;
-offered victim, for his friend he died,
for the faith; nor shall his name forsake
t Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise
Nature decked for holiest sacrifice.[1]
ıı. 1822.

VII.

RECOVERY.

when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain
r cheerfulness, and busily retrim
r nests, or chant a gratulating hymn
he blue ether and bespangled plain;
ı so, in many a re-constructed fane,
e the survivors of this Storm renewed
r holy rites with vocal gratitude:
solemn ceremonials they ordain
elebrate their great deliverance;
feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—
persecution, blind with rage extreme,
not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,
ı in her own despite, both feed and cheer;
ıll things are less dreadful than they seem.
ı. 1822.

[1] See Note.

VIII.

TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS.

WATCH, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice,
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await.
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,
Their radiance through the woods — may yet suffice
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate
The crown of thorns; whose life-blood flowed, the price
Of your redemption. Shun the insidious arts
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,
Language, and letters; — these, though fondly viewed
As humanizing graces, are but parts
And instruments of deadliest servitude!
1821. 1822.

IX.

DISSENSIONS.

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep.
Lo! Discord at the altar dares to stand
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,
A cherished Priestess of the new-baptized!
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land
By Rome abandoned; vain are suppliant cries,
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell;
For she returns not. — Awed by her own knell,

She casts the Britons upon strange Allies
Soon to become more dreaded enemies
Than heartless misery called them to repel.

1821. 1822.

X.

STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS.

RISE! — they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends:
The Spirit of Caractacus descends
Upon the Patriots, animates their task; —
Amazement runs before the towering casque
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield: —
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask
The Host that followed Urien as he strode
O'er heaps of slain; — from Cambrian wood and moss
Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross;
Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,
Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,
And everlasting deeds to burning words!

1821. 1822.

XI.

SAXON CONQUEST.

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid
Of hallelujahs[1] tost from hill to hill —
For instant victory. But Heaven's high will
Permits a second and a darker shade
Of Pagan night. Afflicted and dismayed,
The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains:
O wretched Land! whose tears have flowed like fountains;
Whose arts and honors in the dust are laid
By men yet scarcely conscious of a ca
For other monuments than those
Earth;[1]
Who, as the fields and woods have gi
them birth,
Will build their savage fortunes o
there;
Content, if foss, and barrow, and the gi
Of long-drawn rampart, witness what t
were.

1821. 182

XII.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.[1]

The oppression of the tumult — wr
and scorn —
The tribulation — and the gleam
blades —
Such is the impetuous spirit that perva
The song of Taliesin; — Ours shall mo
The *unarmed* Host who by their pray
would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and gu
the store
Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now m
burn
To senseless ashes. Mark! how all thi
swerve
From their known course, or vanish lik
dream;
Another language spreads from coast
coast;
Only perchance some melancholy Stre
And some indignant Hills old nam
preserve,
When laws, and creeds, and people
are lost!

1821. 182

XIII.

CASUAL INCITEMENT.

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youth
slaves,
Beautiful strangers, stand within the p
Of a sad market, ranged for public sal
Where Tiber's stream the immortal C
laves:

[1] See Note.

LI by name; and not an ANGEL waves
wing who could seem lovelier to
man's eye
n they appear to holy Gregory;
, having learnt that name, salvation
craves
Them, and for their Land. The
earnest Sire,
questions urging, feels, in slender ties
chiming sound, commanding sym-
pathies;
RIANS — he would save them from
God's IRE;
ects of Saxon ÆLLA — they shall sing
HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King!
1. 1822.

XIV.

GLAD TIDINGS.

EVER hallowed be this morning fair,
be the unconscious shore on which
ye tread,
blest the silver Cross, which ye, in-
stead
artial banner, in procession bear;
Cross preceding Him who floats in air,
pictured Saviour! — By Augustin led,
come — and onward travel without
dread,
ting in barbarous ears a tuneful
prayer —
for themselves, and those whom they
would free!
conquest waits them: — the tem-
pestuous sea
gnorance, that ran so rough and high
heeded not the voice of clashing
swords,
e good men humble by a few bare
words,
calm with fear of God's divinity.
1822.

XV.

PAULINUS.[1]

to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,
re thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the
school
rrow, still maintains a heathen rule,
comes with functions apostolical?
him, of shoulders curved, and
stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre
cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's
beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appall
And strike with reverence. The Monarch
leans
Toward the pure truths this Delegate pro-
pounds.
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation, — then convenes
A synod of his Councillors: — give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!
1821. 1822.

XVI.

PERSUASION.

"MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty
King!
"That — while at banquet with your
Chiefs you sit
"Housed near a blazing fire — is seen to
flit
"Safe from the wintry tempest. Flutter-
ing,
"Here did it enter; there, on hasty wing,
"Flies out, and passes on from cold to
cold;
"But whence it came we know not, nor
behold
"Whither it goes. Even such, that
transient Thing,
"The human Soul; not utterly unknown
"While in the Body lodged, her warm
abode;
"But from what world She came, what
woe or weal
"On her departure waits, no tongue hath
shown;
"This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,
"His be a welcome cordially be-
stowed!"[2]
1821. 1822.

XVII.

CONVERSION.

PROMPT transformation works the novel
Lore;
The Council closed, the Priest in full ca-
reer
Rides forth, an armèd man, and hurls a
spear

[1] See Note.

To desecrate the Fane which heretofore
He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor
Is overturned; the mace, in battle heaved
(So might they dream) till victory was achieved,
Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.
Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame
Amid oblivious weeds. "*O come to me, Ye heavy laden!*" such the inviting voice
Heard near fresh streams;[1] and thousands, who rejoice
In the new Rite, the pledge of sanctity,
Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim.

1821. 1822.

XVIII.

APOLOGY.

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend
The Soul's eternal interests to promote:
Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot;
And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend
For aught the wisest know or comprehend;
Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note
Of elevation; let their odors float
Around these Converts; and their glories blend,
The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze
Of the noon-day. Nor doubt that golden cords
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise
The Soul to purer worlds: and *who* the line
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,
That even imperfect faith to man affords!

1821. 1822.

XIX.

PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY.[1]

HOW beautiful your presence, how benign,
Servants of God! who not a thought will share

[1] See Note.

With the vain world; who, outwardl
bare
As winter trees, yield no fallacious si
That the firm soul is clothed with
divine!
Such Priest, when service worthy of
care
Has called him forth to breathe
common air,
Might seem a saintly Image from
shrine
Descended: — happy are the eyes
meet
The Apparition; evil thoughts are sta
At his approach, and low-bowed ne
entreat
A benediction from his voice or hand
Whence grace, through which the h
can understand,
And vows, that bind the will, in sile
made.

1821. 182

XX.

OTHER INFLUENCES.

AH, when the Body, round which in l
we clung,
Is chilled by death, does mutual ser
fail?
Is tender pity then of no avail?
Are intercessions of the fervent tongu
A waste of hope? — From this sad soi
have sprung
Rites that console the Spirit, under g
Which ill can brook more rational rel
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss,
dirges sung
For Souls whose doom is fixed! The
is smooth
For Power that travels with the hur
heart:
Confession ministers the pang to soot
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth st
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care
Of your own mighty instruments bewa

1821. 182

XXI.

SECLUSION.

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquish
at his side
A bead-roll, in his hand a claspèd bo

taff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,
war-worn Chieftain quits the world — to hide
thin autumnal locks where Monks abide
loistered privacy. But not to dwell
oft repose he comes: within his cell,
nd the decaying trunk of human pride,
iorn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
penitential cogitations cling;
ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
risly folds and strictures serpentine;
while they strangle, a fair growth they bring
recompense — their own perennial bower.
1. 1822.

XXII.

CONTINUED.

HINKS that to some vacant hermitage
feet would rather turn — to some dry nook
oped out of living rock, and near a brook
led down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,
tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
ne soft heaven of a translucent pool;
nce creeping under sylvan arches cool,
naunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
ld elevate my dreams. A beechen bowl,
aple dish, my furniture should be;
o, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
night-watch: nor should e'er the crested fowl
thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
l of the world and all its industry.
1. 1822.

XXIII.

REPROOF.

what if One, through grove or flowery mead,
lging thus at will the creeping feet
Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet
Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!
The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat
On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed
Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!
The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
Imposed on human kind, must first forget
Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
Of a long life; and, in the hour of death,
The last dear service of thy passing breath![1]
1821. 1822.

XXIV.

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE RELIGION.

BY such examples moved to unbought pains,
The people work like congregated bees;[2]
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,
Justice and peace: — bold faith! yet also rise
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains.
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave
If penance be redeemable, thence alms
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave;
And if full oft the Sanctuary save
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms.
1821. 1822.

XXV.

MISSIONS AND TRAVELS.

NOT sedentary all: there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores;

[1] He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St. John's Gospel. [2] See Note.

Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors
To seek the general mart of Christendom;
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come
To their belovèd cells: — or shall we say
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,
To lead in memorable triumph home
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon,
Learnèd and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh
That would lament her; — Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts, — but classic lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

1821. 1822.

XXVI.

ALFRED.

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear!
Lord of the harp and liberating spear;
Mirror of Princes! Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,
Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,
And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown.
Ease from this noble miser of his time
No moment steals; pain narrows not his cares.[1]
Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,
Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,
And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,
In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares.

1821. 1822.

XXVII.

HIS DESCENDANTS.

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,
Darling of England! many a bitter shower
Fell on thy tomb; but emulative power
Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins.
The Race of Alfred covet glorious pa
When dangers threaten, dangers ever n
Black tempests bursting, blacker stil
view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains
The root sincere, the branches bold
strive
With the fierce tempest, while, within
round
Of their protection, gentle virtues thri
As oft, 'mid some green plot of o
ground,
Wide as the oak extends its dewy glo
The fostered hyacinths spread their pu
bloom.

1821. 182

XXVIII.

INFLUENCE ABUSED.

URGED by Ambition, who with subt
skill
Changes her means, the Enthusiast a
dupe
Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can sto
And turn the instruments of good to i
Moulding the credulous people to his w
Such DUNSTAN: — from its Benedict
coop
Issues the master Mind, at whose
swoop
The chaste affections tremble to fulfil
Their purposes. Behold, pre-signifie
The Might of spiritual sway! his thoug
his dreams,
Do in the supernatural world abide:
So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled w
pride
In what they see of virtues pushed
extremes,
And sorceries of talent misapplied.

1821. 182

XXIX.

DANISH CONQUESTS.

WOE to the Crown that doth the C
obey![1]
Dissension, checking arms that would
strain

[1] See Note.

incessant Rovers of the northern main,
s to restore and spread a Pagan sway:
Gospel-truth is potent to allay
eness and rage; and soon the cruel Dane
, through the influence of her gentle reign,
native superstitions melt away.
, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,
ull-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
tly to consume the heavy clouds;
no one can resolve; but every eye
nd her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
widening circuit of ethereal sky.
1822.

XXX.

CANUTE.

EASANT music floats along the Mere,
Monks in Ely chanting service high,
e-as Canute the King is rowing by:
Oarsmen," quoth the mighty King,
"draw near,
at we the sweet song of the Monks may hear!"
istens (all past conquests, and all schemes
ture, vanishing like empty dreams)
t-touched, and haply not without a tear.
Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,
e his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,
to that rapture an accordant Rhyme.[1]
fering Earth! be thankful: sternest clime
udest age are subject to the thrill
aven-descended Piety and Song.
1822.

XXXI.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

voman-hearted Confessor prepares
vanescence of the Saxon line.

[1] Which is still extant.

Hark! 't is the tolling Curfew! — the stars shine;
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!
Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,
Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires;
Even so a thraldom, studious to expel
Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change.
1821. 1822.

XXXII.

COLDLY we spake. The Saxons, overpowered
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,
From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress
From God's eternal justice. Pitiless
Though men be, there are angels that can feel
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress.
And has a Champion risen in arms to try
His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more;
Him in their hearts the people canonize;
And far above the mine's most precious ore
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.
1821. 1836.

XXXIII.

THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT.

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow
"From Nazareth — source of Christian piety,

"From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony
"And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,
"With prayers and blessings we your path will sow;
"Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye
"Have chased far off by righteous victory
"These sons of Amalek, or laid them low!"—
"GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry;
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds!
The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply;—
"God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,
And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,
Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice resounds.[1]

1821. 1822.

XXXIV.

CRUSADES.

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms
Along the west; though driven from Aquitaine,
The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain;
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms;
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station
All Christendom:—they sweep along (was never
So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

1821. 1822.

[1] The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe.

XXXV.

RICHARD I.

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonin
I mark thee, Richard! urgent to equ
Thy warlike person with the staff and s
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland b
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride de
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon lip,
And see love-emblems streaming fron ship,
As thence she holds her way to Pales
My Song, a fearless homager, would at
Thy thunderi-g battle-axe as it cle the press
Of war, but duty summons her away
To tell—how, finding in the rash dis
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient fri
To giddier heights hath clomb the F sway.

1821. 18

XXXVI.

AN INTERDICT.

REALMS quake by turns: proud Arbi of grace,
The Church, by mandate shadowing f the power
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal d
Closes the gates of every sacred plac
Straight from the sun and tainted embrace
All sacred things are covered: che morn
Grows sad as night—no seemly ga worn,
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face
With natural smiles of greeting. Bell dumb;
Ditches are graves—funereal rites den
And in the churchyard he must take bride
Who dares be wedded! Fancies thi come
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,
And comfortless despairs the soul benu

1821. 18

XXXVII.

PAPAL ABUSES.

ith the Stream our voyage we pursue,
gross materials of this world present
rvellous study of wild accident;
uth proximities of old and new;
bold transfigurations, more untrue
night be[deemed) to disciplined intent
aught the sky's fantastic element,
n most fantastic, offers to the view.
we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?
John self-stripped of his insignia: — crown,
re and mantle, sword and ring, laid down
roud Legate's feet! The spears that line
ial halls, the opprobrious insult feel;
angry Ocean roars a vain appeal.
1822.

XXXVIII.

SCENE IN VENICE.

K Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,
esar's Successor the Pontiff spake;
I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck
velled with earth this foot of mine may tread."
he, who to the altar had been led,
whose strong arm the Orient could not check,
who had held the Soldan at his beck,
ed, of all glory disinherited,
even the common dignity of man! — cement strikes the crowd: while many turn
eyes away in sorrow, others burn
scorn, invoking a vindictive ban
outraged Nature; but the sense of most
ject sympathy with power is lost.
1822.

XXXIX.

PAPAL DOMINION.

ss to Peter's Chair the viewless wind
come and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth — to raise the low,
Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow;
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind! —
Resist — the thunder quails thee! — crouch — rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 't is the Pope that wields it: — whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!
1821. 1822.

PART II.

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

I.

How soon — alas! did Man, created pure —
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line
Prescribed to duty: — woful forfeiture
He made by wilful breach of law divine.
With like perverseness did the Church abjure
Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,
Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.
O Man, — if with thy trials thus it fares,
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,
From all rash censure be the mind kept free;
He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity.
1821. 1845.

II.

FROM false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed
By superstition, spread the Papal power;
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed
Thus only, even in error's darkest hour.
She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower,
Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames.
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims;
And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.
Realm there is none that if controlled or swayed
By her commands partakes not, in degree,
Of good, o'er manners, arts and arms, diffused:
Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,
Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

1821. 1845.

III.

CISTERTIAN MONASTERY.

"*Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,*
"*More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,*
"*More safely rests, dies happier, is freed*
"*Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal*
"*A brighter crown.*"[1]—On yon Cistertian wall
That confident assurance may be read;
And, to like shelter, from the world have fled
Increasing multitudes. The potent call
Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires;
Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee
Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,
A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And aëry harvests crown the fertile lea.

1821. 1822.

[1] See Note.

IV.

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the grou
His whole life long tills it, with hear
toil
Of villain-service, passing with the s
To each new Master, like a steer or hou
Or like a rooted tree, or stone ea
bound;
But mark how gladly, through their
domains,
The Monks relax or break these
chains;
While Mercy, uttering, through t
voice, a sound
Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Ch
abate
These legalized oppressions! Ma
whose name
And nature God disdained not; Ma
whose soul
Christ died for—cannot forfeit his
claim
To live and move exempt from all cor
Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigat

1821. 183

V.

MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN.

RECORD we too, with just and faithful
That many hooded Cenobites there a
Who in their private cells have yet a
Of public quiet; unambitious Men,
Counsellors for the world, of pier
ken;
Whose fervent exhortations from afa
Move Princes to their duty, peace or
And oft-times in the most forbidding
Of solitude, with love of science str
How patiently the yoke of thought
bear
How subtly glide its finest threads alo
Spirits that crowd the intellectual sp
With mazy boundaries, as the astronc
With orb and cycle girds the starry thr

1821. 18

VI.

OTHER BENEFITS.

AND, not in vain embodied to the si
Religion finds even in the stern retr

eudal sway her own appropriate seat;
n the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height
n to the humbler altar, which the Knight
his retainers of the embattled hall
in domestic oratory small,
prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite;
n chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,
teach the intrepid guardians of the place—
rly exposed to death, with famine worn,
suffering under many a perilous wound—
sad would be their durance, if forlorn
ffices dispensing heavenly grace!
1. 1822.

VII.

CONTINUED.

what melodious sounds at times prevail!
ever and anon, how bright a gleam
s on the surface of the turbid Stream!
t heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale
swells the bosom of our passing sail!
where, but on *this* River's margin, blow
e flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow
ardihood with wreaths that shall not fail?—
Court of Edward! wonder of the world!
a matchless blazonry unfurled
isdom, magnanimity, and love;
meekness tempering honorable pride;
lamb is couching by the lion's side,
near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.
1. 1822.

VIII.

CRUSADERS.

we the sails, and pass with tardy oars
ugh these bright regions, casting many a glance
Upon the dream-like issues—the romance
Of many-colored life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labors end; or they return to lie,
The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,
Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.
Am I deceived? Or is their requiem chanted
By voices never mute when Heaven unties
Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies;
Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,
When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,
For their high guerdon not in vain have panted!
1821. 1822.

IX.

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest
While from the Papal Unity there came,
What feebler means had failed to give, one aim
Diffused thro' all the regions of the West;
So does her Unity its power attest
By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame
Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame
That ever looked to heaven for final rest?
Hail countless Temples! that so well befit
Your ministry; that, as ye rise and take
Form, spirit and character from holy writ,
Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,
Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make
The unconverted soul with awe submit.
1821. 1845.

X.

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the root
In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,
(Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,
Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)
Can never cease to bear celestial fruit.
Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect
Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject

Her bane, her vital energies recruit.
Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine,
When such good work is doomed to be undone,
The conquests lost that were so hardly won: —
All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine
In light confirmed while years their course shall run,
Confirmed alike in progress and decline.
1821. 1845.

XI.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

ENOUGH! for see, with dim association
The tapers burn; the odorous incense feeds
A greedy flame; the pompous mass proceeds;
The Priest bestows the appointed consecration;
And, while the HOST is raised, its elevation
An awe and supernatural horror breeds;
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration.
This Valdo brooks not. On the banks of Rhone
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone.
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.
1820. 1822.

XII.

THE VAUDOIS.

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach? —
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,
Their fugitive Progenitors explored
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats
Where that pure Church survives, th
summer heats
Open a passage to the Romish swor
Far as it dares to follow. Herbs
sown,
And fruitage gathered from the che
wood,
Nourish the sufferers then; and n
that brood
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacle
strown,
Protect them; and the eternal snow
daunts
Aliens, is God's good winter for
haunts.
1821. 18

XIII.

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their m
tain springs
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy
ners here!"
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fea
And in our caverns smooth thy ru
wings!"
Nor be unthanked their final lingering
Silent, but not to high-souled Passi
ear —
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and mar
drear,
Their own creation. Such glad welc
ings
As Po was heard to give where Ve
rose
Hailed from aloft those Heirs of t
divine
Who near his fountains sought obs
repose,
Yet came prepared as glorious light
shine,
Should that be needed for their sa
Charge;
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits
at large!
1821. 18

XIV.

WALDENSES.

THOSE had given earliest notice, as
lark
Springs from the ground the mor
gratulate;

ther rose the day to antedate,
riking out a solitary spark,
n all the world with midnight gloom
was dark. —
followed the Waldensian bands,
whom Hate
in endeavors to exterminate,
n Obloquy pursues with hideous
bark: [1]
ney desist not; — and the sacred fire,
ıdled thus, from dens and savage
woods
s, handed on with never-ceasing
care,
ıgh courts, through camps, o'er
limitary floods;
acks this sea-girt Isle a timely share
e new Flame, not suffered to expire.
1822.

XV.

HBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V.

IAT beast in wilderness or cultured
field
lively beauty of the leopard shows?
at flower in meadow-ground or gar-
den grows
t to the towering lily doth not yield?
both meet only on thy royal shield!
forth, great King! claim what thy
birth bestows;
quer the Gallic lily which thy foes
e to usurp; — thou hast a sword to
wield,
l Heaven will crown the right." —
The mitred Sire
spake — and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul
addrest,
hs her bold course across the won-
dering seas;
ooth to say, ambition, in the breast
uthful heroes, is no sullen fire,
ne that leaps to meet the fanning
breeze.
1822.

XVI.

ARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER.

is the storm abated by the craft
hrewd Counsellor, eager to protect

[1] See Note.

The Church, whose power hath recently
been checked,
Whose monstrous riches threatened. So
the shaft
Of victory mounts high, and blood is
quaffed
In fields that rival Cressy and Poictiers —
Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!
For deep as hell itself, the avenging
draught
Of civil slaughter. Yet, while temporal
power
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual
truth
Maintains the else endangered gift of life;
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth;
And, under cover of this woful strife,
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to
hour.
1821. 1822.

XVII.

WICLIFFE.

ONCE more the Church is seized with
sudden fear,
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed:
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed
And flung into the brook that travels near;
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which
Streams can hear
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks
upon the wind,
Though seldom heard by busy human
kind) —
"As thou these ashes, little Brook! wilt
bear
"Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
"Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
"Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst
"An emblem yields to friends and ene-
mies
"How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanc-
tified
"By truth, shall spread, throughout the
world dispersed."
1821. 1822.

XVIII.

CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY.

"WOE to you, Prelates! rioting in ease
"And cumbrous wealth — the shame of
your estate;

"You, on whose progress dazzling trains await
"Of pompous horses; whom vain titles please;
"Who will be served by others on their knees,
"Yet will yourselves to God no service pay;
"Pastors who neither take nor point the way
"To Heaven; for, either lost in vanities
"Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know
"And speak the word—" Alas! of fearful things
'T is the most fearful when the people's eye
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings;
And taught the general voice to prophesy
Of Justice armed, and Pride to be laid low.

1821. 1822.

XIX.

ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER.

And what is Penance with her knotted thong;
Mortification with the shirt of hair,
Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,
Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long;
If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong
The pious, humble, useful Secular,
And rob the people of his daily care,
Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong?
Inversion strange! that, unto One who lives
For self, and struggles with himself alone,
The amplest share of heavenly favor gives;
That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem
Of God and man, place higher than to him
Who on the good of others builds his own!

1821. 1822.

XX.

MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Yet more, — round many a Convent's blazing fire
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun;
There Venus sits disguised like a Nu
While Bacchus, clothed in semblan
a Friar,
Pours out his choicest beverage high
higher
Sparkling, until it cannot choose bu
Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath
An instant kiss of masterful desire—
To stay the precious waste. Thr
every brain
The domination of the sprightly juic
Spreads high conceits to madding F
dear,
Till the arched roof, with resolute a
Of its grave echoes, swells a choral st
Whose votive burthen is — "Our K
DOM'S HERE!"

1821. 1

XXI.

DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERI

Threats come which no submission
assuage,
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute
The tapers shall be quenched, the be
mute,
And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by s
rage,
The warbling wren shall find a leafy
The gadding bramble hung her p
fruit;
And the green lizard and the gilded
Lead unmolested lives, and die of a
The owl of evening and the woodlan
For their abode the shrines of Wal
choose:
Proud Glastonbury can no more ref
To stoop her head before these desp
shocks —
She whose high pomp displaced, as
tells,
Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells.

1821. 1

XXII.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

The lovely Nun (submissive, but
meek
Through saintly habit than from effo

[1] See Note.

nrelenting mandates that pursue
equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)
forth—unveiling timidly a cheek
sed with blushes of celestial hue,
e through the Convent's gate to open view
y she glides, another home to seek.
Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,
Apparition more divinely bright!
more attractive to the dazzled sight
e watery glories, on the stormy brine
ed forth, while summer suns at distance shine,
the green vales lie hushed in sober light.
1822.

XXIII.

CONTINUED.

many a Novice of the cloistral shade,
many chained by vows, with eager glee
varrant hail, exulting to be free;
ships before whose keels, full long embayed
lar ice, propitious winds have made
oked-for outlet to an open sea,
liquid world, for bold discovery,
her quarters temptingly displayed!
guides the young; but when the old must pass
hreshold, whither shall they turn to find
ospitality — the alms (alas!
may be needed) which that House bestowed?
hey, in faith and worship, train the mind
ep this new and questionable road?
1822.

XXIV.

SAINTS.

oo, must fly before a chasing hand,
s and Saints, in every hamlet mourned!
f the old idolatry be spurned,
ot your radiant Shapes desert the Land:
Her adoration was not your demand,
The fond heart proffered it — the servile heart;
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret
Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew:
And rapt Cecilia seraph-haunted Queen
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,
Who in the penitential desert met
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew!
1821. 1822.

XXV.

THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost;
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;
Thy Image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene!
1821. 1822.

XXVI.

APOLOGY.

NOT utterly unworthy to endure
Was the supremacy of crafty Rome;
Age after age to the arch of Christendom
Aërial keystone haughtily secure;
Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,
As many hold; and, therefore, to the tomb
Pass, some through fire—and by the Scaffold some —
Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More.
"Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit

"Upon his throne;" unsoftened, undismayed
By aught that mingled with the tragic scene
Of pity or fear: and More's gay genius played
With the inoffensive sword of native wit,
Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.
1821. 1822.

XXVII.

IMAGINATIVE REGRETS.

DEEP is the lamentation! Not alone
From Sages justly honored by mankind;
But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,
Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan
Issues for that dominion overthrown:
Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind
As his own worshippers: and Nile, reclined
Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan
Renews. Through every forest, cave, and den,
Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past —
Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,
Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned
'Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,
And stalking pillars built of fiery sand.
1821. 1822.

XXVIII.

REFLECTIONS.

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane
Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,
And goodly fruitage with the mother spray;
'T were madness — wished we, therefore, to detain,
With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,
The "trumpery" that ascends in bare display —
Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, wh
and gray —
Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethe
plain
Fast bound for Limbo Lake. And
not choice
But habit rules the unreflecting herd
And airy bonds are hardest to disow
Hence, with the spiritual soverei
transferred
Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voi
Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknov
1821. 18

XXIX.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sa
Book,
In dusty sequestration wrapt too lon
Assumes the accents of our native tong
And he who guides the plough, or wi
the crook,
With understanding spirit now may l
Upon her records, listen to her song
And sift her laws — much wonde
that the wrong,
Which Faith has suffered, Heaven c
calmly brook.
Transcendent boon! noblest that ear
King
Ever bestowed to equalize and bless
Under the weight of mortal wretchedn
But passions spread like plagues,
thousands wild
With bigotry shall tread the Offering
Beneath their feet, detested and defil
1821. 18

XXX.

THE POINT AT ISSUE.

FOR what contend the wise? — for n
ing less
Than that the Soul, freed from the bo
of Sense,
And to her God restored by evidence
Of things not seen, drawn forth f
their recess,
Root there, and not in forms, her h
ness; —

Faith, which to the Patriarchs did
dispense
guidance, ere a ceremonial fence
needful round men thirsting to
transgress; —
Faith, more perfect still, with which
the Lord
l, himself a Spirit, in the youth
hristian aspiration, deigned to fill
temples of their hearts who, with
his word
med, were resolute to do his will,
worship him in spirit and in truth.
1827.

XXXI.

EDWARD VI.

EET is the holiness of Youth" —
so felt
-honored Chaucer speaking through
that Lay
nich the Prioress beguiled the way,
many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did
melt.
t thou, loved Bard! whose spirit
often dwelt
e clear land of vision, but foreseen
child, and seraph, blended in the
mien
ous Edward kneeling as he knelt
eek and simple infancy, what joy
niversal Christendom had thrilled
heart! what hopes inspired thy
genius, skilled
reat Precursor, genuine morning
Star)
ucid shafts of reason to employ,
ng the Papal darkness from afar!
1822.

XXXII.

ARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR
EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT.

ears of man in various measure gush
various sources; gently overflow
blissful transport some — from
clefts of woe
with ungovernable impulse rush;
ome, coëval with the earliest blush
Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show
Their pearly lustre — coming but to go;
And some break forth when others' sorrows crush
The sympathizing heart. Nor these, nor yet
The noblest drops to admiration known,
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven —
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.
1821. 1822.

XXXIII.

REVIVAL OF POPERY.

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned
By unrelenting Death. O People keen
For change, to whom the new looks always green!
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground
Their Gods of wood and stone; and, at the sound
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen!)
Lifting them up, the worship to confound
Of the Most High. Again do they invoke
The Creature, to the Creature glory give;
Again with frankincense the altars smoke
Like those the Heathen served; and mass is sung;
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.
1821. 1827.

XXXIV.

LATIMER AND RIDLEY.

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!
See Latimer and Ridley in the might
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight!
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)
Transfigured,[1] from this kindling hath foretold

[1] See Note.

A torch of inextinguishable light;
The Other gains a confidence as bold;
And thus they foil their enemy's despite.
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair
Of saintly Friends the "murtherer's chain partake,
Corded, and burning at the social stake:"
Earth never witnessed object more sublime
In constancy, in fellowship more fair!

1821. 1827.

XXXV.

CRANMER.

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upbraided hand
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat
Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat!)
Amid the shuddering throng doth Cranmer stand;
Firm as the stake to which with iron band
His frame is tied; firm from the naked feet
To the bare head. The victory is complete;
The shrouded Body to the Soul's command
Answers with more than Indian fortitude,
Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,
Till breath departs in blissful aspiration:
Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,
Behold the unalterable heart entire,
Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation![1]

1821. 1822.

XXXVI.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION.

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,
Our mortal ken! Inspire a perfect trust
(While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just:

[1] For the belief in this fact, see the contemporary Historians.

Which few can hold committed to a
That shows, ev'n on its better side, might
Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lu
'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic du
Which showers of blood seem rathe incite
Than to allay. Anathemas are hurle
From both sides; veteran thunders brute test
Of truth) are met by fulminations ne
Tartarean flags are caught at, and furled—
Friends strike at friends—the flying s pursue—
And Victory sickens, ignorant where rest!

1821. 182

XXXVII.

ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE.

SCATTERING, like birds escaped fowler's net,
Some seek with timely flight a fore strand;
Most happy, re-assembled in a land
By dauntless Luther freed, could they get
Their Country's woes. But scarcely h they met,
Partners in faith, and brothers in distre
Free to pour forth their common tha fulness,
Ere hope declines:—their union is be
With speculative notions rashly sown,
Whence thickly-sprouting growth poisonous weeds;
Their forms are broken staves; their p sions, steeds
That master them. How enviably ble
Is he who can, by help of grace, enthr
The peace of God within his single brea

1821. 182

XXXVIII.

ELIZABETH.

HAIL, Virgin Queen! o'er many an vious bar
Triumphant, snatched from many treacherous wile!

ail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle
blest, respiring from that dismal war
d by thy voice! But quickly from afar
nce breathes with more malignant aim;
lien storms with home-bred ferments claim
ntous fellowship. Her silver car,
eepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on;
rt by violence, from menaced taint
ging pure, and seemingly more bright:
wherefore yields it to a foul constraint
as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,
n and angels blest, the glorious light?
1822.

XXXIX.

EMINENT REFORMERS.

INKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,
as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,
mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave
uthful HOOKER, in familiar style
ft exalting, and with playful smile: [1]
us equipped, and bearing on his head
onor's farewell blessing, can he dread
est, or length of way, or weight of toil? —
sweet than odors caught by him who sails
spicy shores of Araby the blest,
usand times more exquisitely sweet,
eight of holy feeling which we meet,
ghtful moments, wafted by the gales
fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein they rest.
1822.

XL.

THE SAME.

and heavenly Spirits as they are,
ss in life, and eloquent as wise,
what entire affection do they prize
Their Church reformed! laboring with earnest care
To baffle all that may her strength impair;
That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;
In their afflictions a divine retreat;
Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer! —
The truth exploring with an equal mind,
In doctrine and communion they have sought
Firmly between the two extremes to steer;
But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot —
To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,
And prophesy to ears that will not hear.
1821. 1822.

XLI.

DISTRACTIONS.

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy,
Their forefathers; lo! sects are formed, and split
With morbid restlessness; — the ecstatic fit
Spreads wide; though special mysteries multiply,
The Saints must govern, is their common cry;
And so they labor, deeming Holy Writ
Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit
Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.
The Romanist exults; fresh hope he draws
From the confusion, craftily incites
The overweening, personates the mad — [1]
To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause:
Totters the Throne; the new-born Church is sad,
For every wave against her peace unites.
1821. 1822.

XLII.

GUNPOWDER PLOT.

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree
To plague her beating heart; and there is one
(Nor idlest that!) which holds communion
With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.

[1] See Note.

Aghast within its gloomy cavity
That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done
Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)
Beholds the horrible catastrophe
Of an assembled Senate unredeemed
From subterraneous Treason's darkling power:
Merciless act of sorrow infinite!
Worse than the product of that dismal night,
When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,
The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed.

1821. 1822.

XLIII.

ILLUSTRATION.

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR SCHAFFHAUSEN.

THE Virgin Mountain,[1] wearing like a Queen
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,
Sheds ruin from her sides; and men below
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke — wherewith he tries
To hide himself, but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

1821. 1822.

XLIV.

TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,
To the mind's eye Religion doth present;
Now with her own deep quietness content;

[1] The Jung-frau.

Then, like the mountain, thundering
above
Against the ancient pine-trees of the g
And the Land's humblest comforts.
her mood
Recalls the transformation of the flo
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain
prove;
Earth cannot check. O terrible exc
Of headstrong will! Can this be Pi
No — some fierce Maniac hath usu
her name;
And scourges England struggling to
free:
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wil
ness!
Her blessings cursed — her glory tu
to shame!

1821. 18

XLV.

LAUD.[2]

PREJUDGED by foes determined no
spare,
An old weak Man for vengeance thr
aside,
Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tr
(Like a poor bird entangled in a sna
Whose heart still flutters, though
wings forbear
To stir in useless struggle) hath relie
On hope that conscious innocence
plied,
And in his prison breathes celestial a
Why tarries then thy chariot? Where
stay,
O Death! the ensanguined yet triumph
wheels,
Which thou prepar'st, full often, to
vey
(What time a State with madding fac
reels)
The Saint or Patriot to the world that h
All wounds, all perturbations doth all

1821. 18

XLVI.

AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND.

HARP! could'st thou venture, on
boldest string,
The faintest note to echo which the b

[2] See Note.

ght from the hand of Moses as it passed
Sinai's top, or from the Shepherd-king,
y awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing
read Jehovah; then, should wood and waste
r also of that name, and mercy cast
o the mountains, like a covering
vhich the Lord was weary. Weep, oh! weep,
p with the good, beholding King and Priest
oised by that stern God to whom they raise
r suppliant hands; but holy is the feast
keepeth; like the firmament his ways:
statutes like the chambers of the deep.
1. 1822.

PART II.

ROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

en I came to this part of the series I had eam described in this Sonnet. The figure hat of my daughter, and the whole passed y as here represented. The Sonnet was osed on the middle road leading from Grasto Ambleside: it was begun as I left the ouse of the vale, and finished, word for word ow stands, before I came in view of Rydal. n I could say the same of the five or six ed I have written: most of them were frely retouched in the course of composition, ot a few, laboriously.

ve only further to observe that the intended h which prompted these Sonnets was d on Coleorton Moor towards the centre ery populous parish between three and four from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, on the road to borough, and has proved, I believe, a benefit to the neigborhood.

I.

v the figure of a lovely Maid
d alone beneath a darksome tree,
se fondly-overhanging canopy
off her brightness with a pleasing shade.
pirit was she; *that* my heart betrayed,
he was one I loved exceedingly;
while I gazed in tender reverie
(Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)
The bright corporeal presence — form and face —
Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,
Like sunny mist; — at length the golden hair,
Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace
Each with the other in a lingering race
Of dissolution, melted into air.
1821. 1822.

II.

. PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES.

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake
Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem
Wholly dissevered from our present theme;
Yet, my beloved Country! I partake
Of kindred agitations for thy sake;
Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream;
Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam
Of light, which tells that Morning is awake.
If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,
Or but forebode destruction, I deplore
With filial love the sad vicissitude;
If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore
The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,
And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy.
1821. 1822.

III.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

WHO comes — with rapture greeted, and caressed
With frantic love — his kingdom to regain?
Him Virtue's Nurse, Adversity, in vain
Received, and fostered in her iron breast:
For all she taught of hardiest and of best,
Or would have taught, by discipline of pain

And long privation, now dissolves amain,
Or is remembered only to give zest
To wantonness. — Away, Circean revels!
But for what gain? if England soon must sink
Into a gulf which all distinction levels —
That bigotry may swallow the good name,
And, with that draught, the life-blood: misery, shame,
By Poets loathed; from which Historians shrink!

1821. 1822.

IV.

LATITUDINARIANISM.

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind
Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence;
Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,
Or a Platonic Piety confined
To the sole temple of the inward mind;
And One there is who builds immortal lays,
Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,
Darkness before and danger's voice behind;
Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel
Sad thoughts; for from above the starry sphere
Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear;
And the pure spirit of celestial light
Shines through his soul — "that he may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

1821. 1822.

V.

WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES.

THERE are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen:

Oh could we copy their mild virtues,
What joy to live, what blessedness die!
Methinks their very names shine still bright;
Apart — like glow-worms on a sum night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they
A guiding ray; or seen — like stars high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly mem

1821. 18

VI.

CLERICAL INTEGRITY.

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise re
Those Unconforming; whom one rigo day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary
To poverty, and grief, and disrespect
And some to want — as if by temp wrecked
On a wild coast how destitute! did T
Feel not that Conscience never can bet
That peace of mind is Virtue's sure eff
Their altars they forego, their homes t quit,
Fields which they love, and paths t daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence;
As men the dictate of whose inward se
Outweighs the world; whom self-dec ing wit
Lures not from what they deem the ca of God.

1821. 182

VII.

PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a s pliant cry,
The Majesty of England interposed
And the sword stopped; the bleed wounds were closed;
And Faith preserved her ancient puri
How little boots that precedent of go
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst test

England's shame, O Sister Realm! from wood,
ıntain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie
headless martyrs of the Covenant,
n by Compatriot-protestants that draw
m councils senseless as intolerant
ir warrant. Bodies fall by wild sword-law;
who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw
inst a Champion cased in adamant.
21. 1827.

VIII.

ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS.

OICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,
tters the air, and troubles tower and spire;
Justice hath absolved the innocent,
Tyranny is balked of her desire:
down, the busy Thames — rapid as fire
rsing a train of gunpowder — it went,
transport finds in every street a vent,
the whole City rings like one vast quire.
Fathers urge the People to be still,
ı outstretched hands and earnest speech — in vain!
many, haply wont to entertain
ll reverence for the mitre's offices,
to Religion's self no friendly will,
relate's blessing ask on bended knees.
21. 1822.

IX.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

M as an under-current, strong to draw
ons of waves into itself, and run,
ı sea to sea, impervious to the sun
ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau
ves not, (how blest if by religious awe
ved, and thereby enabled to contend
the wide world's commotions) from its end
ves not — diverted by a casual law.
mortal action e'er a nobler scope?
The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
And, while he marches on with steadfast hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously!
The vacillating Bondman of the Pope
Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye.
1821. 1822.

X.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

UNGRATEFUL Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspirited
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings,
And, if dissevered thence, its course is short.
1821. 1822.

XI.

SACHEVEREL.

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell
Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained
In Liberty's behalf. Fears, true or feigned,
Spread through all ranks; and lo! the Sentinel
Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,
Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes
Mingling their glances with grave flatteries
Lavished on *Him* — that England may rebel
Against her ancient virtue. HIGH and Low,
Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are rife;

As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe
To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—
Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow
Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife.
1821. 1827.

XII.

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart
Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,
The living landscapes greet him, and depart;
Sees spires fast sinking — up again to start!
And strives the towers to number, that recline
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line
Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart,
So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure:
Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream
That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,
We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,
May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure
How widely spread the interests of our theme.
1821. 1822.

XIII.

ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA.

I. THE PILGRIM FATHERS.[1]

WELL worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way,
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook

[1] This and the two following were added in 1842. See Note.

Her Lord might worship and his word
In freedom. Men they were who c
not bend;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took
guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctif
Blest while their Spirits from the w
ascend
Along a Galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for Sinners die
1821. 18

XIV.

II. CONTINUED.

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they
To Wilds where both were utterly
known;
But not to them had Providence foresh
What benefits are missed, what evils b
In worship neither raised nor limited
Save by Self-will. Lo! from that dis
shore,
For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led
Back to the Land whose Pilgrims lef
yore,
Led by her own free choice. So T
and Love
By Conscience governed do their st
retrace. —
Fathers! your Virtues, such the powe
grace,
Their spirit, in your Children, thus
prove.
Transcendent overtime, unbound by pla
Concord and Charity in circles move.
1821. 184

XV.

III. CONCLUDED. — AMERICAN EPISCOPACY.

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic lig
Were they, who, when their Country
been freed,
Bowing with reverence to the anci
creed,
Fixed on the frame of England's Chu
their sight,
And strove in filial love to reunite
What force had severed. Thence t
fetched the seed

hristian unity, and won a meed
raise from Heaven. To Thee, O
saintly WHITE,
arch of a wide-spreading family,
otest lands and unborn times shall
turn,
ther they would restore or build — to
Thee,
ne who rightly taught how zeal should
burn,
ne who drew from out Faith's holiest
urn
purest stream of patient Energy.
1845.

XVI.

ops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if
deep
ours above all offices is high)
in your hearts the sense of duty lie;
ged as ye are by Christ to feed and
keep
wolves your portion of his chosen
sheep:
ring as ever in your Master's sight,
ng your hardest task your best de-
light,
perfect glory ye in Heaven shall
reap! —
n the solemn Office which ye sought
ndertook premonished, if unsound
practice prove, faithless though but
in thought,
ps and Priests, think what a gulf
profound
s you then, if they were rightly
taught
framed the Ordinance by your lives
disowned!
1845.

XVII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

r that shines dependent upon star
he sky while we look up and love;
the deep fair ships which though
they move
fixed, to eyes that watch them from
afar;
he sandy desert fountains are,
With palm-groves shaded at wide inter-
vals,
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native
falls
Of roving tired or desultory war —
Such to this British Isle her christian
Fanes,
Each linked to each for kindred services;
Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glit-
tering vanes
Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among
trees,
Where a few villagers on bended knees
Find solace which a busy world disdains.
1821. 1822.

XVIII.

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion,[1] where, his flock
among,
The learnèd Pastor dwells, their watch-
ful Lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathèd
sword;
Though pride's least lurking thought ap-
pear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his
tongue,
Gentleness in his heart — can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labors all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?
1821. 1822.

XIX.

THE LITURGY.

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear
Attract us still, and passionate exercise
Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies
Distinct with signs, through which in set
career,
As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year
Of England's Church; stupendous mys-
teries!

[1] See Note.

Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,
As he approaches them, with solemn cheer.
Upon that circle traced from sacrec story
We only dare to cast a transient glance,
Trusting in hope that Others may advance
With mind intent upon the King of Glory,
From his mild advent till his countenance
Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

1821. 1822.

XX.

BAPTISM.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a christian Flower
A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds! —
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs — which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth —
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

1821. 1822.

XXI.

SPONSORS.

FATHER! — to God himself we cannot give
A holier name! then lightly do not bear
Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
Be duly mindful: still more sensitive
Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive
Against disheartening custom, that by Thee
Watched, and with love and pious industry
Tended at need, the adopted Plant thrive
For everlasting bloom. Benign and
This Ordinance, whether loss it w supply,
Prevent omission, help deficiency,
Or seek to make assurance doubly s
Shame, if the consecrated Vow be f
An idle form, the Word an empty so

1821. 1

XXII.

CATECHISING.

FROM Little down to Least, in due de
Around the Pastor, each in new-wrc vest,
Each with a vernal posy at his breas
We stood, a trembling, earnest Comp
With low soft murmur, like a distant
Some spake, by thought-perplexing betrayed;
And some a bold unerring answer m
How fluttered then thy anxious hear me,
Beloved Mother! Thou whose happy
Had bound the flowers I wore, with f ful tie:
Sweet flowers! at whose inaudible mand
Her countenance, phantom-like, dot appear:
O lost too early for the frequent tea
And ill requited by this heartfelt sig

1821. 1

XXIII.

CONFIRMATION.

THE Young-ones gathered in from hil dale,
With holiday delight on every brow
'T is passed away; far other thou prevail;
For they are taking the baptismal V
Upon their conscious selves; their lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest si fail,
And many a blooming, many a lo cheek

r the holy fear of God turns pale;
e on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays
postolic hand, and with prayer seals
Covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
feeble Souls; and bear with *his* regrets,
looking round the fair assemblage, feels
ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

1822.

XXIV.

CONFIRMATION CONTINUED.

a Mother's eye intensely bent
a Maiden trembling as she knelt;
d for whom the pious Mother felt
s that we judge of by a light too faint:
f we may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint!
what rushed in, from what she was relieved —
when her Child the hallowing touch received,
uch vibration through the Mother went
ears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear?
ed a vision of that blissful place
e dwells a Sister-child? And was power given
f her lost One's glory back to trace
to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere
ummer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven.

1822.

XXV.

SACRAMENT.

ain yet stronger must the Soul be tied:
uty more, last stage of this ascent,
to thy food, mysterious Sacrament!
ffspring, haply, at the Parent's side;
ot till They, with all that do abide
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud
And magnify the glorious name of God,
Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners died.
Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause
No longer; ye, whom to the saving rite
The Altar calls, come early under laws
That can secure for you a path of light
Through gloomiest shade; put on (nor dread its weight)
Armor divine, and conquer in your cause!

1821. 1827.

XXVI.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands;
Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight
Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight
With the symbolic ring, and willing hands
Solemnly joined. Now sanctify the bands
O Father! — to the Espoused thy blessing give,
That mutually assisted they may live
Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands.
So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow
"The which would endless matrimony make;"
Union that shadows forth and doth partake
A mystery potent human love to endow
With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake;
Weep not, meek Bride! uplift thy timid brow.

1821. 1845.

XXVII.

THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH.

WOMAN! the Power who left his throne on high,
And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,
The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy
Did pass dependent on maternal care,

His own humanity with Thee will share,
Pleased with the thanks that in his People's eye
Thou offerest up for safe Delivery
From Childbirth's perilous throes. And should the Heir
Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined
To courses fit to make a mother rue
That ever he was born, a glance of mind
Cast upon this observance may renew
A better will; and, in the imagined view
Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.
1821. 1845.

XXVIII.

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal;
Glad music! yet there be that, worn with pain
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,
In sadness listen. With maternal zeal
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel
Beside the afflicted; to sustain with prayer,
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare —
That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal
On a true Penitent. When breath departs
From one disburthened so, so comforted,
His Spirit Angels greet; and ours be hope
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts.
1821. 1845.

XXIX.

THE COMMINATION SERVICE.

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred,
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling.)
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the LORD;
Listening within his Temple see his sword
Unsheathed in wrath to strike
offender's head,
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be d
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplor
Two aspects bears Truth needfu
salvation;
Who knows not *that?* — yet would
delicate age
Look only on the Gospel s brighter
Let light and dark duly our tho
employ;
So shall the fearful words of Com
tion
Yield timely fruit of peace and love
joy.
1821.

XXX.

FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA.

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly
Gives holier invitation than the dec
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved
Wreck
(When all that Man could do avail
more)
By him who raised the Tempest
restrains:
Happy the crew who this have felt
pour
Forth for his mercy, as the C
ordains,
Solemn thanksgiving. Nor will *the*
plore
In vain who, for a rightful cause
breath
To words the Church prescribes a
the lip
For the heart's sake, ere ship with h
ship
Encounters, armed for work of pai
death.
Suppliants! the God to whom your
ye trust
Will listen, and ye know that He i
1821.

XXXI.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' we
woe,
The Church extends her care to th
and deed;

quits the Body when the Soul is freed,
mortal weight cast off to be laid low.
Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know
my Redeemer liveth," — hears each word
follows — striking on some kindred chord
in the thankful heart; — yet tears will flow.
is as grass that springeth up at morn,
's green, and is cut down and withereth
nightfall — truth that well may claim a sigh,
atural echo; but hope comes reborn
esu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death,
e is thy Sting? — O Grave, where is thy Victory?"

1845.

XXXII.

RURAL CEREMONY.[1]

NG the sacred Book which long has fed
neditations, give we to a day
nual joy one tributary lay;
day, when, forth by rustic music led,
illage Children, while the sky is red
evening lights, advance in long array
gh the still churchyard, each with garland gay,
carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,
ed with these offerings which their fathers bore
ecoration in the Papal time,
nocent procession softly moves: —
pirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

1822.

XXXIII.

REGRETS.

D that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave
canty measure of those graceful rites
And usages, whose due return invites
A stir of mind too natural to deceive;
Giving to Memory help when she would weave
A crown for Hope! — I dread the boasted lights
That all too often are but fiery blights,
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve.
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,
The counter Spirit found in some gay church
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

1821. 1822.

XXXIV.

MUTABILITY.

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care.
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain
And is no more; drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

1821. 1822.

XXXV.

OLD ABBEYS.

MONASTIC Domes! following my downward way,
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall!

[1] See Note.

Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others — gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive.[1]
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?
Once ye were holy, ye are holy still;
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live!
1821. 1822.

XXXVI.

EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY.

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of France
Are shattered into dust; and self-exiled
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance
Opens a way for life, or consonance
Of faith invites. More welcome to no land
The fugitives than to the British strand,
Where priest and layman with the vigilance
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test
Vanish before the unreserved embrace
Of catholic humanity: — distrest
They came, — and, while the moral tempest roars
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place.
1821. 1827.

XXXVII.

CONGRATULATION.

THUS all things lead to Charity secured
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored!
Propitious hour!—had we, like them, endured
Sore stress of apprehension,[1] with a mind
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse signed,
From month to month trembling and assured,
How had we then rejoiced! But we felt,
As a loved substance, their futurity:
Good, which they dared not hope for have seen;
A State whose generous will through e is dealt;
A State — which, balancing herself tween
License and slavish order, dares be
1821. 18

[1] See Note.

XXXVIII.

NEW CHURCHES.

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Ma
And laurelled armies, not to be v stood —
What serve they? if, on transitory g
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,
The State (ah, surely not preserve vain!)
Forbear to shape due channels which Flood
Of sacred truth may enter — till it br
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyp plain
The all-sustaining Nile. No more — time
Is conscious of her want; through land's bounds,
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples
I hear their sabbath-bells' harmon chime
Float on the breeze — the heavenlie all sounds
That vale or hill prolongs or multipl
1821. 18

XXXIX.

CHURCH TO BE ERECTED.

BE this the chosen site; the virgin s
Moistened from age to age by dewy
Shall disappear, and grateful earth re
The corner-stone from hands that to God.

reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod
inter storms, yet budding cheerfully;
e forest oaks of Druid memory,
long survive, to shelter the Abode
enuine Faith. Where, haply, 'mid this band
isies, shepherds sate of yore and wove
garlands, there let the holy altar stand
kneeling adoration;—while—above,
ds, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,
shall protect from blasphemy the Land.
1822.

XL.

CONTINUED.

ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,
ng the strong emotion of the crowd,
n each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed
e clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,
glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed
igh Alpine vapors. Such appalling rite
Church prepares not, trusting to the might
nple truth with grace divine imbued;
ill we not conceal the precious Cross,
men ashamed:[1] the Sun with his first smile
greet that symbol crowning the low Pile:
the fresh air of incense-breathing morn
wooingly embrace it; and green moss
round its arms through centuries unborn.
1822.

XLI.

NEW CHURCHYARD.

encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
w by solemn consecration given
cial interests, and to favoring Heaven;
And where the rugged colts their gambols played,
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even;
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow;—
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.
1821. 1822.

[1] See Note.

XLII.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared;
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrid your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles
Instinct — to rouse the heart and lead the will
By a bright ladder to the world above.
Open your gates, ye Monuments of love
Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!
Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendors cheer
Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!
1821. 1822.

XLIII.

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned —

Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white robed Scholars only — this immense
And glorious Work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering — and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality,
1821. 1822.

XLIV.

THE SAME.

WHAT awful pérspective! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft checkerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night! —
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!
The music bursteth into second life;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a vail of ecstasy!
1821. 1822.

XLV.

CONTINUED.

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a r
here;
Or through the aisles of Westminst
roam;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's
cing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold; whe
wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops: or le
path
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sk
dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace; whose guardian
The silent Cross, among the stars
spread
As now, when She hath also seer
breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with it
Of grateful England's overflowing I
1821. 1

XLVI.

EJACULATION.

GLORY to God! and to the Power
came
In filial duty, clothed with love divi
That made his human tabernacle shi
Like Ocean burning with purpureal fl
Or like the Alpine Mount, that tak
name
From roseate hues, far kenned at
and even
In hours of peace, or when the stor
driven
Along the nether region's rugged fra
Earth prompts — Heaven urges; le
seek the light,
Studious of that pure intercourse be
When first our infant brows their
won;
So, like the Mountain, may we
more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the
At the approach of all-involving nig
1821. 1

XLVII.

CONCLUSION.

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enr
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For
WORD

[1] See Note.

s, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
r at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
drowsy rings. Look forth! — that Stream behold,
STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
ing at ease while nations have effaced
ns, and Death has gathered to his fold
lines of mighty Kings — look forth, my Soul!
in this vision be thou slow to trust)
iving Waters, less and less by guilt
ed and polluted, brighten as they roll,
hey have reached the eternal City — built
he perfected Spirit of the just!
. 1822.

MEMORY.

N — to register: a key —
winds through secret wards
vell assigned to Memory
legoric Bards.

tly, also, might be given
ncil to her hand;
softening objects, sometimes even
rips the heart's demand;

smooths foregone distress, the lines
gering care subdues,
vanished happiness refines,
clothes in brighter hues;

ike a tool of Fancy, works
Spectres to dilate
startle Conscience, as she lurks
n her lonely seat.

hat our lives, which flee so fast,
rity were such,
not an image of the past
d fear that pencil's touch!

ment then might hourly look
a soothing scene,
eal to his allotted nook
nted and serene;
With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.
1823. 1827.

TO THE LADY FLEMING

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND.

After thanking Lady Fleming in prose for the service she had done to her neighborhood by erecting this Chapel, I have nothing to say beyond the expression of regret that the architect did not furnish an elevation better suited to the site in a narrow mountain-pass, and, what is of more consequence, better constructed in the interior for the purposes of worship. It has no chancel; the altar is unbecomingly confined; the pews are so narrow as to preclude the possibility of kneeling with comfort; there is no vestry; and what ought to have been first mentioned, the font, instead of standing at its proper place at the entrance, is thrust into the farther end of a pew. When these defects shall be pointed out to the munificent Patroness, they will, it is hoped, be corrected.

I.

BLEST is this Isle — our native Land;
Where battlement and moated gate
Are objects only for the hand
Of hoary Time to decorate;
Where shady hamlet, town that breathes
Its busy smoke in social wreaths,
No rampart's stern defence require,
Naught but the heaven-directed spire,
And steeple tower (with pealing bells
Far-heard) — our only citadels.

II.

O Lady! from a noble line
Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore
The spear, yet gave to works divine
A bounteous help in days of yore,
(As records mouldering in the Dell
Of Nightshade [1] haply yet may tell;)
Thee kindred aspirations moved
To build, within a vale beloved,

[1] Bekangs Ghyll — or the dell of Nightshade — in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness.

For Him upon whose high behests
All peace depends, all safety rests.

III.

How fondly will the woods embrace
This daughter of thy pious care,
Lifting her front with modest grace
To make a fair recess more fair;
And to exalt the passing hour;
Or soothe it with a healing power
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,
Before this rugged soil was tilled,
Or human habitation rose
To interrupt the deep repose!

IV.

Well may the villagers rejoice!
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,
Will be a hindrance to the voice
That would unite in prayer and praise;
More duly shall wild wandering Youth
Receive the curb of sacred truth,
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear
The Promise, with uplifted ear;
And all shall welcome the new ray
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

V.

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,
His fancy cheated — that can see
A shade upon the future cast,
Of time's pathetic sanctity;
Can hear the monitory clock
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock
At evening, when the ground beneath
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death;
Where happy generations lie,
Here tutored for eternity.

VI.

Lives there a man whose sole delights
Are trivial pomp and city noise,
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights
What every natural heart enjoys?
Who never caught a noon-tide dream
From murmur of a running stream;
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields
To him, their verdure from the fields;
And take the radiance from the clouds
In which the sun his setting shrouds.

VII.

A soul so pitiably forlorn,
If such do on this earth abide,
May season apathy with scorn,
May turn indifference to pride;
And still be not unblest — compared
With him who grovels, self-debarred
From all that lies within the scope
Of holy faith and christian hope;
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coa
False fires, that others may be lost.

VIII.

Alas! that such perverted zeal
Should spread on Britain's fav
ground!
That public order, private weal,
Should e'er have felt or feared a wo
From champions of the desperate la
Which from their own blind hearts
draw;
Who tempt their reason to deny
God, whom their passions dare defy,
And boast that they alone are free
Who reach this dire extremity!

IX.

But turn we from these "bold bad" m
The way, mild Lady! that hath led
Down to their "dark opprobrious de
Is all too rough for Thee to tread.
Softly as morning vapors glide
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's sid
Should move the tenor of *his* song
Who means to charity no wrong;
Whose offering gladly would accord
With this day's work, in thought and wo

X.

Heaven prosper it! may peace, and lo
And hope, and consolation, fall,
Through its meek influence, from abo
And penetrate the hearts of all;
All who, around the hallowed Fane,
Shall sojourn in this fair domain;
Grateful to Thee, while service pure,
And ancient ordinance, shall endure,
For opportunity bestowed
To kneel together, and adore their G
1823. 182

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

Oh! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may
The help which slackening Piety requires;
Nor deem that he perforce must go astray
Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires.

r churches, invariably perhaps, stand east
vest, but *why* is by few persons *exactly*
n; nor, that the degree of deviation from
ast often noticeable in the ancient ones was
nined, in each particular case, by the point
horizon, at which the sun rose upon the
f the saint to whom the church was dedi-
These observances of our ancestors, and
uses of them, are the subject of the follow-
auzas.

EN in the antique age of bow and
spear
feudal rapine clothed with iron mail
e ministers of peace, intent to rear,
Mother Church in yon sequestered
vale;

, to her Patron Saint a previous rite
unded with deep swell and solemn
close,
ugh unremitting vigils of the night,
from his couch the wished-for Sun
uprose.

ose, and straight — as by divine com-
mand,
, who had waited for that sign to trace
r work's foundation, gave with care-
ful hand
ne high altar its determined place;

ful of Him who in the Orient born
e lived, and on the cross his life re-
signed,
who, from out the regions of the
morn,
ng in pomp, shall come to judge
mankind.

ught *their* creed; — nor failed the
eastern sky,
these more awful feelings, to infuse
sweet and natural hopes that shall
not die,
as the sun his gladsome course re-
news.

us hath such prelusive vigil ceased;
till we plant, like men of elder days,
christian altar faithful to the east,
nce the tall window drinks the
morning rays;

That obvious emblem giving to the eye
Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,
That symbol of the dayspring from on
high,
Triumphant o'er the darkness of the
grave.

1823. 1827.

"A VOLANT TRIBE OF BARDS ON EARTH ARE FOUND."

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are
found,
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round
them play,
On "coignes of vantage" hang their
nests of clay;
How quickly from that aëry hold un-
bound,
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for
aye;
Convinced that there, there only, she
can lay
Secure foundations. As the year runs
round,
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;
While the stars shine, or while day's
purple eye
Is gently closing with the flowers of
spring;
Where even the motion of an Angel's
wing
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

1823. 1827.

"NOT LOVE, NOT WAR, NOR THE TUMULTUOUS SWELL."

NOT Love, not War, nor the tumultuous
swell,
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions
strange —
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell;
But where untroubled peace and concord
dwell,
There also is the Muse not loth to range,
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or
grange,
Skyward ascending from a woody dell.

Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavor,
And sage content, and placid melancholy;
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river —
Diaphanous because it travels slowly;
Soft is the music that would charm forever;
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

1823. 1827.

TO ——

Written at Rydal Mount. On Mrs. Wordsworth.

LET other bards of angels sing,
Bright suns without a spot;
But thou art no such perfect thing:
Rejoice that thou art not!

Heed not tho' none should call thee fair;
So, Mary, let it be
If nought in loveliness compare
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

1824. 1827.

TO ——

Written at Rydal Mount. To Mrs. W.

O DEARER far than light and life are dear,
Full oft our human foresight I deplore;
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear
That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!

Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest;
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,
Tells that these words thy humbleness offend;
Yet bear me up — else faltering in the
Of a steep march: support me to the

Peace settles where the intellect is m
And Love is dutiful in thought and de
Through Thee communion with that I
I seek:
The faith Heaven strengthens where
moulds the Creed.

1824. 182

"HOW RICH THAT FOREHEA CALM EXPANSE."

Written at Rydal Mount. Mrs. Wordswo impression is that the Poem was written at C orton: it was certainly suggested by a Prit Coleorton Hall.

How rich that forehead's calm expan
How bright that heaven-directed glan
— Waft her to glory, wingèd Powers
Ere sorrow be renewed,
And intercourse with mortal hours
Bring back a humbler mood!
So looked Cecilia when she drew
An Angel from his station;
So looked; not ceasing to pursue
Her tuneful adoration!
But hand and voice alike are still;
No sound *here* sweeps away the will
That gave it birth: in service meek
One upright arm sustains the cheek,
And one across the bosom lies —
That rose, and now forgets to rise,
Subdued by breathless harmonies
Of meditative feeling;
Mute strains from worlds beyond the sk
Through the pure light of female eyes
Their sanctity revealing!

1824. 1827

TO ——

Written at Rydal Mount. Prompted by undue importance attached to personal beauty some dear friends of mine.

LOOK at the fate of summer flowers,
Which blow at daybreak, droop e'er ev
song;
And, grieved for their brief date, conf
that ours,

sured by what we are and ought to be,
sured by all that, trembling, we fore-
see,
Is not so long!

man Life do pass away,
hing yet more swiftly than the flower,
are creatures of a *winter's* day;
t space hath Virgin's beauty to dis-
close
sweets, and triumph o'er the
breathing rose?
Not even an hour!

leepest grove whose foliage hid
happiest lovers Arcady might boast,
d not the entrance of this thought
forbid:
thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid!
ate too high what must so quickly
fade,
So soon be lost.

shall love teach some virtuous Youth
draw, out of the object of his eyes,"
while on thee they gaze in simple
truth,
more exalted, "a refinèd Form,"
dreads not age, nor suffers from the
worm,
And never dies.

1827.

A FLOWER GARDEN.

COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE.

ned by my friend, Lady Beaumont, in
tion with the garden at Coleorton.

me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold,
fluttering o'er this gay Recess,
is that fanned the teeming mould
len's blissful wilderness,
nly softly-stealing hours
close the peaceful lives of flowers?

when the *moving* creatures saw
nds commingled without fear,
iled a like indulgent law
ne still growths that prosper here?
anton fawn and kid forbear
alf-blown rose, the lily spare?

Or peeped they often from their beds
And prematurely disappeared,
Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads
A bosom to the sun endeared?
If such their harsh untimely doom,
It falls not *here* on bud or bloom.

All summer long the happy Eve
Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,
Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,
From the next glance she casts, to find
That love for little things by Fate
Is rendered vain as love for great.

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,
So subtly are our eyes beguiled,
We see not nor suspect a bound,
No more than in some forest wild;
The sight is free as air — or crost
Only by art in nature lost.

And, though the jealous turf refuse
By random footsteps to be prest,
And feed on never-sullied dews,
Ye, gentle breezes from the west,
With all the ministers of hope
Are tempted to this sunny slope!

And hither throngs of birds resort;
Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,
Some, perched on stems of stately port
That nod to welcome transient guests;
While hare and leveret, seen at play,
Appear not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof or pride)
This delicate Enclosure shows
Of modest kindness, that would hide
The firm protection she bestows;
Of manners, like its viewless fence,
Ensuring peace to innocence.

Thus spake the moral Muse — her wing
Abruptly spreading to depart,
She left that farewell offering,
Momento for some docile heart;
That may respect the good old age
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page;
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade.

1824. 1827.

TO THE LADY E. B. AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plass Newidd, near Llangollen, 1824.

In this Vale of Meditation my friend Jones resided, having been allowed by his diocesan to fix himself there without resigning his Living in Oxfordshire. He was with my wife and daughter and me when we visited these celebrated ladies who had retired, as one may say, into notice in this vale. Their cottage lay directly in the road between London and Dublin, and they were of course visited by their Irish friends as well as innumerable strangers. They took much delight in passing jokes on our friend Jones's plumpness, ruddy cheeks, and smiling countenance, as little suited to a hermit living in the Vale of Meditation. We all thought there was ample room for retort on his part, so curious was the appearance of these ladies, so elaborately sentimental about themselves and their *Caro Albergo*, as they named it in an inscription on a tree that stood opposite, the endearing epithet being preceded by the word Ecco! calling upon the saunterer to look about him. So oddly was one of these ladies attired that we took her, at a little distance, for a Roman Catholic priest, with a crucifix and relics hung at his neck. They were without caps, their hair bushy and white as snow, which contributed to the mistake.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favorite Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION [1] flows;
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes
At this late day, its sanctifying name.
GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot
Be named; where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long;
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time!

SEPTEMBER 1824. 1827.

[1] Glyn Myrvr.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE D
IL'S BRIDGE, NORTH WALES,

How art thou named? In search of
strange land
From what huge height, descend
Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where
band
Of Patriots scoop their freedom out,
hand
Desperate as thine? Or come the in
sant shocks
From that young Stream, that smites
throbbing rocks
Of Via mala? There I seem to stand
As in life's morn; permitted to beho
From the dread chasm, woods climi
above woods,
In pomp that fades not; everlas
snows;
And skies that ne'er relinquish t
repose;
Such power possess the family of floc
Over the minds of Poets, young or ol

1824. 18

COMPOSED AMONG THE RU
OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WAL

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid r
less halls,
Wandering with timid footsteps oft
trayed,
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to
braid
Old Time, though he, gentlest among
Thralls
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath
His lenient touches, soft as light that fa
From the wan Moon, upon the tow
and walls,
Light deepening the profoundest slee
shade.
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wa
To winds abandoned and the prying st
Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seas
twine
Luxuriant wreaths around thy foreh
hoar;

though past pomp no changes can
restore,
thing recompense, his gift, is thine!
1827.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

RESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE
DEATH OF HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.

Mrs. Fermor. This lady had been a widow
before I knew her. Her husband was of the
of the lady celebrated in the "Rape of the
" and was, I believe, a Roman Catholic.
orrow which his death caused her was fear-
its character as described in this poem, but
ubdued in course of time by the strength of
ligious faith. I have been, for many weeks
ne, an inmate with her at Coleorton Hall,
e also Mrs. Wordsworth and my Sister.
ruth in the sketch of her character here
was acknowledged with gratitude by her
t relatives. She was eloquent in conversa-
energetic upon public matters, open in
t to those, but slow to communicate her
al feelings; upon these she never touched
intercourse with me, so that I could not
myself as her confidential friend, and was
ingly surprised when I learnt she had left
legacy of £100, as a token of her esteem.
n further illustration, the second stanza
ed upon her Cenotaph in Coleorton church.

R a dirge! But why complain?
ather a triumphal strain
n FERMOR'S race is run;
land of immortal boughs
vine around the Christian's brows,
se glorious work is done.

ay a high and holy debt;
ars of passionate regret
stain this votive lay;
orthy, Beaumont! were the grief
flings itself on wild relief
n Saints have passed away.

oom at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,
er covetous to feel,
mpotent to bear!
once was hers — to think and think
vered love, and only sink
anguish to despair!

But nature to its inmost part
Faith had refined; and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given:
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exhales to Heaven.

Was ever Spirit that could bend
So graciously? — that could descend,
Another's need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne? —
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute!

Pale was her hue; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong, —
When aught that breathes had felt a wound;
Such look the Oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things;
Her quiet is secure;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure —

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends;
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest — absence perisheth,
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

1824. 1827.

CENOTAPH.

See "Elegiac Stanzas. Addressed to Sir G. H. B. upon the death of his Sister-in-Law."

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this

memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place.

By vain affections unenthralled,
Though resolute when duty called
To meet the world's broad eye,
Pure as the holiest cloistered nun
That ever feared the tempting sun,
Did Fermor live and die.
This Tablet, hallowed by her name,
One heart-relieving tear may claim;
But if the pensive gloom
Of fond regret be still thy choice,
Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice
Of Jesus from her tomb!

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

1824. 1842.

EPITAPH.

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND.

Owen Lloyd, the subject of this epitaph, was born at Old Brathay, near Ambleside, and was the son of Charles Lloyd and his wife Sophia (*née* Pemberton), both of Birmingham, who came to reside in this part of the country soon after their marriage. They had many children, both sons and daughters, of whom the most remarkable was the subject of this epitaph. He was educated under Mr. Dawes, at Ambleside, Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, and lastly at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he would have been greatly distinguished as a scholar but for inherited infirmities of bodily constitution, which, from early childhood, affected his mind. His love for the neighborhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honored there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in the epitaph.

By playful smiles, (alas! too oft
A sad heart's sunshine), by a soft
And gentle nature, and a free
Yet modest hand of charity,
Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared
To young and old; and how revered
Had been that pious spirit, a tide
Of humble mourners testified,
When, after pains dispensed to prove
The measure of God's chastening lov
Here, brought from far, his corse fo
rest, —
Fulfilment of his own request;—
Urged less for this Yew's shade, thoug
Planted with such fond hope the tree
Less for the love of stream and rock,
Dear as they were, than that his Floc
When they no more their Pastor's vo
Could hear to guide them in their ch
Through good and evil, help might h
Admonished, from his silent grave,
Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,
For peace on earth and bliss in heave

1824. 184

THE CONTRAST.

THE PARROT AND THE WREN.

The Parrot belonged to Mrs. Luff while li at Fox-Ghyll. The Wren was one that hau for many years the summer-house between two terraces at Rydal Mount.

I.

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,
I saw a dazzling Belle,
A Parrot of that famous kind
Whose name is NON-PAREIL.

Like beads of glossy jet her eyes;
And, smoothed by Nature's skill,
With pearl or gleaming agate vies
Her finely-curvèd bill.

Her plumy mantle's living hues
In mass opposed to mass,
Outshine the splendor that imbues
The robes of pictured glass.

And, sooth to say, an apter Mate
Did never tempt the choice
Of feathered Thing most delicate
In figure and in voice.

But, exiled from Australian bowers,
And singleness her lot,
She trills her song with tutored powe
Or mocks each casual note.

more of pity for regrets
n which she may have striven!
but in wantonness she frets,
pite, if cause be given;

n, volatile, a sportive bird
ocial glee inspired;
itious to be seen or heard,
pleased to be admired!

II.

s moss-lined shed, green, soft, and
dry,
bors a self-contented Wren,
shunning man's abode, though shy,
ost as thought itself, of human ken.

nge places, coverts unendeared,
never tried; the very nest
hich this Child of Spring was reared,
armed, thro' winter, by her feathery
breast.

he bleak winds she sometimes gives
ender unexpected strain;
f that the hermitess still lives,
igh she appear not, and be sought in
vain.

Dora! tell me, by yon placid moon,
lled to choose between the favored
pair,
ch would you be, — the bird of the
saloon
dy-fingers tended with nice care,
ssed, applauded, upon dainties fed,
ature's DARKLING of this mossy shed?
5. 1827.

TO A SKY-LARK.

Written at Rydal Mount.

EREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
thou despise the earth where cares
abound?
hile the wings aspire, are heart and
eye
with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
est which thou canst drop into at will,
e quivering wings composed, that
music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a
flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and
Home!
1825. 1827.

"ERE WITH COLD BEADS OF MIDNIGHT DEW."

Written at Rydal Mount. Suggested by the condition of a friend.

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew
Had mingled tears of thine,
I grieved, fond Youth! that thou shouldst
sue
To haughty Geraldine.

Immovable by generous sighs,
She glories in a train
Who drag, beneath our native skies,
An oriental chain.

Pine not like them with arms across,
Forgetting in thy care
How the fast-rooted trees can toss
Their branches in mid air.

The humblest rivulet will take
Its own wild liberties;
And, every day, the imprisoned lake
Is flowing in the breeze.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
But scorn with scorn outbrave;
A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!
1826. 1827.

ODE.

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING.

This and the following poem originated in the lines "How delicate the leafy veil," etc. — My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains with Mr. and Mrs. Carr in the month of May 1826, and as we were going up the vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little chapel gleaming through

the veil of half-opened leaves; and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza referred to above. As in the case of "Liberty" and "Humanity," my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.

WHILE from the purpling east departs
The star that led the dawn,
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,
For May is on the lawn.
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,
Foreran the expected Power,
Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,
Shakes off that pearly shower.

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway
Tempers the year's extremes;
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,
Like morning's dewy gleams;
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,
The tremulous heart excite;
And hums the balmy air to still
The balance of delight.

Time was, blest Power! when youths and maids
At peep of dawn would rise,
And wander forth, in forest glades
Thy birth to solemnize.
Though mute the song — to grace the rite
Untouched the hawthorn bough,
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight;
Man changes, but not Thou!

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings
In love's disport employ;
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things
Awake to silent joy:
Queen art thou still for each gay plant
Where the slim wild deer roves;
And served in depths where fishes haunt
Their own mysterious groves.

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,
Instinctive homage pay;
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath
To honor thee, sweet May!
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs
Behold a smokeless sky,
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares
To open a bright eye.

And if, on this thy natal morn,
The pole, from which thy name
Hath not departed, stands forlorn
Of song and dance and game;
Still from the village-green a vow
Aspires to thee addrest,
Wherever peace is on the brow,
Or love within the breast.

Yes! where Love nestles thou canst te
The soul to love the more;
Hearts also shall thy lessons reach
That never loved before.
Stript is the haughty one of pride,
The bashful freed from fear,
While rising, like the ocean-tide,
In flows the joyous year.

Hush, feeble lyre! weak words refus
The service to prolong!
To yon exulting thrush the Muse
Entrusts the imperfect song;
His voice shall chant, in accents clea
Throughout the live-long day,
Till the first silver star appear,
The sovereignty of May.

1826. 183

TO MAY.

THOUGH many suns have risen and se
Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
And Bards, who hailed thee, may for
Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
There are who to a birthday strain
Confine not harp and voice,
But evermore throughout thy reign
Are grateful and rejoice!

Delicious odors! music sweet,
Too sweet to pass away!
Oh for a deathless song to meet
The soul's desire — a lay
That, when a thousand years are told
Should praise thee, genial Power!
Through summer heat, autumnal cold
And winter's dreariest hour.

Earth, sea, thy presence feel — nor le
If yon ethereal blue
With its soft smile the truth express,
The heavens have felt it too.

nmost heart of man if glad
rtakes a livelier cheer;
eyes that cannot but be sad
t fall a brightened tear.

thy return, through days and weeks
hope that grew by stealth,
many wan and faded cheeks
ve kindled into health!
Old, by thee revived, have said,
Another year is ours;"
wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed
ve smiled upon thy flowers.

tripping lisps a merry song
nid his playful peers?
ender Infant who was long
prisoner of fond fears;
low, when every sharp-edged blast
quiet in its sheath,
Mother leaves him free to taste
rth's sweetness in thy breath.

nelp is with the weed that creeps
ong the humblest ground;
iff so bare but on its steeps
y favors may be found;
nost on some peculiar nook
at our own hands have drest,
and thy train are proud to look,
d seem to love it best.

yet how pleased we wander forth
en May is whispering, "Come!
pose from the bowers of virgin earth
The happiest for your home;
aven's bounteous love through me
is spread
rom sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,
ops on the mouldering turret's head,
nd on your turf-clad graves!"

greeting heard, away with sighs
lilies that must fade,
the rathe primrose as it dies
rsaken" in the shade!
l fruitions and desires
linked in endless chase;
, as one kindly growth retires,
other takes its place.

what if thou, sweet May, hast known
hap by worm and blight;
If expectations newly blown
Have perished in thy sight;
If loves and joys, while up they sprung,
Were caught as in a snare;
Such is the lot of all the young,
However bright and fair.

Lo! Streams that April could not check
Are patient of thy rule;
Gurgling in foamy water-break,
Loitering in glassy pool:
By thee, thee only, could be sent
Such gentle mists as glide,
Curling with unconfirmed intent,
On that green mountain's side.

How delicate the leafy veil
Through which yon house of God
Gleams, 'mid the peace of this deep dale
By few but shepherds trod!
And lowly huts, near beaten ways,
No sooner stand attired
In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise
Peep forth, and are admired.

Season of fancy and of hope,
Permit not for one hour,
A blossom from thy crown to drop,
Nor add to it a flower!
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch
Of self-restraining art,
This modest charm of not too much,
Part seen, imagined part!

1826–1834. 1835.

"ONCE I COULD HAIL (HOWE'ER SERENE THE SKY)."

"No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound."

Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I wondered at this, and the more so because, like most children, I had been in the habit of watching the moon through all her changes, and had often continued to gaze at it when at the full, till half blinded.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy's Reliques.

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)
The Moon re-entering her monthly round,

No faculty yet given me to espy
The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,
That thin memento of effulgence lost
Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,
Nought I perceived within it dull or dim;
All that appeared was suitable to One
Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;
To expectations spreading with wild growth,
And hope that kept with me her plighted troth.

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)
A silver boat launched on a boundless flood;
A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw
Its brightest splendor round a leafy wood;
But not a hint from underground, no sign
Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine.

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move
Before me? — nothing blemished the fair sight;
On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,
Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,
And by that thinning magnifies the great,
For exultation of her sovereign state.

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,
To see or not to see, as best may please
A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,
Thy dark Associate ever I discern;
Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance
While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern;
Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain
Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting ye
A mournful change, should Reason to bring
The timely insight that can temper fe
And from vicissitude remove its sting
While Faith aspires to seats in that dor
Where joys are perfect — neither wax wane.

1826. 18

"THE MASSY WAYS, CARRI ACROSS THESE HEIGHTS."

The walk is what we call the *Far-ter* beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. lines were written when we were afraid of obliged to quit the place to which we wer much attached.

THE massy Ways, carried across t heights
By Roman perseverance, are destroy
Or hidden under ground, like slee worms.
How venture then to hope that Time spare
This humble Walk? Yet on the mount side
A POET'S hand first shaped it; and steps
Of that same Bard — repeated to an
At morn, at noon, and under moon skies
Through the vicissitudes of many a ye
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its line.
No longer, scattering to the heedless w
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,
Shall he frequent these precincts; lo no more
In earnest converse with belovèd Frie
Here will he gather stores of ready k
As from the beds and borders of a ga
Choice flowers are gathered! Bu Power may spring
Out of a farewell yearning — favored r
Than kindred wishes mated suitably
With vain regrets — the Exile would sign
This Walk, his loved possession, to care
Of those pure Minds that reverence Muse.

1826. 18

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN.

ese verses perhaps had better be transferred class of "Italian Poems." I had observed Newspaper, that the Pillar of Trajan was as a subject for a prize-poem in English I had a wish perhaps that my son, who en an undergraduate at Oxford, should try tune, and I told him so; but he, not been accustomed to write verse, wisely d to enter on the task; whereupon I d him these lines as a proof of what might, t difficulty, be done on such a subject.

RE towers are crushed, and unfor-
bidden weeds
nutilated arches shed their seeds;
emples, doomed to milder change,
unfold
v magnificence that vies with old;
in its pristine majesty hath stood
tive Column, spared by fire and
flood:—
though the passions of man's fret-
ful race
never ceased to eddy round its base,
njured more by touch of meddling
hands
a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,
ght in Syrian deserts left to save
death the memory of the good and
brave.
ric figures round the shaft embost
d, with lineaments in air not lost:
as he turns, the charmed spectator
sees
o winding after group with dream-
like ease;
phs in sunbright gratitude displayed,
tly stealing into modest shade.
pleased with purple clusters to
entwine
lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring
vine;
oodbine so, with spiral grace, and
breathes
spreading odors from her flowery
wreaths.
ne by the Muse from rills in shep-
herds' ears
uring but one smooth story for all
years,
I gladly commune with the mind and
heart
Of him who thus survives by classic art,
His actions witness, venerate his mien,
And study Trajan as by Pliny seen;
Behold how fought the Chief whose
conquering sword
Stretched far as earth might own a single
lord;
In the delight of moral prudence schooled,
How feelingly at home the Sovereign
ruled;
Best of the good—in pagan faith allied
To more than Man, by virtue deified.
Memorial Pillar! 'mid the wrecks of
Time
Preserve thy charge with confidence sub-
lime—
The exultations, pomps, and cares of
Rome,
Whence half the breathing world received
its doom;
Things that recoil from language; that, if
shown
By apter pencil, from the light had flown.
A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,
There greets an Embassy from Indian
shores;
Lo! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the
storm
Of battle meets him in authentic form!
Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish
horse
Sweep to the charge; more high, the
Dacian force,
To hoof and finger mailed;[1]—yet, high
or low,
None bleed, and none lie prostrate but
the foe;
In every Roman, through all turns of fate,
Is Roman dignity inviolate;
Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,
Supports, adorns, and over all presides;
Distinguished only by inherent state
From honored Instruments that round him
wait;
Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the
test
Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest
On aught by which another is deprest.
—Alas! that One thus disciplined could
toil

[1] See Note.

To enslave whole nations on their native soil;
So emulous of Macedonian fame,
That, when his age was measured with his aim,
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs:
O weakness of the Great! O folly of the Wise!
Where now the haughty Empire that was spread
With such fond hope? her very speech is dead;
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies:
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,
Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

1826. 1827.

ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP.

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

FROWNS are on every Muse's face,
Reproaches from their lips are sent,
That mimicry should thus disgrace
The noble Instrument.

A very Harp in all but size!
Needles for strings in apt gradation!
Minerva's self would stigmatize
The unclassic profanation.

Even her *own* needle that subdued
Arachne's rival spirit,
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,
Such honor could not merit.

And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,
A living lord of melody!
How will her Sire be reconciled
To the refined indignity?

I spake, when whispered a low voi
"Bard! moderate your ire;
Spirits of all degrees rejoice
In presence of the lyre.

The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,
Dwarf Genii, moonlight-loving F
Have shells to fit their tiny hands
And suit their slender lays.

Some, still more delicate of ear,
Have lutes (believe my words)
Whose framework is of gossamer,
While sunbeams are the chords.

Gay Sylphs this miniature will court
Made vocal by their brushing wi
And sullen Gnomes will learn to sp
Around its polished strings;

Whence strains to love-sick maiden
While in her lonely bower she tri
To cheat the thought she cannot ch
By fanciful embroideries.

Trust, angry Bard! a knowing Sprit
Nor think the Harp her lot deplo
Though 'mid the stars the Lyre
bright,
Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars.

1827. 1

TO ——

In the cottage, Town-end, Grasmere, one noon in 1801, my sister read to me the Sonn Milton. I had long been well acquainted them, but I was particularly struck on occasion by the dignified simplicity and m harmony that runs through most of them character so totally different from the I and still more so from Shakspeare's fine So I took fire, if I may be allowed to say s produced three Sonnets the same afternoo first I ever wrote except an irregular o school. Of these three, the only one I dist remember is "I grieved for Buonapartê." was never written down: the third, which believe, preserved, I cannot particularize.

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom th
In perfect shape (whose beauty Time
spare

gh a breath made it) like a bubble
blown
ummer pastime into wanton air;
y the thought best likened to a stone
sea-beach, when, polished with nice
care,
it discovers exquisite and rare,
for the loss of that moist gleam atone
empted first to gather it. That here
f of Friends! such feelings I present,
regard, with thoughts so fortunate,
a vain notion; but the hope is dear,
hou, if not with partial joy elate,
mile upon this gift with more than
mild content![1]

1827.

ER ONLY PILOT THE SOFT BREEZE."

nly pilot the soft breeze, the boat
rs, but Fancy is well satisfied;
keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at
her side,
he glad Muse at liberty to note
at to each is precious, as we float
along; regardless who shall chide
heavens smile, and leave us free to
glide,
Associates breathing air remote
trivial cares. But, Fancy and the
Muse,
have I crowded this small bark with
you
thers of your kind, ideal crew!
here sits One whose brightness
owes its hues
sh and blood; no Goddess from
above,
eting Spirit, but my own true love?

1827.

Y, MINSTREL, THESE UN-UNEFUL MURMURINGS."

y, Minstrel, these untuneful mur-
murings —
dagging notes that with each other
jar?"
k, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far
its own country, and forgive the
strings."

See Note.

A simple answer! but even so forth-
springs,
From the Castalian fountain of the heart,
The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art
Divine of words quickening insensate
things.
From the submissive necks of guiltless men
Stretched on the block, the glittering axe
recoils;
Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the
toils
Of mortal sympathy; what wonder then
That the poor Harp distempered music
yields
To its sad Lord, far from his native fields?

1827. 1827.

TO S. H.

Excuse is needless when with love sincere
Of occupation, not by fashion led,
Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with
dust o'erspread;
My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—
tho' near,
Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,
When twilight shades darken the moun-
tain's head.
Even She who toils to spin our vital thread
Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear
To household virtues. Venerable Art,
Torn from the Poor! yet shall kind Hea-
ven protect
Its own; though Rulers, with undue re-
spect,
Trusting to crowded factory and mart
And proud discoveries of the intellect,
Heed not the pillage of man's ancient
heart.

1827. 1827.

DECAY OF PIETY.

Attendance at church on prayer-days, Wednesdays and Fridays and Holidays, received a shock at the Revolution. It is now, however, happily reviving. The ancient people described in this Sonnet were among the last of that pious class. May we hope that the practice, now in some degree renewed, will continue to spread.

Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed
my cheek,
Matrons and Sires — who, punctual to the
call

Of their loved Church, on fast or festival
Through the long year the house of Prayer would seek:
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervor of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient Piety forever flown?
Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky, have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun!

1827. 1827.

"SCORN NOT THE SONNET."

Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëryland
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

1827. 1827.

"FAIR PRIME OF LIFE! WERE IT ENOUGH TO GILD."

Suggested by observation of the way in which a young friend, whom I do not choose to name, misspent his time and misapplied his talents took afterwards a better course, and bec useful member of society, respected, I b wherever he has been known.

Fair Prime of life! were it enou gild
With ready sunbeams every strag shower;
And, if an unexpected cloud should l
Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to b
For Fancy's errands, — then, from half-tilled
Gathering green weeds to mix with p flower,
Thee might thy Minions crown, and thy power,
Unpitied by the wise, all censure st
Ah! show that worthier honors ar due;
Fair Prime of life! arouse the d heart;
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursu
Some path of steep ascent and lofty
And, if there be a joy that slight claim
Of grateful memory, bid that joy d

1827. 1

RETIREMENT.

If the whole weight of what we think feel,
Save only far as thought and feeling b
With action, were as nothing, pa Friend!
From thy remonstrance would be no peal;
But to promote and fortify the weal
Of our own Being is her paramount
A truth which they alone shall com hend
Who shun the mischief which they ca heal.
Peace in these feverish times is sover bliss:
Here, with no thirst but what the st can slake,
And startled only by the rustling bra
Cool air I breathe; while the unin bered Mind
By some weak aims at services assig
To gentle Natures, thanks not He amiss.

1827. 18

THERE IS A PLEASURE IN POETIC PAINS."

re is a pleasure in poetic pains
ich only Poets know; —'t was rightly said;
om could the Muses else allure to tread
r smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?
n happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,
oft the malice of one luckless word
ues the Enthusiast to the social board,
nts him belated on the silent plains!
ne repines not, if his thought stand clear,
st, of hindrance and obscurity,
n as the star that crowns the brow of morn;
nt, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear
moment it has left the virgin's eye,
ain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.

1827.

OLLECTION OF THE PORRAIT OF KING HENRY IGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, AMBRIDGE.

imperial Stature, the colossal stride,
vet before me; yet do I behold
broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride:
o! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,
gs ready to be grasped in sympathy
the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
v the white-rimmed bonnet, far-descried.
trembles now at thy capricious mood?
those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,
ather think, with grateful mind sedate,
Providence educeth, from the spring
wless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
h neither force shall check nor time abate!

1827.

"WHEN PHILOCTETES IN THE LEMNIAN ISLE."

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle
Like a form sculptured on a monument
Lay couched; on him or his dread bow unbent
Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile
The rigid features of a transient smile,
Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,
Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment
From his loved home, and from heroic toil.
And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,
Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal;
Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove
To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile
Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,
Though man for brother man has ceased to feel.

1827.

"WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND EARLY PLAYMATES TREAD."

This is taken from the account given by Miss Jewsbury of the pleasure she derived, when long confined to her bed by sickness, from the inanimate object on which this Sonnet turns.

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates tread,
In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge;
Or float with music in the festal barge;
Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led;
Her doom it is to press a weary bed—
Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge
More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,
And friends too rarely prop the languid head.
Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,
The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her
Can cheat the time; sending her fancy out
To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,

Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout;
Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.
1827. 1827.

TO THE CUCKOO.

NOT the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, Cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaired,
Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,
That cry can reach; and to the sick man's room
Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared.
The lordly eagle-race through hostile search
May perish; time may come when never more
The wilderness shall hear the lion roar;
But, long as cock shall crow from household perch
To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,
And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring!
1827. 1827.

THE INFANT M—— M——

The infant was Mary Monkhouse, the only daughter of my friend and cousin Thomas Monkhouse.

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace
Forgets her nature, opening like a flower
That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power
In painful struggles. Months each other chase,
And nought untunes that Infant's voice; no trace
Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek;
Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek
That one enrapt with gazing on her face
(Which even the placid innocence death
Could scarcely make more placid, hea more bright)
Might learn to picture, for the eye of fa
The Virgin, as she shone with kind light;
A nursling couched upon her moth knee,
Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.
1827. 1827

TO ROTHA Q——.

Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law, Quillinan.

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child! this he was gray
When at the sacred font for thee I stoo
Pledged till thou reach the verge womanhood,
And shalt become thy own sufficient sta
Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan! was t day
For steadfast hope the contract to fulfi
Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee st
Embodied in the music of this Lay,
Breathed forth beside the peaceful mou tain Stream[1]
Whose murmur soothed thy langu Mother's ear
After her throes, this Stream of na more dear
Since thou dost bear it, — a memor theme
For others; for thy future self, a spell
To summon fancies out of Time's da cell.
1827. 1827.

TO ——, IN HER SEVENTIET YEAR.

Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by La Beaumont.

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady brigh
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refin
By favoring Nature and a saintly Mind
To something purer and more exquisite

[1] The river Rotha, that flows into Winderme from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal.

flesh and blood; whene'er thou
meet'st my sight,
n I behold thy blanched unwithered
cheek,
temples fringed with locks of gleam-
ing white,
head that droops because the soul is
meek,
with the welcome Snowdrop I com-
pare;
child of winter, prompting thoughts
that climb
desolation toward the genial prime;
vith the Moon conquering earth's
misty air,
filling more and more with crystal
light
ensive Evening deepens into night.
7. 1827.

MY MIND'S EYE A TEMPLE, LIKE A CLOUD."

y mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud
ly surmounting some invidious hill,
out of darkness: the bright Work
stood still:
might of its own beauty have been
proud,
t was fashioned and to God was
vowed
irtues that diffused, in every part,
divine through forms of human art:
had her arch — her arch, when
winds blow loud,
he consciousness of safety thrilled;
Love her towers of dread founda-
tion laid
r the grave of things; Hope had
her spire
igh, and pointing still to something
higher
bling I gazed, but heard a voice —
it said,
ll-gates are powerless Phantoms
when *we* build."
. 1827.

BACK TO ANTIQUE AGES, IF THINE EYES."

ack to antique ages, if thine eyes
genuine mien and character would
trace
Of the rash Spirit that still holds her
place,
Prompting the world's audacious vanities!
Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise;
The pyramid extend its monstrous base,
For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,
Anxious an aëry name to immortalize.
There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute
Gave specious coloring to aim and act,
See the first mighty Hunter leave the
brute —
To chase mankind, with men in armies
packed
For his field-pastime high and absolute,
While, to dislodge his game, cities are
sacked!
1827. 1827.

IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL.

WILD Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's
lip
Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love
might say,
A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip
Its glistening dews; but hallowed is the
clay
Which the Muse warms; and I, whose
head is gray,
Am not unworthy of thy fellowship;
Nor could I let one thought — one notion
— slip
That might thy sylvan confidence betray.
For are we not all His without whose care
Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the
ground?
Who gives his Angels wings to speed
through air,
And rolls the planets through the blue
profound;
Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer! nor
forbear
To trust a Poet in still musings bound.[1]
1827. 1827.

CONCLUSION.

TO ——

IF these brief Records, by the Muses' art
Produced as lonely Nature or the strife
That animates the scenes of public life[2]

[1] See Note.

[2] This line alludes to Sonnets which will be found in another Class.

Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part;
And if these Transcripts of the private heart
Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears;
Then I repent not. But my soul hath fears
Breathed from eternity; for, as a dart
Cleaves the blank air, Life flies: now every day
Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel
Of the revolving week. Away, away,
All fitful cares, all transitory zeal!
So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,
And honor rest upon the senseless clay.
1827. 1827.

A MORNING EXERCISE.

Written at Rydal Mount. I could wish the last five stanzas of this to be read with the poem addressed to the skylark.

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,
Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw;
Sending sad shadows after things not sad,
Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe:
Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry
Becomes an echo of man's misery.

Blithe ravens croak of death; and when the owl
Tries his two voices for a favorite strain —
Tu-whit — Tu-whoo! the unsuspecting fowl
Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain;
Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,
Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,
Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill;
A feathered task-master cries, "WORK AWAY!"
And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR WILL!" [1]

[1] See Waterton's *Wanderings in South America.*

Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn sla
Lashed out of life, not quiet in the gr

What wonder? at her bidding, an
lays
Steeped in dire grief the voice of P
mel;
And that fleet messenger of summer d
The Swallow, twittered subject to
spell;
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buo
Lark
To melancholy service — hark! O h

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy la
Not lifting yet the head that eve
bowed;
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,
Glittering and twinkling near yon
cloud;
Bright gem instinct with music, v
spark;
The happiest bird that sprang out o
Ark!

Hail, blest above all kinds! —
premely skilled
Restless with fixed to balance, high
low,
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her h
to build
On such forbearance as the deep
show;
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly
Leav'st to the wandering bird of para

Faithful, though swift as lightning,
meek dove;
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in t
So constant with thy downward ey
love,
Yet, in aërial singleness, so free;
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice
In power of wing and never-wearied v

To the last point of vision, and bey
Mount, darling warbler! — that
prompted strain,
('Twixt thee and thine a never-fa
bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of
plain:

might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
independent of the leafy spring.

low would it please old Ocean to partake,
h sailors longing for a breeze in vain,
harmony thy notes most gladly make
ere earth resembles most his own domain!
nia's self might welcome with pleased ear
se matins mounting towards her native sphere.

hanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars
laylight known deter from that pursuit,
s well that some sage instinct, when the stars
ie forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute;
not an eyelid could to sleep incline
't thou among them, singing as they shine!

8. 1832.

THE TRIAD.

ritten at Rydal Mount. The Girls, Edith ney, my daughter Dora, and Sara Coleridge.

w me the noblest Youth of present time,
ose trembling fancy would to love give birth;
e God or Hero, from the Olympian clime
rned, to seek a Consort upon earth;
in no doubtful prospect, let me see
brightest star of ages yet to be,
I will mate and match him blissfully.
ll not fetch a Naiad from a flood
as herself — (song lacks not mightier power)
leaf-crowned Dryad from a pathless wood,
Sea-nymph glistening from her coral bower;
e Mortals bodied forth in vision still,
l with Mount Ida's triple lustre fill
chaster coverts of a British hill.

"Appear! — obey my lyre's command!
Come, like the Graces, hand in hand!
For ye, though not by birth allied,
Are Sisters in the bond of love;
Nor shall the tongue of envious pride
Presume those interweavings to reprove
In you, which that fair progeny of Jove,
Learned from the tuneful spheres that glide
In endless union, earth and sea above."
— I sing in vain; — the pines have hushed their waving:
A peerless Youth expectant at my side,
Breathless as they, with unabated craving
Looks to the earth, and to the vacant air;
And, with a wandering eye that seems to chide,
Asks of the clouds what occupants they hide: —
But why solicit more than sight could bear,
By casting on a moment all we dare?
Invoke we those bright Beings one by one;
And what was boldly promised, truly shall be done.
"Fear not a constraining measure!
— Yielding to this gentle spell,
Lucida! from domes of pleasure,
Or from cottage-sprinkled dell,
Come to regions solitary,
Where the eagle builds her aerie,
Above the hermit's long-forsaken cell!"
— She comes! — behold
That Figure, like a ship with snow-white sail!
Nearer she draws; a breeze uplifts her veil;
Upon her coming wait
As pure a sunshine and as soft a gale
As e'er, on herbage covering earthly mould,
Tempted the bird of Juno to unfold
His richest splendor — when his veering gait
And every motion of his starry train
Seem governed by a strain
Of music, audible to him alone.
"O Lady, worthy of earth's proudest throne!
Nor less, by excellence of nature, fit
Beside an unambitious hearth to sit
Domestic queen, where grandeur is unknown;

What living man could fear
The worst of Fortune's malice, wert Thou near,
Humbling that lily-stem, thy sceptre meek,
That its fair flowers may from his cheek
Brush the too happy tear?
— Queen, and handmaid lowly!
Whose skill can speed the day with lively cares,
And banish melancholy
By all that mind invents or hand prepares;
O Thou, against whose lip, without its smile
And in its silence even, no heart is proof;
Whose goodness, sinking deep, would reconcile
The softest Nursling of a gorgeous palace
To the bare life beneath the hawthorn-roof
Of Sherwood's Archer, or in caves of Wallace —
Who that hath seen thy beauty could content
His soul with but a *glimpse* of heavenly day?
Who that hath loved thee, but would lay
His strong hand on the wind, if it were bent
To take thee in thy majesty away?
Pass onward (even the glancing deer
Till we depart intrude not here;)
That mossy slope, o'er which the woodbine throws
A canopy, is smoothed for thy repose!"
— Glad moment is it when the throng
Of warblers in full concert strong
Strive, and not vainly strive, to rout
The lagging shower, and force coy Phœbus out,
Met by the rainbow's form divine,
Issuing from her cloudy shrine; —
So may the thrillings of the lyre
Prevail to further our desire,
While to these shades a sister Nymph I call.
"Come, if the notes thine ear may pierce,
Come, youngest of the lovely Three,
Submissive to the might of verse
And the dear voice of harmony,
By none more deeply felt than Thee!"
— I sang; and lo! from pastimes virginal
She hastens to the tents
Of nature, and the lonely elements.
Air sparkles round her with a dazz
sheen;
But mark her glowing cheek, her vest
green!
And, as if wishful to disarm
Or to repay the potent Charm,
She bears the stringèd lute of old
mance,
That cheered the trellised arbor's priva
And soothed war-wearied knights in
tered hall.
How vivid, yet how delicate, her glee
So tripped the Muse, inventress of
dance;
So, truant in waste woods, the bli
Euphrosyne!
But the ringlets of that head
Why are they ungarlanded?
Why bedeck her temples less
Than the simplest shepherdess?
Is it not a brow inviting
Choicest flowers that ever breathed,
Which the myrtle would delight in
With Idalian rose enwreathed?
But her humility is well content
With *one* wild floweret (call it not forlo
FLOWER OF THE WINDS, beneath
bosom worn —
Yet more for love than ornament.
Open, ye thickets! let her fly,
Swift as a Thracian Nymph o'er field
height!
For She, to all but those who love h
shy,
Would gladly vanish from a Strang
sight;
Though where she is beloved and lov
Light as the wheeling butterfly she mov
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,
That rifles blossoms on a tree,
Turning them inside out with arch
dacity.
Alas! how little can a moment show
Of an eye where feeling plays
In ten thousand dewy rays;
A face o'er which a thousand shadows
—She stops — is fastened to that rivul
side;
And there (while, with sedater mien,
O'er timid waters that have scarcely l
Their birthplace in the rocky cleft

bends) at leisure may be seen
tures to old ideal grace allied,
id their smiles and dimples dignified—
countenance for the soul of primal
truth;
bland composure of eternal youth!
at more changeful than the sea?
over his great tides
elity presides;
this light-hearted Maiden constant is
as he.
h is her aim as heaven above,
wide as ether her good-will;
, like the lowly reed, her love
drink its nurture from the scantiest
rill:
ght as keen as frosty star
her charity no bar,
interrupts her frolic graces
en she is, far from these wild places,
ircled by familiar faces.
ie charm that manners draw,
ire, from thy genuine law!
om what her hand would do,
voice would utter, aught ensue
ward or unfit;
in benign affections pure,
elf-forgetfulness secure,
ds round the transient harm or vague
mischance
ght unknown to tutored elegance:
s is not a cheek shame-stricken,
her blushes are joy-flushes;
the fault (if fault it be)
ministers to quicken
ghter-loving gayety,
kindle sportive wit—
ring this Daughter of the mountains
free
she knew that Oberon king of Faëry
crossed her purpose with some quaint
vagary,
heard his viewless bands
their mirthful triumph clapping
hands.
Last of the Three, though eldest born,
eal thyself, like pensive Morn
hed by the skylark's earliest note,
humbler gladness be afloat.
whether in the semblance drest
Dawn—or Eve, fair vision of the west,
e with each anxious hope subdued
oman's gentle fortitude,
Each grief, through meekness, settling into
rest.
—Or I would hail thee when some high-
wrought page
Of a closed volume lingering in thy hand
Has raised thy spirit to a peaceful stand
Among the glories of a happier age."
Her brow hath openedon me—see it there,
Brightening the umbrage of her hair;
So gleams the crescent moon, that loves
To be descried through shady groves.
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek;
Wish not for a richer streak;
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye;
But let thy love, upon that azure field
Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield
Its homage offered up in purity.
What would'st thou more? In sunny
glade,
Or under leaves of thickest shade,
Was such a stillness e'er diffused
Since earth grew calm while angels mused?
Softly she treads, as if her foot were loth
To crush the mountain dew-drops—soon
to melt
On the flower's breast; as if she felt
That flowers themselves, whate'er their
hue,
With all their fragrance, all their glis-
tening,
Call to the heart for inward listening—
And though for bridal wreaths and tokens
true
Welcomed wisely; though a growth
Which the careless shepherd sleeps on,
As fitly spring from turf the mourner
weeps on—
And without wrong are cropped the mar-
ble tomb to strew.
The Charm is over! the mute Phantoms
gone,
Nor will return—but droop not, favored
Youth;
The apparition that before thee shone
Obeyed a summons covetous of truth.
From these wild rocks thy footsteps I will
guide
To bowers in which thy fortune may be
tried,
And one of the bright Three become thy
happy Bride.

1828. 1829.

THE WISHING-GATE.

Written at Rydal Mount. See also "Wishing-gate Destroyed."

In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old high-way leading to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, has been called the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favorable issue.

HOPE rules a land forever green:
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,
And Fancy smooths the way.

Not such the land of Wishes — there
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,
And thoughts with things at strife;
Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,
How poor, were human life!

When magic lore abjured its might,
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,
One tender claim abate;
Witness this symbol of your sway,
Surviving near the public way,
The rustic Wishing-gate!

Inquire not if the faëry race
Shed kindly influence on the place,
Ere northward they retired;
If here a warrior left a spell,
Panting for glory as he fell;
Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,
Composed with Nature's finest care,
And in her fondest love —
Peace to embosom and content —
To overawe the turbulent,
The selfish to reprove.

Yea! even the Stranger from afar,
Reclining on this moss-grown bar,
Unknowing, and unknown,
The infection of the ground partakes,
Longing for his Beloved — who makes
All happiness her own.

Then why should conscious Spirits fea
The mystic stirrings that are here,
The ancient faith disclaim?
The local Genius ne'er befriends
Desires whose course in folly ends,
Whose just reward is shame.

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,
Here crave an easier lot;
If some have thirsted to renew
A broken vow, or bind a true,
With firmer, holier knot.

And not in vain, when thoughts are c
Upon the irrevocable past,
Some Penitent sincere
May for a worthier future sigh,
While trickles from his downcast eye
No unavailing tear.

The Worldling, pining to be freed
From turmoil, who would turn or spee
The current of his fate,
Might stop before this favored scene,
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean
Upon the Wishing-gate.

The Sage, who feels how blind, how we
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,
Yet, passing, here might pause,
And thirst for insight to allay
Misgiving, while the crimson day
In quietness withdraws;

Or when the church-clock's knell pr
found
To Time's first step across the bound,
Of midnight makes reply;
Time pressing on with starry crest,
To filial sleep upon the breast
Of dread eternity.

1828. 1829.

THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYE

'T IS gone — with old belief and dream
That round it clung, and tempting schen
Released from fear and doubt;
And the bright landscape too must lie,
By this blank wall, from every eye,
Relentlessly shut out.

witness ye who seldom passed
opening — but a look ye cast
Upon the lake below,
spirit-stirring power it gained
faith which here was entertained,
Though reason might say no.

is that ground, where, o'er the
springs
story, Glory claps her wings,
Fame sheds the exulting tear;
arth is wide, and many a nook
ard of is, like this, a book
For modest meanings dear.

s in sooth a happy thought
grafted, on so fair a spot,
So confident a token
ming good; — the charm is fled,
gent centuries spun a thread,
Which one harsh day has broken.

for him who gave the word;
l he no sympathy afford,
Derived from earth or heaven,
arts so oft by hope betrayed;
very wishes wanted aid
Which here was freely given?

e, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,
ow so readily be found
A balm of expectation?
us for far-off children, where
mothers breathe a like sweet air
Of home-felt consolation?

ot unfelt will prove the loss
trivial care and petty cross
And each day's shallow grief;
gh the most easily beguiled
oft among the first that smiled
At their own fond belief.

l the reckless change we mourn,
onciling thought may turn
To harm that might lurk here,
dgment prompted from within
ms, with courage to begin,
And strength to persevere.

Fortune's slave is Man: our state
is, while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both,
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heaven-ward enterprise.

So taught, so trained, we boldly face
All accidents of time and place;
Whatever props may fail,
Trust in that sovereign law can spread
New glory o'er the mountain's head,
Fresh beauty through the vale.

That truth informing mind and heart,
The simplest cottager may part,
Ungrieved, with charm and spell;
And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee
The voice of grateful memory
Shall bid a kind farewell! [1]

1828. 1842.

A JEWISH FAMILY.

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.

Coleridge, my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr. Aders of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St. Goar in rambles among the neighboring valleys. It was at St. Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavored to make them appear. We had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast-day; adding diffidently, that whether such observances were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly. The Jews, who are numerous on this part of the Rhine, greatly surpass the German peasantry in the beauty of their features and in the intelligence of their countenances. But the lower classes of the German peasantry have, here at least, the air of people grievously opprest. Nursing mothers, at the age of seven or eight and twenty often look haggard and far more decayed and withered than women of Cumberland and Westmoreland twice their age. This comes from being underfed and overworked in their vineyards in a hot and glaring sun.

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,

[1] See Note.

With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou would'st forego the neighboring Rhine,
And all his majesty —
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.

The Mother — her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give —
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
The grace of parting Infancy
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!

1828. 1835.

THE GLEANER.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

This poem was first printed in the A
called the *Keepsake*. The painter's name
not sure of, but I think it was Holmes.

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from summer's golden sl
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek — a kindling of the morn
That lip — a rosebud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, thro
soft air,
Of bliss that grows without a care,
And happiness that never flies —
(How can it where love never dies?)
Whispering of promise, where no bl
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where pity, to the mind conveyed
In pleasure, is the darkest shade
That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, fl
From his smoothly gliding wings.
What mortal form, what earthly fa
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingle colors, that should breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed
For had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair Damsel! o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bow
The sweet illusion might have hung,
hours.
Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of co
That touchingly bespeaks thee born
Life's daily tasks with them to share
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Ponder the blessing they entreat
From Heaven, and *feel* what they repe
While they give utterance to the pray
That asks for daily bread.

1828. 182

ON THE POWER OF SOUND.

Written at Rydal Mount. I have often
gretted that my tour in Ireland, chiefly perfor
in the short days of October in a Carriage-a
four (I was with Mr. Marshall), supplied
memory with so few images that were new,

o little motive to write. The lines however
s poem, "Thou too be heard, lone eagle!"
suggested near the Giant's Causeway, or
at the promontory of Fairhead, where a
f eagles wheeled above our heads and darted
if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made
e setting sun.

ARGUMENT.

ıe Ear addressed, as occupied by a spiritual
onary, in communion with sounds, indi-
, or combined in studied harmony—Sources
ffects of those sounds (to the close of 6th
a)—The power of music, whence proceed-
xemplified in the idiot—Origin of music,
s effect in early ages—How produced (to the
e of tenth Stanza)—The mind recalled to
s acting casually and severally—Wish
d (11th Stanza) that these could be united
scheme or system for moral interests and
ctual contemplation—(Stanza 12th) The
gorean theory of numbers and music, with
supposed power over the motions of the
rse—Imaginations consonant with such a
—Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized,
ıe degree, by the representation of all sounds
the form of thanksgiving to the Creator—
Stanza) the destruction of earth and the
ary system—The survival of audible har-
and its support in the Divine Nature, as
ed in Holy Writ.

I.

functions are ethereal,
within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
n of vision! And a Spirit aërial
ms the cell of Hearing, dark and
blind;
cate labyrinth, more dread for thought
ıter than oracular cave;
passage, through which sighs are
brought,
whispers for the heart, their slave;
shrieks, that revel in abuse
ivering flesh; and warbled air,
se piercing sweetness can unloose
chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
the ambush of despair;
nnas pealing down the long-drawn
aisle,
requiems answered by the pulse that
beats
utly, in life's last retreats!

II.

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired
powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian
mountains,
They lull perchance ten thousand thousand
flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
How fearful to the desert wide!
That bleat, how tender! of the dam
Calling a straggler to her side.
Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-
bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darken-
ing sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III.

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
And Images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded
meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves,
reborn—
On with your pastime! till the church-
tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milk-maids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV.

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the vet-
eran's mirth;
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath,
that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green
earth.

For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid
oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.
Yon pilgrims see — in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear
breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented
tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with
plumeless heads? —
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they
move
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

VI.

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions
trod!
O Thou, through whom the temple rings
with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak
of God,
Betray not by the cozenage of sense
Thy votaries, wooingly resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better, mind;
But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience, — stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm
Knit every thought the impending
needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII.

As Conscience, to the centre
Of being, smites with irresistible pai
So shall a solemn cadence, if it ente
The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's b
Transmute him to a wretch from
hurled —
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to
dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the
Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Bea
Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth?

VIII.

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, T
Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted l
To the first leagues of tutored pas
climb,
When Music deigned within this gr
sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tea
Softer than Nature's self could moul
Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equip
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of woe and weal
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and m
verse
Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX.

The GIFT to king Amphion
That walled a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream: — thy s
Arion!
Could humanize the creatures of the

re men were monsters. A last grace
he craves,
e for one chant; — the dulcet sound
s from the deck o'er willing waves,
listening dolphins gather round.
cast, as with a desperate course,
that strange audience, he bestrides
oud One docile as a managed horse;
singing, while the accordant hand
ps his harp, the Master rides;
nall he touch at length a friendly
strand,
he, with his preserver, shine star-
bright
emory, through silent night.

X.

ipe of Pan, to shepherds
ned in the shadow of Mænalian pines,
passing sweet; the eyeballs of the
leopards,
in high triumph drew the Lord of
vines,
did they sparkle to the cymbal's
clang!
Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
dence, — and Silenus swang
way and that, with wild-flowers
crowned.
e, to *life* give back thine ear:
no are longing to be rid
ple, though to truth subservient, hear
ttle sprinkling of cold earth that fell
d from the coffin-lid;
onvict's summons in the steeple's
knell;
vain distress-gun," from a leeward
shore,
ted — heard, and heard no more!

XI.

rror, joy, or pity,
the compass and the swell of notes:
the babe's first cry to voice of regal
city,
g a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
the woodlands — with the trill to
blend
t shy songstress, whose love-tale
tempt an angel to descend,
hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
ndering Utterances, has earth no
scheme,
No scale of moral music — to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest
dream
Of memory? — O that ye might stoop to
bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
O for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII.

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are con-
trolled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to
merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our
minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands, crowned with
mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their
round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of
words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing
mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and meas-
ure keep

For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV.

A Voice to Light gave Being;
To Time, and Man, his earth-born chronicler;
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust
And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.
DECEMBER, 1828. 1835.

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS.

This occurred at Brugès in 1828. Mr. Coleridge, my Daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland. Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed it was a Convent in which were many English. We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses.

IN Brugès town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a Convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.

When silent were both voice and cho
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, — for *English* wor
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heav
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'T was through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing Stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the Maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gayly o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?
1828. 18

GOLD AND SILVER FISHES I A VASE.

They were a present from Miss Jewsbur whom mention is made in the note at the en the next poem. The fish were healthy to al pearance in their confinement for a long time at last, for some cause we could not make they languished, and, one of them being al dead, they were taken to the pool under th Pollard-oak. The apparently dying one la its side unable to move. I used to watch it about the tenth day it began to right itself in a few days more was able to swim about its companions. For many months they tinued to prosper in their new place of ab but one night by an unusually great flood were swept out of the pool, and perished to great regret.

THE soaring lark is blest as proud
When at heaven's gate she sings;

oving bee proclaims aloud
r flight by vocal wings;
e Ye, in lasting durance pent,
ur silent lives employ
omething more than dull content,
ough haply less than joy.

night your glassy prison seem
place where joy is known,
e golden flash and silver gleam
ve meanings of their own;
e, high and low, and all about,
ir motions, glittering Elves!
eave — no danger from without,
d peace among yourselves.

of a sunny human breast
your transparent cell;
e Fear is but a transient guest,
sullen Humors dwell;
e, sensitive of every ray
t smites this tiny sea,
scaly panoplies repay
e loan with usury.

beautiful! — Yet none knows why
s ever-graceful change,
ved — renewed incessantly —
hin your quiet range.
hat ye with conscious skill
mutual pleasure glide;
ometimes, not without your will,
dwarfed, or magnified?

Genii of gigantic size!
l now, in twilight dim,
ring like constellated eyes,
wings of Cherubim,
the fierce orbs abate their glare; —
ate'er your forms express,
e'er ye seem, whate'er ye are —
leads to gentleness.

hough your nature be, 't is pure;
ir birthright is a fence
all that haughtier kinds endure
ough tyranny of sense.
ot alone by colors bright
Ye to heaven allied,
, like essential Forms of light,
mingle, or divide.

For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled
Day-thoughts while limbs repose;
For moonlight fascinations mild,
Your gift, ere shutters close —
Accept, mute Captives! thanks and praise;
And may this tribute prove
That gentle admirations raise,
Delight resembling love.

1829. 1835.

LIBERTY.

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE.)

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND; THE GOLD AND SILVER FISHES HAVING BEEN REMOVED TO A POOL IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF RYDAL MOUNT.

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of government. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his country. Of this latter we are here to discourse." — COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind
regard,
(Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is
hard;
Not soon does aught to which mild
fancies cling
In lonely spots, become a slighted thing;)
Those silent Inmates now no longer share,
Nor do they need, our hospitable care,
Removed in kindness from their glassy
Cell
To the fresh waters of a living Well —
An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest
No winds disturb; the mirror of whose
breast
Is smooth as clear, save where with
dimples small
A fly may settle, or a blossom fall.
— *There* swims, of blazing sun and beating shower
Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden
Power,
That from his bauble prison used to cast
Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast;
And near him, darkling like a sullen
Gnome,
The silver Tenant of the crystal dome;

Dissevered both from all the mysteries
Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.
Alas! they pined, they languished while they shone;
And, if not so, what matters beauty gone
And admiration lost, by change of place
That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?
But if the change restore his birthright, then,
Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain.
Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?
O yield him back his privilege! — No sea
Swells like the bosom of a man set free;
A wilderness is rich with liberty.
Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep
Your independence in the fathomless Deep!
Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail;
Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!
If unreproved the ambitious eagle mount
Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,
Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,
Till the world perishes, a field for thee!
While musing here I sit in shadow cool,
And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,
(Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)
By glimpses caught — disporting at their ease,
Enlivened, braced, by hardy luxuries,
I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell
Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell;
To wheel with languid motion round and round,
Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound.
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest foot-fall marred;
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred;
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?
No sheltering stone, no tangled root near.
When fire or taper ceased to cheer room,
They wore away the night in sta gloom;
And, when the sun first dawned u the streams,
How faint their portion of his beams!
Thus, and unable to complain, they fa
While not one joy of ours by them shared.
Is there a cherished bird (I venture
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's erend brow) —
Is there a brilliant fondling of the ca
Though sure of plaudits on his co stage,
Though fed with dainties from the sn white hand
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land
But gladly would escape; and, if n were,
Scatter the colors from the plumes bear
The emancipated captive through bli air
Into strange woods, where he at la may live
On best or worst which they and Nat give?
The beetle loves his unpretending trac
The snail the house he carries on his ba
The far-fetched worm with pleasure wo disown
The bed we give him, though of soft down;
A noble instinct; in all kinds the sam
All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy the name,
If doomed to breathe against his law will
An element that flatters him — to kill,
But would rejoice to barter outward sh
For the least boon that freedom can stow?
But most the Bard is true to inborn rig
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of nig
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vou
For the dear blessings of a lowly couc
A natural meal — days, months, fr Nature's hand;

, place, and business, all at his com-
mand! —
bends to happier duties, who more
wise
the industrious Poet, taught to prize,
e all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed
res in which simplicity is lost?
life — the flowery path that winds
by stealth —
h Horace needed for his spirit's
health;
d for, in heart and genius, overcome
ɔise and strife, and questions weari-
some,
the vain splendors of Imperial
Rome? —
asy mirth his social hours inspire,
iction animate his sportive lyre,
ed to verse that, crowning light Dis-
tress
garlands, cheats her into happiness;
me the humblest note of those sad
strains
n forth by pressure of his gilded
chains,
chance-sunbeam from his memory
fell
the Sabine farm he loved so well;
ıen the prattle of Blandusia's spring
ted his ear — he only listening —
roud to please, above all rivals, fit
n the palm of gayety and wit;
oubt not, with involuntary dread,
king from each new favor to be shed,
e world's Ruler, on his honored
head!
a deep vision's intellectual scene,
earnest longings and regrets as keen
ssed the melancholy Cowley, laid
a fancied yew-tree's luckless
shade;
eful bower for penitential song,
e Man and Muse complained of
mutual wrong;
Cam's ideal current glided by,
ıntique towers nodded their fore-
heads high,
ls dear to studious privacy.
ɔrtune, who had long been used to
sport
this tried Servant of a thankless
Court,
ing met his wishes; and to you

The remnant of his days at least was true;
You, whom, though long deserted, he
loved best;
You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and
rest!
Far happier they who, fixing hope and
aim
On the humanities of peaceful fame,
Enter betimes with more than martial fire
The generous course, aspire, and still
aspire;
Upheld by warnings heeded not too late
Stifle the contradictions of their fate,
And to one purpose cleave, their Being's
godlike mate!
Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid
brow
That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy*
vow;
With modest scorn reject whate'er would
blind
The ethereal eyesight, cramp the wingèd
mind!
Then, with a blessing granted from above
To every act, word, thought, and look of
love,
Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed,
till age
Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest
page.[1]

1825. 1835.

[1] There is now, alas! no possibility of the anticipation, with which the above Epistle concludes, being realized: nor were the verses ever seen by the Individual for whom they were intended. She accompanied her husband, the Rev. Wm. Fletcher, to India, and died of cholera, at the age of thirty-two or thirty-three years, on her way from Shalapore to Bombay, deeply lamented by all who knew her.

Her enthusiasm was ardent, her piety steadfast; and her great talents would have enabled her to be eminently useful in the difficult path of life to which she had been called. The opinion she entertained of her own performances, given to the world under her maiden name, Jewsbury, was modest and humble, and, indeed, far below their merits; as is often the case with those who are making trial of their powers, with a hope to discover what they are best fitted for. In one quality, viz. quickness in the motions of her mind, she had, within the range of the Author's acquaintance, no equal.

HUMANITY.

These verses and those entitled "Liberty" were composed as one piece, which Mrs. Wordsworth complained of as unwieldly and ill-proportioned; and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation.

The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal
To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,
Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,
Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand —
To take his sentence from the balanced Block,
As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock;
Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more
The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore;
Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees
Do still perform mysterious offices!
And functions dwell in beast and bird that sway
The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,
Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes
To watch for undelusive auguries: —
Not uninspired appear their simplest ways;
Their voices mount symbolical of praise —
To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;
And to fallen man their innocence is dear.
Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs
Streams that reflect the poetry of things!
Where christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,
That, might a wish avail, would never fade;
Borne in their hands the lily and the palm
Shed round the altar a celestial calm;
There, too, behold the lamb and guil
dove
Prest in the tenderness of virgin love
To saintly bosoms! — Glorious is
blending
Of right affections climbing or descen
Along a scale of light and life, with c
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts
prayers
Up to the sovereign seat of the M
High;
Descending to the worm in charity; [1]
Like those good Angels whom a dream
night
Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's si
All, while *he* slept, treading the pend
stairs
Earthward or heavenward, radiant m
sengers,
That, with a perfect will in one accor
Of strict obedience, serve the Almig
Lord;
And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings th
wore.
What a fair world were ours for ve
to paint,
If Power could live at ease with self-
straint!
Opinion bow before the naked sense
Of the great Vision, — faith in Providenc
Merciful over all his creatures, just
To the least particle of sentient dust:
But, fixing by immutable decrees,
Seedtime and harvest for his purposes
Then would be closed the restless obliq
eye
That looks for evil like a treacherous sp
Disputes would then relax, like storm
winds
That into breezes sink; impetuous min
By discipline endeavor to grow meek
As Truth herself, whom they profess
seek.
Then Genius, shunning fellowship wi
Pride,
Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom
side;
Love ebb and flow untroubled by capric
And not alone *harsh* tyranny would ceas
But unoffending creatures find release
From qualified oppression, whose defen

[1] See Note.

s on a hollow plea of recompense;
ight-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect
vorse to bear, or deadlier in effect.
ess those glances of indignant scorn
n some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn
kindness that would make him less forlorn;
f the soul to bondage be subdued,
ook of pitiable gratitude!
as for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,
se day departs in pomp, returns with smiles —
reet the flowers and fruitage of a land,
he sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;
nd whose azure mountain-tops are seats
Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats
r the shades of heroes, mingling there
reathe Elysian peace in upper air.
ough cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,
e-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave.
man assume a property in man?
on the moral will a withering ban?
ie that our laws at distance still protect
mities, which they at home reject!
ves cannot breathe in England" —
yet that boast
it a mockery! when from coast to coast,
gh *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil
n underneath a weight of slavish toil,
ie poor Many, measured out by rules
ied with cupidity from heartless schools,
to an Idol, falsely called "the Wealth
ations," sacrifice a People's health,
and mind and soul; a thirst so keen
r urging on the vast machine
eepless Labor, 'mid whose dizzy wheels
Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.
en, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
'T were well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern!
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

1829. 1835.

"THIS LAWN, A CARPET ALL ALIVE."

This Lawn is the sloping one approaching the kitchen-garden, and was made out of it. Hundreds of times have I watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers and shrubs. What a contrast between this and the cabbages and onions and carrots that used to grow there on a piece of ugly-shaped unsightly ground! No reflection, however, either upon cabbages or onions; the latter we know were worshipped by the Egyptians, and he must have a poor eye for beauty who has not observed how much of it there is in the form and color which cabbages and plants of that genius exhibit through the various stages of their growth and decay. A richer display of color in vegetable nature can scarcely be conceived than Coleridge, my Sister, and I saw in a bed of potato-plants in blossom near a hut upon the moor between Inversneyd and Loch Katrine. These blossoms were of such extraordinary beauty and richness that no one could have passed them without notice. But the sense must be cultivated through the mind before we can perceive these inexhaustible treasures of Nature, for such they really are, without the least necessary reference to the utility of her productions, or even to the laws whereupon, as we learn by research, they are dependent. Some are of opinion that the habit of analyzing, decomposing, and anatomizing is inevitably unfavorable to the perception of beauty. People

are led into this mistake by overlooking the fact that such processes being to a certain extent within the reach of a limited intellect, we are apt to ascribe to them that insensibility of which they are in truth the effect and not the cause. Admiration and love, to which all knowledge truly vital must tend, are felt by men of real genius in proportion as their discoveries in natural Philosophy are enlarged; and the beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers. A *Savant* who is not also a poet in soul and a religionist in heart is a feeble and unhappy creature.

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive
With shadows flung from leaves — to strive
In dance, amid a press
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields
Of strenuous idleness;

Less quick the stir when tide and breeze
Encounter, and to narrow seas
Forbid a moment's rest;
The medley less when boreal Lights
Glance to and fro, like aëry Sprites
To feats of arms addrest!

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,
This ceaseless play, the genuine life
That serves the steadfast hours,
Is in the grass beneath, that grows
Unheeded, and the mute repose
Of sweetly-breathing flowers.

1829. 1835.

THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS.

Written at Rydal Mount.

FLATTERED with promise of escape
From every hurtful blast,
Spring takes, O sprightly May! thy shape,
Her loveliest and her last.

Less fair is summer riding high
In fierce solstitial power,
Less fair than when a lenient sky
Brings on her parting hour.

When earth repays with golden sheav
The labors of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of winter rushing in, to close
The emblematic round!

Such be our Spring, our Summer such
So may our Autumn blend
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,
Through heaven-born hope, her en

1829. 183

A GRAVESTONE UPON TH FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

"Miserrimus." Many conjectures have b formed as to the person who lies under this st Nothing appears to be known for a certai Query — The Rev. Mr. Morris, a nonconform a sufferer for conscience-sake; a worthy m who, having been deprived of his benefice a the accession of William III., lived to an old in extreme destitution, on the alms of charit Jacobites.

"*Miserrimus*," and neither name n
date,
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon t
stone;
Nought but that word assigned to t
unknown,
That solitary word — to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the f
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretch
one,
Who chose his epitaph? — Himself alo
Could thus have dared the grave to agita
And claim, among the dead, this aw
crown;
Nor doubt that He marked also for
own
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-pla
That every foot might fall with heav
tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Strang
pass
Softly! — To save the contrite, Jesus ble

1829. 1829.

RADITION OF OKER HILL IN ARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE.

is pleasing tradition was told me by the man at whose side I sate while he drove the dale, he pointing to the trees on the he related the story.

said that to the brow of yon fair hill Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,
one look more exchanging, grief to still
ed, each planted on that lofty place osen Tree; then, eager to fulfil courses, like two new-born rivers, they
pposite directions urged their way n from the far-seen mount. No blast might kill
ight that fond memorial;—the trees grew,
now entwine their arms; but ne'er again
raced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain;
aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew their spirits mingled in the sea to itself takes all, Eternity.

. 1829.

E ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE.

tten at Rydal Mount.

e subject of the following poem is from the *dus* of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry : and the liberty is taken of inscribing it as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, easure and instruction derived from his ous and valuable writings, illustrative of ety and chivalry of the olden time.

I.

U have heard "a Spanish Lady
How she wooed an English man;" [1]
ar now of a fair Armenian,
Daughter of the proud Soldàn;
she loved a Christian slave, and told her pain
ord, look, deed, with hope that he might love again.

ee, in Percy's *Reliques*, that fine old ballad, Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem rm of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is d.

II.

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"
Said she, lifting up her veil;
"Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,
Ere it wither and grow pale."
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake!"

III.

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian!
To behold thy captive state;
Women, in your land, may pity
(May they not?) the unfortunate.'
"Yes, kind Lady! otherwise man could not bear
Life, which to every one that breathes is full of care."

IV.

"Worse than idle is compassion
If it ends in tears and sighs;
Thee from bondage would I rescue
And from vile indignities;
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree,
Look up—and help a hand that longs to set thee free."

V.

"Lady! dread the wish, nor venture
In such peril to engage;
Think how it would stir against you
Your most loving father's rage:
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,
Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came."

VI.

"Generous Frank! the just in effort
Are of inward peace secure:
Hardships for the brave encountered,
Even the feeblest may endure:
If almighty grace through me thy chains unbind
My father for slave's work may seek a slave in mind."

VII.

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,
My long-frozen heart grows warm!"

"Yet you make all courage fruitless,
Me to save from chance of harm:
Leading such companion I that gilded
dome,
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his
worst home."

VIII.

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Prin-
cess,
And your brow is free from scorn,
Else these words would come like
mockery,
Sharper than the pointed thorn."
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too
wide apart
Our faith hath been, — O would that eyes
could see the heart!"

IX.

"Tempt me not, I pray; my doom is
These base implements to wield;
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,
Ne'er assoil my cobwebbed shield!
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts
widowed hours."

X.

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies;
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!
Blessèd is and be your consort;
Hopes I cherished — let them go!
Handmaid's privilege would leave my pur-
pose free,
Without another link to my felicity."

XI.

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,
Lady, is a mystery rare;
Body, heart, and soul in union,
Make one being of a pair."
"Humble love in me would look for no
return,
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but
cannot burn."

XII.

"Gracious Allah! by such title
Do I dare to thank the God,
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,
Flower of an unchristian sod!
Or hast thou put off wings which the
heaven dost wear?
What have I seen, and heard, or drea
where am I? where?"

XIII.

Here broke off the dangerous
verse:
Less impasssioned words migh
How the pair escaped together,
Tears not wanting, nor a kne
Of sorrow in her heart while through
father's door,
And from her narrow world, she pa
for evermore.

XIV.

But affections higher, holier,
Urged her steps; she shrunk f
trust
In a sensual creed that trampled
Woman's birthright into dust.
Little be the wonder then, the blam
none,
If she, a timid Maid, hath put such b
ness on.

XV.

Judge both Fugitives with knowled
In those old romantic days
Mighty were the soul's comma
ments
To support, restrain, or raise.
Foes might hang upon their path, sna
rustle near,
But nothing from their inward selves
they to fear.

XVI.

Thought infirm ne'er came betw
them,
Whether printing desert sands
With accordant steps, or gatheri
Forest-fruit with social hands;
Or whispering like two reeds that in
cold moonbeam
Bend with the breeze their heads, be
a crystal stream.

XVII.

On a friendly deck reposing
They at length for Venice stee

'here, when they had closed their voyage
One, who daily on the pier
ied for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,
own and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word.

XVIII.

Iutual was the sudden transport;
Breathless questions followed fast,
'ears contracting to a moment,
Each word greedier than the last:
thee to the Countess, friend! return with speed,
f this Stranger speak by whom her lord was freed.

XIX.

ay that I, who might have languished,
Drooped and pined till life was spent,
low before the gates of Stolberg
My Deliverer would present
crowning recompense, the precious grace
r who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

XX.

Iake it known that my Companion
Is of royal eastern blood,
hirsting after all perfection,
Innocent, and meek, and good,
h with misbelievers bred; but that dark night
ioly Church disperse by means of gospel-light."

XXI.

wiftly went that gray-haired Servant,
Soon returned a trusty Page
harged with greetings, benedictions,
Thanks and praises, each a gage
sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,
rtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay.

XXII.

And how blest the Reunited,
While beneath their castle-walls,
Runs a deafening noise of welcome:—
Blest, though every tear that falls
Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,
And makes a meeting seem most like a dear farewell.

XXIII.

Through a haze of human nature,
Glorified by heavenly light,
Looked the beautiful Deliverer
On that overpowering sight,
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made.

XXIV.

On the ground the weeping Countess
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand;
Act of soul-devoted homage,
Pledge of an eternal band:
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify.

XXV.

Constant to the fair Armenian,
Gentle pleasures round her moved,
Like a tutelary spirit
Reverenced, like a sister, loved,
Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love, their only strife.

XXVI.

Mute memento of that union
In a Saxon church survives,
Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured
As between two wedded wives —
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on earth.

1830. 1835.

THE RUSSIAN FUGITIVE.[1]

Early in life this story had interested me, and I often thought it would make a pleasing subject for an opera or musical drama.

Part I.

Enough of rosebud lips, and eyes
Like harebells bathed in dew,
Of cheek that with carnation vies,
And veins of violet hue;
Earth wants not beauty that may scorn
A likening to frail flowers;
Yea, to the stars, if they were born
For seasons and for hours.

Through Moscow's gates, with gold unbarred,
Stepped One at dead of night,
Whom such high beauty could not guard
From meditated blight;
By stealth she passed, and fled as fast
As doth the hunted fawn,
Nor stopped, till in the dappling east
Appeared unwelcome dawn.

Seven days she lurked in brake and field,
Seven nights her course renewed,
Sustained by what her scrip might yield,
Or berries of the wood;
At length, in darkness travelling on,
When lowly doors were shut,
The haven of her hope she won,
Her Foster-mother's hut.

"To put your love to dangerous proof
I come," said she, "from far;
For I have left my Father's roof,
In terror of the Tsar."
No answer did the Matron give,
No second look she cast,
But hung upon the Fugitive,
Embracing and embraced.

She led the Lady to a seat
Beside the glimmering fire,
Bathed duteously her wayworn feet,
Prevented each desire: —
The cricket chirped, the house-dog dozed,
And on that simple bed,
Where she in childhood had reposed,
Now rests her weary head.

[1] See Note.

When she, whose couch had been th
Whose curtain, pine or thorn,
Had breathed a sigh of thanks to G
Who comforts the forlorn;
While over her the Matron bent
Sleep sealed her eyes, and stole
Feeling from limbs with travel spe
And trouble from the soul.

Refreshed, the Wanderer rose at n
And soon again was dight
In those unworthy vestments worn
Through long and perilous flight
And "O beloved Nurse," she said
"My thanks with silent tears
Have unto Heaven and You been
Now listen to my fears!

"Have you forgot" — and her
smiled —
"The babbling flatteries
You lavished on me when a child
Disporting round your knees?
I was your lambkin, and your bird,
Your star, your gem, your flower
Light words, that were more lightly
In many a cloudless hour!

The blossom you so fondly praised
Is come to bitter fruit;
A mighty One upon me gazed;
I spurned his lawless suit,
And must be hidden from his wrath
You, Foster-father dear,
Will guide me in my forward path;
I may not tarry here!

I cannot bring to utter woe
Your proved fidelity." —
"Dear Child, sweet Mistress, say no
For you we both would die."
"Nay, nay, I come with semblance fe
And cheek embrowned by art;
Yet, being inwardly unstained,
With courage will depart."

"But whither would you, could you,
A poor Man's counsel take;
The Holy Virgin gives to me
A thought for your dear sake;
Rest, shielded by our Lady's grace,
And soon shall you be led

h to a safe abiding-place,
Where never foot doth tread."

Part II.

dwelling of this faithful pair
a straggling village stood,
One who breathed unquiet air
dangerous neighborhood;
wide around lay forest ground
Vith thickets rough and blind;
pine-trees made a heavy shade
npervious to the wind.

there, sequestered from the sight,
Vas spread a treacherous swamp,
which the noonday sun shed light
s from a lonely lamp;
midway in the unsafe morass,
single Island rose
irm dry ground, with healthful grass
dorned, and shady boughs.

Woodman knew, for such the craft
his Russian vassal plied,
never fowler's gun, nor shaft
f archer, there was tried;
nctuary seemed the spot
rom all intrusion free;
there he planned an artful Cot
or perfect secrecy.

n earnest pains unchecked by dread
f Power's far-stretching hand,
bold good Man his labor sped
nature's pure command;
rt-soothed, and busy as a wren,
hile, in a hollow nook,
moulds her sight-eluding den
ove a murmuring brook.

task accomplished to his mind,
ne twain ere break of day
p forth, and through the forest wind
eir solitary way;
words they speak, nor dare to slack
eir pace from mile to mile,
they have crossed the quaking marsh
nd reached the lonely Isle.

sun above the pine-trees showed
bright and cheerful face;

And Ina looked for her abode,
The promised hiding-place;
She sought in vain, the Woodman smiled;
No threshold could be seen,
Nor roof, nor window; — all seemed wild
As it had ever been.

Advancing, you might guess an hour,
The front with such nice care
Is masked, "if house it be or bower,"
But in they entered are;
As shaggy as were wall and roof
With branches intertwined,
So smooth was all within, air-proof,
And delicately lined:

And hearth was there, and maple dish,
And cups in seemly rows,
And couch — all ready to a wish
For nurture or repose;
And Heaven doth to her virtue grant
That here she may abide
In solitude, with every want
By cautious love supplied.

No queen, before a shouting crowd,
Led on in bridal state,
E'er struggled with a heart so proud,
Entering her palace gate:
Rejoiced to bid the world farewell,
No saintly anchoress
E'er took possession of her cell
With deeper thankfulness.

"Father of all, upon thy care
And mercy am I thrown;
Be thou my safeguard!" — such her prayer
When she was left alone,
Kneeling amid the wilderness
When joy had passed away,
And smiles, fond efforts of distress
To hide what they betray!

The prayer is heard, the Saints have seen,
Diffused through form and face
Resolves devotedly serene;
That monumental grace
Of Faith, which doth all passions tame
That Reason *should* control;
And shows in the untrembling frame
A statue of the soul.

Part III.

'T is sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair;
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root,
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the Gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation; power defies
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

To this fair Votaress, a fate
More mild doth Heaven ordain
Upon her Island desolate;
And words, not breathed in vain,
Might tell what intercourse she found,
Her silence to endear;
What birds she tamed, what flowers the ground
Sent forth her peace to cheer.

To one mute Presence, above all,
Her soothed affections clung,
A picture on the cabin wall
By Russian usage hung —
The Mother-maid, whose countenance bright
With love abridged the day;
And, communed with by taper light,
Chased spectral fears away.

And oft, as either Guardian came,
The joy in that retreat
Might any common friendship shame
So high their hearts would beat;
And to the lone Recluse, whate'er
They brought, each visiting
Was like the crowding of the year
With a new burst of spring.

But, when she of her Parents though
The pang was hard to bear;
And, if with all things not enwrough
That trouble still is near.
Before her flight she had not dared
Their constancy to prove,
Too much the heroic Daughter feared
The weakness of their love.

Dark is the past to them, and dark
The future still must be,
Till pitying Saints conduct her bark
Into a safer sea —
Or gentle Nature close her eyes,
And set her Spirit free
From the altar of this sacrifice,
In vestal purity.

Yet, when above the forest-glooms
The white swans southward passed
High as the pitch of their swift plum
Her fancy rode the blast;
And bore her toward the fields of Fra
Her Father's native land,
To mingle in the rustic dance,
The happiest of the band!

Of those belovèd fields she oft
Had heard her Father tell
In phrase that now with echoes soft
Haunted her lonely cell;
She saw the hereditary bowers,
She heard the ancestral stream;
The Kremlin and its haughty towers
Forgotten like a dream!

Part IV.

The ever-changing Moon had traced
Twelve times her monthly round,
When through the unfrequented Was
Was heard a startling sound;
A shout thrice sent from one who cha
At speed a wounded deer,
Bounding through branches interlace
And where the wood was clear.

ainting creature took the marsh,
d toward the Island fled,
plovers screamed with tumult harsh
ove his antlered head;
Ina saw; and, pale with fear,
unk to her citadel;
lesperate deer rushed on, and near
e tangled covert fell.

s the marsh, the game in view,
e Hunter followed fast,
aused, till o'er the stag he blew
leath-proclaiming blast;
resting on her upright mind,
me forth the Maid — "In me
d," she said, "a stricken Hind
sued by destiny!

your deportment, Sir! I deem
at you have worn a sword,
vill not hold in light esteem
uffering woman's word;
is my covert, there perchance
ight have lain concealed,
rtunes hid, my countenance
even to you revealed.

might be shed, and I might pray,
uching and terrified,
what has been unveiled to-day,
would in mystery hide;
will not defile with dust
knee that bends to adore
God in heaven; — attend, be just;
s ask I, and no more!

k not of the winter's cold,
summer's heat exchanged,
I have lodged in this rough hold,
m social life estranged;
et of trouble and alarms:
h Heaven is my defence;
very season has soft arms
injured Innocence.

Moscow to the Wilderness
as my choice to come,
irtue should be harborless,
l honor want a home;
appy were I, if the Tsar
ain his lawless will,
d life here like this poor deer,
a lamb on a green hill."

"Are you the Maid," the Stranger cried,
"From Gallic parents sprung,
Whose vanishing was rumored wide,
Sad theme for every tongue;
Who foiled an Emperor's eager quest?
You, Lady, forced to wear
These rude habiliments, and rest
Your head in this dark lair!"

But wonder, pity, soon were quelled;
And in her face and mien
The soul's pure brightness he beheld
Without a veil between:
He loved, he hoped, — a holy flame
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears;
The passion of a moment came
As on the wings of years.

"Such bounty is no gift of chance,"
Exclaimed he; "righteous Heaven,
Preparing your deliverance,
To me the charge hath given.
The Tsar full oft in words and deeds
Is stormy and self-willed;
But, when the Lady Catherine pleads,
His violence is stilled.

Leave open to my wish the source,
And I to her will go;
From that humane and heavenly course,
Good, only good, can flow."
Faint sanction given, the Cavalier
Was eager to depart,
Though question followed question, dear,
To the Maiden's filial heart.

Light was his step, — his hopes, more light,
Kept pace with his desires;
And the fifth morning gave him sight
Of Moscow's glittering spires.
He sued: — heart-smitten by the wrong,
To the lorn Fugitive
The Emperor sent a pledge as strong
As sovereign power could give.

O more than mighty change! If e'er
Amazement rose to pain,
And joy's excess produced a fear
Of something void and vain;
'T was when the Parents, who had mourned
So long the lost as dead,
Beheld their only Child returned,
The household floor to tread.

Soon gratitude gave way to love
Within the Maiden's breast;
Delivered and Deliverer move
In bridal garments drest;
Meek Catherine had her own reward;
The Tsar bestowed a dower;
And universal Moscow shared
The triumph of that hour.

Flowers strewed the ground; the nuptial feast
Was held with costly state;
And there, 'mid many a noble guest,
The Foster-parents sate;
Encouraged by the imperial eye,
They shrank not into shade;
Great was their bliss, the honor high
To them and nature paid!

1836. 1835.

THE EGYPTIAN MAID;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF THE WATER LILY.

For the names and persons in the following poem, see the "History of the renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;" for the rest the Author is answerable; only it may be proper to add, that the Lotus, with the bust of the Goddess appearing to rise out of the full-blown flower, was suggested by the beautiful work of ancient art, once included among the Townley Marbles, and now in the British Museum.

In addition to the short notice prefixed to this poem it may be worth while here to say that it rose out of a few words casually used in conversation by my nephew Henry Hutchinson. He was describing with great spirit the appearance and movement of a vessel which he seemed to admire more than any other he had ever seen, and said her name was the *Water Lily*. This plant has been my delight from my boyhood, as I have seen it floating on the lake; and that conversation put me upon constructing and composing the poem. Had I not heard those words it would never have been written. The form of the stanza is new, and is nothing but a repetition of the first five lines as they were thrown off, and is not perhaps well suited to narrative, and certainly would not have been trusted to had I thought at the beginning that the poem would have gone to such a length.

WHILE Merlin paced the Cornish s
Forth-looking toward the rock
Scilly,
The pleased Enchanter was awar
Of a bright Ship that seemed to
in air,
Yet was she work of mortal hand
And took from men her name —
WATER LILY.

Soft was the wind, that landward l
And, as the Moon, o'er some dar
ascendant,
Grows from a little edge of light
To a full orb, this Pinnace bright
Became, as nearer to the coast she
More glorious, with spread sail
streaming pendant.

Upon this wingèd Shape so fair
Sage Merlin gazed with admiratio
Her lineaments, thought he, surp
Aught that was ever shown in r
glass;
Was ever built with patient care;
Or, at a touch, produced by hap
transformation.

Now, though a Mechanist, whose
Shames the degenerate grasp of mo
science,
Grave Merlin (and belike the mo
For practising occult and perilous
Was subject to a freakish will
That sapped good thoughts, or s
them with defiance.

Provoked to envious spleen, he ca
An altered look upon the advar
Stranger
Whom he had hailed with joy, and c
"My Art shall help to tame her prid
Anon the breeze became a blast,
And the waves rose, and sky porte
danger.

With thrilling word, and potent si
Traced on the beach, his work the
cerer urges;
The clouds in blacker clouds are l
Like spiteful Fiends that vanish,

Fiends of aspect more malign;
the winds roused the Deep with
fiercer scourges.

worthy of the name she bore
s this Sea-flower, this buoyant
Galley;
preme in loveliness and grace
motion, whether in the embrace
trusty anchorage, or scudding o'er
ain flood roughened into hill and
valley.

old, how wantonly she laves
r sides, the Wizard's craft confound-
ing;
e something out of Ocean sprung
be forever fresh and young,
asts the sea-flashes, and huge waves
allant high, rebounding and re-
bounding!

Ocean under magic heaves,
d cannot spare the Thing he cher-
ished:
! what avails that she was fair,
inous, blithe, and debonair?
storm has stripped her of her
leaves;
Lily floats no longer! — She hath
perished.

eve for her,— she deserves no less;
ike, yet so unlike, a living Creature!
heart had she, no busy brain;
ugh loved, she could not love again;
ugh pitied, *feel* her own distress;
ught that troubles us, the fools of
Nature.

is there cause for gushing tears;
ichly was this Galley laden,
airer than herself she bore,
d, in her struggles, cast ashore;
ovely One, who nothing hears
nd or wave — a meek and guileless
Maiden.

a cave had Merlin fled
m mischief, caused by spells him-
self had muttered;
l while, repentant all too late,
noody posture there he sate,

He heard a voice, and saw, with half-
raised head,
A Visitant by whom these words were
uttered;

"On Christian service this frail Bark
Sailed" (hear me, Merlin!) "under
high protection,
Though on her prow a sign of heathen
power
Was carved — a Goddess with a Lily
flower,
The old Egyptian's emblematic mark
Of joy immortal and of pure affection.

Her course was for the British strand:
Her freight, it was a Damsel peerless;
God reigns above, and Spirits strong
May gather to avenge this wrong
Done to the Princess, and her Land
Which she in duty left, sad but not cheer-
less.

And to Caerleon's loftiest tower
Soon will the Knights of Arthur's Table
A cry of lamentation send;
And all will weep who there attend,
To grace that Stranger's bridal hour,
For whom the sea was made unnavigable.

Shame! should a Child of royal line
Die through the blindness of thy
malice?"
Thus to the Necromancer spake
Nina, the Lady of the Lake,
A gentle Sorceress, and benign,
Who ne'er embittered any good man's
chalice.

"What boots," continued she, "to
mourn?
To expiate thy sin endeavor:
From the bleak isle where she is laid,
Fetched by our art, the Egyptian Maid
May yet to Arthur's court be borne
Cold as she is, ere life be fled forever.

My pearly Boat, a shining Light,
That brought me down that sunless
river,
Will bear me on from wave to wave,
And back with her to this sea-cave;—

Then Merlin! for a rapid flight
Through air, to thee my Charge will I deliver.

The very swiftest of thy cars
Must, when my part is done, be ready;
Meanwhile, for further guidance, look
Into thy own prophetic book;
And, if that fail, consult the Stars
To learn thy course; farewell! be prompt and steady."

This scarcely spoken, she again
Was seated in her gleaming shallop,
That, o'er the yet-distempered Deep,
Pursued its way with bird-like sweep,
Or like a steed, without a rein,
Urged o'er the wilderness in sportive gallop.

Soon did the gentle Nina reach
That Isle without a house or haven;
Landing, she found not what she sought,
Nor saw of wreck or ruin aught
But a carved Lotus cast upon the beach
By the fierce waves, a flower in marble graven.

Sad relique, but how fair the while!
For gently each from each retreating
With backward curve, the leaves revealed
The bosom half, and half concealed,
Of a Divinity, that seemed to smile
On Nina, as she passed, with hopeful greeting.

No quest was hers of vague desire,
Of tortured hope and purpose shaken;
Following the margin of a bay,
She spied the lonely Castaway,
Unmarred, unstripped of her attire,
But with closed eyes, — of breath and bloom forsaken.

Then Nina, stooping down, embraced,
With tenderness and mild emotion,
The Damsel, in that trance embound;
And, while she raised her from the ground,
And in the pearly shallop placed,
Sleep fell upon the air, and stilled the ocean.

The turmoil hushed, celestial spr
Of music opened, and there ca
blending
Of fragrance, underived from ear
With gleams that owed not to th
their birth,
And that soft rustling of invisible
Which Angels make, on works of
descending.

And Nina heard a sweeter voice
Than if the Goddess of the flowe
spoken:
"Thou hast achieved, fair Dame!
none
Less pure in spirit could have do
Go, in thy enterprise rejoice!
Air, earth, sea, sky, and heaven, su
betoken."

So cheered, she left that Island b
A bare rock of the Scilly cluster;
And, as they traversed the smooth
The self-illumined Brigantine
Shed, on the Slumberer's cold
cheek
And pallid brow, a melancholy lust

Fleet was their course, and when
came
To the dim cavern, whence the ri
Issued into the salt-sea flood,
Merlin, as fixed in thought he sto
Was thus accosted by the Dame;
"Behold to thee my Charge I now del

But where attends thy char
where?" —
Quoth Merlin, "Even as I was bi
So have I done; as trusty as thy
My vehicle shall prove — O pre
Charge!
If this be sleep, how soft! if d
how fair!
Much have my books disclosed, bu
end is hidden."

He spake; and gliding into view
Forth from the grotto's din
chamber
Came two mute Swans, whose pl
of dusky white

anged, as the pair approached the light,
awing an ebon car, their hue
clouds of sunset) into lucid amber.

ce more did gentle Nina lift
e Princess, passive to all changes:
e car received her: — then up-went
o the ethereal element
e Birds with progress smooth and swift
ought, when through bright regions memory ranges.

e Merlin, at the Slumberer's side,
tructs the Swans their way to measure;
d soon Caerleon's towers appeared,
d notes of minstrelsy were heard
m rich pavilions spreading wide,
some high day of long-expected pleasure.

e-stricken stood both Knights and Dames
on firm ground the car alighted;
soons astonishment was past,
in that face they saw the last
t lingering look of clay, that tames
ride; by which all happiness is blighted.

d Merlin, "Mighty King, fair Lords,
ay with feast and tilt and tourney!
saw, throughout this royal House,
heard, a rocking marvellous
turrets, and a clash of swords
naken, as I closed my airy journey.

by a destiny well known
mortals, joy is turned to sorrow;
s is the wished-for Bride, the Maid
Egypt, from a rock conveyed
ere she by shipwreck had been thrown,
ht! but grief may vanish ere the morrow."

hough vast thy power, thy words are weak,"
laimed the King, "a mockery hateful;
iful Child, her lot how hard!
Is this her piety's reward?
Those watery locks, that bloodless cheek!
O winds without remorse! O shore ungrateful!

Rich robes are fretted by the moth;
Towers, temples, fall by stroke of thunder;
Will that, or deeper thoughts, abate
A Father's sorrow for her fate?
He will repent him of his troth;
His brain will burn, his stout heart split asunder.

Alas! and I have caused this woe;
For, when my prowess from invading Neighbors
Had freed his Realm, he plighted word
That he would turn to Christ our Lord,
And his dear Daughter on a Knight bestow
Whom I should choose for love and matchless labors.

Her birth was heathen; but a fence
Of holy Angels round her hovered:
A Lady added to my court
So fair, of such divine report
And worship, seemed a recompense
For fifty kingdoms by my sword recovered.

Ask not for whom, O Champions true!
She was reserved by me her life's betrayer;
She who was meant to be a bride
Is now a corse: then put aside
Vain thoughts, and speed ye, with observance due
Of Christian rites, in Christian ground to lay her."

"The tomb," said Merlin, "may not close
Upon her yet; earth hide her beauty;
Not froward to thy sovereign will
Esteem me, Liege! if I, whose skill
Wafted her hither, interpose
To check this pious haste of erring duty.

My books command me to lay bare
The secret thou art bent on keeping:
Here must a high attest be given,

What Bridegroom was for her ordained
by Heaven.
And in my glass significants there are
Of things that may to gladness turn this
weeping.

For this, approaching, One by One,
Thy Knights must touch the cold hand
of the Virgin;
So, for the favored One, the Flower
may bloom
Once more: but, if unchangeable her
doom,
If life departed be forever gone,
Some blest assurance, from this cloud
emerging,

May teach him to bewail his loss;
Not with a grief that, like a vapor, rises
And melts; but grief devout that shall
endure,
And a perpetual growth secure
Of purposes which no false thought
shall cross,
A harvest of high hopes and noble enter-
prises."

"So be it," said the King; — "anon,
Here, where the Princess lies, begin
the trial;
Knights each in order as ye stand
Step forth." — To touch the pallid hand
Sir Agravaine advanced; no sign he won
From Heaven or earth; — Sir Kaye had
like denial.

Abashed, Sir Dinas turned away;
Even for Sir Percival was no disclosure;
Though he, devoutest of all Champions,
ere
He reached that ebon car, the bier
Whereon diffused like snow the Damsel
lay,
Full thrice had crossed himself in meek
composure.

Imagine (but ye Saints! who can?)
How in still air the balance trembled —
The wishes, peradventure the despites
That overcame some not ungenerous
Knights;

And all the thoughts that lengt
out a span
Of time to Lords and Ladies thu
sembled.

What patient confidence was her
And there how many bosoms pan
While drawing toward the ca
Gawaine, mailed
For tournament, his beaver vaile
And softly touched; but, to his pri
cheer
And high expectancy, no sign was gra

Next, disencumbered of his harp,
Sir Tristram, dear to thousands
brother,
Came to the proof, nor grieved
there ensued
No change; — the fair Izonda he
wooed
With love too true, a love with p
too sharp,
From hope too distant, not to d
another.

Not so Sir Launcelot; — from Heav
grace
A sign he craved, tired slave of
contrition;
The royal Guinever looked passing
When his touch failed. — Next
Sir Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced
that still face
Whose features he had seen in noon
vision.

For late, as near a murmuring str
He rested 'mid an arbor green
shady,
Nina, the good Enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian L

Now, while his bright-haired fron
bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle fu
with ermine,
As o'er the insensate Body hung
The enrapt, the beautiful, the you

lief sank deep into the crowd
he the solemn issue would determine.

r deem it strange; the Youth had worn
at very mantle on a day of glory,
e day when he achieved that matchless feat,
e marvel of the PERILOUS SEAT,
nich whosoe'er approached of strength was shorn,
gh King or Knight the most renowned in story.

touched with hesitating hand —
d lo! those Birds, far-famed through Love's dominions,
e Swans, in triumph clap their wings;
d their necks play, involved in rings,
e sinless snakes in Eden's happy land; —
Mine is she," cried the Knight; — again they clapped their pinions.

Mine was she — mine she is, though dead,
d to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow; "
ereat, a tender twilight streak
color dawned upon the Damsel's cheek;
d her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
ed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

p was the awe, the rapture high,
love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
en, to the mouth, relenting Death
owed a soft and flower-like breath,
cursor to a timid sigh,
ed eyelids, and a doubtful shining.

ilence did King Arthur gaze
n the signs that pass away or tarry;
ilence watched the gentle strife
Nature leading back to life;
n eased his soul at length by praise
d, and Heaven's pure Queen — the blissful Mary.

Then, said he, "Take her to thy heart,
Sir Galahad! a treasure, that God giveth,
Bound by indissoluble ties to thee
Through mortal change and immortality;
Be happy and unenvied, thou who art
A goodly Knight that hath no peer that liveth!"

Not long the Nuptials were delayed;
And sage tradition still rehearses
The pomp, the glory of that hour
When toward the altar from her bower
King Arthur led the Egyptian Maid,
And Angels carolled these far-echoed verses; —

Who shrinks not from alliance
Of evil with good Powers,
To God proclaims defiance,
And mocks whom he adores.

A Ship to Christ devoted
From the Land of Nile did go;
Alas! the bright Ship floated,
An Idol at her prow.

By magic domination,
The Heaven-permitted vent
Of purblind mortal passion,
Was wrought her punishment.

The Flower the Form within it,
What served they in her need?
Her port she could not win it,
Nor from mishap be freed.

The tempest overcame her,
And she was seen no more;
But gently, gently blame her —
She cast a Pearl ashore.

The Maid to Jesu hearkened,
And kept to him her faith,
Till sense in death was darkened,
Or sleep akin to death.

But Angels round her pillow
Kept watch, a viewless band:
And, billow favoring billow,
She reached the destined strand.

Blest Pair! whate'er befall you,
Your faith in Him approve
Who from frail earth can call you
To bowers of endless love!

1830. 1835.

THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE.

Written at Rydal Mount. This dove was one of a pair that had been given to my daughter by our excellent friend, Miss Jewsbury, who went to India with her husband, Mr. Fletcher, where she died of cholera. The dove survived its mate many years, and was killed, to our great sorrow, by a neighbor's cat that got in at the window and dragged it partly out of the cage. These verses were composed extempore, to the letter, in the Terrace Summer-house before spoken of. It was the habit of the bird to begin cooing and murmuring whenever it heard me making my verses.

As often as I murmur here
My half-formed melodies,
Straight from her osier mansion near,
The Turtledove replies:
Though silent as a leaf before,
The captive promptly coos;
Is it to teach her own soft lore,
Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove
Is murmuring a reproof,
Displeased that I from lays of love
Have dared to keep aloof;
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,
Have carolled, fancy free,
As if nor dove nor nightingale,
Had heart or voice for me.

If such thy meaning, O forbear,
Sweet Bird! to do me wrong;
Love, blessèd Love, is everywhere
The spirit of my song:
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,
Love animates my lyre —
That coo again! — 't is not to chide,
I feel, but to inspire.

1830. 1835.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Written at Rydal Mount.

PRESENTIMENTS! they judge not rig
Who deem that ye from open light
Retire in fear of shame;
All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the t
Of vulgar sense, — and, being such,
Such privilege ye claim.

The tear whose source I could not g
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless
Were mine in early days;
And now, unforced by time to part
With fancy, I obey my heart,
And venture on your praise.

What though some busy foes to good
Too potent over nerve and blood,
Lurk near you — and combine
To taint the health which ye infuse;
This hides not from the moral Muse
Your origin divine.

How oft from you, derided Powers!
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours
Builds castles, not of air:
Bodings unsanctioned by the will
Flow from your visionary skill,
And teach us to beware.

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gif
That no philosophy can lift,
Shall vanish, if ye please,
Like morning mist: and, where it lay
The spirits at your bidding play
In gayety and ease.

Star-guided contemplations move
Through space, though calm, not rai
above
Prognostics that ye rule;
The naked Indian of the wild,
And haply, too, the cradled Child,
Are pupils of your school.

But who can fathom your intents,
Number their signs or instruments?
A rainbow, a sunbeam,
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,
An echo, or a dream.

aughter of the Christmas hearth
sighs of self-exhausted mirth
feelingly reprove;
daily, in the conscious breast,
visitations are a test
d exercise of love.

a some great change gives boundless
scope
exulting Nation's hope,
, startled and made wise
ur low-breathed interpretings,
imply-meek foretaste the springs
bitter contraries.

unt the proud array of war,
de the lonely ocean far
sail hath been unfurled;
ancers in the festive hall
ghastly partners hath your call
ched from the shadowy world.

aid, that warnings ye dispense,
ldened by a keener sense;
t men have lived for whom,
dread precision, ye made clear
our that in a distant year
uld knell them to the tomb.

lcome insight! Yet there are
times when mystery is laid bare,
th shows a glorious face,
on that isthmus which commands
uncils of both worlds, she stands,
e Spirits! by your grace.

who instructs the brutes to scent
anges of the element,
ose wisdom fixed the scale
ures, for our wants provides
gher, sometimes humbler, guides,
en lights of reason fail.

1835.

THESE FAIR VALES HATH MANY A TREE."

aven, during my absence in Italy, upon a
ate inserted in the Stone.

hese fair vales hath many a Tree
t Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand this
Stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard:
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him,
As one of the departed.

1830. 1835.

ELEGIAC MUSINGS.

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF THE LATE SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

These verses were in part composed on horseback during a storm, while I was on my way from Coleorton to Cambridge: they are alluded to elsewhere.

In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words: — "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O LORD!"

WITH copious eulogy in prose or rhyme
Graven on the tomb we struggle against
Time,
Alas, how feebly! but our feelings rise
And still we struggle when a good man
dies:
Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and
forbade,
A spirit meek in self-abasement clad.
Yet *here* at least — though few have numbered days
That shunned so modestly the light of
praise —
His graceful manners, and the temperate
ray
Of that arch fancy which would round
him play,
Brightening a converse never known to
swerve
From courtesy and delicate reserve;
That sense, the bland philosophy of life,
Which checked discussion ere it warmed
to strife —
Those rare accomplishments, and varied
powers,
Might have their record among sylvan
bowers.

Oh, fled forever! vanished like a blast
That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed; —
Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,
From all its spirit-moving imagery,
Intensely studied with a painter's eye,
A poet's heart; and, for congenial view,
Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue
To common recognitions while the line
Flowed in a course of sympathy divine; —
Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights
That all the seasons shared with equal rights; —
Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,
From soul-felt music, and the treasured page
Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed
Its mellow lustre round thy honored head;
While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,
More than theatric force to Shakspeare's scene; —
If thou hast heard me — if thy Spirit know
Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow;
If things in our remembrance held so dear,
And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,
To thy exalted nature only seem
Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream —
Rebuke us not! — The mandate is obeyed
That said, "Let praise be mute where I am laid;"
The holier deprecation, given in trust
To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust;
Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief
From *silent* admiration wins relief.
Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose
That doth "within itself its sweetness close;"
A drooping daisy changed into a cup
In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up.
Within these groves, where still are flitting by
Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,
Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,
When towers and temples fall, to s
of Thee!
If sculptured emblems of our mortal
Recall not there the wisdom of the T
Green ivy risen from out the cheerful e
Will fringe the lettered stone; and
spring forth,
Whose fragrance, by soft dews and
unbound,
Shall penetrate the heart without a wo
While truth and love their purposes f
Commemorating genius, talent, skill
That could not lie concealed where
wert known;
Thy virtues *He* must judge, and He al
The God upon whose mercy they
thrown.

Nov. 6, 1830. 18

"CHATSWORTH! THY STATE MANSION, AND THE PRIDE

I have reason to remember the day that
rise to this Sonnet, the 6th of November,
Having undertaken, a great feat for me, t
my daughter's pony from Westmoreland to
bridge, that she might have the use of it whi
a visit to her uncle at Trinity Lodge, on my
from Bakewell to Matlock I turned asi
Chatsworth, and had scarcely gratified
curiosity by the sight of that celebrated
before there came on a severe storm of win
rain which continued till I reached Derby,
man and pony in a pitiable plight. For m
I went to bed at noon-day. In the course o
journey I had to encounter a storm, wo
possible, in which the pony could (or would)
make his way slantwise. I mention this m
to add that notwithstanding this battering I
posed, on horseback, the lines to the memo
Sir George Beaumont, suggested during
recent visit to Coleorton.

CHATSWORTH! thy stately mansion,
the pride
Of thy domain, strange contrast do pre
To house and home in many a craggy
Of the wild Peak; where new-born wa
glide
Through fields whose thrifty occup
abide
As in a dear and chosen banishment,
With every semblance of entire cont
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried

He whose heart in childhood gave
her troth
astoral dales, thin-set with modest
farms,
learn, if judgment strengthen with
his growth,
, not for Fancy only, pomp hath
charms;
strenuous to protect from lawless
harms
extremes of favored life, may honor
both.

v. 6, 1830. 1835.

THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT.

nted at Rydal Mount, by W. Pickersgill,
for St. John's College, Cambridge.

last six lines of this sonnet are not written
etical effect, but as a matter of fact, which,
e than one instance, could not escape my
in the servants of the house.

aithful Portrait! and where long hath
knelt
aret, the Saintly Foundress, take thy
place;
if Time spare the colors for the grace
h to the work surpassing skill hath
dealt,
, on thy rock reclined, though king-
doms melt
states be torn up by the roots, wilt
seem
reathe in rural peace, to hear the
stream,
hink and feel as once the Poet felt.
e'er thy fate, those features have not
grown
cognized through many a household
tear
prompt, more glad, to fall than drops
of dew
orning shed around a flower half-
blown;
of delight, that testified how true
e thou art, and, in thy truth, how
dear!

1835.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains.

A Rock there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their
lamps,
Like stars, at various heights;
And one coy Primrose to that Rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft
And marked it for my own;
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall;
The earth is constant to her sphere;
And God upholds them all:
So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

* * * *

Here closed the meditative strain;
But air breathed soft that day,
The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,
The sunny vale looked gay;
And to the Primrose of the Rock
I gave this after-lay.

I sang — Let myriads of bright flowers,
Like Thee, in field and grove
Revive unenvied; — mightier far,
Than tremblings that reprove
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love;

That love which changed—for wan disease,
For sorrow that had bent
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning Sons of Men,
From one oblivious winter called
Shall rise, and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our threescore years and ten.

To humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;
And makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.

1831. 1835.

YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS.

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1831.

In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. This journey had been delayed by an inflammation in my eyes till we found that the time appointed for his leaving home would be too near for him to receive us without considerable inconvenience. Nevertheless we proceeded and reached Abbotsford on Monday. I was then scarcely able to lift up my eyes to the light. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful, a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr. Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr. Quillinan,—"I mean to live till I am *eighty*, and shall write as long as I live." But to return to Abbotsford, the inmates and guests we found there were Sir Walter, Major Scott, Anne Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. Liddell, his Lady and Brother, and Mr. Allan the painter, and Mr. Laidlow, a very old friend of Sir Walter's. One of Burns's sons, an officer in the Indian service, had left the house a day or two before, and had kindly expressed his regret that he coul await my arrival, a regret that I may trul was mutual. In the evening, Mr. and Liddell sang, and Mrs. Lockhart chante ballads to her harp; and Mr. Allan, ha over the back of a chair, told and acte stories in a humorous way. With this exhi and his daughter's singing, Sir Walter was amused, as indeed were we all as far as ci stances would allow. But what is most w of mention is the admirable demeanor of Scott during the following evening, whe Liddells were gone and only ourselves an Allan were present. He had much to from the sight of his father's infirmities and the great change that was about to take pla the residence he had built, and where h long lived in so much prosperity and happi But what struck me most was the patient ness with which he supported himself und many fretful expressions that his sister Ann dressed to him or uttered in his hearing. poor thing, as mistress of that house, had subject, after her mother's death, to a he load of care and responsibility and greater fices of time than one of such a constituti body and mind was able to bear. Of this, and I were made so sensible, that, as soon had crossed the Tweed on our departure gave vent at the same moment to our appr sions that her brain would fail and she wou out of her mind, or that she would sink the trials she had passed and those which aw her. On Tuesday morning Sir Walter accompanied us and most of the party to Ne Castle on the Yarrow. When we alighted the carriages he walked pretty stoutly, and great pleasure in revisiting those his fa haunts. Of that excursion the verses "Ya revisited" are a memorial. Notwithstandin romance that pervades Sir Walter's works attaches to many of his habits, there is too pressure of fact for these verses to harmoni much as I could wish with other poems. O return in the afternoon we had to cross Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The w of our carriage grated upon the pebbles i bed of the stream, that there flows some rapidly; a rich but sad light of rather a p than a golden hue was spread over the E hills at that moment; and, thinking it prol that it might be the last time Sir Walter w cross the stream, I was not a little moved expressed some of my feelings in the sc beginning—"A trouble, not of clouds, or wee rain." At noon on Thursday we left Abbots and in the morning of that day Sir Walter a had a serious conversation *tête-à-tête*, whe

with gratitude of the happy life which he whole he had led. He had written in ughter's Album, before he came into the ast-room that morning, a few stanzas ad- d to her, and, while putting the book into nd, in his own study, standing by his desk, d to her in my presence — "I should not done anything of this kind but for your 's sake: they are probably the last verses I ever write." They show how much his was impaired, not by the strain of thought y the execution, some of the lines being fect, and one stanza wanting corresponding s: one letter, the initial S, had been d in the spelling of his own name. In this lew also it was that, upon my expressing a of his health being benefited by the climate country to which he was going, and by erest he would take in the classic remem- s of Italy, he made use of the quotation Yarrow unvisited" as recorded by me in Musings at Aquapendente" six years after- Mr. Lockhart has mentioned in his Life what I heard from several quarters while , both at Rome and elsewhere, that little d to interest him but what he could collect rd of the fugitive Stuarts and their adher- ho had followed them into exile. Both Yarrow revisited" and the "Sonnet" were im before his departure from England. further particulars of the conversations occurred during this visit I should have vn had they not been already accurately ed by Mr. Lockhart. I first became ac- ed with this great and amiable man — Sir Scott — in the year 1803, when my sister making a tour in Scotland, were hospitably d by him in Lasswade upon the banks of k, where he was then living. We saw a eal of him in the course of the following the particulars are given in my sister's l of that tour.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.,

A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS, SE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

AL MOUNT, *Dec.* 11, 1834.

I.

following Stanzas are a memorial of a ssed with Sir Walter Scott and other s visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under dance, immediately before his departure bbotsford, for Naples.

The title *Yarrow Revisited* will stand in no need of explanation for Readers acquainted with the Author's previous poems suggested by that celebrated Stream.

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained,
Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"
Was but an Infant in the lap
When first I looked on Yarrow;
Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate
Long left without a warder,
I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,
Great Minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,
Their dignity installing
In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves
Were on the bough, or falling;
But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed —
The forest to embolden;
Reddened the fiery hues, and shot
Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on
In foamy agitation;
And slept in many a crystal pool
For quiet contemplation:
No public and no private care
The free-born mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,
With freaks of graceful folly, —
Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,
Her Night not melancholy;
Past, present, future, all appeared
In harmony united,
Like guests that meet, and some from far,
By cordial love invited.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face,
Though we were changed and changing;
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

Eternal blessings on the Muse,
And her divine employment!
The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons
For hope and calm enjoyment;
Albeit sickness, lingering yet,
Has o'er their pillow brooded;
And Care waylays their steps — a Sprite
Not easily eluded.

For thee, O SCOTT! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes;
And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot
For mild Sorento's breezy waves;
May classic Fancy, linking
With native Fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking!

Oh! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow Age
With Strength, her venturous brother;
And Tiber, and each brook and rill
Renowned in song and story,
With unimagined beauty shine,
Nor lose one ray of glory!

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow;
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,
Wherever they invite Thee,
At parent Nature's grateful call,
With gladness must requite Thee.

A gracious welcome shall be thine,
Such looks of love and honor
As thy own Yarrow gave to me
When first I gazed upon her;
Beheld what I had feared to see,
Unwilling to surrender
Dreams treasured up from early days,
The holy and the tender.

And what, for this frail world, were all
That mortals do or suffer,
Did no responsive harp, no pen,
Memorial tribute offer?
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self?
Her features, could they win us,
Unhelped by the poetic voice
That hourly speaks within us?

Nor deem that localized Romance
Plays false with our affections;
Unsanctifies our tears — made spor
For fanciful dejections:
Ah, no! the visions of the past
Sustain the heart in feeling
Life as she is — our changeful Life,
With friends and kindred dealing

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts tha
In Yarrow's groves were centred
Who through the silent portal arch
Of mouldering Newark entered;
And clomb the winding stair that o
Too timidly was mounted
By the "last Minstrel," (not the la
Ere he his Tale recounted.

Flow on forever, Yarrow Stream!
Fulfil thy pensive duty,
Well pleased that future Bards sh
chant
For simple hearts thy beauty;
To dream-light dear while yet unsee
Dear to the common sunshine,
And dearer still, as now I feel,
To memory's shadowy moonshine
1831. 18

II.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WA
SCOTT FROM ABBOTSFORD, FOR NA

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic ligh
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's t
height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there,
plain
For kindred Power departing from
sight:
While Tweed, best pleased in chanti
blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet aga
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! fo
might
Of the whole world's good wishes
him goes;
Blessing and prayers, in nobler retin
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqu
knows
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be t
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthen
1831. 18

III.

ACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

ilar places for burial are not unfrequent in nd. The one that suggested this Sonnet n the banks of a small stream called the hope that flows into the Esk near Lang- . Mickle, who, as it appears from his poem Martin, was not without genuine poetic gs, was born and passed his boyhood in eighborhood, under his father, who was a er of the Scotch Kirk. The Esk, both and below Langholm, flows through a ful country, and the two streams of the hope and the Ewes, which join it near that are such as a pastoral poet would delight

fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
curbs a foaming brook, a Grave- yard lies;
nare's best couching-place for fear- less sleep;
h moonlit elves, far seen by credu- lous eyès,
in dance. Of church, or sabbath ties, estige now remains; yet thither creep t Ones, and in lowly anguish weep prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
l tomb is none; but rudely-sculptured knights,
umble choice of plain old times, are seen
with earth, among the hillocks green:
n not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
spangled turf, and neighboring thickets ring
jubilate from the choirs of spring!
. 1835.

IV.

HE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

manses in Scotland and the gardens and ls about them have seldom that attractive ance which is common about our English ages, even when the clergyman's income elow the average of the Scotch minister's. not merely owing to the one country being poor in comparison with the other, but arises rather out of the equality of their benefices, so that no one has enough to spare for decorations that might serve as an example for others; whereas, with us, the taste of the richer incumbent extends its influence more or less to the poorest. After all, in these observations the surface only of the matter is touched. I once heard a conversation in which the Roman Catholic Religion was decried on account of its abuses. "You cannot deny, however," said a lady of the party, repeating an expression used by Charles II., "that it is the religion of a gentleman." It may be left to the Scotch themselves to determine how far this observation applies to their Kirk, while it cannot be denied, if it is wanting in that characteristic quality, the aspect of common life, so far as concerns its beauty, must suffer. Sincere christian piety may be thought not to stand in need of refinement or studied ornament; but assuredly it is ever ready to adopt them, when they fall within its notice, as means allow; and this observation applies not only to manners, but to everything a christian (truly so in spirit) cultivates and gathers round him, however humble his social condition.

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills —
Among the happiest-looking homes of men
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
His sky-born warblings — does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode
Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.
1831. 1835.

V.

COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A STORM.

We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed

a great part of the day pacing to and fro in this beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin. Here this Sonnet was composed. If it has at all done justice to the feeling which the place and the storm raging without inspired, I was as a prisoner. A painter delineating the interior of the chapel and its minute features under such circumstances would have, no doubt, found his time agreeably shortened. But the movements of the mind must be more free while dealing with words than with lines and colors; such at least was then and has been on many other occasions my belief, and, as it is allotted to few to follow both arts with success, I am grateful to my own calling for this and a thousand other recommendations which are denied to that of the painter.

THE wind is now thy organist; — a clank
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell
To mark some change of service. As the swell
Of music reached its height, and even when sank
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN! to a blank
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,
Pillars, and arches, — not in vain time-proof,
Though Christian rites be wanting! From what bank
Came those live herbs? by what hand were they sown
Where dew falls not, where raindrops seem unknown?
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche
Share with their sculptured fellows, that. green-grown,
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

1831. 1835.

VI.

THE TROSACHS.

As recorded in my sister's Journal, I had first seen the Trosachs in her and Coleridge's company. The sentiment that runs through this Sonnet was natural to the season in which I again saw this beautiful spot; but this and some other sonnets that follow were colored by the remembrance of my recent visit to Sir W Scott, and the melancholy errand on whic was going.

THERE'S not a nook within this sol
Pass,
But were an apt confessional for On
Taught by his summer spent, his aut
gone,
That Life is but a tale of morning gr
Withered at eve. From scenes o
which chase
That thought away, turn, and with wa
ful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more
than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon. Th
happy quest,
If from a golden perch of aspen spra
(October's workmanship to rival Ma
The pensive warbler of the ruddy br
That moral sweeten by a heaven-ta
lay,
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to

1831. 18

VII.

THE pibroch's note, discountenance
mute;
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt b
The target mouldering like ungath
fruit;
The smoking steamboat eager in pu
As eagerly pursued; the umbrella sp
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsm
head —
All speak of manners withering to the
And of old honors, too, and passions
Then may we ask, though pleased
thought should range
Among the conquests of civility,
Survives imagination — to the chan
Superior? Help to virtue does she
If not, O Mortals, better cease to li

1831. 1

VIII.

COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH E

"That makes the Patriot-spirit." It wa
tifying to have frequent occasions to obser
bitter hatred of the lower orders of the

s to their superiors; love of country seemed
e passed into its opposite. Emigration was
y relief looked to with hope.

s Land of Rainbows spanning glens
whose walls,
built, are hung with rainbow-col-
ored mists —
-stretched Meres whose salt flood
never rests —
eful Caves and playful Waterfalls —
Iountains varying momently their
crests —
be this Land! whose poorest huts
are halls
e Fancy entertains becoming guests;
native song the heroic Past recalls."
in the net of her own wishes caught,
Iuse exclaimed; but Story now must
hide
rophies,. Fancy crouch; the course
of pride
een diverted, other lessons taught,
nake the Patriot-spirit bow her head
e the all-conquering Roman feared
to tread.

1835.

IX.

EAGLES.

ED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN.

e last I saw was on the wing," off the prom-
of Fairhead, county of Antrim. I men-
s because, though my tour in Ireland with
rshall and his son was made many years
s allusion to the eagle is the only image
d by it to the poetry I have since written.
velled through that country in October,
he shortness of the days and the speed
ich we travelled (in a carriage and four)
ascribed this want of notices, in my verse,
ntry so interesting. The deficiency I am
at ashamed of, and it is the more remark-
contrasted with my Scotch and Conti-
tours, of which are to be found in this
so many memorials.

NORED Rock and Ruin! that, by
law
nic, keep the Bird of Jove embarred
lone criminal whose life is spared.
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last
I saw
Was on the wing; stooping, he struck with
awe
Man, bird, and beast; then, with a con-
sort paired,
From a bold headland, their loved eyrie's
guard,
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw
Light from the fountain of the setting sun.
Such was this Prisoner once; and, when
his plumes
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that
live free,
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

1831. 1835.

X.

IN THE SOUND OF MULL.

Touring late in the season in Scotland is an uncertain speculation. We were detained a week by rain at Bunaw on Loch Etive in a vain hope that the weather would clear up and allow me to show my daughter the beauties of Glencoe. Two days we were at the isle of Mull, on a visit to Major Campbell; but it rained incessantly, and we were obliged to give up our intention of going to Staffa. The rain pursued us to Tyndrum, where the Eleventh Sonnet was composed in a storm.

TRADITION, be thou mute! Oblivion,
throw
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung
Round strath and mountain, stamped by
the ancient tongue
On rock and ruin darkening as we go, —
Spots where a word, ghostlike, survives
to show
What crimes from hate, or desperate love,
have sprung;
From honor misconceived, or fancied
wrong,
What feuds, not quenched but fed by
mutual woe.
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, un-
tamed
By civil arts and labors of the pen,
Could gentleness be scorned by those
fierce Men,
Who, to spread wide the reverence they
claimed

For patriarchal occupations, named
Yon towering Peaks, "Shepherds of Etive Glen"?[1]
1831. 1835.

XI.

SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM.

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook,
And all that Greece and Italy have sung
Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among!
Ours couch on naked rocks, — will cross a brook
Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look
This way or that, or give it even a thought
More than by smoothest pathway may be brought
Into a vacant mind. Can written book
Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer!
And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One
Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,
On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear
To what dread Powers He delegates his part
On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.
1831. 1835.

XII.

THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN.

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains
Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house." No style
Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile
Grief of her sting; nor cheat, where he detains
The sleeping dust, stern Death. How reconcile
With truth, or with each other, decked remains
Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,
For the departed, built with curious pains
And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand

[1] In Gaelic, *Buachaill Eite*.

Together, — 'mid trim walks and bowers,
To be looked down upon by ancient
That, for the living and the dead, de
And prompt a harmony of genuine po
Concord that elevates the mind, and
1831.

XIII.

"REST AND BE THANKFUL!"

AT THE HEAD OF GLENCOE.

DOUBLING and doubling with labo walk,
Who, that has gained at length the wi for Height,
This brief this simple wayside Cal slight,
And rests not thankful? Whether ch by talk
With some loved friend, or by the u hawk
Whistling to clouds and sky-born st that shine,
At the sun's outbreak, as with light d
Ere they descend to nourish roo stalk
Of valley flowers. Nor, while the repose,
Will we forget that, as the fowl can
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in a
And fishes front, unmoved, the tor sweep, —
So may the Soul, through power Faith bestows,
Win rest, and ease, and peace, wit that Angels share.
1831.

XIV.

HIGHLAND HUT.

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this built Cot,
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whenc how it may,
Shines in the greeting of the sun's fi
Like wreaths of vapor without st blot.
The limpid mountain rill avoids it
And why shouldst thou? — If trained and bred,

nanity is humble, finds no spot
ch her Heaven-guided feet refuse to
tread.
walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery
roof,
ressed the pathway leading to the
door;
ove, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor;
ch, for their worth, some gentle heart
wrong-proof,
k, patient, kind, and, were its trials
fewer,
ke less happy. — Stand no more
aloof! [1]

1. 1835.

XV.

THE BROWNIE.

on a small island, not far from the head of
Lomond, are some remains of an ancient
ng, which was for several years the abode
olitary Individual, one of the last survivors
e clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that
borhood. Passing along the shore opposite
sland in the year 1814, the Author learned
particulars, and that this person then living
had acquired the appellation of "The
nie." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 595,
ich the following is a sequel.

ow disappeared he?" Ask the newt
and toad;
of his fellow-men, and they will tell
he was found, cold as an icicle,
er an arch of that forlorn abode;
re he, unpropped, and by the gath-
ering flood
ears hemmed round, had dwelt, pre-
pared to try
tion's worst extremities, and die
no one near save the omnipresent
God.
y so to live was an awful choice —
oice that wears the aspect of a doom;
n the mould of mercy all is cast
Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;
this forgotten Taper to the last
e from itself, we trust, all frightful
gloom.

1835.

XVI.

TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR.

COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND.

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the
birth
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most
To watch thy course when Daylight, fled
from earth,
In the gray sky hath left his lingering
Ghost,
Perplexed as if between a splendor lost
And splendor slowly mustering. Since
the Sun,
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,
Relinquished half his empire to the host
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,
Holy as princely — who that looks on thee,
Touching, as now, in thy humility
The mountain borders of this seat of care,
Can question that thy countenance is
bright,
Celestial Power, as much with love as
light?

1831. 1835.

XVII.

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER.

In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time.

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times
the Brave
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn.
Once on those steeps *I* roamed [1] at large,
and have
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight;
The river glides, the woods before me
wave;
Then why repine that now in vain I crave
Needless renewal of an old delight?
Better to thank a dear and long-past day
For joy its sunny hours were free to give

[1] See Note.

Than blame the present, that our wish
hath crost.
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which
dreams obey,
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugi-
tive:
How little that she cherishes is lost!

1831. 1835.

XVIII.

PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE.

AMID a fertile region green with wood
And fresh with rivers, well did it become
The ducal Owner, in his palace-home
To naturalize this tawny Lion brood;
Children of Art, that claim strange brother-
hood
(Couched in their den) with those that
roam at large
Over the burning wilderness, and charge
The wind with terror while they roar for
food.
Satiate are *these;* and stilled to eye and
ear;
Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring
fear!
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the
cave
Daunt him — if his Companions, now be-
drowsed
Outstretched and listless, were by hunger
roused:
Man placed him here, and God, he knows,
can save.

1831. 1835.

XIX.

THE AVON
A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN.

"Yet is it one that other rivulets bear." There is the Shakspeare Avon, the Bristol Avon; the one that flows by Salisbury, and a small river in Wales, I believe, bear the name; Avon being in the ancient tongue the general name for river.

AVON — a precious, an immortal name!
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear
Like this unheard-of, and their char
wear
Like this contented, though unknow
Fame:
For great and sacred is the modest c
Of Streams to Nature's love, wher
they flow;
And ne'er did Genius slight them, as
go,
Tree, flower, and green herb, fee
without blame.
But Praise can waste her voice on w
of tears,
Anguish, and death: full oft where ir
cent blood
Has mixt its current with the lin
flood,
Her heaven-offending trophies G
rears:
Never for like distinction may the g
Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, w
unpleased ears.

1831. 183

XX.

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN E
NENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST.

The extensive forest of Inglewood has
enclosed within my memory. I was well
quainted with it in its ancient state. The Ha
horn tree mentioned in the next Sonnet was
of its remarkable objects, as well as another
that grew upon an eminence not far from Pen
it was single and conspicuous; and being
round shape, though it was universally kn
to be a Sycamore, it was always called
"*Round Thorn,*" so difficult is it to chain f
down to fact.

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon
Is but a name, no more is Inglewood
That swept from hill to hill, from fl
to flood:
On her last thorn the nightly moon
shone;
Yet still, though unappropriate Wild
none,
Fair parks spread wide where Ad
Bell might deign
With Clym o' the Clough, were t
alive again,
To kill for merry feast their venison.

wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade
church with monumental wreck be-
strown;
feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,
n still his castle, though a skeleton,
he may watch by night, and lessons
con
power that perishes, and rights that
fade.
1. 1835.

XXI.

RT'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

E stood an Oak, that long had borne
affixt
is huge trunk, or, with more subtle
art,
ng its withering topmost branches
mixt,
palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,
m the Dog Hercules pursued — his
part
desperately sustaining, till at last
sank and died, the life-veins of the
chased
chaser bursting here with one dire
smart.
ual the victory, mutual the defeat!
was the trophy hung with pitiless
pride;
rather, with that generous sympathy
wants not, even in rudest breasts, a
seat;
for this feeling's sake, let no one
chide
e that would guard thy memory,
HART'S-HORN TREE![1]
. 1835.

XXII.

FANCY AND TRADITION.

Lovers took within their ancient
grove
last embrace; beside those crystal
springs
Hermit saw the Angel spread his
wings
nstant flight; the Sage in yon alcove
Sate musing; on that hill the Bard would
rove,
Not mute, where now the linnet only
sings:
Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,
Or Fancy localizes Powers we love.
Were only History licensed to take note
Of things gone by, her meagre monu-
ments
Would ill suffice for persons and events:
There is an ampler page for man to quote,
A readier book of manifold contents,
Studied alike in palace and in cot.
1831. 1835.

XXIII.

COUNTESS'S PILLAR.

Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower and other traditions connected with this ancient forest.

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription: —

"This Pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April forever, upon the stone table placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

WHILE the Poor gather round, till the
end of time
May this bright flower of Charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed
day;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal
prime
Lovelier — transplanted from heaven's
purest clime!
"Charity never faileth:" on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious Lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for-
ever!*
"LAUS DEO." Many a Stranger passing
by
Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane Memorial's fond en-
deavor;

[1] See Note.

And, fastening on those lines an eye
tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God
be praised!"
1831. 1835.

XXIV.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious
Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull!
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be
full,
To have no seat for thought were better
doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.
Heaven out of view, our wishes what
are they?
Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?
The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?
Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp;
Obsolete lamps, whose light no time
recalls;
Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!
1831. 1835.

XXV.

APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS.

No more: the end is sudden and abrupt,
Abrupt — as without preconceived de-
sign
Was the beginning; yet the several Lays
Have moved in order, to each other bound
By a continuous and acknowledged tie
Though unapparent — like those Shapes
distinct
That yet survive ensculptured on the walls
Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck
Of famed Persepolis; each following each,
As might beseem a stately embassy,
In set array; these bearing in their hands
Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,
Or gift to be presented at the throne
Of the Great King; and others, as they
In priestly vest, with holy offeri
charged,
Or leading victims drest for sacrifice.
Nor will the Power we serve, that sac
Power,
The Spirit of humanity, disdain
A ministration humble but sincere,
That from a threshold loved by ev
Muse
Its impulse took — that sorrow-stric
door,
Whence, as a current from its fount
head,
Our thoughts have issued, and our f
ings flowed,
Receiving, willingly or not, fresh stren
From kindred sources; while around
sighed
(Life's three first seasons having pas
away)
Leaf-scattering winds; and hoar-f
sprinklings fell
(Foretaste of winter) on the moorl
heights;
And every day brought with it tidings
Of rash change, ominous for the pu
weal.
Hence, if dejection has too oft encroac
Upon that sweet and tender melanch
Which may itself be cherished and
ressed
More than enough; a fault so natural
(Even with the young, the hopeful
the gay)
For prompt forgiveness will not sue
vain.
1831. 183

XXVI.

THE HIGHLAND BROACH.

On ascending a hill that leads from Loch
towards Inverary, I fell into conversation wi
woman of the humbler class who wore on
those Highland Broaches. I talked with
about it; and upon parting with her, when I
with a kindness I truly felt — "May that Br
continue in your family through many ge
tions to come, as you have already possessed
— she thanked me most becomingly, and see
not a little moved.

exact resemblance which the old Broach use, though rarely met with, among the nders) bears to the Roman Fibula must very one, and concurs, with the plaid and recall to mind the communication which ient Romans had with this remote country.

Tradition faith be due,
choes from old verse speak true,
ne meek Saint, Columba, bore
tidings to Iona's shore,
mmon light of nature blest
nountain region of the west,
d where gentle manners ruled
nen in dauntless virtues schooled,
raised, for centuries, a bar
rvious to the tide of war:
eaceful Arts did entrance gain
e haughty Force had striven in vain;
mid the works of skilful hands,
nderers brought from foreign lands
arious climes, was not unknown
lasp that fixed the Roman Gown;
ibula, whose shape, I ween,
n the Highland Broach is seen,
lver Broach of massy frame,
at the breast of some grave Dame
ad or path, or at the door
n-thatched hut on heathy moor:
elicate of yore its mould,
he material finest gold;
ght beseem the fairest Fair,
ner she graced a royal chair,
ed, within a vaulted hall,
ncied lustre on the wall
e shields of mighty heroes hung,
Fingal heard what Ossian sung.
heroic Age expired — it slept
in its tomb: — the bramble crept
Fingal's hearth; the grassy sod
on the floors his sons had trod:
na! where art thou? Their state
oblest-born must abdicate;
irest, while with fire and sword
Spoilers — horde impelling horde,
valk the sorrowing mountains, drest
ler hands in homelier vest.
ill the female bosom lent,
oved to borrow, ornament;
as its inner world a place
ed by the dews of heavenly grace;
ity to this last retreat
fondly; to his favorite seat
Love wound his way by soft approach,
Beneath a massier Highland Broach.
When alternations came of rage
Yet fiercer, in a darker age;
And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,
The weaker perished to a man;
For maid and mother, when despair
Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,
One small possession lacked not power,
Provided in a calmer hour,
To meet such need as might befall —
Roof, raiment, bread, or burial:
For woman, even of tears bereft,
The hidden silver Broach was left.
As generations come and go,
Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow;
Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,
And feeble, of themselves, decay;
What poor abodes the heir-loom hide,
In which the castle once took pride!
Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,
If saved at all, are saved by stealth.
Lo! ships, from seas by nature barred,
Mount along ways by man prepared;
And in far-stretching vales, whose streams
Seek other seas, their canvas gleams.
Lo! busy towns spring up, on coasts
Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts;
Soon, like a lingering star forlorn
Among the novelties of morn,
While young delights on old encroach,
Will vanish the last Highland Broach.
But when, from out their viewless bed,
Like vapors, years have rolled and spread;
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,
Shall yield no light of love or praise;
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might
Entombs, or forces into light;
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,
That oft befriends Antiquity,
And clears Oblivion from reproach,
May render back the Highland Broach.[1]

1831. 1835.

[1] How much the Broach is sometimes prized by persons in humble stations may be gathered from an occurrence mentioned to me by a female friend. She had had an opportunity of benefiting a poor old woman in her own hut, who, wishing to make a return, said to her daughter, in Erse, in a tone of plaintive earnestness, "I would give

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS.

Written at Rydal Mount.

"Not to the earth confined,
Ascend to heaven."

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?
They wander with the breeze, they wind
Where'er the streams a passage find;
Up from their native ground they rise
In mute aërial harmonies;
From humble violet — modest thyme —
Exhaled, the essential odors climb,
As if no space below the sky
Their subtle flight could satisfy:
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride
If like ambition be *their* guide.
Roused by this kindliest of May-showers,
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,
That with moist virtue softly cleaves
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,
The birds pour forth their souls in notes
Of rapture from a thousand throats —
Here checked by too impetuous haste,
While there the music runs to waste,
With bounty more and more enlarged,
Till the whole air is overcharged;
Give ear, O Man! to their appeal
And thirst for no inferior zeal,
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.
Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,
In strains that from their solemn height
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;
While incense from the altar breathes
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds
Around angelic forms, the still
Creation of the painter's skill,
That on the service wait concealed
One moment, and the next revealed

anything I have, but I *hope* she does not wish for my Broach!" and, uttering these words, she put her hand upon the Broach which fastened her kerchief, and which, she imagined, had attracted the eye of her benefactress.

— Cast off your bonds, awake, aris
And for no transient ecstasies!
What else can mean the visual plea
Of still or moving imagery —
The iterated summons loud,
Not wasted on the attendant crowd,
Nor wholly lost upon the throng
Hurrying the busy streets along?
Alas! the sanctities combined
By art to unsensualize the mind,
Decay and languish; or, as creeds
And humors change, are spurned as weeds:
The priests are from their altars thru
Temples are levelled with the dust;
And solemn rites and awful forms
Founder amid fanatic storms.
Yet evermore, through years renewe
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered Poor.
Where flower-breathed incense to the s
Is wafted in mute harmonies;
And ground fresh-cloven by the plou
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from leafy c
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapors magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head —
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the eternal Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some pa
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed res

1832. 183

"CALM IS THE FRAGRANT AI

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to l
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist w
falling dews.
Look for the stars, you'll say that th
are none;
Look up a second time, and, one by
You mark them twinkling out with silv
light,

wonder how they could elude the sight!
birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,
led a while with faint and fainter powers,
ow are silent as the dim-seen flowers:
does the village Church-clock's iron tone
ime's and season's influence disown;
beats distinctly to each other bound
rowsy sequence — how unlike the sound
in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear
reside listeners, doubting what they hear!
hepherd, bent on rising with the sun,
closed his door before the day was done,
ow with thankful heart to bed doth creep,
oins his little children in their sleep.
at, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,
and reflits along the close arcade;
usy dor-hawk chases the white moth
burring note, which Industry and Sloth
both be pleased with, for it suits them both.
am is heard — I see it not, but know
soft music whence the waters flow:
ls and the tread of hoofs are heard no more;
oat there was, but it will touch the shore
he next dipping of its slackened oar;
sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,
give to serious thought a moment's sway,
ast token of man's toilsome day!

1835.

RURAL ILLUSIONS.

tten at Rydal Mount. Observed a hundred
the grounds there.

was it? or a Bird more bright
n those of fabulous stock?
nd darted by; — and lo!
ther of the flock,
gh sunshine flitting from the bough
estle in the rock.

Transient deception! a gay freak
Of April's mimicries!
Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy
Among the budding trees,
Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray
To frolic on the breeze.

Maternal Flora! show thy face,
And let thy hand be seen,
Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,
That, as they touch the green,
Take root (so seems it) and look up
In honor of their Queen.
Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,
That not in vain aspired
To be confounded with live growths,
Most dainty, most admired,
Were only blossoms dropt from twigs
Of their own offspring tired.

Not such the World's illusive shows;
Her wingless flutterings,
Her blossoms which, though shed, out-brave
The floweret as it springs,
For the undeceived, smile as they may,
Are melancholy things:
But gentle Nature plays her part
With ever-varying wiles,
And transient feignings with plain truth
So well she reconciles,
That those fond Idlers most are pleased
Whom oftenest she beguiles.

1832. 1835.

LOVING AND LIKING.

IRREGULAR VERSES.

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

(BY MY SISTER.)

Written at Rydal Mount. It arose, I believe, out of a casual expression of one of Mr. Swinburne's children.

THERE's more in words than I can teach:
Yet listen, Child! — I would not preach;
But only give some plain directions
To guide your speech and your affections.
Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,
But you may love a screaming owl.

And, if you can, the unwieldy toad
That crawls from his secure abode
Within the mossy garden wall
When evening dews begin to fall.
Oh mark the beauty of his eye:
What wonders in that circle lie!
So clear, so bright, our fathers said
He wears a jewel in his head!
And when, upon some showery day,
Into a path or public way
A frog leaps out from bordering grass,
Startling the timid as they pass,
Do you observe him, and endeavor
To take the intruder into favor;
Learning from him to find a reason
For a light heart in a dull season.
And you may love him in the pool,
That is for him a happy school,
In which he swims as taught by nature,
Fit pattern for a human creature,
Glancing amid the water bright,
And sending upward sparkling light.
Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling:
The spring's first rose by you espied,
May fill your breast with joyful pride;
And you may love the strawberry-flower,
And love the strawberry in its bower;
But when the fruit, so often praised
For beauty, to your lip is raised,
Say not you *love* the delicate treat,
But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat.
Long may you love your pensioner mouse,
Though one of a tribe that torment the house:
Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,
Deadly foe both of mouse and rat;
Remember she follows the law of her kind,
And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind.
Then think of her beautiful gliding form,
Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,
And her soothing song by the winter fire,
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.
I would not circumscribe your love:
It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,
May pierce the earth with the patient mole,
Or track the hedgehog to his hole.
Loving and liking are the solace of life,
Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife.

You love your father and your mothe
Your grown-up and your baby broth
You love your sister, and your friend
And countless blessings which God se
And while these right affections play
You *live* each moment of your day;
They lead you on to full content,
And likings fresh and innocent,
That store the mind, the memory fee
And prompt to many a gentle deed:
But *likings* come, and pass away;
'T is *love* that remains till our latest
Our heavenward guide is holy love,
And will be our bliss with saints abo
1832. 18

UPON THE LATE GENERAL FA

MARCH, 1832.

RELUCTANT call it was; the rite delay
And in the Senate some there were
doffed
The last of their humanity, and scoffe
At providential judgments, undismay
By their own daring. But the Pe
prayed
As with one voice; their flinty heart g
soft
With penitential sorrow, and aloft
Their spirit mounted, crying, "God
aid!"
Oh that with aspirations more intense
Chastised by self-abasement more
found,
This People, once so happy, so renow
For liberty, would seek from God defe
Against far heavier ill, the pestilence
Of revolution, impiously unbound!
1832. 183

FILIAL PIETY.

ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PREST
AND LIVERPOOL.

This was communicated to me by a coach
at whose side I sat while he was driving.
the course of my many coach rambles
journeys, which, during the daytime always
often in the night, were taken on the outsi
the coach, I had good and frequent opportun
of learning the characteristics of this clas

ne remark I made that is worth record-
t whenever I had occasion especially to
eir well-ordered, respectful, and kind be-
women, of whatever age, I found them,
y almost always, to be married men.

CHED through all severity of cold;
te, whate'er the cottage hearth
ieed for comfort, or for festal mirth;
ile of Turf is half a century old:
raveller! fifty winters have been
told
iddenly the dart of death went forth
him who raised it, — his last work
on earth:
has it, with the Son, so strong a
hold
is Father's memory, that his hands,
h reverence, touch it only to repair
e. — Though crumbling with each
breath of air,
ual renovation thus it stands —
Iausoleum! but wrens nestle there,
ed-breasts warble when sweet
sounds are rare.

1832.

R. HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS TURE OF NAPOLEON BUONA-TE ON THE ISLAND OF ST. LENA.

Sonnet, though said to be written on see-
Portrait of Napoleon, was, in fact, com-
me time after, extempore, in the wood at
ount.

N! let worthier judges praise the
skill
y thy pencil shown in truth of lines
iarm of colors; *I* applaud those
signs
ght, that give the true poetic thrill;
iencumbered whole of blank and
still
thout cloud — ocean without a
wave;
e one Man that labored to enslave
orld, sole-standing high on the bare
hill —
rned, arms folded, the unapparent
face
Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary
place,
With light reflected from the invisible sun
Set, like his fortunes; but not set for aye
Like them. The unguilty Power pursues
his way,
And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run.

1832. 1832.

"IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY LIGHT FROM HEAVEN."

These verses were written some time after we had become residents at Rydal Mount, and I will take occasion from them to observe upon the beauty of that situation, as being backed and flanked by lofty fells, which bring the heavenly bodies to touch, as it were, the earth upon the mountain-tops, while the prospect in front lies open to a length of level valley, the extended lake, and a terminating ridge of low hills; so that it gives an opportunity to the inhabitants of the place of noticing the stars in both the positions here alluded to, namely, on the tops of the mountains, and as winter-lamps at a distance among the leafless trees.

If thou indeed derive thy light from
Heaven,
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born
light,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be con-
tent: —
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,
And they that from the zenith dart their
beams,
(Visible though they be to half the earth,
Though half a sphere be conscious of their
brightness)
Are yet of no diviner origin,
No purer essence, than the one that burns,
Like an untended watch-fire on the ridge
Of some dark mountain; or than those
which seem
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter
lamps,
Among the branches of the leafless trees.
All are the undying offspring of one Sire:
Then, to the measure of the light vouch-
safed,
Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

1832. 1836.

A WREN'S NEST.

Written at Rydal Mount. This nest was built, as described, in a tree that grows near the pool in Dora's field next the Rydal Mount garden.

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

No door the tenement requires,
And seldom needs a labored roof;
Yet is it to the fiercest sun
Impervious, and storm-proof.

So warm, so beautiful withal,
In perfect fitness for its aim,
That to the Kind by special grace
Their instinct surely came.

And when for their abodes they seek
An opportune recess,
The hermit has no finer eye
For shadowy quietness.

These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,
A canopy in some still nook;
Others are pent-housed by a brae
That overhangs a brook.

There to the brooding bird her mate
Warbles by fits his low clear song;
And by the busy streamlet both
Are sung to all day long.

Or in sequestered lanes they build,
Where, till the flitting bird's return,
Her eggs within the nest repose,
Like relics in an urn.

But still, where general choice is good,
There is a better and a best;
And, among fairest objects, some
Are fairer than the rest;

This, one of those small builders proved
In a green covert, where, from out
The forehead of a pollard oak,
The leafy antlers sprout;

For She who planned the mossy lo
Mistrusting her evasive skill,
Had to a Primrose looked for aid
Her wishes to fulfil.

High on the trunk's projecting bro
And fixed an infant's span above
The budding flowers, peeped for
nest
The prettiest of the grove!

The treasure proudly did I show
To some whose minds without di
Can turn to little things; but once
Looked up for it in vain:

'T is gone — a ruthless spoiler's pr
Who heeds not beauty, love, or s
'T is gone! (so seemed it) and we gr
Indignant at the wrong.

Just three days after, passing by
In clearer light the moss-built cel
I saw, espied its shaded mouth;
And felt that all was well.

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus, for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might di
Thy quiet with no ill intent,
Secure from evil eyes and hands
On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird! and when thy y
Take flight, and thou art free to r
When withered is the guardian Flow
And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and th
Amid the unviolated grove
Housed near the growing Primrose-t
In foresight, or in love.

1833.

18

TO ——

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BO
CHILD, MARCH, 1833.

Written at Moresby near Whitehaven, wh
was on a visit to my son, then Incumbent of

ving. While I am dictating these notes
iend, Miss Fenwick, January 24, 1843, the
on whose birth these verses were written
r my roof, and is of a disposition so prom-
at the wishes and prayers and prophecies
then breathed forth in verse are, through
nercy, likely to be realized.

porro puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis
a, nudus humi jacet, etc." — LUCRETIUS.

a shipwrecked Sailor tost
gh waves on a perilous coast,
ne Babe, in helplessness
n tenderest nakedness,
by laboring nature forth
the mercies of the earth.
s eyes beseech? — no more
he hands are free to implore:
but serves for one brief cry;
was it? or prophecy
row that will surely come?
of man's grievous doom!
O Mother! by the close
granted to thy throes;
silent thanks, now tending
e-like to Heaven, descending
o mingle and to move
he gush of earthly love,
ebt to that frail Creature,
ment of struggling Nature
e blissful calm, the peace
n but to this *one* release —
e pitying spirit doubt
or human-kind springs out
he penalty a sense
re than moral recompense?
floating summer cloud,
h of gorgeous drapery proud,
sun-burnt traveller,
stooping laborer,
nes makes its bounty known
shadow round him thrown;
checkerings of sad cheer,
nly Guardians, brooding near,
ir presence tell — too bright
for corporeal sight!
ers of grace divine
gly their brows incline
nis seeming Castaway
ing, in the light of day,
ning like the faintest breath
as power to baffle death —
ful, while very weakness
Captivates like passive meekness.
And, sweet Mother! under warrant
Of the universal Parent,
Who repays in season due
Them who have, like thee, been true
To the filial chain let down
From his everlasting throne,
Angels hovering round thy couch,
With their softest whispers vouch,
That — whatever griefs may fret,
Cares entangle, sins beset,
This thy First-born, and with tears
Stain her cheek in future years —
Heavenly succor, not denied
To the babe, whate'er betide,
Will to the woman be supplied!
Mother! blest be thy calm ease;
Blest the starry promises, —
And the firmament benign
Hallowed be it, where they shine!
Yes, for them whose souls have scope
Ample for a wingèd hope,
And can earthward bend an ear
For needful listening, pledge is here,
That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread
In thy footsteps, and be led
By that other Guide, whose light
Of manly virtues, mildly bright,
Gave him first the wished-for part
In thy gentle virgin heart;
Then, amid the storms of life
Presignified by that dread strife
Whence ye have escaped together,
She may look for serene weather;
In all trials sure to find
Comfort for a faithful mind;
Kindlier issues, holier rest,
Than even now await her prest,
Conscious Nursling, to thy breast!

1833. 1835.

THE WARNING.

A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that

the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses, exaggerated.

LIST, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
Their meek heads to the nipping air,
Which ye feel not, happy pair!
Sunk into a kindly sleep.
We, meanwhile, our hope will keep;
And if Time leagued with adverse Change
(Too busy fear!) shall cross its range,
Whatsoever check they bring,
Anxious duty hindering,
To like hope our prayers will cling.
Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds
Upon the events of home as life proceeds,
Affections pure and holy in their source
Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course;
Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,
Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail;
And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings
To his grave touch with no unready strings,
While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,
And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow.
Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,
And have renewed the tributary Lay.
Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,
And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace;
Swift as the rising sun his beams extends
She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends;
Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove
For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love!) —
But from this peaceful centre of delight
Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight:
Rapt into upper regions, like the bee
That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee;
Or, like the warbling lark intent to shroud
His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,
She soars — and here and there he
ions rest
On proud towers, like this humble
tage, blest
With a new visitant, an infant gues
Towers where red streamers flou
breezy sky
In pomp foreseen by her creative e
When feasts shall crowd the hall
steeple bells
Glad proclamation make, and he
and dells
Catch the blithe music as it sinks
swells,
And harbored ships, whose pride
the sea,
Shall hoist their topmost flags in si
glee,
Honoring the hope of noble ancest
But who (though neither reck
ills assigned
By Nature, nor reviewing in the mi
The track that was, and is, and mus
worn
With weary feet by all of woman bor
Shall *now* by such a gift with jo
moved,
Nor feel the fulness of that joy repro
Not He, whose last faint memory
command
The truth that Britain was his native
Whose infant soul was tutored to co
In the cleansed faith for which
martyrs died;
Whose boyish ear the voice of her re
With rapture thrilled; whose Youth
vered the crown
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progen
— Not He, who from her mell
practice drew
His social sense of just, and fair, and
And saw thereafter, on the soil of F
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance
Foundations broken up, the deeps
wild,
Nor grieved to see (himself not u
guiled) —
Woke from the dream, the dream
upbraid,
And learn how sanguine expectations
When novel trusts by folly are betraye
To see Presumption, turning pale, re

further havoc, but repent in vain, —
aims lie down, and perish in the road
e guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,
s thickening round her that on public ends
estic virtue vitally depends,
civic strife can turn the happiest hearth
a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth.
n such a One, dear Babe! though glad and proud
velcome thee, repel the fears that crowd
is English breast, and spare to quake
for his own than for thy innocent sake?
ate — or, should the providence of God
, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,
e and peace to a secure abode,
oon — thou com'st into this breathing world;
ns of mimic outrage are unfurled.
shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?
hand suffice to govern the state-helm?
the aims of men, the surest test
od or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest)
n the means required, or ways ordained,
compassing the end, else never gained;
overnors and governed both are blind
s plain truth, or fling it to the wind;
expedience principle must bow;
future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now;
vardly concession still must feed
hirst for power in men who ne'er concede;
urn aside, unless to shape a way
omination at some riper day;
erous Loyalty must stand in awe
otle Treason, in his mask of law,
th bravado insolent and hard,
king punishment, to win reward;
ce help the factious to conspire,
And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire —
Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown
Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down;
To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it
In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.
Lost people, trained to theoretic feud!
Lost above all, ye laboring multitude!
Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues
Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs;
And over fancied usurpations brood,
Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood;
Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly
To desperation for a remedy;
In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,
And to your wrath cry out, "Be thou our guide;"
Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor
In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor
With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore;
Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem
By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream
Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest
Justice shall rule, disorder be suppressed,
And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest!
— Oh for a bridle bitted with remorse
To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course!
Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace
These mists, and lead you to a safer place,
By paths no human wisdom can foretrace!
May He pour round you, from worlds far above
Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,
That quietly restores the natural mien
To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen!
Else shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap
Fields gayly sown when promises were cheap. —
Why is the Past belied with wicked art,
The Future made to play so false a part,

Among a people famed for strength of mind,
Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?
We act as if we joyed in the sad tune
Storms make in rising, valued in the moon
Nought but her changes. Thus, ungrateful Nation!
If thou persist, and scorning moderation,
Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,
Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill
Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?
— Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time
Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)
Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,
From him who judged her lord, a like decree;
The skies will weep o'er old men desolate:
Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,
Outcasts and homeless orphans —
But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair
Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!
Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still;
Seek for the good and cherish it — the ill
Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

1833. 1835.

"IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY AND PAIN."

If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear, and to forbear!

1833. 1835.

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

Easter Sunday, April 7.

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

The lines were composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven while I was on a visit to my son, then rector of the former place. and some other Voluntaries originated in the cluding lines of the last paragraph of this p With this coast I have been familiar from earliest childhood, and remember being struc the first time by the town and port of Whiteha and the white waves breaking against its q and piers, as the whole came into view from top of the high ground down which the ro has since been altered) then descended abru My sister, when she first heard the voice o sea from this point, and beheld the scene sp before her, burst into tears. Our family lived at Cockermouth, and this fact was mentioned among us as indicating the sensib for which she was so remarkable.

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to re
Flung back from distant climes a stre
ing fire,
Whose blaze is now subdued to ter
gleams,
Prelude of night's approach with so
ing dreams.
Look round; — of all the clouds not
is moving;
'T is the still hour of thinking, feel
loving.
Silent, and steadfast as the vaulted s
The boundless plain of waters seems
lie: —
Comes that low sound from breezes r
ling o'er
The grass-crowned headland that conc
the shore?
No; 't is the earth-voice of the mighty
Whispering how meek and gentle he
be!
Thou Power supreme! who, armin
rebuke
Offenders, dost put off the gracious lo
And clothe thyself with terrors like
flood
Of ocean roused into its fiercest moo
Whatever discipline thy Will ordain
For the brief course that must for
remain;
Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rej
In admonitions of thy softest voice!
Whate'er the path these mortal feet
trace,
Breathe through my soul the blessin
thy grace,
Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sin

n from the wisdom that begins with
fear,
o expand; and, for a season, free
finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee!
1835.

(BY THE SEASIDE.)

un is couched, the sea-fowl gone to
rest,
ne wild storm hath somewhere found
a nest;
mbers — wave with wave no longer
strives,
a heaving of the deep survives,
tale motion! soon will it be laid,
y the tide alone the water swayed.
ny withdrawings, interminglings mild
t with shade in beauty reconciled—
s the prospect far as sight can range,
oothing recompense, the welcome
change.
, now, the ships that drove before
the blast,
ened by angry breakers as they
passed;
y a train of flying clouds bemocked;
the hollow surge, at anchor rocked
a bed of death? Some lodge in
peace,
by His care who bade the tempest
cease;
ome, too heedless of past danger,
court
gales to waft them to the far-off port
ar, or hanging sea and sky between,
e of all those winged powers is seen,
n her course, nor 'mid this quiet
heard;
! how gladly would the air be stirred
ne acknowledgment of thanks and
praise,
its temper as those vesper lays
o the Virgin while accordant oars
e slow bark along Calabrian shores;
orn service through the mountains
felt
o one loved vision all things melt:
e those hymns that soothe with
graver sound
lfy coast of Norway iron-bound;
om the wide and open Baltic, rise
With punctual care, Lutherian harmonies.
Hush, not a voice is here! but why repine,
Now when the star of eve comes forth to
shine
On British waters with that look benign?
Ye mariners, that plough your onward
way,
Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,
May silent thanks at least to God be given
With a full heart; "our thoughts are
heard in heaven."
1833. 1835.

POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN THE SUMMER OF 1833.

My companions were H. C. Robinson and my son John.

Having been prevented by the lateness of the season, in 1831, from visiting Staffa and Iona, the author made these the principal objects of a short tour in the summer of 1833, of which the following series of poems is a Memorial. The course pursued was down the Cumberland river Derwent, and to Whitehaven; thence (by the Isle of Man, where a few days were passed) up the Frith of Clyde to Greenock, then to Oban, Staffa, Iona; and back towards England, by Loch Awe, Inverary, Loch Goil-head, Greenock, and through parts of Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfriesshire to Carlisle, and thence up the river Eden, and homewards by Ullswater.

I.

Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have
grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might
come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic
crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green
shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased
to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardian-
ship, self-sown.
Farewell! no Minstrels now with harp
new-strung
For summer wandering quit their house-
hold bowers;

Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.
1833. 1835.

II.

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle
Repine as if his hour were come too late?
Not unprotected in her mouldering state,
Antiquity salutes him with a smile,
'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,
And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate
Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,
Far as she may, primeval Nature's style.
Fair land! by Time's parental love made free,
By Social Order's watchful arms embraced;
With unexampled union meet in thee,
For eye and mind, the present and the past;
With golden prospect for futurity,
If that be reverenced which ought to last.
1833. 1835.

III.

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time;
A happy people won for thee that name
With envy heard in many a distant clime;
And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same
Endearing title, a responsive chime
To the heart's fond belief; though some there are
Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare
For inattentive Fancy, like the lime
Which foolish birds are caught with. Can, I ask,
This face of rural beauty be a mask
For discontent, and poverty, and crime;
These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?
Forbid it, Heaven! — and MERRY ENGLAND still
Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!
1833. 1835.

IV.

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESW

GRETA, what fearful listening! v
huge stones
Rumble along thy bed, block after bl
Or, whirling with reiterated shock,
Combat, while darkness aggravates
groans:
But if thou (like Cocytus from the m
Heard on his rueful margin) thence
named
The Mourner, thy true nature was
famed,
And the habitual murmur that atone
For thy worst rage, forgotten.[1] O
Spring
Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her t
sand thrones
Seats of glad instinct and love's carol
The concert, for the happy, then ma
With liveliest peals of birthday harmo
To a grieved heart, the notes are beni
1833. 1

V.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

AMONG the mountains were we nu
loved Stream.
Thou near the eagle's nest — within
sail,
I, of his bold wing floating on the g
Where thy deep voice could lull
Faint the beam
Of human life when first allowed to g
On mortal notice. — Glory of the v
Such thy meek outset, with a cr
though frail,
Kept in perpetual verdure by the st
Of thy soft breath! — Less vivid w
entwined
Nemæan victor's brow; less bright
worn,
Meed of some Roman chief — in tri
borne
With captives chained; and shedding
his car
The sunset splendors of a finished v
Upon the proud enslavers of manki
1819? 1

[1] See Note.

VI.

T OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH.

e the Author was born, and his Father's are laid.

T of life between my Parent's dust,
urs, my buried Little-ones! am I;
those graves looking habitually
lred quiet I repose my trust.
to the innocent is more than just,
o the sinner, mercifully bent;
I hope, if truly I repent
eekly bear the ills which bear I must:
ou, my Offspring! that do still remain,
y outstrip me in the appointed race,
through fault of mine, in mutual pain
eathed together for a moment's space,
rong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
ly love keep in your hearts a place.

1835.

VII.

SS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE.

look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,
hat, stricken as both are by years, ffering once so much, are now Compeers,
ed, when each has stood his time, to sink
e dust. Erewhile a sterner link us; when thou, in boyish play,
g my dungeon, didst become a prey
-appalling darkness. Not a blink
t was there; — and thus did I, thy Tutor,
ny young thoughts acquainted with the grave;
thou wert chasing the winged butterfly
h my green courts; or climbing, a bold suitor,
he flowers whose golden progeny
und my shattered brow in beauty wave."

1835.

VIII.

NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM.

So named from the religious House which stood close by. I have rather an odd anecdote to relate of the Nun's Well. One day the landlady of a public-house, a field's length from the well, on the road side, said to me — "You have been to see the Nun's Well, Sir?" — "The Nun's Well! what is that?" said the Postman, who in his royal livery stopt his mail-car at the door. The landlady and I explained to him what the name meant, and what sort of people the nuns were. A countryman who was standing by, rather tipsy, stammered out — "Aye, those nuns were good people; they are gone; but we shall soon have them back again." The Reform mania was just then at its height.

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear
To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod
The encircling turf into a barren clod;
Through which the waters creep, then disappear,
Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near;
Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell
Of the pure spring (they call it the "Nun's well,"
Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)
A tender Spirit broods — the pensive Shade
Of ritual honors to this Fountain paid
By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer;
Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild
Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled
Into the shedding of "too soft a tear." [1]

1833. 1835.

IX.

TO A FRIEND.

ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT.

My son John, who was then building a parsonage on his small living at Brigham.

PASTOR and Patriot! — at whose bidding rise
These modest walls, amid a flock that need,

[1] See Note.

For one who comes to watch them and to feed,
A fixed Abode — keep down presageful sighs.
Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,
Perplex the Church; but be thou firm, — be true
To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,
Poor as thou art. A welcome sacrifice
Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke
Of thy new hearth; and sooner shall its wreaths,
Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,
From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,
And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain.

1833. 1835.

X.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON.

I will mention for the sake of the friend who is writing down these notes, that it was among the fine Scotch firs near Ambleside, and particularly those near Green Bank, that I have over and over again paused at the sight of this image. Long may they stand to afford a like gratification to others! — This wish is not uncalled for, several of their brethren having already disappeared.

Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed!
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)
She smiled; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pre
strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in h
Weeping captivity, and shuddering
Stilled by the ensanguined blo
Fotheringay![1]

1833.

XI.

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAM OFF SAINT BEES' HEADS, ON COAST OF CUMBERLAND.[2]

If Life were slumber on a bed of
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknow
Sad were our lot: no hunter of th
Exults like him whose javelin from t
Has roused the lion; no one pluck
rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe s
blows
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxur
With joy like his who climbs, on
and knees,
For some rare plant, yon Headland
Bees.

This independence upon oar and sa
This new indifference to breeze or
This straight-lined progress, furrow
flat lea,
And regular as if locked in certaint
Depress the hours. Up, Spirit
storm!
That Courage may find something t
form;
That Fortitude, whose blood disdai
freeze
At Danger's bidding, may confron
seas,
Firm as the towering Headlands
Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth! *that* wild wish
sleep,
Bold as if men and creatures of the
Breathed the same element; too
wrecks
Have struck thy sides, too many gl
decks

[1] See Note.

ıou looked down upon, that such a thought
here be welcome, and in verse enwrought:
ıy stern aspect better far agrees
ıce of thanks that we have past with ease,
ions thus shall do, the Headlands of St. Bees.

hile each useful Art augments her store,
oots the gain if Nature should lose more?
isdom, as she holds a Christian place
's intelligence sublimed by grace?
Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
stuous winds her holy errand crossed:
elt in prayer — the waves their wrath appease;
rom her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
vhere she touched the strand, the Chantry of St. Bees.

of heart were they, bloody of hand,"
ı these Wilds then struggled for command;
ong were merciless, without hope the weak;
bright Stranger came, fair as day-break,
a cresset true that darts its length
ny lustre from a tower of strength;
the mariner through troubled seas,
eering oft his peaceful reveries,
ıe fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St. Bees.

the Votaress, miracles believed
ıt in men's minds, like miracles achieved;
took root; and Song might tell
umanizing virtues near her cell
ıp, and spread their fragrance wide around;
vage bosoms melted at the sound
el-truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious Mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed;
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their Requiem's sacred ties [1]
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart?
The prayer for them whose hour is past away
Says to the Living, profit while ye may!
A little part, and that the worst, he sees
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.
Ah! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify;
Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies

[1] See Note.

Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succor and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
Claim for the pilgrim: and, though chidings sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword!
Flaming till thou from Panym hands release
That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds from far
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy-land at home:
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights;
And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how, by skill
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill
With love of God, throughout the were raised
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with awe;
As at this day men seeing what they
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemn
Aspire to more than earthly destini
Witness yon Pile that greets us fro
Bees.

Yet more; around those Churches, ered Towns
Safe from the feudal Castle's ha frowns;
Peaceful abodes, where Justice migh hold
Her scales with even hand, and c mould
The heart to pity, train the mind in
For rules of life, sound as the Time bear.
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love o
Or hindrance raised by sordid purp
To bear thy part in this good wor Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove barren moors,
And to green meadows changed swampy shores?
Thinned the rank woods; and fo cheerful grange
Made room, where wolf and boar used to range?
Who taught, and showed by deeds gentler chains
Should bind the vassal to his lord mains?—
The thoughtful Monks, intent thei to please,
For Christ's dear sake, by human pathies
Poured from the bosom of thy Churc Bees!

But all availed not; by a mandate
Through lawless will the Brothe was driven
Forth from their cells; their a House laid low
In Reformation's sweeping overthr
But now once more the local Heart re

nextinguishable Spirit strives.
ay that Power who hushed the
stormy seas,
leared a way for the first Votaries,
er the new-born College of St. Bees!

the Genius of our age, from Schools
numble, draws her lessons, aims,
and rules.
owess guided by her insight keen
r and Spirit are as one Machine;
ul Idolatress of formal skill
her own would merge the eternal
will:
, if Reason's triumphs match with
these,
ight before the bold credulities
urthered the first teaching of St.
Bees.[1]

1835.

XII.

E CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST CUMBERLAND AND THE ISLE OF .

NG the heights of Scawfell or Black-
comb,
lone course the Shepherd oft will
pause,
rive to fathom the mysterious laws
ch the clouds, arrayed in light or
gloom,
na settle, and the shapes assume
her peaks and ridges. What he
draws
sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the
cause,
I take with him to the silent tomb.
his fire, a child upon his knee,
the untaught Philosopher may
speak
strange sight, nor hide his theory
tisfies the simple and the meek,
n their pious ignorance, though
weak
e with Sages undevoutly free.

1835.

"Excursion," seventh part; and "Ecal Sonnets," second part, near the be-

XIII.

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN.

Bold words affirmed, in days when faith
was strong
And doubts and scruples seldom teased
the brain,
That no adventurer's bark had power to
gain
These shores if he approached them bent
on wrong;
For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,
Mists rose to hide the Land — that search,
though long
And eager, might be still pursued in vain.
O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song!
That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,
As men believed, the waters were impelled,
The air controlled, the stars their courses
held;
But element and orb on *acts* did wait
Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct
With will, and to their work by passion
linked.

1833. 1835.

XIV.

Desire we past illusions to recall?
To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn
aside?
No, — let this Age, high as she may, instal
In her esteem the thirst that wrought
man's fall,
The universe is infinitely wide;
And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
Can nowhere move uncrossed by some
new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress toward the fount of Love, —
the throne
Of Power whose ministers the records
keep
Of periods fixed, and laws established,
less
Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness

1833. 1835.

XV.

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,
Even when they rose to check or to repel
Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well
Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn
Just limits; but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn
This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence;
Blest work it is of love and innocence,
A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.
Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,
Struggling for life, into its saving arms!
Spare, too, the human helpers! Do they stir
'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die?
No; their dread service nerves the heart it warms,
And they are led by noble HILLARY.[1]

1833. 1835.

XVI.

BY THE SEASHORE, ISLE OF MAN.

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine,
With wonder smit by its transparency,
And all-enraptured with its purity?—
Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,
Have ever in them something of benign;
Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,
A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye
Of a young maiden, only not divine.
Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm
For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well;
Temptation centres in the liquid Calm;
Our daily raiment seems no obstacle
To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!
And revelling in long embrace with thee.[2]

1833. 1835.

[1] See Note.

[2] The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful.

XVII.

ISLE OF MAN.

My son William is here the person allud as saving the life of the youth, and the ci stances were as mentioned in the Sonnet.

A YOUTH too certain of his power to
On the smooth bottom of this clear b
sea,
To sight so shallow, with a bather's
Leapt from this rock, and but for timel
He, by the alluring element betraye
Had perished. Then might Sea-nyn
(and with sighs
Of self-reproach) have chanted elegi
Bewailing his sad fate, when he was
In peaceful earth: for, doubtless, he
frank,
Utterly in himself devoid of guile;
Knew not the double-dealing of a sm
Nor aught that makes men's promis
blank,
Or deadly snare: and He survives to b
The Power that saved him in his stra
distress.

1833. 18

XVIII.

ISLE OF MAN.

DID pangs of grief for lenient time
keen,
Grief that devouring waves had caus
or guilt
Which they had witnessed—sway the r
who built
This Homestead, placed where noth
could be seen,
Nought heard, of ocean troubled or sere
A tired Ship-soldier on paternal land,
That o'er the channel holds august c
mand,
The dwelling raised,—a veteran Mari
He, in disgust, turned from the neighb
ing sea
To shun the memory of a listless life
That hung between two callings. M
no strife
More hurtful here beset him, doon
though free,

doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye
ık from the daily sight of earth and
sky!
1835.

XIX.

Y A RETIRED MARINER, H. H.

Mrs. Wordsworth's Brother Henry.

I early youth I ploughed the restless
Main,
ind as restless and as apt to change;
ugh every clime and ocean did I
range,
pe at length a competence to gain;
oor to Sea I went, and poor I still
remain.
after year I strove, but strove in vain,
ardships manifold did I endure,
ortune on me never deigned to smile;
at last a resting-place have found,
just enough life's comforts to pro-
cure,
snug Cove on this our favored Isle,
aceful spot where Nature's gifts
abound;
sure I have no reason to complain,
gh poor to sea I went, and poor I
still remain.[1]
1835.

XX.

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN.

posed to be written by a friend (Mr.
n) who died there a few years after.

EN in fortune, but in mind entire
ound in principle, I seek repose
e ancient trees this convent-pile en-
close,[2]
n beautiful. When vain desire
les on peace, I pray the eternal Sire
st a soul-subduing shade on me,
-haired, pensive, thankful Refugee;
ade — but with some sparks of
heavenly fire
Once to these cells vouchsafed. And
when I note
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with
the beams
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance
wrought,
I thank the silent Monitor, and say
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of
the day!"
1833. 1835.

[1] See Note. [2] Rushen Abbey.

XXI.

TYNWALD HILL.

Mr. Robinson and I walked the greater part of the way from Castle-town to Piel, and stopped some time at Tynwald Hill. One of my companions was an elderly man, who in a muddy way (for he was tipsy) explained and answered, as far as he could, my enquiries about this place and the ceremonies held here. I found more agreeable company in some little children; one of whom, upon my request, recited the Lord's Prayer to me, and I helped her to a clearer understanding of it as well as I could; but I was not at all satisfied with my own part; hers was much better done, and I am persuaded that, like other children, she knew more about it than she was able to express, especially to a stranger.

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal
mound
(Still marked with green turf circles nar-
rowing
Stage above stage) would sit this Island's
King,
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and
crowned:
While, compassing the little mount
around,
Degrees and Orders stood, each under
each:
Now, like to things within fate's easiest
reach
The power is merged, the pomp a grave
has found.
Off with yon cloud, old Snafell![3] that
thine eye
Over three Realms may take its widest
range;

[3] See Note.

And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange
Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,
If the whole State must suffer mortal change
Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.
1833. 1835.

XXI.

DESPOND who will — *I* heard a voice exclaim,
"Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,
It cannot be that Britain's social frame,
The glorious work of time and providence,
Before a flying season's rash pretence,
Should fall; that She, whose virtue put to shame,
When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,
Should perish self-subverted. Black and dense
The cloud is; but brings *that* a day of doom
To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,
That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone:
Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,
Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle
Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume."
1833. 1835.

XXIII.

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG.

DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17.

The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the Sonnet. On the deck of the steamboat were several persons of the poor and laboring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded; and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention. Was it right not to regret this? They appeared to me, however, so much alive in their own minds to their own concerns that I could not look upon it as a misfortune that they had little perception for such pleasure as cannot be cultivated without ease and leisure. Y one surveys life in all its duties and relat such ease and leisure will not be found so env a privilege as it may at first appear. Na Philosophy, Painting, and Poetry, and re taste, are no doubt great acquisitions to soc but among those who dedicate themselv such pursuits it is to be feared that few a happy, and as consistent in the manageme their lives, as the class of persons who at time led me into this course of reflection. not mean by this to be understood to der from intellectual pursuits, for that woul monstrous: I say it in deep gratitude for compensation to those whose cares are limit the necessities of daily life. Among them, tormentors so numerous in the higher class society, are rare.

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to de
Appeared the crag of Ailsa, ne'er did n
With gleaming lights more grace adorn
His sides, or wreathe with mist his f head high:
Now, faintly darkening with the s eclipse,
Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,
Towering above the sea and little sh
For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing
Each for her haven; with her freigh Care,
Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that sel looks
Into the secret of to-morrow's fare;
Though poor, yet rich, without the we of books,
Or aught that watchful Love to Na owes
For her mute Powers, fixed Forms transient Shows.
1833. 183

XXIV.

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE.

IN A STEAMBOAT.

The mountain outline on the north of island, as seen from the Frith of Clyde, is r the finest I have ever noticed in Scotlan elsewhere.

ARRAN! a single-crested Teneriffe,
A St. Helena next — in shape and h

ing her crowded peaks and ridges
blue;
but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff
for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff?
he might fly, where no one could
pursue,
this dull Monster and her sooty crew;
as a God, light on thy topmost cliff.
tent wish! which reason would de-
spise
e mind knew no union of extremes,
natural bond between the boldest
schemes,
tion frames, and heart-humilities.
ath stern mountains many a soft vale
lies,
lofty springs give birth to lowly
streams.

1835.

XXV.

REVISITING DUNOLLIE CASTLE.[1]

former series, "Yarrow Revisited," etc.,

captive Bird was gone; — to cliff or
moor
ance had flown, delivered by the
storm;
e had pined, and sunk to feed the
worm:
found we not; but, climbing, a tall
tower,
e saw, impaved with rude fidelity
t mosaic, in a roofless floor,
agle with stretched wings, but beam-
less eye —
gle that could neither wail nor soar.
of the Vanished — (shall I dare
ll thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds
of the towering courage which past
times
ced in — take, whate'er thou be, a
share,
ndeserved, of the memorial rhymes
animate my way where'er it leads!

1835.

XXVI.

THE DUNOLLIE EAGLE.

o the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;
hen a storm, on sea or mountain bred,

[1] See Note.

Came and delivered him, alone he sped
Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew.
Now, near his master's house in open view
He dwells, and hears indignant tempests
howl,
Kennelled and chained. Ye tame domes-
tic fowl,
Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,
Look to thy plumage and thy life! — The
roe,
Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no
quarry;
Balanced in ether he will never tarry,
Eying the sea's blue depths. Poor Bird!
even so
Doth man of brother man a creature make
That clings to slavery for its own sad sake.

1833. 1835.

XXVII.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

The verses —

"Or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed,"

were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H. C., the subject of the verses addressed to "H. C. when six years old." The piece to "Memory" arose out of similar feelings.

OFT have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,
Fragments of far-off melodies,
With ear not coveting the whole,
A part so charmed the pensive soul.
While a dark storm before my sight
Was yielding, on a mountain height
Loose vapors have I watched, that won
Prismatic colors from the sun;
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show
The image of its perfect bow.
What need, then, of these finished Strains?
Away with counterfeit Remains!
An abbey in its lone recess,
A temple of the wilderness,
Wrecks though they be, announce with
feeling
The majesty of honest dealing.
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound
In language thou may'st yet be found,
If aught (intrusted to the pen
Or floating on the tongues of men,
Albeit shattered and impaired)

Subsist thy dignity to guard,
In concert with memorial claim
Of old gray stone, and high-born name
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,
Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,
Interpret that Original,
And for presumptuous wrongs atone;—
Authentic words be given, or none!
Time is not blind; —yet He, who spares
Pyramid pointing to the stars,
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite
On all that marked the primal flight
Of the poetic ecstasy
Into the land of mystery.
No tongue is able to rehearse
One measure, Orpheus! of thy verse;
Musæus, stationed with his lyre
Supreme among the Elysian quire,
Is, for the dwellers upon earth,
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.
Why grieve for these, though past away
The music, and extinct the lay?
When thousands, by severer doom,
Full early to the silent tomb
Have sunk, at Nature's call; or strayed
From hope and promise, self-betrayed;
The garland withering on their brows;
Stung with remorse for broken vows;
Frantic — else how might they rejoice?
And friendless, by their own sad choice!
Hail, Bards of mightier grasp! on you
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,
Who faltered not, nor turned aside;
Whose lofty genius could survive
Privation, under sorrow thrive;
In whom the fiery Muse revered
The symbol of a snow-white beard,
Bedewed with meditative tears
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.
Brothers in soul! though distant times
Produced you nursed in various climes,
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,
A plentitude of love retained:
Hence, while in you each sad regret
By corresponding hope was met,
Ye lingered among human kind,
Sweet voices for the passing wind,
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,
Though smiling on the last hill top!
Such to the tender-hearted maid
Even ere her joys begin to fade;
Such, haply, to the rugged chief
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grie
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore
The Son of Fingal; such was blind
Mæonides of ampler mind;
Such Milton, to the fountain head
Of glory by Urania led!

1827?

183

XXVIII.

CAVE OF STAFFA.[1]

We saw, but surely, in the motley crov
Not One of us has felt the far-fam
sight;
How *could* we feel it? each the othe
blight,
Hurried and hurrying, volatile and lo
O for those motions only that invite
The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Ca
By the breeze entered, and wave af
wave
Softly embosoming the timid light!
And by *one* Votary who at will mig
stand
Gazing and take into his mind and hea
With undistracted reverence, the effec
Of those proportions where the almigh
hand
That made the worlds, the soverei
Architect,
Has deigned to work as if with hum
Art!

1833.

1835

XXIX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED.

Thanks for the lessons of this Spot-
fit school
For the presumptuous thoughts that wou
assign
Mechanic laws to agency divine;
And, measuring heaven by earth, wou
overrule
Infinite Power. The pillared vestibul
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowe

[1] See Note.

ht seem designed to humble man,
when proud
his best workmanship by plan and
tool.
yn-bearing with his whole Atlantic
weight
tide and tempest on the Structure's
base,
flashing to that Structure's topmost
height,
an has proved its strength, and of its
grace
calms is conscious, finding for his
freight
softest music some responsive place.
3. 1835.

XXX.

CAVE OF STAFFA.

hadowy Beings, that have rights and
claims
very cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,
re are ye? Driven or venturing to
the spot,
fathers glimpses caught of your thin
Frames,
by your mien and bearing knew
your names;
they could hear *his* ghostly song
who trod
h, till the flesh lay on him like a load,
e he struck his desolate harp with-
out hopes or aims.
shed ye are, but subject to recall;
keep *we* else the instincts whose
dread law
d here of yore, till what men felt
they saw,
by black arts but magic natural!
es be still sworn vassals of belief,
ight shapes forth a Bard, that shade
a Chief.
. 1835.

XXXI.

ERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS
THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE.

smiled when your nativity was cast,
ren of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers
that brave
What Summer here escapes not, the
fierce wave,
And whole artillery of the western blast,
Battering the Temple's front, its long-
drawn nave
Smiting, as if each moment were their
last.
But ye, bright Flowers on frieze and
architrave
Survive, and once again the Pile stands
fast:
Calm as the universe, from specular
towers
Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure
With mute astonishment, it stands sus-
tained
Through every part in symmetry, to
endure,
Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his
hours,
As the supreme Artificer ordained.[1]

1833. 1835.

XXXII.

IONA.

ON to Iona! — What can she afford
To *us* save matter for a thoughtful sigh,
Heaved over ruin with stability
In urgent contrast? To diffuse the WORD
(Thy Paramount, mighty Nature! and
Time's Lord)
Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom;
but why,
Even for a moment, has our verse de-
plored
Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their
destiny?
And when, subjected to a common doom
Of mutability, those far-famed Piles
Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,
Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,
Garlands shall wear of amaranthine
bloom,
While heaven's vast sea of voices chants
their praise.[1]

1833. 1835.

[1] See Note.

XXXIII.

IONA.

UPON LANDING.

How sad a welcome! To each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.
Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck
Of novelty amid the sacred wreck
Strewn far and wide. Think, proud Philosopher!
Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,
Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine;
And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,
A grace by thee unsought and unpossest,
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."
1833. 1835.

XXXIV.

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA.

See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles.*

HERE on their knees men swore: the stones were black,
Black in the people's minds and words, yet they
Were at that time, as now, in color gray.
But what is color, if upon the rack
Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack
Concord with oaths? What differ night and day
Then, when before the Perjured on his way
Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack
Above his head uplifted in vain prayer
To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom
He had insulted — Peasant, King, Thane?
Fly where the culprit may, guilt meet doom;
And, from invisible worlds at need l bare,
Come links for social order's awful cha
1833. 183

XXXV.

HOMEWARD we turn. Isle of Columb Cell,
Where Christian piety's soul-cheeri spark
(Kindled from Heaven between the lig and dark
Of time) shone like the morning-star, fa well! —
And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,
Remote St. Kilda, lone and loved s mark
For many a voyage made in her swift ba
When with more hues than in the rainb dwell
Thou a mysterious intercourse dost ho
Extracting from clear skies and air serer
And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid ve
That thickens, spreads, and, mingling f with fold,
Makes known, when thou no longer ca be seen,
Thy whereabout, to warn the approachi sail.
1833. 1835

XXXVI.

GREENOCK.

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

We have not passed into a doleful Cit
We who are led to-day down a grim de
By some too boldly named "the Jaws Hell:"
Where be the wretched ones, the sigl for pity?
These crowded streets resound no plainti ditty: —
As from the hive where bees in summ dwell,

ow seems here excluded; and that
knell,
ither damps the gay, nor checks the
witty.
! too busy Rival of old Tyre,
se merchants Princes were, whose
decks were thrones;
may the punctual sea in vain respire
rve thy need, in union with that Clyde
se nursling current brawls o'er mossy
stones,
oor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and
pride.

1835.

XXXVII.

sgiel was thus pointed out to me by a young
n the top of the coach on my way from
ow to Kilmarnock. It is remarkable that,
Burns lived some time here, and during
he most productive period of his poetical
nowhere adverts to the splendid prospects
ing towards the sea and bounded by the
of Arran on one part, which in clear
er he must have had daily before his eyes.
of his poetical effusions he speaks of de-
g "fair Nature's face" as a privilege on
he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural
ances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It
human being, eminently sensitive and in-
nt, and not as a poet, clad in his priestly
nd carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office,
e interests and affects us. Whether he
of rivers, hills, and woods, it is not so much
ount of the properties with which they are
tely endowed, as relatively to local patriotic
brances and associations, or as they minis-
to personal feelings, especially those of
whether happy or otherwise;—yet it is not
so. Soon after we had passed Mosgiel
ve crossed the Ayr, murmuring and wind-
ough a narrow woody hollow. His line—
hermit Ayr strays through his woods"—
t once to my mind with Irwin, Lugar, Ayr,
oon,—Ayrshire streams over which he
es a sigh as being unnamed in song; and
his own attempts to make them known
s successful as his heart could desire.

ERE!" said a Stripling, pointing with
meet pride
rds a low roof with green trees half
concealed,
Mosgiel Farm; and that 's the very
field
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy."
Far and wide
A plain below stretched seaward, while,
descried
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran
rose;
And, by that simple notice, the repose
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified.
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or
stone"
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in
flower
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural
hour
Have passed away; less happy than the
One
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died
to prove
The tender charm of poetry and love.

1833. 1835.

XXXVIII.

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND.

"Nature gives thee flowers That have no rivals among British bowers." This can scarcely be true to the letter; but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river than I have observed in any other parts of Great Britain.

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed
By glimpses only, and confess with shame
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying
mood,
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet
name:
Yet fetched from Paradise[1] that honor
came,
Rightfully borne; for Nature gives thee
flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers;
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their
fame.
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at
length I pay
To my life's neighbor dues of neighbor-
hood;
But I have traced thee on thy winding way
With pleasure sometimes by this thought
restrained—

[1] See Note.

For things far off we toil, while many a good
Not sought, because too near, is never gained.

1833. 1835.

XXXIX.

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD by Nollekens

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF THE EDEN.

Before this monument was put up in the Church at Wetheral, I saw it in the sculptor's studio. Nollekens, who, by the bye, was a strange and grotesque figure that interfered much with one's admiration of his works, showed me at the same time the various models in clay which he had made, one after another, of the Mother and her Infant: the improvement on each was surprising; and how so much grace, beauty, and tenderness had come out of such a head I was sadly puzzled to conceive. Upon a window-seat in his parlor lay two casts of faces, one of the Duchess of Devonshire, so noted in her day; and the other of Mr. Pitt, taken after his death, a ghastly resemblance, as these things always are, even when taken from the living subject, and more ghastly in this instance from the peculiarity of the features. The heedless and apparently neglectful manner in which the faces of these two persons were left — the one so distinguished in London Society, and the other upon whose counsels and public conduct, during a most momentous period, depended the fate of this great Empire and perhaps of all Europe — afforded a lesson to which the dullest of casual visitors could scarcely be insensible. It touched me the more because I had so often seen Mr. Pitt upon his own ground at Cambridge and upon the floor of the House of Commons.

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead
Her new-born Babe; dire ending of bright hope!
But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope
Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head
So patiently; and through one hand has spread
A touch so tender for the insensate Child —
(Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,
Brief parting, for the spirit is all fled) —
That we, who contemplate the turns of
Through this still medium, are cons and cheered;
Feel with the Mother, think the sev Wife
Is less to be lamented than revered;
And own that Art, triumphant over s
And pain, hath powers to Eternity deared.

1833. 183

XL.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING.

TRANQUILLITY! the sovereign aim v thou
In heathen schools of philosophic lo
Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yo
The Tragic Muse thee served v thoughtful vow;
And what of hope Elysium could allo
Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to rest
Peace to the Mourner. But when He v wore
The crown of thorns around his bleed brow
Warmed our sad being with celestial lig
Then Arts which still had drawn a soft ing grace
From shadowy fountains of the Infini
Communed with that Idea face to fac
And move around it now as planets r
Each in its orbit round the central Su

1833. 183

XLI.

NUNNERY.

I became acquainted with the walks of N nery when a boy: they are within easy reach a day's pleasant excursion from the town of F rith, where I used to pass my summer holid under the roof of my maternal Grandfather. T place is well worth visiting; though, within th few years, its privacy, and therefore the pleas which the scene is so well fitted to give, has b injuriously affected by walks cut in the rocks that side the stream which had been left in natural state.

floods are roused, and will not soon
be weary;
n from the Pennine Alps[1] how fiercely
sweeps
GLIN, the stately Eden's tributary!
aves, or through some moody passage
creeps
ing new mischief — out again he leaps
broad light, and sends, through
regions airy,
voice which soothed the Nuns while
on the steeps
knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful
Mary.
union ceased: then, cleaving easy
walks
ugh crags, and smoothing paths beset
with danger,
e studious Taste; and many a pensive
stranger
ms on the banks, and to the river
talks.
change shall happen next to Nun-
nery Dell?
l, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell![2]
1835.

XLII.

MBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS.

ONS and Means, on land and sea at
war
old poetic feeling, not for this,
ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
hall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
oveliness of Nature, prove a bar
e Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
ture change, that point of vision,
whence
be discovered what in soul ye are.
te of all that beauty may disown
ur harsh features, Nature doth em-
brace
awful offspring in Man's art; and
Time,
ed with your triumphs o'er his
brother Space,
pts from your bold hands the prof-
fered crown
pe, and smiles on you with cheer
sublime.
1835.

[1] the chain of Crossfell. [2] See Note.

XLIII.

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN.

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my Spirit — cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown
past,
When first I saw that family forlorn.
Speak Thou, whose massy strength and
stature scorn
The power of years — pre-eminent, and
placed
Apart, to overlook the circle vast —
Speak, Giant-mother! tell it to the Morn
While she dispels the cumbrous shades of
Night;
Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud;
At whose behest uprose on British ground
That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round
Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the
infinite
The inviolable God, that tames the
proud![3]
1833. 1835.

XLIV.

LOWTHER.

"Cathedral pomp." It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the artist when he planned the edifice. However this might be, a poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this Sonnet.

LOWTHER! in thy majestic Pile are seen
Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord
With the baronial castle's sterner mien;
Union significant of God adored,
And charters won and guarded by the
sword
Of ancient honor; whence that goodly
state
Of polity which wise men venerate,
And will maintain, if God his help afford.
Hourly the democratic torrent swells;
For airy promises and hopes suborned
The strength of backward-looking
thoughts is scorned.

[3] See Note.

Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,
With what ye symbolize; authentic Story
Will say, Ye disappeared with England's
Glory!

1833. 1835.

XLV.

TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

"Magistratus indicat virum."

LONSDALE! it were unworthy of a Guest,
Whose heart with gratitude to thee in-
clines,
If he should speak, by fancy touched, of
signs
On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,
Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest
How in thy mind and moral frame agree
Fortitude, and that Christian Charity
Which, filling, consecrates the human
breast.
And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach
With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS
THE MAN;"
That searching test thy public course has
stood;
As will be owned alike by bad and good,
Soon as the measuring of life's little span
Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's
reach.[1]

1833. 1835.

XLVI.

THE SOMNAMBULIST.

This poem might be dedicated to my friends, Sir G. Beaumont and Mr. Rogers, jointly. While we were making an excursion together in this part of the Lake District we heard that Mr. Glover, the artist, while lodging at Lyulph's Tower, had been disturbed by a loud shriek, and upon rising he had learnt that it had come from a young woman in the house who was in the habit of walking in her sleep. In that state she had gone down-stairs, and, while attempting to open the outer door, either from some difficulty or the effect of the cold stone upon her feet, had uttered the cry which alarmed him. It seemed to us all that this might serve as a hint for a poem, and the story here told was constructed and soon after put into verse by me as it now stands.

[1] See Note.

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tow
At eve; how softly then
Doth Aira-force, that torrent hoarse,
Speak from the woody glen!
Fit music for a solemn vale!
And holier seems the ground
To him who catches on the gale
The spirit of a mournful tale,
Embodied in the sound.

Not far from that fair site whereon
The Pleasure-house is reared,
As story says, in antique days
A stern-browed house appeared;
Foil to a Jewel rich in light
There set, and guarded well;
Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,
Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a fligh
Beyond her native dell.

To win this bright Bird from her cag
To make this Gem their own,
Came Barons bold, with store of gol
And Knights of high renown;
But one She prized, and only one;
Sir Eglamore was he;
Full happy season, when was known
Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone
Their mutual loyalty —

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,
Thy brook, and bowers of holly;
Where Passion caught what Nature tau
That all but love is folly;
Where Fact with Fancy stooped to p
Doubt came not, nor regret —
To trouble hours that winged their w
As if through an immortal day
Whose sun could never set.

But in old times Love dwelt not long
Sequestered with repose;
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,
Fanned by the breath of foes.
"A conquering lance is beauty's test,
"And proves the Lover true;"
So spake Sir Eglamore, and prest
The drooping Emma to his breast,
And looked a blind adieu.

[2] A pleasure-house built by the late Duk Norfolk upon the banks of Ullswater. FOR the word used in the Lake District for Wate

y parted. — Well with him it fared
hrough widespread regions errant;
night of proof in love's behoof,
he thirst of fame his warrant:
She her happiness can build
n woman's quiet hours;
ugh faint, compared with spear and
shield,
solace beads and masses yield,
nd needlework and flowers.

blest was Emma when she heard
er Champion's praise recounted;
ugh brain would swim, and eyes grow
dim,
nd high her blushes mounted;
vhen a bold heroic lay
ie warbled from full heart;
ghtful blossoms for the *May*
bsence! but they will not stay,
orn only to depart.

e wanes with her, while lustre fills
hatever path he chooses;
his orb, that owns no curb,
eceived the light hers loses.
comes not back; an ampler space
equires for nobler deeds;
anges on from place to place,
of his doings is no trace,
it what her fancy breeds.

fame may spread, but in the past
er spirit finds its centre;
sight She has of what he was,
nd that would now content her.
ll is he my devoted Knight?"
ie tear in answer flows;
th falls on month with heavier weight;
sickens round her, and the night
empty of repose.

eep She sometimes walked abroad,
ep sighs with quick words blending,
that pale Queen whose hands are
seen
ith fancied spots contending;
he is innocent of blood, —
e moon is not more pure
shines aloft, while through the wood
hrids her way, the sounding Flood
r melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe,
And owls alone are waking,
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid
The downward pathway taking,
That leads her to the torrent's side
And to a holly bower;
By whom on this still night descried?
By whom in that lone place espied?
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,
His coming step has thwarted,
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,
Within whose shade they parted.
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!
Perplexed her fingers seem,
As if they from the holly tree
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly
Flung from her to the stream.

What means the Spectre? Why intent
To violate the Tree,
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore,
Unfading constancy?
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,
To her I left, shall prove
That bliss is ne'er so surely won
As when a circuit has been run
Of valor, truth, and love.

So from the spot whereon he stood,
He moved with stealthy pace;
And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,
He recognized the face;
And whispers caught, and speeches small,
Some to the green-leaved tree,
Some muttered to the torrent-fall; —
"Roar on, and bring him with thy call;
"I heard, and so may He!"

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew
If Emma's Ghost it were,
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid
Her very self stood there.
He touched; what followed who shall tell?
The soft touch snapped the thread
Of slumber — shrieking back she fell,
And the Stream whirled her down the dell
Along its foaming bed.

In plunged the Knight! — when on firm
ground
The rescued Maiden lay,

Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,
Confusion passed away;
She heard, ere to the throne of grace
Her faithful Spirit flew,
His voice — beheld his speaking face;
And, dying, from his own embrace,
She felt that he was true.

So was he reconciled to life:
Brief words may speak the rest;
Within the dell he built a cell,
And there was Sorrow's guest;
In hermits' weeds repose he found,
From vain temptations free;
Beside the torrent dwelling — bound
By one deep heart-controlling sound,
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,
Nor fear memorial lays,
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade,
Are edged with golden rays!
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,
Though minister of sorrow;
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

1833. 1835.

XLVII.

TO CORDELIA M———

HALLSTEADS, ULLSWATER.

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,
You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought
Into this flexible yet faithful Chain;
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain,
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,
Our own domestic mountain. Thing and thought
Mix strangely; trifles light, and partly vain,
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being:
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,
What witchery, for pure gifts of inw
seeing,
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fanc
Lord,
For precious tremblings in your bos
found!

1833. 183

XLVIII.

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there
none,
While a fair region round the traveller
Which he forbears again to look upon
Pleased rather with some soft ideal sce
The work of Fancy, or some happy tc
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty go
If Thought and Love desert us, from t
day
Let us break off all commerce with
Muse:
With Thought and Love companions
our way,
Whate'er the senses take or may refus
The Mind's internal heaven shall sh
her dews
Of inspirations on the humblest lay.

1833. 183

COMPOSED BY THE SEASHOR

These lines were suggested during my r
dence under my Son's roof at Moresby, on
coast near Whitehaven, at the time when I
composing those verses among the "Ever
Voluntaries" that have reference to the sea.
was in that neighborhood I first became
quainted with the ocean and its appearances
movements. My infancy and early childh
were passed at Cockermouth, about eight m
from the coast, and I well remember that myst
ous awe with which I used to listen to anyth
said about storms and shipwrecks. Sea-shell
many descriptions were common in the to
and I was not a little surprised when I heard
Mr. Landor had denounced me as a plagia
from himself for having described a boy apply
a sea-shell to his ear and listening to it for i
mations of what was going on in its native
ment. This I had done myself scores of tin

was a belief among us that we could know
the sound whether the tide was ebbing or
g.

IT mischief cleaves to unsubdued
regret,
fancy sickens by vague hopes beset;
baffled projects on the spirit prey,
fruitless wishes eat the heart away,
Sailor knows; he best, whose lot is
cast
he relentless sea that holds him fast
hance dependent, and the fickle star
ower, through long and melancholy
war.
d it is, in sight of foreign shores,
y to think on old familiar doors,
ths loved in childhood, and ancestral
floors;
ossed about along a waste of foam,
uminate on that delightful home
ch with the dear Betrothèd *was* to
come;
ame and was and is, yet meets the
eye
r but in the world of memory;
a dream recalled, whose smoothest
range
ossed by knowledge, or by dread, of
change,
if not so, whose perfect joy makes
sleep
ng too bright for breathing man to
keep.
to the virtues which that perilous life
acts from Nature's elemental strife;
welcome glory won in battles fought
ravely as the foe was keenly sought.
o each gallant Captain and his crew
s imperious sympathy is due,
as my verse now yields, while moon-
beams play
he mute sea in this unruffled bay;
as will promptly flow from every
breast,
re good men, disappointed in the
quest
ealth and power and honors, long
for rest;
aving known the splendors of suc-
cess,
for the obscurities of happiness.

3. 1845.

"NOT IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF LIFE."

The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences.

NOT in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party-strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a
sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by;
Not in the breathing-times of that poor
slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's
cave —
Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched respon-
sive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent
love
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take
Life's rule from passion craved for pas-
sion's sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished
bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.
But who is innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine,
Through good and evil thine, in just de-
gree
Of rational and manly sympathy.
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is
stealing,
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes
revealing,
Add every charm the Universe can show
Through every change its aspects under-
go —
Care may be respited, but not repealed;
No perfect cure grows on that bounded
field.
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the
peace,
If He, through whom alone our conflicts
cease,
Our virtuous hopes without relapse ad-
vance,
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance;

To the distempered Intellect refuse
His gracious help, or give what we abuse.
1834. 1835.

BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE.

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,
Hints to the thrush 't is time for their repose;
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again
The monitor revives his own sweet strain;
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,
And a last game of mazy hoverings
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise.
O Nightingale! Who ever heard thy song
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong
That listening sense is pardonably cheated
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted.
Surely, from fairest spots of favored lands,
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,
This hour of deepening darkness here would be
As a fresh morning for new harmony;
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night:
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,
When the East kindles with the full moon's light;
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow
Of solemn splendor, in mutation slow.
Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread;
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,
And to the soldier's trumpet-wearied ear;
How welcome wouldst thou be to green Vale
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!
From the warm breeze that bears thee alight
At will, and stay thy migratory flight;
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool fount,
Who shall complain, or call thee account?
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are t
That ever walk content with Natu way,
God's goodness — measuring bounty a may;
For whom the gravest thought of w they miss,
Chastening the fulness of a present bl
Is with that wholesome office satisfied
While unrepining sadness is allied
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride.
1834. 1835

"SOFT AS A CLOUD IS YO BLUE RIDGE."

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge — Mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathle clear,
And motionless; and, to the gazer's e
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sk
But, from the process in that still retre
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;
Observe how dewy Twilight has wi drawn
The crowd of daisies from the sha lawn,
And has restored to view its tender gre
That, while the sun rode high, was l beneath their dazzling sheen.
— An emblem this of what the sober H
Can do for minds disposed to feel power!
Thus oft, when we in vain have wish away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek eve shuts up the whole usurpi host

ashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)
leaves the disencumbered spirit free
assume a staid simplicity.
is well — but what are helps of time and place,
n wisdom stands in need of nature's grace;
do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,
Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriend;
To-morrow, unbelied, may say,
ome to open out, for fresh display,
lastic vanities of yesterday?"

1835.

E LEAVES THAT RUSTLED ON HIS OAK-CROWNED HILL."

nposed by the side of Grasmere lake. The ains that enclose the vale, especially towards le, are most favorable to the reverberation nd. There is a passage in the "Excur- towards the close of the fourth book, where ice of the raven in flight is traced through odifications it undergoes, as I have often it in that vale and others of this district.

"Often, at the hour
n issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
hin the circuit of this fabric huge,
voice — the solitary raven."

leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,
ky that danced among those leaves, are still;
smooths the way for sleep; in field and bower
shades and dews have shed their blended power
ooping eyelid and the closing flower;
l is there none at which the faintest heart
leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start;
vhen the Owlet's unexpected scream
s the ethereal vault; and ('mid the gleam
substantial imagery, the dream,
the hushed vale's realities transferred
To the still lake) the imaginative Bird
Seems, 'mid inverted mountains, not unheard.
Grave Creature! — whether, while the moon shines bright
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,
Rising from what may once have been a lady's bower;
Or spied where thou sitt'st moping in thy mew
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew;
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,
Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,
A puzzling notice of thy whereabout —
May the night never come, nor day be seen,
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!
In classic ages men perceived a soul
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!
Thee Athens reverenced in the studious grove;
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,
His Eagle's favorite perch, while round him sate
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side: —
Hark to that second larum! — far and wide
The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.

1834. 1835.

THE LABORER'S NOON-DAY HYMN.

Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns are, as they deserve to be, familiarly known. Many other hymns have also been written on the same subject; but, not being aware of any being designed for noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses. Often one has occasion to observe cottage children carrying, in their baskets, dinner to their Fathers engaged with their daily labors in the fields and woods. How gratifying would it be to me could I be assured that any portion of these stanzas had been sung by such a domestic concert under such circumstances! A friend of mine has told me that she introduced this Hymn

into a village-school which she superintended, and the stanzas in succession furnished her with texts to comment upon in a way which without difficulty was made intelligible to the children, and in which they obviously took delight, and they were taught to sing it to the tune of the old 100th Psalm.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he accepts the punctual hymn
Sung as the light of day grows dim:

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide:
Then here reposing let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn to night;
The respite of the mid-day hour
Is in the thankful Creature's power.

Blest are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun
Already half his race hath run;
He cannot halt nor go astray,
But our immortal Spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the East,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course:

Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

1834. 1835.

THE REDBREAST.

SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE.

Written at Rydal Mount. All our cats ha been banished the house, it was soon freque by redbreasts. Two or three of them, when window was open, would come in, particul when Mrs. Wordsworth was breakfasting al and hop about the table picking up the crur My sister being then confined to her room sickness, as, dear creature, she still is, had that, without being caged, took up its abode her, and at night used to perch upon a nail f which a picture had hung. It used to sing fan her face with its wings in a manner that very touching.

Driven in by Autumn's sharpening a
From half-stript woods and pastures ba
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home:
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blazon on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of which we in the Ballad read.
But pensive fancies putting by,
And wild-wood sorrows, speedily
He plays the expert ventriloquist;
And, caught by glimpses now — n
missed,
Puzzles the listener with a doubt
If the soft voice he throws about
Comes from within doors or without!
Was ever such a sweet confusion,
Sustained by delicate illusion?
He 's at your elbow — to your feeling
The notes are from the floor or ceiling
And there 's a riddle to be guessed,
'Till you have marked his heaving ches
And busy throat whose sink and swell
Betray the Elf that loves to dwell
In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell.
Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bi
If seen, and with like pleasure stirred
Commend him, when he 's only heard.
But small and fugitive our gain
Compared with *hers* who long hath lai
With languid limbs and patient head,

ing on a lone sick-bed;
e now she daily hears a strain
heats her of too busy cares,
her pain, and helps her prayers.
who but this dear Bird beguiled
ever of that pale-faced Child;
cooling, with his passing wing,
prehead, like a breeze of Spring:
ing now, with descant soft
round her pillow from aloft,
thoughts of angels hovering nigh,
ne invisible sympathy
Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
ng the bed she lies upon"?[1]
ometimes, just as listening ends
mber, with the cadence blends
m of that low-warbled hymn
old folk, fondly pleased to trim
of faith, now burning dim,
at the Cherubs carved in stone,
clouds gave way at dead of night
he ancient church was filled with
light,
o sing in heavenly tone,
and round the sacred places
guard, with wingèd baby-faces.
ce happy Creature! in all lands
ed by hospitable hands:
ntrance to this cot has he,
ce and exit both *yet* free;
when the keen unruffled weather
ius brings man and bird together,
vith its pleasantness be past,
sement closed and door made fast,
p at bay the howling blast,
ds not fear the season's rage,
e whole house is Robin's cage.
er the bird flit here or there,
ble *tilt*, or perch on chair,
n some may frown and make a stir,
e him as a trespasser,
belike will flinch or start,
riends he has to take his part;
iefly, who with voice and look
for him from the chimney-nook,
sits the Dame, and wears away
ng and vacant holiday;

[1] words —
atthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,"
of a child's prayer, still in general use
the northern counties.

With images about her heart,
Reflected from the years gone by,
On human nature's second infancy.

1834. 1835.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF F. STONE.

This Portrait was hung for many years in our principal sitting-room, and represents J. Q. as she was when a girl. The picture, though it is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect: it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The Anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time. Southey heard the story from Miss Hutchinson, and transferred it to the "Doctor"; but it is not easy to explain how my friend Mr. Rogers, in a note subsequently added to his "Italy," was led to speak of the same remarkable words having many years before been spoken in his hearing by a monk or priest in front of a picture of the Last Supper, placed over a Refectory-table in a convent at Padua.

BEGUILED into forgetfulness of care
Due to the day's unfinished task; of pen
Or book regardless, and of that fair scene
In Nature's prodigality displayed
Before my window, oftentimes and long
I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam
Of beauty never ceases to enrich
The common light; whose stillness charms the air,
Or seems to charm it, into like repose;
Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,
Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits
With emblematic purity attired
In a white vest, white as her marble neck
Is, and the pillar of the throat would be
But for the shadow by the drooping chin
Cast into that recess — the tender shade,
The shade and light, both there and everywhere,
And through the very atmosphere she breathes,
Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill
That might from nature have been learnt in the hour

When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread
Upon the mountains. Look at her, whoe'er
Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,
Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft
Intensely — from Imagination take
The treasure, — what mine eyes behold, see thou,
Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between.
A silver line, that runs from brow to crown
And in the middle parts the braided hair,
Just serves to show how delicate a soil
The golden harvest grows in; and those eyes,
Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
Whose azure depth their color emulates,
Must needs be conversant with upward looks,
Prayer's voiceless service; but now, seeking nought
And shunning nought, their own peculiar life
Of motion they renounce, and with the head
Partake its inclination towards earth
In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness
Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness.
Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me
Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air
Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought
Be with some lover far away, or one
Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?
Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon
Crescent in simple loveliness serene,
Has but approached the gates of womanhood,
Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced
By the blind Archer-god; her fancy free:
The fount of feeling if unsought elsewhere,
Will not be found.
Her right hand, as it lies
Across the slender wrist of the left a
Upon her lap reposing, holds — but
How slackly, for the absent mind pe
No firmer grasp — a little wild-flo
joined
As in a posy, with a few pale ears
Of yellowing corn, the same that
topped
And in their common birthplace shelt
it
Till they were plucked together; a
flower
Called by the thrifty husbandman a w
But Ceres, in her garland, might
worn
That ornament, unblamed. The flow
held
In scarcely conscious fingers, was,
knows,
(Her Father told her so) in youth's
dawn
Her mother's favorite; and the orp
Girl,
In her own dawn — a dawn less gay
bright,
Loves it, while there in solitary peac
She sits, for that departed Mother's s
— Not from a source less sacred is der
(Surely I do not err) that pensive ai
Of calm abstraction through the
diffused
And the whole person.
Words have something
More than the pencil can, and verily
More than is needed, but the prec
Art
Forgives their interference — Art div
That both creates and fixes, in despit
Of Death and Time, the marvels it
wrought.
Strange contrasts have we in this w
of ours!
That posture, and the look of filial lo
Thinking of past and gone, with wha
left
Dearly united, might be swept away
From this fair Portrait's fleshly Ar
type,
Even by an innocent fancy's slightest fr
Banished, nor ever, haply, be restore
To their lost place, or meet in harmo
So exquisite; but *here* do they abide,
Enshrined for ages. Is not then the

e, a humble branch of the divine,
ple quest of immortality,
ed forth with trembling hope? —
In every realm,
igh Gibraltar to Siberian plains,
nds, in each variety of tongue
Europe knows, would echo this
appeal;
ove all, a Monk who waits on God
magnific Convent built of yore
ctify the Escurial palace. He —
g, from cell to cell and room to
room,
sh Painter (eminent for truth
acter, and depth of feeling, shown
ors that have touched the hearts
of kings,
e endeared to simple cottagers) —
n that service, to a glorious work,
ord's Last Supper, beautiful as
when first
ppropriate Picture, fresh from
Titian's hand,
the Refectory: and there, while
both
vith eyes fixed upon that master-
piece,
ary Father in the Stranger's ear
d out these words: — "Here
daily do we sit,
given to God for daily bread,
and here
ng the mischiefs of these restless
times,
nking of my Brethren, dead, dis-
persed,
aged and changing I not seldom,
gaze
his solemn Company unmoved
ck of circumstance, or lapse of
years,
cannot but believe that they —
e in truth the Substance, we the
Shadows."
ake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs
away within him like a dream
had ceased to gaze, perhaps to
speak:
grown old, but in a happier land,
ic Portrait! have to verse con-
igned
alm presence those heart-moving
words:
Words that can soothe, more than they
agitate;
Whose spirit, like the angel that went
down
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue
Informs the fountain in the human breast
Which by the visitation was disturbed.
— But why this stealing tear? Companion
mute,
On thee I look, not sorrowing; fare thee
well,
My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell!

1834. 1835.

THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED.

Among a grave fraternity of Monks,
For One, but surely not for One alone,
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's
skill,
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul;
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong
And dissolution and decay, the warm
And breathing life of flesh, as if already
Clothed with impassive majesty, and
graced
With no mean earnest of a heritage
Assigned to it in future worlds. Thou,
too,
With thy memorial flower, meek Por-
traiture!
From whose serene companionship I
passed
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still;
thou also —
Though but a simple object, into light
Called forth by those affections that en-
dear
The private hearth; though keeping thy
sole seat
In singleness, and little tried by time,
Creation, as it were, of yesterday —
With a congenial function art endued
For each and all of us, together joined

[1] The pile of buildings, composing the palace and convent of San Lorenzo, has, in common usage, lost its proper name in that of the *Escurial*, a village at the foot of the hill upon which the splendid edifice, built by Philip the Second, stands. It need scarcely be added that Wilkie is the painter alluded to.

In course of nature under a low roof
By charities and duties that proceed
Out of the bosom of a wiser vow.
To a like salutary sense of awe
Or sacred wonder, growing with the power
Of meditation that attempts to weigh,
In faithful scales, things and their opposites,
Can thy enduring quiet gently raise
A household small and sensitive, — whose love,
Dependent as in part its blessings are
Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved
On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven.[1]

1834. 1835.

[1] In the class entitled "Musings" in Mr. Southey's Minor Poems, is one upon his own miniature Picture, taken in childhood, and another upon a landscape painted by Gaspar Poussin. It is possible that every word of the above verses, though similar in subject, might have been written had the author been unacquainted with those beautiful effusions of poetic sentiment. But, for his own satisfaction, he must be allowed thus publicly to acknowledge the pleasure those two Poems of his Friend have given him, and the grateful influence they have upon his mind as often as he reads them, or thinks of them.

TO A CHILD.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

This quatrain was extempore on observing this image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount. It was first written down in the Album of my God-daughter, Rotha Quillinan.

SMALL service is true service while it lasts:
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.

1834. 1835.

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE. NOV. 5, 1834.

This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady, as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanor and habits, which she retain almost unprecedented degree, departed few years after, and she died without disease by gradual decay before she reach period of old age.

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy reg
Among the Favored, favored no least)
Left, 'mid the Records of this Boo scribed,
Deliberate traces, registers of thoug
And feeling, suited to the place and
That gave them birth: — months pa and still this hand,
That had not been too timid to impr
Words which the virtues of thy Lor spired,
Was yet not bold enough to write of T
And why that scrupulous reserve? sooth
The blameless cause lay in the Th itself.
Flowers are there many that deligh strive
With the sharp wind, and seem to the shower,
Yet are by nature careless of the su
Whether he shine on them or not; some,
Where'er he moves along the unclo sky,
Turn a broad front full on his flatte beams:
Others do rather from their notice shr
Loving the dewy shade, — a humble b
Modest and sweet, a progeny of ear
Congenial with thy mind and charac
High-born Augusta! Witness, Towers and Gro
And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st honored name
Of Lowther to this ancient Line, witness
From thy most secret haunts; and Parterres,
Which She is pleased and proud to her own,
Witness how oft upon my noble Frie
Mute offerings, tribute from an inv sense
Of admiration and respectful love,
Have waited — till the affections coul more

that silence, and broke out in song,
s of music taken up and dropt
ıose self-solacing, those under,
ıotes
ɔy the redbreast, when autumnal
eaves
ı upon the bough. Mine, only
ıine,
asure was, and no one heard the
ɔraise,
l, in the moment of its issue,
hecked
ɔrehended, by a fancied blush
e pure qualities that called it forth.
Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's
ıeed;
ady, is retiredness a veil
hile it only spreads a softening
harm
tures looked at by discerning eyes,
alf their beauty from the common
ɜaze;
s, even on the exposed and breezy
ill
station, female goodness walks,
ide by side with lunar gentle-
ess,
cloister. Yet the grateful Poor
ıe immunities of low estate,
ature's enviable privilege,
ɔed recompense for many wants)
ıeir hearts before Thee, pouring
ut
they think and feel, with tears of
ɔy;
ıedictions not unheard in heaven:
ɔnd in the ear of friend, where
peech is free
w truth, is eloquent as they.
let the Book receive in these
ɔrompt lines
ıemorial; and thine eyes consent
that they, who mark thy course,
ɔehold
ɔclining with the golden light
ıer, in the season of sere leaves;
erfulness undamped by stealing
ime;
died kindness flow with easy
tream,
ɔd with inborn courtesy;
habitual disregard of self
d by vigilance for others' weal.

And shall the Verse not tell of lighter
gifts
With these ennobling attributes conjoined
And blended, in peculiar harmony,
By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile
grace!
A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,
Beheld with wonder; whether floor or path
Thou tread; or sweep — borne on the
managed steed —
Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,
Driven by strong winds at play among the
clouds.
Yet one word more—one farewell word
— a wish
Which came, but it has passed into a
prayer —
That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,
So — at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes
Whose tender love, here faltering on the
way
Of a diviner love, will be forgiven —
So may it set in peace, to rise again
For everlasting glory won by faith.

1834. 1835.

TO THE MOON.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE, — ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and
com'st so near
To human life's unsettled atmosphere;
Who lov'st with Night and Silence to
partake,
So might it seem, the cares of them that
wake;
And, through the cottage-lattice softly
peeping,
Dost shield from harm the humblest of
the sleeping;
What pleasure once encompassed those
sweet names
Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,
An idolizing dreamer as of yore! —
I slight them all; and, on this sea-beat shore
Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend
That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S
FRIEND;
So call thee for heaven's grace through
thee made known

By confidence supplied and mercy shown,
When not a twinkling star or beacon's light
Abates the perils of a stormy night;
And for less obvious benefits, that find
Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind;
Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime;
And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,
Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,
And wounds and weakness oft his labor's sole remains.
The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,
Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams;
A look of thine the wilderness pervades,
And penetrates the forest's inmost shades;
Thou, checkering peaceably the minster's gloom,
Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb;
Canst reach the Prisoner — to his grated cell
Welcome, though silent and intangible!—
And lives there one, of all that come and go
On the great waters toiling to and fro,
One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour
Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,
Or crossed by vapory streaks and clouds that move
Catching the lustre they in part reprove —
Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
And make the serious happier than the gay?
Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,
Let me a compensating faith maintain;
That there 's a sensitive, a tender, part
Which thou canst touch in every human heart,
For healing and composure. — But, as least
And mightiest billows ever have confessed
Thy domination; as the whole vast Sea
Feels through her lowest depth sovereignty;
So shines that countenance with e grace
On them who urge the keel her *pla* trace
Furrowing its way right onward. most rude,
Cut off from home and country, have stood —
Even till long gazing hath bedimm eye,
Or the mute rapture ended in a sig
Touched by accordance of thy cheer,
With some internal lights to memory
Or fancies stealing forth to sooth breast
Tired with its daily share of earth' rest, —
Gentle awakenings, visitations mee
A kindly influence whereof few will s
Though it can wet with tears the ha cheek.
And when thy beauty in the sha cave
Is hidden, buried in its monthly gra
Then, while the Sailor, 'mid an op
Swept by a favoring wind that thought free,
Paces the deck — no star perhaps in
And nothing save the moving ship's light
To cheer the long dark hours of v night —
Oft with his musings does thy image b
In his mind's eye thy crescent horn cend,
And thou art still, O Moon, that SAI FRIEND!

1835.

TO THE MOON.

RYDAL.

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so be
That ancient Fable did to thee assig
When darkness creeping o'er thy brow
Warned thee these upper regions to fo
Alternate empire in the shades belo

rd, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
rsed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
the close confines of a shadowy vale.
of night, conspicuous yet serene,
ess attractive when by glimpses seen
gh cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
ll those attributes of modest grace,
ys when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
in leafy woods by fountains clear!
till beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms
fascinate the very Babe in arms,
he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
ding his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)
beloved, once worshipped! Time, that frowns
destructive flight on earthly crowns,
s thy mild splendor; still those far-shot beams
le on dancing waves and rippling streams
stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
ung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
through dark trials still dost thou explore
ay for increase punctual as of yore,
teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith
steries of birth and life and death
ainful struggle and deliverance — prayed
e to visit them with lenient aid.
though the rites be swept away, the fanes
t that echoed to the votive strains;
y mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
to promote and purity and peace;
Fancy, unreproved, even yet may trace
types of suffering in thy beamless face.
n, silent Monitress! let us—not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind —
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us — without offence
To aught of highest, holiest, influence —
Receive whatever good 't is given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken;"
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

1835. 1836.

WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB.

Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public. Mary Lamb was ten years older than her brother, and has survived him as long a time. Were I to give way to my own feelings, I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honored by all her brother's friends; and others, some of them strange characters, whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance. The death of C. Lamb himself was doubtless hastened by his sorrow for that of Coleridge, to whom he had been attached from the time of their being school-fellows at Christ's Hospital. Lamb was a good Latin scholar, and probably would have gone to college upon one of the school foundations

but for the impediment in his speech. Had such been his lot, he would most likely have been preserved from the indulgences of social humors and fancies which were often injurious to himself, and causes of severe regret to his friends, without really benefiting the object of his misapplied kindness.

To a good Man of most dear memory
This Stone is sacred. Here he lies apart
From the great city where he first drew
breath,
Was reared and taught; and humbly
earned his bread,
To the strict labors of the merchant's desk
By duty chained. Not seldom did those
tasks
Tease, and the thought of time so spent
depress,
His spirit, but the recompense was high;
Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful
sire;
Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air;
And when the precious hours of leisure
came,
Knowledge and wisdom, gained from con-
verse sweet
With books, or while he ranged the
crowded streets
With a keen eye, and overflowing heart:
So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,
And poured out truth in works by thought-
ful love
Inspired — works potent over smiles and
tears.
And as round mountain-tops the lightning
plays,
Thus innocently sported, breaking forth
As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,
Humor and wild instinctive wit, and all
The vivid flashes of his spoken words.
From the most gentle creature nursed in
fields [1]
Had been derived the name he bore — a
name,
Wherever Christian altars have been
raised,
Hallowed to meekness and to innocence;
And if in him meekness at times gave way,
Provoked out of herself by troubles
strange,
Many and strange, that hung about his
life;

[1] See Note.

Still, at the centre of his being, lodg
A soul by resignation sanctified:
And if too often, self-reproached, he
That innocence belongs not to our k
A power that never ceased to abide in
Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins
That she can cover, left not his exp
To an unforgiving judgment from
Heaven.
Oh, he was good, if e'er a good Man li
* * * * * * *
From a reflecting mind and sorrov
heart
Those simple lines flowed with an ear
wish,
Though but a doubting hope, that
might serve
Fitly to guard the precious dust of hi
Whose virtues called them forth. T
aim is missed;
For much that truth most urgently requ
Had from a faltering pen been asked
vain:
Yet, haply, on the printed page receiv
The imperfect record, there, may st
unblamed
As long as verse of mine shall breathe
air
Of memory, or see the light of love.
Thou wert a scorner of the fields,
Friend,
But more in show than truth; and fr
the fields,
And from the mountains, to thy rural gr
Transported, my soothed spirit hovers
Its green untrodden turf, and blow
flowers;
And taking up a voice shall speak (t
still
Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity
Which words less free presumed not e
to touch)
Of that fraternal love, whose heaven
lamp
From infancy, through manhood, to
last
Of threescore years, and to thy latest ho
Burnt on with ever-strengthening lig
enshrined
Within thy bosom.
"Wonderful" hath be
The love established between man a
man,

ssing the love of women;" and be-
tween
and his help-mate in fast wedlock
joined
ugh God, is raised a spirit and soul
of love
out whose blissful influence Paradise
been no Paradise; and earth were
now
ste where creatures bearing human
form,
t of savage beasts, would roam in
fear,
ss and comfortless. Our days glide
on;
et him grieve who cannot choose but
grieve
he hath been an Elm without his
Vine,
her bright dower of clustering chari-
ties,
round his trunk and branches, might
ave clung
hing and adorning. Unto thee,
o enriched, not so adorned, to thee
given (say rather, thou of later birth
given to her) a Sister — 't is a word
lly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,
elf-restraining, and the ever-kind;
om thy reason and intelligent heart
d — for all interests, hopes, and
tender cares,
softening, humanizing, hallowing
powers,
her withheld, or for her sake un-
sought —
than sufficient recompense!
Her love
t weakness prompts the voice to tell
it here?)
as the love of mothers; and when
years,
g the boy to man's estate, had called
ong-protected to assume the part
protector, the first filial tie
ndissolved; and, in or out of sight,
ined imperishably interwoven
life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting
world,
ey together testify of time
season's difference — a double tree
two collateral stems sprung from
one root;
Such were they — such thro' life they
might have been
In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most
High;
Yet, thro' all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful; like two vessels
launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help, and sailing — to their
league
True, as inexorable winds, or bars
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow.
But turn we rather, let my spirit turn
With thine, O silent and invisible Friend!
To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,
When reunited, and by choice withdrawn
From miscellaneous converse, ye were
taught
That the remembrance of foregone dis-
tress,
And the worse fear of future ill (which oft
Doth hang around it, as a sickly child
Upon its mother) may be both alike
Disarmed of power to unsettle present
good
So prized, and things inward and out-
ward held
In such an even balance, that the heart
Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy
feels,
And in its depth of gratitude is still.
O gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but happier far
Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of
others,
A thousand times more beautiful appeared,
Your *dual* loneliness. The sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve? for Time but
holds
His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead
To the blest world where parting is un-
known.

1835. 1836.

EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG.

These verses were written extempore, immedi-
ately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shep-
herd's death in the Newcastle paper, to the Editor

of which I sent a copy for publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all either of my friends or acquaintance. In Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* an account is given of my first meeting with him in 1803. How the Ettrick Shepherd and I became known to each other has already been mentioned in these notes. He was undoubtedly a man of original genius, but of coarse manners and low and offensive opinions. Of Coleridge and Lamb I need not speak here. Crabbe I have met in London at Mr. Rogers's, but more frequently and favorably at Mr. Hoare's upon Hampstead Heath. Every spring he used to pay that family a visit of some length, and was upon terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Hoare, and still more with her daughter-in-law, who has a large collection of his letters addressed to herself. After the Poet's decease, application was made to her to give up these letters to his biographer, that they, or at least part of them, might be given to the public. She hesitated to comply, and asked my opinion on the subject. "By no means," was my answer, grounded not upon any objection there might be to publishing a selection from these letters, but from an aversion I have always felt to meet idle curiosity by calling back the recently departed to become the object of trivial and familiar gossip. Crabbe obviously for the most part preferred the company of women to that of men, for this among other reasons, that he did not like to be put upon the stretch in general conversation: accordingly in miscellaneous society his *talk* was so much below what might have been expected from a man so deservedly celebrated, that to me it seemed trifling. It must upon other occasions have been of a different character, as I found in our rambles together on Hampstead Heath, and not so much from a readiness to communicate his knowledge of life and manners as of natural history in all its branches. His mind was inquisitive, and he seems to have taken refuge from the remembrance of the distresses he had gone through, in these studies and the employments to which they led. Moreover, such contemplations might tend profitably to counterbalance the painful truths which he had collected from his intercourse with mankind. Had I been more intimate with him, I should have ventured to touch upon his office as a minister of the Gospel, and how far his heart and soul were in it so as to make him a zealous and diligent laborer: in poetry, though he wrote much, as we all know, he assuredly was not so. I happened once to speak of pains as necessary to produce merit of a certain kind which I highly valued: his observation was — "It is not worth while." You are quite right, thought I, if the labor encroaches upon the time due to teach truth as a steward of the mysteries of God: if there be to fear *that*, write less: but, if poetry is produced at all, make what you do produ good as you can. Mr. Rogers once told me he expressed his regret to Crabbe that he in his later works so much less correctly th his earlier. "Yes," replied he, "but then a reputation to make; now I can afford to re Whether it was from a modest estimate o own qualifications, or from causes less credit his motives for writing verse and his hopes aims were not so high as is to be desired. being silent for more than twenty years, he a applied himself to poetry, upon the spu applause he received from the periodical pub tions of the day, as he himself tells us in o his prefaces. Is it not to be lamented that a who was so conversant with permanent truth, whose writings are so valuable an acquisitio our country's literature, should have *require* impulse from such a quarter? — Mrs. Hemans unfortunate as a poetess in being obliged circumstances to write for money, and tha frequently and so much, that she was compe to look out for subjects wherever she could them, and to write as expeditiously as possi As a woman, she was to a considerable degr spoilt child of the world. She had been earl life distinguished for talent, and poems of were published while she was a girl. She also been handsome in her youth, but her ed tion had been most unfortunate. She was tot ignorant of housewifery, and could as easily h managed the spear of Minerva as her needle. was from observing these deficiencies, that, day while she was under my roof, I *purpo* directed her attention to household economy, told her I had purchased *Scales*, which I inten to present to a young lady as a wedding prese pointed out their utility (for her especial bene and said that no *ménage* ought to be without th Mrs. Hemans, not in the least suspecting drift, reported this saying, in a letter to a fri at the time, as a proof of my simplicity. Be disposed to make large allowances for the fa of her education and the circumstances in wh she was placed, I felt most kindly disposed towa her, and took her part upon all occasions, an was not a little affected by learning that after withdrew to Ireland, a long and severe sickn raised her spirit as it depressed her body. T I heard from her most intimate friends, and th is striking evidence of it in a poem written published not long before her death. Th notices of Mrs. Hemans would be very unsa factory to her intimate friends, as indeed they to myself, not so much for what is said, but w for brevity's sake is left unsaid. Let it suffic

ıere was much sympathy between us, and,
ortunity had been allowed me to see more
, I should have loved and valued her
ingly; as it is, I remember her with true
on for her amiable qualities, and, above all,
delicate and irreproachable conduct during
g separation from an unfeeling husband,
she had been led to marry from the
ic notions of inexperienced youth. Upon
usband I never heard her cast the least
ch, nor did I ever hear her even name him,
she did not wholly forbear to touch upon
nestic position; but never so as that any
uld be found with her manner of adverting

N first, descending from the moor-
lands,
the Stream of Yarrow glide
a bare and open valley,
Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

last along its banks I wandered,
gh groves that had begun to shed
golden leaves upon the pathways,
eps the Border-minstrel led.

ighty Minstrel breathes no longer,
mouldering ruins low he lies;
eath upon the braes of Yarrow,
losed the Shepherd-poet's eyes:

as the rolling year twice measured,
sign to sign, its steadfast course,
every mortal power of Coleridge
rozen at its marvellous source;

ipt One, of the godlike forehead,
eaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth:
amb, the frolic and the gentle,
anished from his lonely hearth.

clouds that rake the mountain-
summits,
ves that own no curbing hand,
ast has brother followed brother
sunshine to the sunless land!

whose lids from infant slumber
earlier raised, remain to hear
l voice, that asks in whispers,
next will drop and disappear?"

ughty life is crowned with darkness,
ondon with its own black wreath,
On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-
looking,
I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath.

As if but yesterday departed,
Thou too art gone before; but why,
O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?

Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep;
For Her who, ere her summer faded,
Had sunk into a breathless sleep.

No more of old romantic sorrows,
For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,
And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet
dead.[1]

NOVEMBER, 1835. 1836.

UPON SEEING A COLORED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM.

I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 P.M., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words —

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath."

The reader will find two poems on pictures of this bird among my Poems. I will here observe that in a far greater number of instances than have been mentioned in these notes one poem has, as in this case, grown out of another, either because I felt the subject had been inadequately treated, or that the thoughts and images suggested in course of composition have been such as I found interfered with the unity indispensable to every work of art, however humble in character.

WHO rashly strove thy Image to portray?
Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air;
How could he think of the live creature
— gay
With a divinity of colors, drest
In all her brightness, from the dancing
crest

[1] See Note.

Far as the last gleam of the filmy train
Extended and extending to sustain
The motions that it graces — and forbear
To drop his pencil! Flowers of every clime
Depicted on these pages smile at time;
And gorgeous insects copied with nice care
Are here, and likenesses of many a shell
Tossed ashore by restless waves,
Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves
Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell:
But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,
'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,
To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose;
Could imitate for indolent survey,
Perhaps for touch profane,
Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain;
And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share
The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray!
Resplendent Wanderer! followed with glad eyes
Where'er her course; mysterious Bird!
To whom, by wondering Fancy stirred,
Eastern Islanders have given
A holy name — the Bird of Heaven!
And even a title higher still,
The Bird of God! whose blessed will
She seems performing as she flies
Over the earth and through the skies
In never-wearied search of Paradise —
Region that crowns her beauty with the name
She bears for *us* — for us how blest,
How happy at all seasons, could like aim
Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight
On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,
No tempest from his breath, their promised rest
Seeking with indefatigable quest
Above a world that deems itself most wise
When most enslaved by gross realities!

JUNE 23, 1835. 1836.

COMPOSED AFTER READING NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

"PEOPLE! your chains are severing by link;
Soon shall the Rich be levelled dow the Poor
Meet them half way." Vain boast These, the more
They thus would rise, must low lower sink
Till, by repentance stung, they fea think;
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant
Bent in quick turns each other to un
And mix the poison, they themse must drink.
Mistrust thyself, vain Country! ceas cry,
"Knowledge will save me from threatened woe."
For, if than other rash ones more t know,
Yet on presumptuous wing as far woul
Above thy knowledge as they dared to
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.

1835. 18

"BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDE MARY CAME."

This lady was named Carleton; she, a with a sister, was brought up in the neigh hood of Ambleside. The epitaph, a part of least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where resided after her marriage.

By a blest Husband guided, Mary ca
From nearest kindred, Vernon her n name;
She came, though meek of soul, seemly pride
Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bri
O dread reverse! if aught *be* so, wh proves
That God will chasten whom he dea loves.
Faith bore her up through pains in me given,
And troubles that were each a step Heaven:
Two Babes were laid in earth before died;

ird now slumbers at the Mother's side;
Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
mbling solace to her widowed Lord.
ader! if to thy bosom cling the pain
ecent sorrow combated in vain;
thy cherished grief have failed to thwart
still intent on his insidious part,
ng the mourner's best good thoughts asleep,
ring regrets we would, but cannot, keep;
with Him—judge *Him* gently who makes known
itter loss by this memorial Stone;
pray that in his faithful breast the grace
signation find a hallowed place.
. 1835.

SONNETS.

I.

ONDING Father! mark this altered bough,
autiful of late, with sunshine warmed,
oist with dews; what more unsightly now,
lossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,
ble? yet Spring her genial brow
not o'er that discoloring and decay
lse to expectation. Nor fret thou
e unlovely process in the May
man life: a Stripling's graces blow,
and are shed, that from their timely fall
leem it not a cankerous change) may grow
mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call:
men, sinful is it to be slow
pe—in Parents, sinful above all.
1835.

II.

AN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT ISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

attention to these antiquities was directed Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full view of several hills upon which there had formerly been Roman encampments) as if it might have been the villa of the commander of the forces, at least such was Mr. Walker's conjecture.

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,
Takes fire:—The men that have been reappear;
Romans for travel girt, for business gowned;
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,
In festal glee: why not? For fresh and clear,
As if its hues were of the passing year,
Dawns this time-buried pavement. From that mound
Hoards may come forth of Trajans, Maximins,
Shrunk into coins with all their warlike toil:
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil.
1835? 1835.

III.

ST. CATHERINE OF LEDBURY.

Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire.

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells
Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,
And upward, high as Malvern's cloudy crest;
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side

Of her loved mistress: soon the music died,
And Catherine said, Here I set up my rest.
Warned in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought
A home that by such miracle of sound
Must be revealed:—she heard it now, or felt
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;
And there, a saintly Anchoress, she dwelt
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground.

1835? 1835.

IV.

In the month of January, when Dora and I were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird's nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet, which was, in fact, written without the least reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to myself that I could, if I thought fit, write in a strain that Poets have been fond of. On the 14th of February in the same year, my daughter, in a sportive mood, sent it as a Valentine, under a fictitious name, to her cousin C. W.

WHY art thou silent! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

1835? 1835.

V.

Suggested on the road between Preston Lancaster where it first gives a view of the country, and composed on the same day, o roof of the coach.

FOUR fiery steeds impatient of the re
Whirled us o'er sunless ground ben
a sky
As void of sunshine, when, from that
plain,
Clear tops of far-off mountains we des
Like a Sierra of cerulean Spain,
All light and lustre. Did no heart re
Yes, there was One;—for One, asunde
The thousand links of that ethereal ch
And green vales open out, with grove
field,
And the fair front of many a happy Ho
Such tempting spots as into vision co
While Soldiers, weary of the arms
wield
And sick at heart of strifeful Christend
Gaze on the moon by parting clouds
vealed.

1835? 183

VI.

TO ——

The fate of this poor Dove, as described, told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young to whom I have given the name of Lesbia.

"Miss not the occasion: by the forelock tak
That subtile Power, the never-halting Tim
Lest a mere moment's putting-off should m
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime."

"WAIT, prithee, wait!" this ans
Lesbia threw
Forth to her Dove, and took no furt
heed;
Her eye was busy, while her fingers f
Across the harp, with soul-engross
speed;
But from that bondage when her thoug
were freed
She rose, and toward the close-shut ca
ment drew,
Whence the poor unregarded Favor
true
To old affections, had been heard to pl

n flapping wing for entrance. What
a shriek!
ced from that voice so lately tuned to
a strain
armony! — a shriek of terror, pain,
self-reproach! for, from aloft, a Kite
nced, — and the Dove, which from its
ruthless beak
could not rescue, perished in her sight!
5? 1835.

VII.

Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,
ehood and Treachery, in close council
met,
under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,
e frost of England's pride will soon
be thawed;
ooded the open brow that overawed
r schemes; the faith and honor, never
yet
is with hope encountered, be upset; —
r once I burst my bands, and cry,
applaud!"
whispered she, "The Bill is carry-
ing out!"
heard, and, starting up, the Brood
of Night
ed hands, and shook with glee their
matted locks;
owers and Places that abhor the light
d in the transport, echoed back their
shout,
ah for ——, hugging his Ballot-box!
? 1835.

NOVEMBER, 1836.

so for me a Vision sanctified
way of Death; long ere mine eyes
had seen
countenance — the still rapture of
thy mien —
thou, dear Sister! wert become
Death's Bride:
ace of pain or languor could abide
change: — age on thy brow was
smoothed — thy cold
cheek at once was privileged to unfold
eliness to living youth denied.
within me hope should e'er decline,
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly
burn;
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of
thine,
The bright assurance, visibly return:
And let my spirit in that power divine
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased
to mourn.
1836. 1837.

"SIX MONTHS TO SIX YEARS ADDED HE REMAINED."

Six months to six years added he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained:
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then re-
moved
A Child whom every eye that looked on
loved;
Support us, teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed, and now is wholly
thine!
1836. 1837.

MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY.

1837.

During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr. Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837, we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor. These Memorials of that tour touch upon but a very few of the places and objects that interested me, and, in what they do advert to, are for the most part much slighter than I could wish. More particularly do I regret that there is no notice in them of the South of France, nor of the Roman antiquities abounding in that district, especially of the Pont de Degard, which, together with its situation, impressed me full as much as any remains of Roman architecture to be found in Italy. Then there was Vaucluse, with its Fountain, its

Petrarch, its rocks of all seasons, its small plots of lawn in their first vernal freshness, and the blossoms of the peach and other trees embellishing the scene on every side. The beauty of the stream also called forcibly for the expression of sympathy from one who from his childhood had studied the brooks and torrents of his native mountains. Between two and three hours did I run about climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth. "Has Laura's Lover," often said I to myself, "ever sat down upon this stone? or has his foot ever pressed that turf?" Some, especially of the female sex, would have felt sure of it: my answer was (impute it to my years), "I fear not." Is it not in fact obvious that many of his love verses must have flowed I do not say from a wish to display his own talent, but from a habit of exercising his intellect in that way rather than from an impulse of his heart? It is otherwise with his Lyrical poems, and particularly with the one upon the degradation of his country: there he pours out his reproaches, lamentations, and aspirations like an ardent and sincere patriot. But enough: it is time to turn to my own effusions, such as they are.

TO

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,
In whose experience trusting, day by day
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb. 14th*, 1842.

The Tour of which the following Poems are very inadequate remembrances was shortened by report, too well founded, of the prevalence of Cholera at Naples. To make some amends for what was reluctantly left unseen in the South of Italy, we visited the Tuscan Sanctuaries among the Apennines, and the principal Italian Lakes among the Alps. Neither of those lakes, nor of Venice, is there any notice in these Poems, chiefly because I have touched upon them elsewhere. See, in particular, "Descriptive Sketches," "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent in 1820," and a Sonnet upon the extinction of the Venetian Republic.

I.

MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENT
APRIL, 1837.

"Not the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear wor
That spake of bards and minstrels."

His, Sir Walter Scott's eye, *did* in fact k
at them, for the lines, "Places forsaken n
and the two that follow were adopted from a
of mine which nearly forty years ago was in
read to him, and he never forgot them.

"Old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together, in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing."

Sir Humphrey Davy was with us at the t
We had ascended from Paterdale, and I c
not but admire the vigor with which S
scrambled along that horn of the mountain ca
"Striding Edge." Our progress was necessa
slow, and was beguiled by Scott's telling m
stories and amusing anecdotes, as was his cust
Sir H. Davy would have probably been be
pleased if other topics had occasionally b
interspersed, and some discussion entered up
at all events he did not remain with us lon
the top of the mountain, but left us to find
way down its steep side together into the val
Grasmere, where, at my cottage, Mrs. Scott
to meet us at dinner.

"With faint smile
He said, — 'When I am there, although 'tis f
'T will be another Yarrow.'"

See among these notes the one on "Yarr
Revisited."

"A few short steps (painful they were)."

This, though introduced here, I did not kn
till it was told me at Rome by Miss Mackenzie
Seaforth, a lady whose friendly attentions duri
my residence at Rome I have gratefully ackno
edged, with expressions of sincere regret that s
is no more. Miss M. told me that she acco
panied Sir Walter to the Janicular Mount, a
after showing him the grave of Tasso in t
church upon the top, and a mural monume
there erected to his memory, they left the chur
and stood together on the brow of the hill ov
looking the city of Rome: his daughter An
was with them, and she, naturally desirous, f
the sake of Miss Mackenzie especially, to ha
some expression of pleasure from her father, h

ched him for showing nothing of that kind by his looks or voice: "How can I," re- ne, "having only one leg to stand upon, at in extreme pain!" so that the prophecy ore than fulfilled.

"Over waves rough and deep."

took boat near the lighthouse at the point right horn of the bay which makes a sort ral port for Genoa; but the wind was high, e waves long and rough, so that I did not ite recompensed by the view of the city, id as it was, for the danger apparently in-

The boatman (I had only one) encouraged ying we were quite safe, but I was not a glad when we gained the shore, though and Byron — one of them at least, who l to have courted agitation from any quarter ld have probably rejoiced in such a situa- nore than once I believe were they both in e danger even on the Lake of Geneva. man however has his fears of some kind or and no doubt they had theirs: of all men I have ever known, Coleridge had the most ive courage in bodily peril, but no one was y cowed when moral firmness was required ellaneous conversation or in the daily in- se of social life.

---

lovely robed in forenoon light and shade, inistering to each, didst thou appear, ."

re is not a single bay along this beautiful at might not raise in a traveller a wish to his abode there, each as it succeeds seems viting than the other; but the desolated t on the cliff in the bay of Savona struck cy most; and had I, for the sake of my alth or that of a dear friend, or any other been desirous of a residence abroad, I have let my thoughts loose upon a scheme ng some part of this building into a habi- rovided as far as might be with English s. There is close by it a row or avenue, which, of tall cypresses. I could not for- ing to myself — "What a sweet family r one for lonely musings, would be found ne shade!" but there, probably, the trees d little noticed and seldom enjoyed.

---

flowering broom's dear neighborhood."

broom is a great ornament through the of March and April to the vales and hills pennines, in the wild parts of which it the utmost profusion, and of course successively at different elevations as the season advances. It surpasses ours in beauty and fragrance, but, speaking from my own limited observation only, I cannot affirm the same of several of their wild spring flowers, the primroses in particular, which I saw not unfrequently but thinly scattered and languishing compared to ours.

The note at the close of this poem, upon the Oxford movement, was intrusted to my friend Mr. Frederick Faber. I told him what I wished to be said, and begged that, as he was intimately acquainted with several of the Leaders of it, he would express my thought in the way least likely to be taken amiss by them. Much of the work they are undertaking was grievously wanted, and God grant their endeavors may continue to prosper as they have done.

YE Apennines! with all your fertile vales
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores
Of either sea — an Islander by birth,
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds
Inherited: — presumptuous thought! — it fled
Like vapor, like a towering cloud, dissolved.
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness; —
Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops,
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site
Its neighbor and its namesake — town, and flood
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm
Bright sunbeams — the fresh verdure of this lawn
Strewn with gray rocks, and on the horizon's verge,
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill
With fractured summit, no indifferent sight
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,
Bleak Radicofani! escaped with joy —
These are before me; and the varied scene

May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat
Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind
Passive yet pleased. What! with this Broom in flower
Close at my side! She bids me fly to greet
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired
With golden blossoms opening at the feet
Of my own Fairfield. The glad greeting given,
Given with a voice and by a look returned
Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,
The local Genius hurries me aloft,
Transported over that cloud-wooing hill,
Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,
With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,
There to alight upon crisp moss and range,
Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,
Of visual sovereignty — hills multitudinous,
(Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills
Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,
And prospect right below of deep coves shaped
By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk
Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan
Struggling for liberty, while undismayed
The shepherd struggles with them. Onward thence
And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,
And by Glenridding-screes, and low Glencoign,
Places forsaken now, though loving still
The muses, as they loved them in the days
Of the old minstrels and the border bards. —
But here am I fast bound; and let it pass,
The simple rapture; — who that travels far
To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share
Or wish to share it? — One there surely was,
"The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope
Brought to this genial climate, [illegible] disease
Preyed upon body and mind — ye[illegible] the less
Had his sunk eye kindled at those [illegible] words
That spake of bards and minstrels; [illegible] his spirit
Had flown with mine to old Helvel[illegible] brow,
Where once together, in his da[illegible] strength,
We stood rejoicing, as if earth were
From sorrow, like the sky above our h[illegible]
Years followed years, and when, [illegible] the eve
Of his last going from Tweed-side, tho[illegible] turned,
Or by another's sympathy was led,
To this bright land, Hope was for hi[illegible] friend,
Knowledge no help; Imagination sh[illegible]
No promise. Still, in more than [illegible] deep seats,
Survives for me, and cannot but sur[illegible]
The tone of voice which wedded borr[illegible] words
To sadness not their own, when, [illegible] faint smile
Forced by intent to take from speec[illegible] edge,
He said, "When I am there, altho[illegible] 't is fair,
'T will be another Yarrow."[1] Prop[illegible]
More than fulfilled, as gay Campa[illegible] shores
Soon witnessed, and the city of seven [illegible]
Her sparkling fountains and her mou[illegible] ing tombs;
And more than all, that Eminence w[illegible] showed
Her splendors, seen, not felt, the w[illegible] he stood
A few short steps (painful they were) a[illegible]
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and re[illegible] grave.
Peace to their Spirits! why should P[illegible]
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and h[illegible]
In gloom on wings with confidence [illegible] spread
To move in sunshine? — Utter thanks [illegible] Soul!

[1] See Note.

pered with awe, and sweetened by
compassion
them who in the shades of sorrow
dwell,
I — so near the term to human life
ointed by man's common heritage,
l as the frailest, one withal (if that
erve a thought) but little known to
fame —
free to rove where Nature's loveliest
looks,
s noblest relics, history's rich be-
quests,
ed to reanimate and but feebly cheered
whole world's Darling — free to rove
at will
high and low, and if requiring rest,
from enjoyment only.
Thanks poured forth
what thus far hath blessed my wander-
ings, thanks
ent but humble as the lips can breathe
re gladness seems a duty — let me
guard
e seeds of expectation which the fruit
ady gathered in this favored Land
lds within its core. The faith be
mine,
He who guides and governs all,
approves
n gratitude, though disciplined to
look
nd these transient spheres, doth
wear a crown
arthly hope put on with trembling
hand;
is least pleased, we trust, when
golden beams,
cted through the mists of age, from
hours
nocent delight, remote or recent,
t but a little way—'t is all they can—
he doubtful future. Who would keep
r must resolve to cleave to it through
life,
it deserts him, surely as he lives.
s would not grieve nor guardian
angels frown
e —while tossed, as was my lot to
be,
frail bark urged by two slender oars
waves rough and deep, that, when
they broke,
Dashed their white foam against the
palace walls
Of Genoa the superb—should there be led
To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,
However humble in themselves, with
thoughts
Raised and sustained by memory of Him
Who oftentimes within those narrow
bounds
Rocked on the surge, there tried his
spirit's strength
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his
ship
To lay a new world open.
Nor less prized
Be those impressions which incline the
heart
To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,
Bend that way her desires. The dew,
the storm —
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle
drops
On the small hyssop destined to become,
By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,
A purifying instrument — the storm
That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots
Further to force their way, endowed its
trunk
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold
The glorious temple — did alike proceed
From the same gracious will, were both
an offspring
Of bounty infinite.
Between Powers that aim
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust
In lowliness — a midway tract there lies
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind
Pregnant with good. Young, Middle-
aged, and Old,
From century on to century, must have
known
The emotion — nay, more fitly were it
said —
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed
In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,
And through each window's open fret-
work looked
O'er the blank Area of sacred earth

Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply
delved
In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,
By hands of men, humble as brave, who
fought
For its deliverance — a capacious field
That to descendants of the dead it holds
And to all living mute memento breathes,
More touching far than aught which on
the walls
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,
Of the changed City's long-departed
power,
Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as
they are,
Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety.
And, high above that length of cloistral
roof,
Peering in air and backed by azure sky,
To kindred contemplations ministers
The Baptistery's dome, and that which
swells
From the Cathedral pile; and with the
twain
Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed
(As hurry on in eagerness the feet,
Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-
tower.
Nor less remuneration waits on him
Who having left the Cemetery stands
In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall
Admonished not without some sense of
fear,
Fear that soon vanishes before the sight
Of splendor unextinguished, pomp un-
scathed,
And beauty unimpaired. Grand in itself,
And for itself, the assemblage, grand and
fair
To view, and for the mind's consenting eye
A type of age in man, upon its front
Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence
Of past exploits, nor fondly after more
Struggling against the stream of destiny,
But with its peaceful majesty content.
— Oh what a spectacle at every turn
The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned
with moss
Or grass-grown spaces, where the heav-
iest foot
Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread;
Where Solitude with Silence paired stops
short
Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe
Decay submits not.
But where'er my s
Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with
Those images of genial beauty, oft
Too lovely to be pensive in themselv
But by reflection made so, which do
And fitliest serve to crown with frag
wreaths
Life's cup when almost filled with ye
like mine
— How lovely robed in forenoon l
and shade,
Each ministering to each, didst thou
pear,
Savona, Queen of territory fair
As aught that marvellous coast thro' al
length
Yields to the Stranger's eye. Rem
brance holds
As a selected treasure thy one cliff,
That, while it wore for melancholy cr
A shattered Convent, yet rose proud
have
Clinging to its steep sides a thous
herbs
And shrubs, whose pleasant looks g
proof how kind
The breath of air can be where earth
else
Seemed churlish. And behold, both
and near,
Garden and field all decked with ora
bloom,
And peach and citron, in Spring's mild
breeze
Expanding; and, along the smooth sh
curved
Into a natural port, a tideless sea,
To that mild breeze with motion and w
voice
Softly responsive; and, attuned to all
Those vernal charms of sight and sou
appeared
Smooth space of turf which from
guardian fort
Sloped seaward, turf whose tender A
green,
In coolest climes too fugitive, might e
here
Plead with the sovereign Sun for lon
stay
Than his unmitigated beams allow,

plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,
n mortal change, aught that is born on earth
loth on time depend.
While on the brink
hat high Convent-crested cliff I stood,
est Savona! over all did brood
ire poetic Spirit — as the breeze,
— as the verdure, fresh — the sunshine, bright —
gentle Chiabrera! — not a stone,
al or level with the trodden floor,
hurch or Chapel, if my curious quest
ed not the truth, retains a single name
oung or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,
vhose dear memories his sepulchral verse [1]
simple tribute, such as might have flowed
n the clear spring of a plain English heart,
rather, one in native fellowship
all who want not skill to couple grief
praise, as genuine admiration prompts.
grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,
in his page the records of that worth
ive, uninjured; — glory then to words,
or to word-preserving Arts, and hail
indred local influences that still,
ope's familiar whispers merit faith,
it my steps when they the breezy height
range of philosophic Tusculum;
abine vales explored inspire a wish
neet the shade of Horace by the side
is Bandusian fount; or I invoke
presence to point out the spot where once
ate, and eulogized with earnest pen
e, leisure, freedom, moderate desires;
all the immunities of rural life
lled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane.
t me loiter, soothed with what is given
asking more, on that delicious Bay,
enope's Domain — Virgilian haunt,
rated with never-dying verse,
by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,

[1] See Note.

Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands
Endeared.
And who — if not a man as cold
In heart as dull in brain — while pacing ground
Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds
Out of her early struggles well inspired
To localize heroic acts — could look
Upon the spots with undelighted eye,
Though even to their last syllable the Lays
And very names of those who gave them birth
Have perished? — Verily, to her utmost depth,
Imagination feels what Reason fears not
To recognize, the lasting virtue lodged
In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned
To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,
And others like in fame, created Powers
With attributes from History derived,
By Poesy irradiate, and yet graced,
Through marvellous felicity of skill,
With something more propitious to high aims
Than either, pent within her separate sphere,
Can oft with justice claim.
And not disdaining
Union with those primeval energies
To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height
Christian Traditions! at my Spirit's call
Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome
As she survives in ruin, manifest
Your glories mingled with the brightest hues
Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,
But never to be extinct while Earth endures.
O come, if undishonored by the prayer,
From all her Sanctuaries! — Open for my feet
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened
For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,

But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,
Even at this hour.
And thou Mamertine prison,
Into that vault receive me from whose depth
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,
Albeit lifting human to divine,
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys
Grasped in his hand; and lo! with upright sword
Prefiguring his own impendent doom,
The Apostle of the Gentiles; both prepared
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate
Inflicted; — blessèd Men, for so to Heaven
They follow their dear Lord!
Time flows — nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought and brings
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chilled age, most pitiably shut out
From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known,
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Sou
Can spare, and humblest earthly demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her r
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us fro mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pur
By gross Utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the
If to the future aught of good must
Sounder and therefore holier than ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-appl
We covet as supreme. O grant the c
That Wisdom wears, or take his trea ous staff
From Knowledge! — If the Muse, w I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pea
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem
Then, not in vain, under these ches boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my
To transports from the secondary fo
Flowing of time and place, and pai both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshri verse
Accordant meditations, which in tim
Vexed and disordered, as our own, shed
Influence, at least among a scattered
To soberness of mind and peace of h
Friendly; as here to my repose hath b
This flowering broom's dear neigh hood, the light
And murmur issuing from yon pen flood,
And all the varied landscape. Le now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnifi Rome.[1]

April, 1837. 18

II.

THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT RO

Sir George Beaumont told me that, whe first visited Italy, pine-trees of this sp

[1] See Note.

ded, but that on his return thither, which
nore than thirty years after, they had dis-
red from many places where he had been
omed to admire them, and had become rare
er the country, especially in and about
. Several Roman villas have within these
ears passed into the hands of foreigners,
I observed with pleasure, have taken care to
this tree, which in course of years will
e a great ornament to the city and to the
l landscape. May I venture to add here,
aving ascended the Monte Mario, I could
sist embracing the trunk of this interesting
nent of my departed friend's feelings for
auties of nature, and the power of that art
he loved so much, and in the practice of
he was so distinguished.

v far off the dark top of a Pine
like a cloud — a slender stem the
tie
bound it to its native earth —
poised high
evening hues, along the horizon
line,
ng in peace each other to outshine.
vhen I learned the Tree was living
there,
l from the sordid axe by Beaumont's
care,
vhat a gush of tenderness was mine!
rescued Pine-Tree, with its sky so
bright
cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts
of home,
n-parted friends, and days too swift
in flight,
anted the whole majesty of Rome
n first apparent from the Pincian
Height)
ned with St. Peter's everlasting
Dome.[1]

1842.

III.

AT ROME.

t is at first a sad enemy to imagination and
se pleasures belonging to old times with
some exertions of that power will always
: nothing perhaps brings this truth home
feelings more than the city of Rome; not
h in respect to the impression made at the
moment when it is first seen and looked at as a
whole, for then the imagination may be invigorated
and the mind's eye quickened; but when particular
spots or objects are sought out, disappointment is
I believe invariably felt. Ability to recover from
this disappointment will exist in proportion to
knowledge, and the power of the mind to recon-
struct out of fragments and parts, and to make
details in the present subservient to more adequate
comprehension of the past.

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still
That name, a local Phantom proud to
mock
The Traveller's expectation? — Could
our Will
Destroy the ideal Power within, 't were
done
Thro' what men see and touch, — slaves
wandering on,
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-
taught skill.
Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we
sigh;
Yet not unrecompensed are they who
learn,
From that depression raised, to mount on
high
With stronger wing, more clearly to
discern
Eternal things; and, if need be, defy
Change, with a brow not insolent, though
stern.

1837. 1842.

IV.

AT ROME — REGRETS — IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock
Of History, stript naked as a rock
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,
Her morning splendors vanish, and their
place
Know them no more. If Truth, who
veiled her face
With those bright beams yet hid it not,
must steer

[1] See Note.

Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow;
One solace yet remains for us who came
Into this world in days when story lacked
Severe research, that in our hearts we know
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.
1837. 1842.

V.

CONTINUED.

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,
History that proves by inward evidence
From what a precious source of truth it came.
Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared
Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame,
But for coeval sympathy prepared
To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim.
None but a noble people could have loved
Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style:
Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved;
He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile
Humanity, sang feats that well might call
For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.
1837. 1842.

VI.

PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN.

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,
Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,
Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth
Has spared of sound and grave realities,
Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,
Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,
That might have drawn down Clio from the skies
To vindicate the majesty of truth.
Such was her office while she walked men,
A Muse, who, not unmindful of her
All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme r be
Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosy
And taught her faithful servant hov lyre
Should animate, but not mislead, pen.[1]
1837. 1

VII.

AT ROME.

I have a private interest in this Sonnet, doubt whether it would ever have been w but for the lively picture given me by Ricketts of what they had witnessed of the nation and sorrow expressed by some I noblemen of their acquaintance upon the render, which circumstances had obliged th make, of the best portion of their family mar to strangers.

THEY — who have seen the r Roman's scorn
Break forth at thought of laying d his head,
When the blank day is over, garrete
In his ancestral palace, where, from r
To night, the desecrated floors are
By feet of purse-proud strangers; the who have read
In one meek smile, beneath a peas shed,
How patiently the weight of wron borne;
They — who have heard some lea Patriot treat
Of freedom, with mind grasping whole theme
From ancient Rome, downwards thr that bright dream
Of Commonwealths, each city a sta seat
Of rival glory; they — fallen Italy —
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despai Thee!
1837. 18

[1] Quem virum —— lyra ——
—— sumes celebrare Clio?

VIII.

ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST. PETER'S.

; has the dew been dried on tree
and lawn:
man and beast a not unwelcome boon
ed, the languor of approaching noon;
ady rest withdrawing or withdrawn
are all creatures, as this couchant
fawn,
insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,
that the Cock is crowing, a shrill
note,
ing and shrill as that which roused
the dawn.
eard in that hour, or when, as now,
the nerve
ks from the note as from a mistimed
thing,
or a holy warning may it serve,
ged with remembrance of *his* sudden
sting,
bitter tears, whose name the Papal
Chair
yon resplendent Church are proud
to bear.

1842.

IX.

AT ALBANO.

Sonnet is founded on simple fact, and was
to enlarge, if possible, the views of those
n see nothing but evil in the intercessions
nanced by the Church of Rome. That
e in many respects lamentably pernicious
e acknowledged; but, on the other hand,
ho reflect, while they see and observe,
but be struck with instances which will
that it is a great error to condemn in all
uch mediation as purely idolatrous. This
bears with especial force upon addresses
Virgin.

passed — and Monte Calvo would
not clear
ead from mist; and, as the wind
sobbed through
o's dripping Ilex avenue,
ill forebodings in a Peasant's ear
casual vent. She said, "Be of
good cheer;
Our yesterday's procession did not sue
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,
Thanks to our Lady's grace." I smiled
to hear,
But not in scorn: — the Matron's Faith
may lack
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward
track
Stops not at this low point, nor wants
the lure
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may
own,
For by her Son's blest hand the seed
was sown.

1837. 1842.

X.

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle
Dove
Perched on an olive branch, and heard
her cooing
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs
were wooing,
While all things present told of joy and
love.
But restless Fancy left that olive grove
To hail the exploratory Bird renewing
Hope for the few, who, at the world's
undoing,
On the great flood were spared to live
and move.
O bounteous Heaven! signs true as dove
and bough
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,
Given though we seek them not, but,
while we plough
This sea of life without a visible shore,
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

1837. 1842.

XI.

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME.

FORGIVE, illustrious Country! these deep
sighs,
Heaved less for thy bright plains and
hills bestrown
With monuments decayed or overthrown,

For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies;
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies.
Yet why prolong this mournful strain? — Fallen Power,
Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour
When thou, uprisen, shalt break thy double yoke,
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,
On the third stage of thy great destiny.
1837. 1842.

XII.

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,
Checked not its rage; unfelt the ground did rock,
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim. —
Now all is sun-bright peace. Of that day's shame,
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name[1]
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream! as crystal pure.
So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof
From the true guidance of humanity,
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify
Their spirit; or, unless they for reproof
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground
That gave them being, vanish to a sound.
1837. 1842.

XIII.

NEAR THE SAME LAKE.

For action born, existing to be tried,
Powers manifold we have that intervene

[1] Sanguinetto.

To stir the heart that would too cl
screen
Her peace from images to pain allie
What wonder if at midnight, by the
Of Sanguinetto, or broad Thrasyme
The clang of arms is heard, and phar
glide,
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moor
seen;
And singly thine, O vanquished C
whose corse,
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of s
But who is He? — the Conqu
Would he force
His way to Rome? Ah, no, — r
hill and plain
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's st
command,
This spot — his shadowy death-cu
his hand.
1837. 1

XIV.

THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA.

MAY 25, 1837.

Among a thousand delightful feelings
nected in my mind with the voice of the cu
there is a personal one which is rather m
choly. I was first convinced that age had
dulled my hearing, by not being able to cat
sound at the same distance as the younger
panions of my walks; and of this failure I
proof upon the occasion that suggested
verses. I did not hear the sound till Mr. R
son had twice or thrice directed my atte
to it.

List — 't was the Cuckoo. — O with
delight
Heard I that voice! and catch it
though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into a
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark aga
Those louder cries give notice that
Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward. Thanks, ha
Creature,
For this unthought-of greeting!
While all
From vale to hill, from hill to vale lec
We have pursued, through various la
a long

pleasant course; flower after flower
has blown,
ellishing the ground that gave them
birth
aspects novel to my sight; but still
fair, most welcome, when they drank
the dew
weet fellowship with kinds beloved,
ld remembrance sake. And oft —
where Spring
ayed her richest blossoms among files
ange-trees bedecked with glowing
fruit
for the hand, or under a thick shade
ex, or, if better suited to the hour,
ghtsome Olive's twinkling canopy—
ave I heard the Nightingale and
Thrush
ing as in a common English grove
love-songs; but, where'er my feet
might roam,
e'er assemblages of new and old,
ge and familiar, might beguile the
way,
tulation from that vagrant Voice
vanting,—and most happily till now.
see, Laverna! mark the far-famed
Pile,
on the brink of that precipitous rock,
nted like a Fortress, as in truth
a Christian Fortress, garrisoned
th and hope, and dutiful obedience,
few Monks, a stern society,
to the world and scorning earth-
born joys.
– though the hopes that drew, the
fears that drove,
ancis, far from Man's resort, to abide
g these sterile heights of Apennine,
l him, nor, since he raised yon
House, have ceased
nd his spiritual Progeny, with rules
ent as flesh can tolerate and live;
ilder Genius (thanks to the good God
nade us) over those severe restraints
nd, that dread heart-freezing disci-
pline,
sometimes here predominate, and
works
sought means for gracious purposes;
arth through heaven, for heaven, by
changeful earth,
ated, and mutually endeared.

Rapt though He were above the power
of sense,
Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart
Of that once sinful Being overflowed
On sun, moon, stars, and nether elements,
And every shape of creature they sustain,
Divine affections; and with beast and
bird
(Stilled from afar — such marvel story
tells —
By casual outbreak of his passionate
words,
And from their own pursuits in field or
grove
Drawn to his side by look or act of love
Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)
He wont to hold companionship so free,
So pure, so fraught with knowledge and
delight,
As to be likened in his Followers' minds
To that which our first Parents, ere the
fall
From their high state darkened the Earth
with fear,
Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful
bowers.
Then question not that, 'mid the austere
Band,
Who breathe the air he breathed, tread
where he trod,
Some true Partakers of his loving spirit
Do still survive, and, with those gentle
hearts
Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,
Of a baptized imagination, prompt
To catch from Nature's humblest monitors
Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.
Thus sensitive must be the Monk,
though pale
With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by
years,
Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,
Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,
Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward
raised,
Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore
Appended to his bosom, and lips closed
By the joint pressure of his musing mood
And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—
Nor haply less the Brother whom I
marked,
As we approached the Convent gate, aloft
Looking far forth from his aërial cell,

A young Ascetic — Poet, Hero, Sage,
He might have been, Lover belike he was —
If they received into a conscious ear
The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,
Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy
My heart — may have been moved like me to think,
Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,
On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*
Crying amid the wilderness, and given,
Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers
Revive, their obstinate winter pass away,
That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,
Wandering in solitude, and evermore
Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave
This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies
To carry thy glad tidings over heights
Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole.
Voice of the Desert, fare-thee-well; sweet Bird!
If that substantial title please thee more,
Farewell! — but go thy way, no need hast thou
Of a good wish sent after thee; from bower
To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,
Thee gentle breezes waft — or airs, that meet
Thy course and sport around thee, softly fan —
Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,
Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,
And folds thy pinions up in blest repose.

1837. 1842.

XV.

AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI.

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,
And seeking consolation from above;
Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left
To paint this picture of his lady-love:
Can she, a blessed saint, the work
prove?
And oh, good Brethren of the cowl, a t
So fair, to which with peril he must cl
Destroy in pity, or with care remove.
That bloom—those eyes—can they a
to bind
Thoughts that would stray from Heav
The dream must cease
To be; by Faith, not sight, his soul n
live;
Else will the enamoured Monk too su
find
How wide a space can part from inw
peace
The most profound repose his cell
give.

1837. 184

XVI.

CONTINUED.

THE world forsaken, all its busy care
And stirring interests shunned with d
perate flight,
All trust abandoned in the healing mi
Of virtuous action; all that courage da
Labor accomplishes, or patience bear
Those helps rejected, they, whose mi
perceive
How subtly works man's weakness, si
may heave
For such a One beset with cloistral sna
Father of Mercy! rectify his view,
If with his vows this object ill agree;
Shed over it thy grace, and thus subd
Imperious passion in a heart set free:
That earthly love may to herself be t
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto the

1837. 184

XVII.

AT THE EREMITE OR UPPER CONVENT CAMALDOLI.

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Mon
in size
Enormous, dragged, while side by s
they sate,
By panting steers up to this convent ga

[1] See Note.

, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,
e they confront the lean austerities
Brethren who, here fixed, on Jesu wait
ackcloth, and God's anger deprecate
ough all that humbles flesh and mortifies?
nge contrast! — verily the world of dreams,
re mingle, as for mockery combined,
gs in their very essence at strife,
vs not a sight incongruous as the extremes
everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,
t on the solid ground of waking life.[1]

7. 1842.

XVIII.

AT VALLOMBROSA.[1]

ck as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
llombrosa, where Etrurian shades
over-arch'd embower."[2]
nust confess, though of course I did not
owledge it in the few lines I wrote in the
gers' book kept at the convent, that I was
what disappointed at Vallombrosa. I had
ted, as the name implies, a deep and narrow
overshadowed by enclosing hills; but the
where the convent stands is, in fact, not a
at all, but a cove or crescent open to an
sive prospect. In the book before mentioned,
l the notice in the English language that if
ne would ascend the steep ground above
onvent, and wander over it, he would be
lantly rewarded by magnificent views. I
ot time to act upon this recommendation,
nly went with my young guide to a point,
on a level with the site of the convent,
verlooks the vale of Arno for some leagues.
raise great and good men has ever been
d one of the worthiest employments of
, but the objects of admiration vary so
with time and circumstances, and the
st of mankind have been found, when in-
ly known, to be of characters so imperfect,
o eulogist can find a subject which he will

ee Note.
ee for the two *first lines*, "Stanzas com-
in the Simplon Pass."
PARADISE LOST.

venture upon with the animation necessary to create sympathy, unless he confines himself to a particular art or he takes something of a one-sided view of the person he is disposed to celebrate. This is a melancholy truth, and affords a strong reason for the poetic mind being chiefly exercised in works of fiction: the poet can then follow wherever the spirit of admiration leads him, unchecked by such suggestions as will be too apt to cross his way if all that he is prompted to utter is to be tested by fact. Something in this spirit I have written in the note attached to the sonnet on the king of Sweden; and many will think that in this poem and elsewhere I have spoken of the author of *Paradise Lost* in a strain of panegyric scarcely justifiable by the tenor of some of his opinions, whether theological or political, and by the temper he carried into public affairs in which, unfortunately for his genius, he was so much concerned.

"VALLOMBROSA— I longed in thy shadiest wood
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor!"
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,
That lulled me asleep bids me listen once more.
Its murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,
Near that Cell — yon sequestered Retreat high in air —
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.

The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here;
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere;
In the flower-besprent meadows his genius we trace
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,
That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died.

When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,
With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his prime
And here once again a kind shelter be found.
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,
Here also, on some favored height, he would choose
To wander, and drink inspiration at will.

Vallombrosa! of thee I first heard in the page
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind.
And now, ye Miltonian shades! under you
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,
And the realized vision is clasped to my heart.

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense;
Unblamed — if the Soul be intent on the day
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence.
For he and he only with wisdom is blest
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

1837. 1842.

XIX.

AT FLORENCE.

Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favorite seat of Dante, I do not know; but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy himself doubts as to the fact. The readiness with traditions of this character are received, an fidelity with which they are preserved generation to generation, are an eviden feelings honorable to our nature. I reme how, during one of my rambles in the cours college vacation, I was pleased on being s a seat near a kind of rocky cell at the sou the river, on which it was said that Con wrote his "Old Bachelor." One can sca hit on any performance less in harmony wit scene; but it was a local tribute paid to int by those who had not troubled themselv estimate the moral worth of that author's c dies; and why should they? He was a distinguished in his day; and the seques neighborhood in which he often resided perhaps as proud of him as Florence o Dante: it is the same feeling, though proce from persons one cannot bring together in way without offering some apology to the S of the great Visionary.

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,
The dome of Florence, pensive and al
Nor giving heed to aught that passed while,
I stood, and gazed upon a marble st
The laurelled Dante's favorite seat. throne,
In just esteem, it rivals; though no s
Be there of decoration to beguile
The mind, depressed by thought of gr ness flown.
As a true man, who long had served lyre,
I gazed with earnestness, and dared more.
But in his breast the mighty Poet bor
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying
Bold with the thought, in reverence I down,
And, for a moment, filled that en Throne.

1837. 184

XX.

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPT BY RAPHAEL, IN THE GALLERY FLORENCE.

It was very hot weather during the wee stayed at Florence; and, never having been t before, I went through much hard service,

therefore *ashamed* to confess I fell asleep
this picture and sitting with my back to-
the Venus de Medicis. Buonaparte — in
to one who had spoken of his being in a
sleep up to the moment when one of his
attles was to be fought, as a proof of the
ss of his mind and command over anxious
ts — said frankly, that he slept because from
exhaustion he could not help it. In like
it is noticed that criminals on the night
s to their execution seldom awake before
e called, a proof that the body is the
of us far more than we need be willing to
Should this note by any possible chance
by any of my countrymen who might
en in the gallery at the time (and several
were there) and witnessed such an inde-
I hope he will give up the opinion which
t naturally have formed to my prejudice.

Baptist might have been ordained to
cry
from the towers of that huge Pile,
wherein
ather served Jehovah; but how win
udience, how for aught but scorn
defy
bstinate pride and wanton revelry
Jerusalem below, her sin
olly, if they with united din
not at once mandate and prophecy?
fore the Voice spake from the Desert,
thence
er as to her opposite in peace,
e, and holiness, and innocence,
r, and to all Lands its warning sent,
with earnestness that might not
cease,
e straight a highway for the Lord
— repent!"

1842.

XXII.

ORENCE — FROM MICHAEL ANGELO.

ever at first these two sonnets from
l Angelo may seem in their spirit some-
consistent with each other, I have not
d to place them side by side as character-
their great author, and others with whom
l. I feel nevertheless a wish to know at
eriods of his life they were respectively
ed. The latter, as it expresses, was written
dvanced years when it was natural that
the Platonism that pervades the one should give way to the Christian feeling that inspired the other: between both there is more than poetic affinity.

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place.
With Him who made the Work that Work accords
So well, that by its help and through his grace
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace.
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,
I feel how in their presence doth abide
Light which to God is both the way and guide;
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,
My noble fire emits the joyful ray
That through the realms of glory shines for aye.

1837. 1842.

XXII.

AT FLORENCE — FROM M. ANGELO.

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee;
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee
To thy protection for a safe abode.
The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,
The meek, benign, and lacerated face,
To a sincere repentance promise grace,
To the sad soul give hope of pardon free.
With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,
My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear;
Neither put forth that way thy arm severe;

Wash with thy blood my sins; thereto incline
More readily the more my years require
Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire.
1837. 1842.

XXIII.

AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES.

The political revolutions of our time have multiplied, on the Continent, objects that unavoidably call forth reflections such as are expressed in these verses, but the Ruins in those countries are too recent to exhibit, in anything like an equal degree, the beauty with which time and nature have invested the remains of our Convents and Abbeys. These verses it will be observed take up the beauty long before it is matured, as one cannot but wish it may be among some of the desolations of Italy, France, and Germany.

YE Trees! whose slender roots entwine
Altars that piety neglects;
Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine
Which no devotion now respects;
If not a straggler from the herd
Here ruminate, nor shrouded bird,
Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride
In aught that ye would grace or hide —
How sadly is your love misplaced,
Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste!

Ye, too, wild Flowers! that no one heeds,
And ye — full often spurned as weeds —
In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness
From fractured arch and mouldering wall —
Do but more touchingly recall
Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,
Making the precincts ye adorn
Appear to sight still more forlorn.
1837. 1842.

XXIV.

IN LOMBARDY.

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins
Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves! — most hard
Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's
pared,
For whom his toil with early day be
Acknowledging no task-master, at
(As if her labor and her ease were t
She seems to work, at pleasure
still; —
And softly sleeps within the threa
spins.
So fare they—the Man serving as her S
Ere long their fates do each to each
form:
Both pass into new being,—but the W
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless g
His volant Spirit will, he trusts, asc
To bliss unbounded, glory without e
1837. 1

XXV.

AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

I had proof in several instances tha
Carbonari, if I may still call them so, and
favorers, are opening their eyes to the nec
of patience, and are intent upon spreading k
edge actively but quietly as they can.
they have resolution to continue in this co
for it is the only one by which they can
benefit their country. We left Italy by the
which is called the "Nuova Strada de Allmag
to the east of the high passes of the Alps, w
take you at once from Italy into Switzer
This road leads across several smaller hei
and winds down different vales in successio
that it was only by the accidental sound of a
German words that I was aware we had qu
Italy, and hence the unwelcome shock allud
in the two or three last lines of the latter so

FAIR Land! Thee all men greet with j
how few,
Whose souls take pride in freedom,
tue, fame,
Part from thee without pity dyed in sha
I could not — while from Venice we w
drew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined
view
Within its depths, and to the shore
came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and nam
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder co
ing threw,

! on the surface of thy spirit,
aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
a few partial breezes only creep? —
s depths quickened; what thou dost inherit
e world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
ıer of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!
. 1842.

XXVI.

CONTINUED.

dignation mastered grief, my tongue
e bitter words; words that did ill agree
those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
divine Art, that fast to memory clung —
ifts, magnificent Region, ever young
e sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
beautiful! how worthy to be sung
ains of rapture, or subdued delight!
n not; witness that unwelcome shock
followed the first sound of German speech,
ht the far-winding barrier Alps among.
ıat announcement, greeting seemed to mock
ng; the casual word had power to reach
eart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.
. 1842.

BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE
THE LATE INSURRECTIONS,
37.

I.

hy deceive ourselves! by no mere fit
dden passion roused shall men attain
freedom where for ages they have lain
d in a dark abominable pit,
life's best sinews more and more unknit.
there, a banded few who loathe the chain
ise to break it; effort worse than vain
For thee, O great Italian nation, split
Into those jarring fractions. — Let thy scope
Be one fixed mind for all; thy rights approve
To thy own conscience gradually renewed;
Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope;
Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,
The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love.
1837. 1842

CONTINUED.

II.

HARD task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean
On Patience coupled with such slow endeavor,
That long-lived servitude must last forever.
Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between
Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean
Millions from glorious aims. Our chains to sever
Let us break forth in tempest now or never! —
What, is there then no space for golden mean
And gradual progress? — Twilight leads to day,
And, even within the burning zones of earth,
The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray;
The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth:
Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,
She scans the future with the eye of gods.
1837. 1842.

CONCLUDED.

III.

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow
And wither, every human generation
Is, to the Being of a mighty nation,
Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe;

Thought that should teach the zealot to forego
Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,
And seek through noiseless pains and moderation
The unblemished good they only can bestow.
Alas! with most, who weigh futurity
Against Time present, passion holds the scales:
Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,
And nations sink; or, struggling to be free,
Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales
Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.
1837. 1842.

"WHAT IF OUR NUMBERS BARELY COULD DEFY."

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,
Striking through English breasts the anarchy
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?
Yields everything to discipline of swords?
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—
Nor discipline nor valor can withstand
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,
When in some great extremity breaks out
A people, on their own beloved Land
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight
Of a just God for liberty and right.
1837. 1837.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

These verses were thrown off extempore upon leaving Mrs. Luff's house at Fox-Ghyll, one evening. The good woman is not disposed to look at the bright side of things, and there happened to be present certain ladies who had reached the point of life where *youth* is ended, and who seemed to contend with each other in expressing their dislike of the country and climate. One of them had been heard to say she could not endure a country where there was "neither sunshin cavaliers."

Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Sails with her happy destiny;
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen,
But when the clouds asunder fly
How bright her mien!

Far different we—a froward race,
Thousands though rich in Fortune's g
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates who wear a smileless face
The whole year through.

If kindred humors e'er would make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright ship of heaven!
A counter impulse let me take
And be forgiven.
1837. 184

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

Upon its approximation (as an Evening S to the Earth, Jan. 1838.

WHAT strong allurement draws, w
spirit guides,
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if
nearer
Thou com'st to man's abode the spot g
dearer
Night after night? True is it Nature hi
Her treasures less and less.—Man r
presides
In power, where once he trembled in
weakness;
Science advances with gigantic stride
But are we aught enriched in love
meekness?
Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of p
and wise
More than in humbler times graced hur
story;
That makes our hearts more apt to sy
pathize
With heaven, our souls more fit for fut
glory,

earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,
e lie down in our last dormitory?
1838.

POSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING, 1838.

s and the sonnet entitled "The Pillar of " p. 721, were composed on what we call Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I urmured out many thousands of verses.

n old love of you, dear Hills! I share
ove of many a rival image brought
far, forgive the wanderings of my thought:
t thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare
resent birth-morn with thy last, so fair,
n to me in favors. For my lot
was, within the famed Egerian Grot
and muse, fanned by its dewy air
ng with thy soft breath! That morning too,
ers I heard their joy unbosoming
the sunny, shadowy, Coliseum;
them, unchecked by aught of sad-dening hue,
tories there won by flower-crowned Spring,
in full choir their innocent Te Deum.
1838.

POSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838.

vith yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
ature seems to them a heavenly guide.
by approach? they meet the coming tide;
llenness avoid, as now they shun
vilight's lingering glooms, — and in the sun
near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
nbol — each with his shadow at his side,
g its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?
1838. 1838.

"HARK! 'T IS THE THRUSH, UNDAUNTED, UNDEPREST."

HARK! 't is the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest,
By twilight premature of cloud and rain;
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,
And seems, as more incited, still more blest.
Thanks; thou hast snapped a fireside Prisoner's chain,
Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,
And in a moment charmed my cares to rest.
Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast,
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,
Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,
Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay.
RYDAL MOUNT, 1838. 1838.

"'T IS HE WHOSE YESTER-EVENING'S HIGH DISDAIN."

'T IS He whose yester-evening's high disdain
Beat back the roaring storm — but how subdued
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein

Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush
attune
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon
Doubly deprest, setting, and in her wane?
Rise, tardy sun! and let the Songster
prove
(The balance trembling between night
and morn
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne
He can pour forth his spirit. In heaven
above,
And earth below, they best can serve true
gladness
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sad-
ness.

1838. 1838.

"OH WHAT A WRECK! HOW CHANGED IN MIEN AND SPEECH!"

The sad condition of poor Mrs. Southey put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected.

Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien
and speech!
Yet — though dread Powers, that work in
mystery, spin
Entanglings of the brain; though shadows
stretch
O'er the chilled heart — reflect; far, far
within
Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin.
She is not what she seems, a forlorn
wretch;
But delegated Spirits comfort fetch
To Her from heights that Reason may not
win.
Like Children, She is privileged to hold
Divine communion; both do live and
move,
Whate'er to shallow Faith their ways un-
fold,
Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love;
Love pitying innocence not long to last,
In them — in Her our sins and sorrows
past.

1838. 1838.

A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY,

Failing impartial measure to disp
To every suitor, Equity is lame;
And social Justice, stript of revere
For natural rights, a mockery
shame;
Law but a servile dupe of false pre
If, guarding grossest things from co
claim
Now and forever, She, to works that
From mind and spirit, grudge a short
fence.
"What! lengthened privilege, a line
For *Books!*" Yes, heartless Ones,
it proved
That 't is a fault in Us to have live
loved
Like others, with like temporal hop
die;
No public harm that Genius from
course
Be turned; and streams of truth drie
even at their source!

1838. 1

A POET TO HIS GRANDCHI

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

"Son of my buried Son, while thus
hand
"Is clasping mine, it saddens me to t
"How Want may press thee down,
with thee sink
"Thy children left unfit, through
demand
"Of culture, even to feel or underst
"My simplest Lay that to their mem
"May cling; — hard fate! which h
need not be
"Did Justice mould the statutes of
Land.
"A Book time-cherished and an hon
name
"Are high rewards; but bound
Nature's claim
"Or Reason's? No — hopes spun
timid line
"From out the bosom of a modest h

end through unambitious years to come,
careless Little-one, for thee and thine!"
r 23, 1838. 1838.

EST STATESMAN HE, WHOSE IND'S UNSELFISH WILL."

r Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will
s him at ease among grand thoughts: whose eye
hat, apart from magnanimity,
om exists not; nor the humbler skill
udence, disentangling good and ill
patient care. What tho' assaults run high,
daunt not him who holds his ministry,
ute, at all hazards, to fulfil
ties; — prompt to move, but firm to wait, —
ing, things rashly sought are rarely found;
for the functions of an ancient State —
g by her charters, free because imbound,
nt of Providence, not slave of Fate —
us is sweeping change, all chance unsound.[1]
1838.

VALEDICTORY SONNET.

; the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.

NG no haughty Muse, my hands have here
sed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots
e they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),
kind in several beds of one parterre;
o allure the casual Loiterer,
nat, so placed, my Nurslings may requite
us regard with opportune delight,
e unthanked, unless I fondly err.
etaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,
r, farewell! My last words let them be —

[1] See Note.

If in this book Fancy and Truth agree;
If simple Nature trained by careful Art
Through It have won a passage to thy heart;
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!
1838. 1838.

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT.

FORTH rushed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,
A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,
And through the astonished Island swept in storm,
Threatening to lay all orders at her feet
That crost her way. Now stoops she to entreat
License to hide at intervals her head
Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,
In a close Box, covert for Justice meet.
St. George of England! keep a watchful eye
Fixed on the Suitor; frustrate her request —
Stifle her hope; for, if the State comply,
From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest
Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,
Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory.
1838. 1838.

SONNETS
UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.
IN SERIES.[2]
1839.

I.

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE ROAD FROM THE SOUTH.)

THIS Spot — at once unfolding sight so fair
Of sea and land, with yon gray towers that still
Rise up as if to lord it over air —
Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,

[2] First published in the *Quarterly Review*.

Or charm it out of memory; yea, might fill
The heart with joy and gratitude to God
For all his bounties upon man bestowed:
Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill"?
Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,
A prison's crown, along this way they past
For lingering durance or quick death with shame,
From this bare eminence thereon have cast
Their first look — blinded as tears fell in showers
Shed on their chains; and hence that doleful name.

1839. 1841.

II.

TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law
For worst offenders: though the heart will heave
With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,
In after thought, for Him who stood in awe
Neither of God nor man, and only saw;
Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned
On proud temptations, till the victim groaned
Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.
But oh, restrain compassion, if its course,
As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside
Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source
Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died
Blameless — with them that shuddered o'er his grave,
And all who from the law firm safety crave.

1839. 1841.

III.

THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die
Who had betrayed their country. The stern word
Afforded (may it through all time afford)
A theme for praise and admiration high.
Upon the surface of humanity
He rested not; its depths his mind explored;
He felt; but his parental bosom's lo
Was Duty, — Duty calmed his agony
And some, we know, when they by ful act
A single human life have wrongly ta
Pass sentence on themselves, confess fact,
And, to atone for it, with soul unsha
Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for
Broken with all mankind, solicit dea

1839. 18

IV.

Is *Death*, when evil against good fought
With such fell mastery that a man dare
By deeds the blackest purpose to lay b
Is Death, for one to that condi brought,
For him, or any one, the thing that o
To be *most* dreaded? Lawgivers, bew
Lest, capital pains remitting till ye s
The murderer, ye, by sanction to thought
Seemingly given, debase the ger mind;
Tempt the vague will tried standard disown,
Nor only palpable restraints unbind,
But upon Honor's head disturb the cro
Whose absolute rule permits not to v stand
In the weak love of life his least comm

1839. 18

V.

NOT to the object specially designed
Howe'er momentous in itself it be,
Good to promote or curb depravity,
Is the wise Legislator's view confine
His Spirit, when most severe, is oft kind;
As all Authority in earth depends
On Love and Fear, their several po he blends,
Copying with awe the one Paternal m
Uncaught by processes in show hum
He feels how far the act would dero
From even the humblest functions o State;
If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain

never more shall hang upon her breath
last alternative of Life or Death.
9. 1841.

VI.

brood of conscience — Spectres! that frequent
bad Man's restless walk, and haunt his bed —
ds in your aspect, yet beneficent
ct, as hovering Angels when they spread
r wings to guard the unconscious Innocent —
be the Statutes of the land to share
kity that could not but impair
r power to punish crime, and so prevent.
ye, Beliefs! coiled serpent-like about
adage on all tongues, "Murder will out,"
shall your ancient warnings work for good
e full might they hitherto have shown,
r deliberate shedder of man's blood
ve not Judgment that requires his own?
. 1841.

VII.

RE the world had past her time of youth
e polity and discipline were weak,
precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,
forth — a light, though but as of daybreak,
g as could then be borne. A Master meek
ribed the spirit fostered by that rule,
nce *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,
love the end, which all through peace must seek.
amentably do they err who strain
mandates, given rash impulse to control
keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,
r that, if consistent in their scheme,
They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,
Making of social order a mere dream.
1839. 1841.

VIII.

FIT retribution, by the moral code
Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,
Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case
She plants well-measured terrors in the road
Of wrongful acts. Downward it is and broad,
And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,
Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,
Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode
Crime might lie better hid. And, should the change
Take from the horror due to a foul deed,
Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,
And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead
In angry spirits for her old free range,
And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail.
1839. 1841.

IX.

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter
Is one great aim of penalty, extend
Thy mental vision further and ascend
Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err.
What is a State? The wise behold in her
A creature born of time, that keeps one eye
Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,
To which her judgments reverently defer.
Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State
Endues her conscience with external life
And being, to preclude or quell the strife
Of individual will, to elevate
The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,
And fortify the moral sense of all.
1839. 1841.

X.

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine
Of an immortal spirit, is a gift

So sacred, so informed with light divine,
That no tribunal, though most wise to sift
Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift
Into that world where penitential tear
May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear
A voice — that world whose veil no hand can lift
For earthly sight. "Eternity and Time,"
They urge, "have interwoven claims and rights
Not to be jeopardized through foulest crime:
The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights."
Even so; but measuring not by finite sense
Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

1839. 1841.

XI.

AH, think how one compelled for life to abide
Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart
Out of his own humanity, and part
With every hope that mutual cares provide;
And, should a less unnatural doom confide
In life-long exile on a savage coast,
Soon the relapsing penitent may boast
Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.
Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,
Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,
Leaving the final issue in *His* hands
Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,
Who sees, foresees; who cannot judge amiss,
And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

1839. 1841.

XII.

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell
And prostrate at some moment when remorse
Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,
Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell.
Then mark him, him who could so
rebel,
The crime confessed, a kneeling Peni
Before the Altar, where the Sacrame
Softens his heart, till from his eyes out
Tears of salvation. Welcome de
while Heaven
Does in this change exceedingly rejo
While yet the solemn heed the State
given
Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's v
In faith, which fresh offences, were he
On old temptations, might forever b

1839. 18

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

YES, though He well may tremble at
sound
Of his own voice, who from the ju
ment-seat
Sends the pale Convict to his last ret
In death; though Listeners shudder
around,
They know the dread requital's so
profound;
Nor is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete
(Would that it were!) the sacrifice unr
For Christian Faith. But hopeful s
abound;
The social rights of man breathe purer
Religion deepens her preventive care
Then, moved by needless fear of
abuse,
Strike not from Law's firm hand
awful rod,
But leave it thence to drop for lack of
Oh, speed the blessèd hour, Almig
God!

1839. 18

XIV.

APOLOGY.

THE formal World relaxes her cold cl
For One who speaks in numbers; am
scope
His utterance finds; and, conscious of
gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope

cause of grateful reason to sustain;
, serving Truth, the heart more
strongly beats
nst all barriers which his labor meets
ɔfty place, or humble Life's domain.
ıgh;—before us lay a painful road,
guidance have I sought in duteous
love
ı Wisdom's heavenly Father. Hence
hath flowed
ence, with trust that, whatsoe'er the
way
ı takes in this high matter, all may
move
red with the prospect of a brighter
day.
9. 1841.

A PORTRAIT OF I. F., PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES.

gaze — nor grieve to think that we
must die,
that the precious love this friend
hath sown
in our hearts, the love whose flower
hath blown
ıt as if heaven were ever in its eye,
pass so soon from human memory;
not by strangers to our blood alone,
ɔy our best descendants be unknown,
ought of — this may surely claim a
sigh.
ɔlessed Art, we yield not to dejection;
against Time so feelingly dost strive.
e'er, preserved in this most true re-
flection,
ıage of her soul is kept alive,
lingering fragrance of the pure
affection,
e flower with us will vanish, must
survive.
AL MOUNT, 1850.
New Year's Day, 1840.

TO I. F.

star which comes at close of day to
shine
heavenly bright than when it leads
the morn.
Is friendship's emblem, whether the for-
lorn
She visiteth, or, shedding light benign
Through shades that solemnize Life's
calm decline,
Doth make the happy happier. This
have we
Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,
Which now we too unwillingly resign
Though for brief absence. But farewell!
the page
Glimmers before my sight through thank-
ful tears,
Such as start forth, not seldom, to ap-
prove
Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled
by age,
Call thee, though known but for a few
fleet years,
The heart-affianced sister of our love!
RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb.* 1, 1840. 1850.

POOR ROBIN.[1]

I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day. Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them?—This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is here constantly courting my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers. Strangely do the tastes of men differ according to their employment and habits of life. "What a nice well would that be," said a laboring man to me one day, "if all that rubbish was cleared off." The "*rubbish*" was some of the most beautiful mosses and lichens and ferns and other wild growths that could possibly be seen. Defend us from the tyranny of trimness and neatness showing itself in this way! Chatterton says of freedom—"Upon her head wild weeds were spread;" and depend upon it if "the marvellous boy" had undertaken to give Flora a garland, he would have preferred what we are apt to call weeds to garden-flowers. True taste has an eye for both. Weeds have been called flowers out of place. I fear the place most people would

[1] The small wild Geranium known by that name.

assign to them is too limited. Let them come near to our abodes, as surely they may without impropriety or disorder.

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content
With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,
Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power
To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower;
And flowers they well might seem to passers-by
If looked at only with a careless eye;
Flowers — or a richer produce (did it suit
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.
But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay
Of pretty fancies that would round him play
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?
Or does it suit our humor to commend
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show
Bright colors whether they deceive or no? —
Nay, we would simply praise the free good-will
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill;
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow:
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy
This child of Nature's own humility
What recompense is kept in store o
For all that seem neglected or bereft
With what nice care equivalents are gi
How just, how bountiful, the han
Heaven.

MARCH, 1840. 18

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE WELLINGTON UPON THE FI OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON

This was composed while I was ascen Helvellyn in company with my daughter an husband. She was on horseback and rode t top of the hill without once dismounting, a which it was scarcely possible to perform e during a season of dry weather; and a g with whom we fell in on the mountain, told believed it had never been accomplished b by any one.

By Art's bold privilege Warrior
War-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their
battle's wreck;
Let the Steed glory while his Mas
hand
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious n
But by the Chieftain's look, though a
side
Hangs that day's treasured sword,
firm a check
Is given to triumph and all human pr
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shad
speck
In his calm presence! Him the mi
deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the gra
rest,
As shows that time-worn face, for he
seed
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fru
fame
In Heaven; hence no one blushes fo
name,
Conqueror, 'mid some sad thou
divinely blest!

AUG. 31, 1840. 18

TO A PAINTER.

picture which gave occasion to this and owing Sonnet was from the pencil of Miss lies, who resided for several weeks under f at Rydal Mount.

raise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed;
is a fruitless task to paint for me,
yielding not to changes Time has made,
e habitual light of memory see
nbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
he land where ghosts and phantoms be;
seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
st thou go back into far-distant years,
are with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
and then only, Painter! could thy Art
isual powers of Nature satisfy,
hold, whate'er to common sight appears,
sovereign empire in a faithful heart.

1842.

N THE SAME SUBJECT.

GH I beheld at first with blank surprise
Vork, I now have gazed on it so long
ts truth with unreluctant eyes;
Belovèd! I have done thee wrong,
ous of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,
oo heedless, as I now perceive:
into noon did pass, noon into eve,
e old day was welcome as the young,
lcome, and as beautiful — in sooth
eautiful, as being a thing more holy:
s to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
thy goodness, never melancholy;
large heart and humble mind, that cast
ne vision, future, present, past.

1842.

"WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD HAD OVERTHROWN."

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown
St. Mary's Church, the preacher then would cry: —
"Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown
That ye to him your love may testify;
Haste, and rebuild the pile." — But not a stone
Resumed its place. Age after age went by,
And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan.
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim
In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice;
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!
Oh! in the past if cause there was for shame,
Let not our times halt in their better choice.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Jan.* 23, 1842. 1842.

"INTENT ON GATHERING WOOL FROM HEDGE AND BRAKE."

Suggested by a conversation with Miss Fenwick, who along with her sister had, during their childhood, found much delight in such gatherings for the purposes here alluded to.

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake
Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon
A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon:
Great is their glee while flake they add to flake
With rival earnestness; far other strife
Than will hereafter move them, if they make
Pastime their idol, give their day of life
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure's sake.
Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?
Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?

Not for an interval however brief;
The silent thoughts that search for steadfast light,
Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,
And Faith — these only yield secure relief.
MARCH 8, 1842. 1842.

PRELUDE.

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED "POEMS CHIEFLY OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS."

These verses were begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and were finished at Rydal. As the contents of the volume, to which they are now prefixed, will be assigned to their respective classes when my poems shall be collected in one volume, I should be at a loss where with propriety to place this prelude, being too restricted in its bearing to serve for a preface for the whole. The lines towards the conclusion allude to the discontents then fomented through the country by the agitators of the Anti-Corn-Law League: the particular causes of such troubles are transitory, but disposition to excite and liability to be excited are nevertheless permanent, and therefore proper objects for the poet's regard.

IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,
Or some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song
To his own genial instincts; and was heard
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)
To utter, above showers of blossom swept
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,
Which the unsheltered traveller might receive
With thankful spirit. The descant, and the wind
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence
Impelled to livelier pace. But now
Book!
Charged with those lays, and othe
like mood,
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the th
Go, single — yet aspiring to be join
With thy Forerunners that through
a year
Have faithfully prepared each ot
way —
Go forth upon a mission best fulfill
When and wherever, in this chan
world,
Power hath been given to please
higher ends
Than pleasure only; gladdening to
pare
For wholesome sadness, troublin
refine,
Calming to raise; and, by a sapient
Diffused through all the mysteries o
Being,
Softening the toils and pains that
not ceased
To cast their shadows on our mother
Since the primeval doom. Such i
grace
Which, though unsued for, fails n
descend
With heavenly inspiration; such the
That Reason dictates; and, as even
wish
Has virtue in it, why should hope t
Be wanting that sometimes, where fa
ills
Harass the mind and strip from off
bowers
Of private life their natural pleasant
A Voice—devoted to the love whose
Are sown in every human breast, to be
Lodged within compass of the hum
sight,
To cheerful intercourse with wood
field,
And sympathy with man's substa
griefs —
Will not be heard in vain? And in t
days
When unforeseen distress spreads fa
wide
Among a People mournfully cast do
Or into anger roused by venal word
In recklessness flung out to overturn

judgment, and divert the general heart
mutual good — some strain of thine, my Book!
ıt at propitious intervals, may win
ıers who not unwillingly admit
y emotion tending to console
econcile; and both with young and old
the sense of thoughtful gratitude
enefits that still survive, by faith
ogress, under laws divine, maintained.

AL MOUNT,
March 26, 1842. 1842.

FLOATING ISLAND.

poor sister takes a pleasure in repeating
erses, which she composed not long before
ginning of her sad illness.

e lines are by the Author of the "Address
Wind," etc., published heretofore along
y Poems.

IONIOUS Powers with Nature work
y, earth, river, lake and sea;
ine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,
one duteous task agree.

did I see a slip of earth
ırobbing waves long undermined)
d from its hold; how, no one knew,
l might see it float, obedient to the wind;

see it, from the mossy shore
ered, float upon the Lake,
with its crest of trees adorned
ich the warbling birds their pastime take.

shelter, safety, there they find;
berries ripen, flowerets bloom;
insects live their lives, and die;
)led world it is; in size a tiny room.

ıus through many seasons' space
ttle Island may survive;
ature, though we mark her not,
ake away, may cease to give.

Perchance when you are wandering forth
Upon some vacant sunny day,
Without an object, hope, or fear,
Thither your eyes may turn — the Isle is passed away;

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,
Its place no longer to be found;
Yet the lost fragments shall remain
To fertilize some other ground.

1842. 1842.

"THE CRESCENT-MOON, THE STAR OF LOVE."

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between —
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

1842. 1842.

TO A REDBREAST — (IN SICKNESS).

Almost the only verses by our lamented Sister Sara Hutchinson.

STAY, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.

Though I, alas! may ne'er enjoy
The promise in thy song;
A charm, *that* thought cannot destroy,
Doth to thy strain belong.

Methinks that in my dying hour
Thy song would still be dear,
And with a more than earthly power
My passing Spirit cheer.

Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.

1842. 1842.

MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

1842.

I.

I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day: for artistical let them substitute artificial, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterized.

A Poet! — He hath put his heart to school,
Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff
Which Art hath lodged within his hand — must laugh
By precept only, and shed tears by rule.
Thy Art be Nature; the live current quaff,
And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,
In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool
Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph.
How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?
Because the lovely little flower is free
Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold;
And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree
Comes not by casting in a formal mould,
But from its *own* divine vitality.

1842. 1842.

II.

Hundreds of times have I seen, hanging about and above the vale of Rydal, clouds that might have given birth to this Sonnet, which was thrown off on the impulse of the moment one evening when I was returning home from the favorite walk of ours, along the Rotha, under Loughrigg.

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky
Owe to a troubled element their forms,
Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye
We watch their splendor, shall we covet storms,

And wish the Lord of day his slow de
Would hasten, that such pomp may
on high?
Behold, already they forget to shine
Dissolve — and leave, to him who g
a sigh.
Not loth to thank each moment for its
Of pure delight, come whencesoe'
may,
Peace let us seek, — to steadfast t
attune
Calm expectations — leaving to the
And volatile their love of transient bo
The house that cannot pass away be

1842. 1

III.

This Sonnet is recommended to the peru all those who consider that the evils under we groan are to be removed or palliate measures ungoverned by moral and reli principles.

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ke
Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded
And seek the Sufferer in his darkest
Whether conducted to the spot by si
And moanings, or he dwells (as if the
Taught him concealment) hidden
all eyes
In silence and the awful modesties
Of sorrow; — feel for all, as brother M
Rest not in hope want's icy chain to
By casual boons and formal charities
Learn to be just, just through impa
law;
Far as ye may, erect and equalize;
And, what ye cannot reach by sta
draw
Each from his fountain of self-sacrifi

1842. 18

IV.

IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT TORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRE REVOLUTION.

PORTENTOUS change when History
appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer

onsciences perplexed with scruples
nice!
who bewail not, must abhor, the
sneer
of Conceit, Power's blind Idolater;
aply sprung from vaunting Cowardice
ayed by mockery of holy fear.
it not long been said the wrath of
Man
ks not the righteousness of God? Oh
bend,
l, ye Perverse! to judgments from
on High,
s that lay under Heaven's perpetual
ban
principles of action that transcend
sacred limits of humanity.
1842.

V.

CONTINUED.

ponders National events shall find
wful balancing of loss and gain,
based on sorrow, good with ill com-
bined,
proud deliverance issuing out of pain
direful throes; as if the All-ruling
Mind,
whose perfection it consists to ordain
anic burst, earthquake, and hurri-
cane,
in like sort with feeble human kind
ws immutable. But woe for him
thus deceived shall lend an eager
hand
cial havoc. Is not Conscience ours,
Truth, whose eye guilt only can make
dim;
Will, whose office, by divine com-
mand,
control and check disordered Powers?
1842.

VI.

CONCLUDED.

-FAVORED England! be not thou
misled
onstrous theories of alien growth,
lien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed
red
With thy own blood, which tears in
torrents shed
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,
Or wan despair — the ghost of false hope
fled
Into a shameful grave. Among thy youth,
My Country! if such warning be held dear,
Then shall a Veteran's heart be thrilled
with joy,
One who would gather from eternal truth,
For time and season, rules that work to
cheer —
Not scourge, to save the People — not
destroy.
1842.

VII.

MEN of the Western World! in Fate's
dark book
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire
portent?
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook
Their native Land, for outrage provident;
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent
And wider range to passions turbulent,
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind's
breath,
Dive through the stormy surface of the
flood
To the great current flowing underneath;
Explore the countless springs of silent
good;
So shall the truth be better understood,
And thy grieved spirit brighten strong in
faith.[1]
1842.

VIII.

LO! where she stands fixed in a saint-like
trance,
One upward hand, as if she needed rest
From rapture, lying softly on her breast!
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance;
But not the less — nay more — that
countenance,

[1] See Notes.

While thus illumined, tells of painful strife
For a sick heart made weary of this life
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.
—Would She were now as when she hoped to pass
At God's appointed hour to them who tread
Heaven's sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,
Well pleased, her foot should print earth's common grass,
Lived thankful for day's light, for daily bread,
For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

1842. 1842.

THE NORMAN BOY.

The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs. Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse; and I do not regret that I took the trouble; for not improbably the fact is illustrative of the boy's early piety, and may concur with my other little pieces on children to produce profitable reflection among my youthful readers. This is said however with an absolute conviction that children will derive most benefit from books which are not unworthy the perusal of persons of any age. I protest with my whole heart against those productions, so abundant in the present day, in which the doings of children are dwelt upon as if they were incapable of being interested in anything else. On this subject I have dwelt at length in the poem on the growth of my own mind.

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
From home and company remote and every playful joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman Boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot; but from an English Dame,
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she [illegible] upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge [illegible] relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a [illegible] threatening the fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted ea[illegible] were busy at their feed,
And the poor Boy was busier still, [illegible] work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent [illegible] withered and decayed,
For covert from the keen north wind, [illegible] hands a hut had made.
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail [illegible] needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, b[illegible] builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, [illegible] seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, [illegible] the architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, w[illegible] shaped with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his sm[illegible] edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening the[illegible] as the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wa[illegible] of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or temp[illegible] driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, [illegible] lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised a[illegible] standard for the true
And faithful service of his heart in [illegible] worst that might ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid [illegible] houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, [illegible] Providence was placed.

——Here, Lady! might I cease; but n[illegible] let *us* before we part
With this dear holy shepherd-boy brea[illegible] a prayer of earnest heart,

unto him, where'er shall lie his
life's appointed way,
Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove
an all-sufficing stay.
2. 1842.

THE POET'S DREAM.

SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY.

as those final words were penned,
the sun broke out in power,
gladdened all things; but, as chanced,
within that very hour,
blackened, thunder growled, fire
flashed from clouds that hid the sky,
for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved
a pensive sigh.

could my heart by second thoughts
from heaviness be cleared,
odied forth before my eyes the cross-
crowned hut appeared;
while around it storm as fierce
seemed troubling earth and air,
, within, the Norman Boy kneeling
alone in prayer.

Child, as if the thunder's voice spake
with articulate call,
d meekly in submissive fear, before
the Lord of All;
ps were moving; and his eyes, up-
raised to sue for grace,
soft illumination cheered the dimness
of that place.

beautiful is holiness!—what wonder
if the sight,
st as vivid as a dream, produced a
dream at night?
ne with sleep and showed the Boy,
no cherub, not transformed,
ne poor raggèd Thing whose ways
my human heart had warmed.

ad the dream equipped with wings,
so I took him in my arms,
ifted from the grassy floor, stilling
his faint alarms,
And bore him high through yielding air
my debt of love to pay,
By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour
of holiday.

I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear
Child! thou art my own,
To show thee some delightful thing, in
country or in town.
What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or
that holy place and calm
St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the
Church of Notre Dame?

St. Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose
what else would please thee most
Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud
France, can boast!"
"My Mother," said the Boy, "was born
near to a blessèd Tree,
The Chapel Oak of Allonville; good
Angel, show it me!"

On wings, from broad and steadfast poise
let loose by this reply,
For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away
then did we fly;
O'er town and tower we flew, and fields
in May's fresh verdure drest;
The wings they did not flag; the Child,
though grave, was not deprest.

But who shall show, to waking sense, the
gleam of light that broke
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy
looked down on that huge oak,
For length of days so much revered, so
famous where it stands
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care,
and work of human hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided
round and round
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door,
window, and stair that wound
Gracefully up the gnarled trunk; nor left
we unsurveyed
The pointed steeple peering forth from
the centre of the shade.

I lighted—opened with soft touch the
chapel's iron door,
Past softly, leading in the Boy; and, while
from roof to floor

From floor to roof all round his eyes the
Child with wonder cast,
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each
livelier than the last.

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the
sanctuary showed,
By light of lamp and precious stones, that
glimmered here, there glowed,
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in
sign of gratitude;
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts;
and speech I thus renewed:

"Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast
heard thy Mother say,
And, kneeling, supplication make to our
Lady de la Paix;
What mournful sighs have here been
heard, and, when the voice was stopt
By sudden pangs; what bitter tears have
on this pavement dropt!

Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a
favored lot is thine,
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than brings
full many to this shrine;
From body pains and pains of soul thou
needest no release,
Thy hours as they flow on are spent, if
not in joy, in peace.

Then offer up thy heart to God in thank-
fulness and praise,
Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts,
in thy most busy days;
And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy
small hut, will be
Holy as that which long hath crowned the
Chapel of this Tree;

Holy as that far seen which crowns the
sumptuous Church in Rome
Where thousands meet to worship God
under a mighty Dome;
He sees the bending multitude, he hears
the choral rites,
Yet not the less, in children's hymns and
lonely prayer, delights.

God for His service needeth not proud
work of human skill;
They please Him best who labor most to
do in peace His will:

So let us strive to live, and to our Sp
will be given
Such wings as, when our Saviour c
shall bear us up to heaven."

The Boy no answer made by words,
so earnest was his look,
Sleep fled, and with it fled the drea
recorded in this book,
Lest all that passed should melt awa
silence from my mind,
As visions still more bright have d
and left no trace behind.

But oh! that Country-man of thine, w
eye, loved Child, can see
A pledge of endless bliss in acts of e
piety,
In verse, which to thy ear might co
would treat this simple theme
Nor leave untold our happy flight in
adventurous dream.

Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to
from whom it flowed,
Was nothing, scarcely can be aught,
't was bounteously bestowed,
If I may dare to cherish hope that ge
eyes will read
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, he
touched, their fancies feed.[1]

1842. 184

THE WIDOW ON WINDERME SIDE.

The facts recorded in this Poem were g
me, and the character of the person descr
by my friend the Rev. R. P. Graves, who
long officiated as curate at Bowness, to the
benefit of the parish and neighborhood.
individual was well known to him. She die
fore these verses were composed. It is sca
worth while to notice that the stanzas are wr
in the sonnet form, which was adopted wh
thought the matter might be included in tw
eight lines.

I.

How beautiful when up a lofty heigh
Honor ascends among the humblest p
And feeling sinks as deep! See t
the door

[1] See Note.

ne, a Widow, left beneath a weight
lameless debt. On evil Fortune's spite
vasted no complaint, but strove to make
st repayment, both for conscience-sake
that herself and hers should stand upright
e world's eye. Her work when day-light failed
ed not, and through the depth of night she kept
earnest vigils, that belief prevailed
some, the noble Creature never slept;
one by one, the hand of death assailed
children from her inmost heart bewept.

II.

Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow,
winter's noonday placed her buried Son
e her eyes, last child of many gone—
aiment of angelic white, and lo!
ery feet bright as the dazzling snow
h they are touching; yea far brighter, even
at which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,
sses aught these elements can show.
she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour
e'er befell she could not grieve or pine;
e Transfigured, in and out of season,
ared, and spiritual presence gained a power
material forms that mastered reason.
racious Heaven, in pity make her thine!

III.

hy that prayer? as if to her could come
od but by the way that leads to bliss
gh Death,—so judging we should judge amiss.
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,
Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom:
Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss
The air or laugh upon a precipice;
No, passing through strange sufferings toward the tomb
She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won:
Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,
With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees
The Mother hails in her descending Son
An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies
Her own angelic glory seems begun.

1842. 1842.

FAREWELL LINES.

These lines were designed as a farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, who had retired from the throngs of London to comparative solitude in the village of Enfield.

"HIGH bliss is only for a higher state,"
But, surely, if severe afflictions borne
With patience merit the reward of peace,
Peace ye deserve; and may the solid good,
Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here
With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof
To you accorded, never be withdrawn,
Nor for the world's best promises renounced.
Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,
Fresh from the crowded city, to behold
That lonely union, privacy so deep,
Such calm employments, such entire content.
So when the rain is over, the storm laid,
A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,
Upon a rocky islet, side by side,
Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease;
And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,
Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,
As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,
Each with the other, on the dewy ground,

Where He that made them blesses their repose. —
When wandering among lakes and hills I note,
Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,
And guarded in their tranquil state of life,
Even, as your happy presence to my mind
Their union brought, will they repay the debt,
And send a thankful spirit back to you,
With hope that we, dear Friends! shall meet again.

1842.

AIREY-FORCE VALLEY.

——— Not a breath of air
Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen.
From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees
Are steadfast as the rocks; the brook itself,
Old as the hills that feed it from afar,
Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm
Where all things else are still and motionless.
And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance
Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,
Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,
But to its gentle touch how sensitive
Is the light ash! that, pendent from the brow
Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes
A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,
Powerful almost as vocal harmony
To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

1842.

"LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER DO IN THY MAGIC LIVE."

Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live
As might from India's farthest plain
Recall the not unwilling Maid,
Assist me to detain
The lovely Fugitive:
Check with thy notes the impulse w
betrayed
By her sweet farewell looks, I long
aid.
Here let me gaze enrapt upon that
The impregnable and awe-inspiring
Of contemplation, the calm port
By reason fenced from winds that si
Among the restless sails of vanity.
But if no wish be hers that we sh
part,
A humbler bliss would satisfy my he
Where all things are so fai
Enough by her dear side to breathe th
Of this Elysian weather;
And, on or in, or near, the brook, e
Shade upon the sunshine lying
Faint and somewhat pensiv
And downward Image gayly vying
With its upright living tree
'Mid silver clouds, and openings of
sky
As soft almost and deep as her ceru
eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance
Cast up the Stream or down at her
seeching,
To mark its eddying foam-balls pre
distrest
By ever-changing shape and want of r
Or watch, with mutual teach
The current as it plays
In flashing leaps and stea
creeps
Adown a rocky maze;
Or note (translucent summer's happ
chance!)
In the slope-channel floored with peb
bright,
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of g
So vivid that they take from keenest s
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide th

1842. 184

TO THE CLOUDS.

These verses were suggested while I was w
ing on the foot-road between Rydal Mount
Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the
of Nab-Scar across the vale: they set my thou
agoing, and the rest followed almost immediat

ry of Clouds! ye wingèd Hosts in troops
ending from behind the motionless brow
hat tall rock, as from a hidden world,
whither with such eagerness of speed?
at seek ye, or what shun ye? of the gale
panions, fear ye to be left behind,
acing o'er your blue ethereal field
tend ye with each other? of the sea
dren, thus post ye over vale and height
sink upon your mother's lap — and rest?
were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes
eld in your impetuous march the likeness
a wide army pressing on to meet
vertake some unknown enemy? —
your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim;
Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares
r squadrons to an endless flight of birds
al, upon due migration bound
nilder climes; or rather do ye urge
aravan your hasty pilgrimage
ause at last on more aspiring heights
n these, and utter your devotion there
n thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,
would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,
resent at his setting; or the pomp
Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand
ng your splendors high above the heads
orshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?
nce, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed?
k, silent creatures. — They are gone, are fled,
d together in yon gloomy mass
loads the middle heaven; and clear and bright
vacant doth the region which they thronged
ar; a calm descent of sky conducting
n to the unapproachable abyss,
Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose
To vanish — fleet as days and months and years,
Fleet as the generations of mankind,
Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,
The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.
But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,
And see! a bright precursor to a train
Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock
That sullenly refuses to partake
Of the wild impulse. From a fount of life
Invisible, the long procession moves
Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale
Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye
That sees them, to my soul that own in them,
And in the bosom of the firmament
O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,
A type of her capacious self and all
Her restless progeny.
A humble walk
Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,
A little hoary line and faintly traced,
Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot
Or of his flock? — joint vestige of them both.
I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts
Admit no bondage and my words have wings.
Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,
To accompany the verse? The mountain blast
Shall be our *hand* of music; he shall sweep
The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,
And search the fibres of the caves, and they
Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds
And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales —
Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn
With annual verdure, and revive the woods,
And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers —

Love them; and every idle breeze of air
Bends to the favorite burthen. Moon and stars
Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds
Watch also, shifting peaceably their place
Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,
As if some Protean art the change had wrought,
In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep
Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes
And all degrees of beauty. O ye Lightnings!
Ye are their perilous offspring; and the Sun —
Source inexhaustible of life and joy,
And type of man's far-darting reason, therefore
In old time worshipped as the god of verse,
A blazing intellectual deity —
Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers
Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood
Visions with all but beatific light
Enriched — too transient were they not renewed
From age to age, and did not, while we gaze
In silent rapture, credulous desire
Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power
To keep the treasure unimpaired. Vain thought!
Yet why repine, created as we are
For joy and rest, albeit to find them only
Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

1842. 1842.

"WANSFELL![1] THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS A FAVORED LOT."

WANSFELL! this Household has a favored lot,
Living with liberty on thee to gaze,
To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,
Or when along thy breast serenely float
Evening's angelic clouds. Yet ne'er a note

[1] The hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside.

Hath sounded (shame upon the Ba
thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven,
brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days.
Bountiful Son of Earth! when we are g
From every object dear to mortal sig
As soon we shall be, may these words a
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone
Thy visionary majesties of light,
How in thy pensive glooms our he
found rest.

DEC. 24, 1842. 18

THE EAGLE AND THE DOV

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their ear
home
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chain
Rome.

These children claim thee for their s
the breath
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mo
tains, fans
A flame within them that despises de
And glorifies the truant youth of Van

With thy own scorn of tyrants they
vance,
But truth divine has sanctified their ra
A silver cross enchased with flowers
France
Their badge, attests the holy fight t
wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crus
Their veteran foes mock as an idle no
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes ai
From Heaven, gigantic force to beard
boys.

1842. 184

GRACE DARLING.

AMONG the dwellers in the silent field
The natural heart is touched, and pu
way
And crowded street resound with bal
strains,

[2] Published in *La Petite Chouannerie.*

red by ONE whose very name bespeaks
r divine, exalting human love;
n, since her birth on bleak Northum-
bria's coast,
vn unto few but prized as far as
known,
gle Act endears to high and low
igh the whole land — to Manhood,
moved in spite
e world's freezing cares — to gener-
ous Youth —
fancy, that lisps her praise — to Age
se eye reflects it, glistening through
a tear
emulous admiration. Such true fame
ts her *now;* but, verily, good deeds
ot imperishable record find
in the rolls of heaven, where hers
may live
eme for angels, when they celebrate
high-souled virtues which forgetful
earth
witnessed. Oh! that winds and
waves could speak
ings which their united power called
forth
the pure depths of her humanity!
aiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,
and unflinching, as the Lighthouse
reared
he Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-
place;
ke the invincible Rock itself that
braves,
after age, the hostile elements,
hen it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.
night the storm had raged, nor
ceased, nor paused,
n, as day broke, the Maid, through
misty air,
s far off a Wreck, amid the surf,
ng on one of those disastrous isles —
of a Vessel, half — no more; the rest
vanished, swallowed up with all that
there
or the common safety striven in vain,
aither thronged for refuge. With
quick glance
hter and Sire through optic-glass
discern,
ing about the remnant of this Ship,
ures — how precious in the Maiden's
sight!

For whom, belike, the old Man grieves
still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed
Where every parting agony is hushed,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
"But courage, Father! let us out to sea —
A few may yet be saved." The Daughter's
words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with
faith,
Dispel the Father's doubts: nor do they
lack
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and with her blessing
cheered,
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, Father and
Child!
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on
they go —
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they
watch
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed
And shattered, and re-gathering their
might;
As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will
Were, in the conscious sea, roused and
prolonged
That woman's fortitude — so tried, so
proved —
May brighten more and more!
True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous
gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the
strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the Wreck is neared,
becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they
approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least per-
turbed
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he per-
ceives
That of the pair — tossed on the waves to
bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life —
One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,

A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced
And difficulty mastered, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering Lighthouse. — Shout, ye Waves
Send forth a song of triumph. Waves and Winds,
Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith
In Him whose Providence your rage hath served!
Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join!
And would that some immortal Voice — a Voice
Fitly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors — to the clouds might bear —
Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,
Though young so wise, though meek so resolute —
Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

1843. 1845.

"WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT SHOOT WIDE AND HIGH."

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,
Deep in the vale a little rural Town[1]

[1] Ambleside.

Breathes forth a cloud-like creature
own,
That mounts not toward the ra
morning sky,
But, with a less ambitious sympathy
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the
Troubles and toils that every day prep
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye
Endears that Lingerer. And how
her sway
(Like influence never may my sou
ject)
If the calm Heaven, now to its z
decked
With glorious forms in numberless a
To the lone shepherd on the hills dis
Gleams from a world in which the s
repose.

JAN. 1, 1843. 18

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPH WORDSWORTH, D.D., MAST OF HARROW SCHOOL.

After the perusal of his *Theophilus Anglic* recently published.

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from
hand
Have I received this proof of pains
stowed
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the
That, in our native isle, and every la
The Church, when trusting in divine c
mand
And in her Catholic attributes, hath t
O may these lessons be with profit scan
To thy heart's wish, thy labor blest
God!
So the bright faces of the young and
Shall look more bright — the hap
happier still;
Catch, in the pauses of their keenest p
Motions of thought which elevate the
And, like the Spire that from your cla
Hill
Points heavenward, indicate the end
way.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Dec.* 11, 1843. 184

INSCRIPTION

A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE RCH, IN THE VALE OF KESWICK.

ales and hills whose beauty hither drew
oet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
yes have closed! And ye, loved books, no more
Southey feed upon your precious lore,
orks that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
g immortal labors of his own —
her he traced historic truth, with zeal
ne State's guidance, or the Church's weal,
ncy, disciplined by studious art,
ned his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
dgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind
verence for the rights of all mankind.
were his aims, yet in no human breast
private feelings meet for holier rest.
ys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
gh his industrious life, and Christian faith
d in his soul the fear of change and death.

EMBER, 1843. 1845.

THE PROJECTED KENDAL D WINDERMERE RAILWAY.

n no nook of English ground secure
rash assault?[1] Schemes of retirement sown
ith, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish; — how can they this blight endure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orresthead
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

OCT. 12, 1844. 1845.

"PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS, WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD."

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar:
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard YE that Whistle? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled; — and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,

he degree and kind of attachment which f the yeomanry feel to their small inher- can scarcely be over-rated. Near the of one of them stands a magnificent tree, a neighbor of the owner advised him to profit's sake. "Fell it!" exclaimed the yeoman, "I had rather fall on my knees and worship it." It happens, I believe, that the intended railway would pass through this little property, and I hope that an apology for the answer will not be thought necessary by one who enters into the strength of the feeling.

Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.
1844. 1845.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,
Man left this Structure to become Time's prey
A soothing spirit follows in the way
That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing,
See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin
Fall to prevent or beautify decay;
And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,
The flowers in pearly dews their bloom renewing!
Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour;
Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile
Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower
Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim
Prescriptive title to the shattered pile
Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name!
1844. 1845.

"FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE, AROUND WHOSE BASE."

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base
Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend
In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair
Rising to no ambitious height; yet both,
O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld. Up-led with mutual help,
To one or other brow of those twin Peaks
Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,
And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,

The blooming heath their couch, side by side,
In speechless admiration. I, a wi
And frequent sharer of their calm d
With thankful heart, to either Emi
Gave the baptismal name each Siste
Now are they parted, far as Death' hand
Hath power to part the Spirits of who love
As they did love. Ye kindred Pinnac
That, while the generations of man
Follow each other to their hiding-p
In time's abyss, are privileged to e
Beautiful in yourselves, and richly g
With like command of beauty — your aid
For MARY's humble, SARAH's silent
That their pure joy in nature may s
From age to age in blended memor
1845.

THE WESTMORELAND GI

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

PART I.

SEEK who will delight in fable
I shall tell you truth. A Lamb
Leapt from this steep bank to follo
'Cross the brook its thoughtless dan

Far and wide on hill and valley
Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,
And the bleating mother's Young-o
Struggled with the flood in vain:

But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden
(Ten years scarcely had she told)
Seeing, plunged into the torrent,
Clasped the Lamb and kept her hol

Whirled adown the rocky channel,
Sinking, rising, on they go,
Peace and rest, as seems, before the
Only in the lake below.

Oh! it was a frightful current
Whose fierce wrath the Girl had bra
Clap your hands with joy, my Hear
Shout in triumph, both are saved;

d by courage that with danger
, by strength the gift of love,
belike a guardian angel
e with succor from above.

PART II.

, to a maturer Audience,
ne speak of this brave Child
among her native mountains
wild Nature to run wild.

nwatched by love maternal,
er's care no more her guide,
d this little bright-eyed Orphan
while at her father's side.

e your blame, — remembrance makes
him
to rule by strict command;
upon his cheek are living
nes of her infant hand,

caresses given in pity,
athy that soothed his grief,
e dying mother witnessed
er thankful mind's relief.

passed on; the Child was happy,
a Spirit of air she moved,
ward, yet by all who knew her
er tender heart beloved.

ely less than sacred passions,
in house, in grove, and field,
her with the inferior creatures,
her powers their rights to shield.

rs, bent on reckless pastime,
how she can feel alike
for tiny harmless minnow
he fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

ful protectress, kindling
nger or disdain;
a captive hath she rescued,
s saved from lingering pain.

yet awhile; — with patience
the homely truths I tell,
n Grasmere's old church-steeple
l this day the passing-bell.

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains
To their echoes gave the sound,
Notice punctual as the minute,
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,
Rang alone the far-heard knell,
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,
Paid to One who loved her well.

When his spirit was departed
On that service she went forth;
Nor will fail the like to render
When his corse is laid in earth.

What then wants the Child to temper,
In her breast, unruly fire,
To control the froward impulse
And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training
And a steadfast outward power
Would supplant the weeds and cherish,
In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb-deliv'rer,
Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,
May become a blest example
For her sex, of every age.

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,
Constant as a soaring lark,
Should the country need a heroine,
She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought; and here be uttered
Prayer that Grace divine may raise
Her humane courageous spirit
Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

JUNE 6, 1845. 1845.

AT FURNESS ABBEY.

WELL have yon Railway Laborers to THIS ground
Withdrawn for noontide rest. They sit, they walk
Among the Ruins, but no idle talk
Is heard; to grave demeanor all are bound;
And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound

Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire
And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around.
Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire
That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,
To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace:
All seem to feel the spirit of the place,
And by the general reverence God is praised:
Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,
While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?

JUNE 21, 1845. 1845.

"YES! THOU ART FAIR, YET BE NOT MOVED."

YES! thou art fair, yet be not moved
To scorn the declaration,
That sometimes I in thee have loved
My fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs must stir;
Dear Maid, this truth believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.

Be pleased that nature made thee fit
To feed my heart's devotion,
By laws to which all Forms submit
In sky, air, earth, and ocean.

1845. 1845.

"WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES! O LADY MINE."

WHAT heavenly smiles! O Lady mine
Through my very heart they shine;
And, if my brow gives back their light,
Do thou look gladly on the sight;
As the clear Moon with modest pride
Beholds her own bright beams
Reflected from the mountain's side
And from the headlong streams.

1845. 1845.

TO A LADY

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WO
WRITE HER A POEM UPON SOME DI
INGS THAT SHE HAD MADE OF FLO
IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

FAIR Lady! can I sing of flowers
That in Madeira bloom and fade,
I who ne'er sate within their bower
Nor through their sunny lawns strayed?
How they in sprightly dance are wo
By Shepherd-groom or May-day qu
Or holy festal pomps adorn,
These eyes have never seen.

Yet tho' to me the pencil's art
No like remembrances can give,
Your portraits still may reach the he
And there for gentle pleasure live
While Fancy ranging with free scop
Shall on some lovely Alien set
A name with us endeared to hope,
To peace, or fond regret.

Still as we look with nicer care,
Some new resemblance we may tr
A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there
A *Speedwell* may not want its pla
And so may we, with charmèd mind
Beholding what your skill has wrou
Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,
A new *Forget-me-not*.

From earth to heaven with motion fl
From heaven to earth our thou
will pass,
A *Holy-thistle* here we meet
And there a *Shepherd's weather-gl*
And haply some familiar name
Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, p
Whose presence cheers the droo
frame
Of English Emigrant.

Gazing she feels its powers beguile
Sad thoughts, and breathes with ea
breath;
Alas! that meek, that tender smile
Is but a harbinger of death:

pointing with a feeble hand
e says, in faint words by sighs broken,
for me to my native land
s precious Flower, true love's last
token.

1845.

AD SIGHT WHEREVER NEW WITH OLD."

sight wherever new with old
ned through some dear homeborn
tie;
ife of all that we behold
nds upon that mystery.
is the glory of the sky,
eauty vain of field and grove,
s, while with admiring eye
aze, we also learn to love.

1845.

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

s been said that the English, though their
has produced so many great poets, is now
st unpoetical nation in Europe. It is prob-
ue; for they have more temptations to
e so than any other European people.
commerce, and manufactures, physical
, and mechanic arts, out of which so much
has arisen, have made our countrymen
ly less sensible to movements of imagina-
d fancy than were our forefathers in their
state of society. How touching and
ul were, in most instances, the names they
our indigenous flowers, or any other they
miliarly acquainted with! — Every month
y years have we been importing plants and
from all quarters of the globe, many of
re spread through our gardens, and some
s likely to be met with on the few Commons
ve have left. Will their botanical names
displaced by plain English appellations,
vill bring them home to our hearts by con-
with our joys and sorrows? It can never
ess society treads back her steps towards
implicities which have been banished by
due influence of towns spreading and
ng in every direction, so that city-life with
eneration takes more and more the lead of
rural. Among the ancients, villages were reckoned the seats of barbarism. Refinement, for the most part false, increases the desire to accumulate wealth; and while theories of political economy are boastfully pleading for the practice, inhumanity pervades all our dealings in buying and selling. This selfishness wars against disinterested imagination in all directions, and, evils coming round in a circle, barbarism spreads in every quarter of our island. Oh for the reign of justice, and then the humblest man among us would have more power and dignity in and about him than the highest have now!

You call it, "Love lies bleeding," — so
you may,
Though the red Flower, not prostrate,
only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not
away:
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus
stoops,
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvel-
lous power)
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body
bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languish-
ment
The dying Gladiator. So, sad Flower!
('T is Fancy guides me willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread,)
So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine
dew
Of his death-wound, when he from inno-
cent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair
Spangled with drops of that celestial
shower.
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do;
But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover
knew
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in
some lone bower
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart,
His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name
which thou wilt ever bear.

1845.

COMPANION TO THE FOREGOING.

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray
That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,
Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,
This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,
Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves.
When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,
One after one submitting to their doom,
When her coevals each and all are fled,
What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?
The old mythologists, more imprest than we
Of this late day by character in tree
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,
Or with the language of the viewless air
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales
Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales.
Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed
The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,
Who, while each stood companionless and eyed
This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,
Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,
A fate that has endured and will endure,
And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,
Called the dejected Lingerer, *Loves lies bleeding*.

1845. 1845.

THE CUCKOO-CLOCK.

Of this clock I have nothing further to say than what the poem expresses, except that it must be here recorded that it was a present from the dear friend for whose sake these notes were chiefly undertaken, and who has written them from my dictation.

WOULDST thou be taught, when slee
taken flight,
By a sure voice that can most sweetl
How far off yet a glimpse of morning
And if to lure the truant back be w
Forbear to covet a Repeater's strok
That, answering to thy touch, will s
the hour;
Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-
For service hung behind thy char
door;
And in due time the soft spontar
shock,
The double note, as if with living p
Will to composure lead — or make
blithe as bird in bower.

List, Cuckoo — Cuckoo! — oft tho'
pests howl,
Or nipping frost remind thee tree
bare,
How cattle pine, and droop the shiv
fowl,
Thy spirits will seem to feed on balm
I speak with knowledge, — by that
beguiled,
Thou wilt salute old memories as
throng
Into thy heart; and fancies, running
Through fresh green fields, and buc
groves among,
Will make thee happy, happy as a c
Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flo
and song,
And breathe as in a world where no
can go wrong.

And know — that, even for him
shuns the day
And nightly tosses on a bed of pain
Whose joys, from all but memory s
away,
Must come unhoped for, if they
again;
Know — that, for him whose wa
thoughts, severe
As his distress is sharp, would scorn
theme,
The mimic notes, striking upon his e
In sleep, and intermingling with his dr
Could from sad regions send him to a

ghtful land of verdure, shower and
gleam,
ock the *wandering* Voice beside some
haunted stream.

unty without measure! while the
grace
leaven doth in such wise, from hum-
blest springs,
pleasure forth, and solaces that trace
zy course along familiar things,
may our hearts have faith that
blessings come,
ming from founts above the starry
sky,
angels when their own untroubled
home
leave, and speed on nightly embassy
visit earthly chambers, — and for
whom?
both for souls who God's forbear-
ance try,
those that seek his help, and for his
mercy sigh.

5. 1845.

FAIR, SO SWEET, WITHAL SO SENSITIVE."

ir, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
d that the little Flowers were born
to live,
cious of half the pleasure which they
give;

to this mountain-daisy's self were
known
beauty of its star-shaped shadow,
thrown
e smooth surface of this naked stone!

what if hence a bold desire should
mount
as the Sun, that he could take account
that issues from his glorious fount!

ght he ken how by his sovereign aid
delicate companionships are made;
ow he rules the pomp of light and
shade;

And were the Sister-power that shines by
night
So privileged, what a countenance of de-
light
Would through the clouds break forth on
human sight!

Fond fancies! wheresoe'er shall turn
thine eye
On earth, air, ocean, or the starry sky,
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy;

All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,
Whatever boon is granted or withheld.

1845. 1845.

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS.

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness
obeyed,
Words that require no sanction from an
oath,
And simple honesty a common growth —
This high repute, with bounteous Nature's
aid,
Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed
At will, your power the measure of your
troth! —
All who revere the memory of Penn
Grieve for the land on whose wild woods
his name
Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,
Renounced, abandoned by degenerate
Men
For state-dishonor black as ever came
To upper air from Mammon's loathsome
den.

1845. 1845.

"YOUNG ENGLAND — WHAT IS THEN BECOME OF OLD."

YOUNG ENGLAND — what is then become
of Old,
Of dear Old England? Think they she
is dead,
Dead to the very name? Presumption fed
On empty air! That name will keep its
hold

In the true filial bosom's inmost fold
Forever. — The Spirit of Alfred, at the head
Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,
Knows that this prophecy is not too bold.
What — how! shall she submit in will and deed
To Beardless Boys — an imitative race,
The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?
Dear Mother! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,
Go where at least meek Innocency dwells;
Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles.
1845. 1845.

"THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS OF POESY AFFECT."

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect
The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops
Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops
Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt
Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect
The lingering dew — there steals along, or stops
Watching the least small bird that round her hops,
Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect.
Her functions are they therefore less divine,
Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent
Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,
Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present
One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,
With brow in penitential sorrow bent!
1845. 1845.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

This subject has been treated of in another note. I will here only by way of comment direct attention to the fact that pictures of animals and other productions of nature as seen in con tories, menageries, museums, etc., would d for the national mind, nay they would be injurious to it, if the imagination were exc by the presence of the object, more or less a state of nature. If it were not that we le talk and think of the lion and the eagle, the tree and even the cedar, from the impass introduction of them so frequently into Scripture and by great poets, and divines write as poets, the spiritual part of our n and therefore the higher part of it, would d no benefit from such intercourse with such ob

THE gentlest Poet, with free thou endowed,
And a true master of the glowing st
Might scan the narrow province disdain
That to the Painter's skill is here allo
This, this the Bird of Paradise! disc
The daring thought, forget the name
This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendov might own
As no unworthy Partner in their fligh
Through seas of ether, where the ruf sway
Of nether air's rude billows is unkno
Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual past they
Through India's spicy regions wing t way,
Might bow to as their Lord. W character,
O sovereign Nature! I appeal to thee
Of all thy feathered progeny
Is so unearthly, and what shape so fa
So richly decked in variegated down,
Green, sable, shining yellow, shad brown,
Tints softly with each other blended,
Hues doubtfully begun and ended;
Or intershooting, and to sight
Lost and recovered, as the rays of lig
Glance on the conscious plumes touc here and there?
Full surely, when with such proud g of life
Began the pencil's strife,
O'erweening Art was caught as in a sna
A sense of seemingly presumptu wrong
Gave the first impulse to the Poet's so
But, of his scorn repenting soon, he d

ster judgment from a calmer view;
with a spirit freed from discontent,
akfully took an effort that was meant
with God's bounty, Nature's love to
vie,
ade with hope to please that inward
eye
ch ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,
o recall the truth by some faint trace
ower ethereal and celestial grace,
in the living Creature find on earth
a place.
5. 1845.

SONNET.

should we weep or mourn, Angelic
boy,
such thou wert ere from our sight
removed,
, and ever dutiful — beloved
day to day with never-ceasing joy,
hopes as dear as could the heart
employ
ght to earth pertaining? Death has
proved
might, nor less his mercy, as be-
hoved —
conscious that he only could destroy
odily frame. That beauty is laid low
oulder in a far-off field of Rome;
Heaven is now, blest Child, thy
Spirit's home:
such divine communion, which we
know,
, thy Roman burial-place will be
a sweet remembrancer of Thee.
1850.

HERE LIES THE TRUTH? HAS AN, IN WISDOM'S CREED."

RE lies the truth? has Man, in wis-
dom's creed,
able doom; for respite brief
e more anxious, or a heavier grief?
ungrateful, and doth little heed
bounty, soon forgotten; or indeed,
Man, with labor born, awake to
sorrow
Flowers rejoice and Larks with
rival speed
Spring from their nests to bid the Sun
good morrow?
They mount for rapture as their songs
proclaim
Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky;
But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a
sigh?
Like those aspirants let us soar — our aim,
Through life's worst trials, whether shocks
or snares,
A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than
theirs.
1846. 1850.

"I KNOW AN AGED MAN CONSTRAINED TO DWELL."

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell
In a large house of public charity,
Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,
With numbers near, alas! no company.

When he could creep about, at will, though
poor
And forced to live on alms, this old Man
fed
A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door
Came not, but in a lane partook his bread.

There, at the root of one particular tree,
An easy seat this worn-out Laborer found
While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his
knee
Laid one by one, or scattered on the
ground.

Dear intercourse was theirs, day after day;
What signs of mutual gladness when they
met!
Think of their common peace, their simple
play,
The parting moment and its fond regret.

Months passed in love that failed not to
fulfil,
In spite of season's change, its own de-
mand,
By fluttering pinions here and busy bill;
There by caresses from a tremulous hand.

Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong
Was formed between the solitary pair,

That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng
The Captive shunned all converse proffered there.

Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone;
But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,
One living Stay was left, and on that one
Some recompense for all that he had lost.

Oh that the good old Man had power to prove,
By message sent through air or visible token,
That still he loves the Bird, and still must love;
That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken!

1846. 1850.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT."

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.
But look, and to the watchful eye
A brightening edge will indicate that soon
We shall behold the struggling Moon
Break forth, — again to walk the clear blue sky.

1846. 1850.

EVENING VOLUNTARIES.

TO LUCCA GIORDANO.

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill
Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace
The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill;
And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face
In rapture, — yet suspending her embrace,
As not unconscious with what power the thrill

Of her most timid touch his sleep w
chase,
And, with his sleep, that beauty
and still.
Oh may this work have found its
retreat
Here in a Mountain-bard's secure ab
One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cy
showed
A face of love which he in love w
greet,
Fixed, by her smile, upon some r
seat;
Or lured along where greenwood p
he trod.

RYDAL MOUNT, 1846. 18

"WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH MOON ON HIGH."

WHO but is pleased to watch the m
on high
Travelling where she from time to t
enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Maje
Renounces, till among the scatte
clouds
One with its kindling edge declares
soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moo
To glide in open prospect through c
sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should pr
False in the issue, that yon seeming sp
Of sky should be in truth the steadfast
Of a cloud flat and dense, through wh
must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequ
doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determi
gloom.

1846. 185

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's nobl
attribute,
And written words the glory of his har
Then followed Printing with enlarg
command
For thought — dominion vast and absol

spreading truth, and making love
expand.
prose and verse sunk into disrepute
t lackey a dumb Art that best can
suit
taste of this once-intellectual Land.
ackward movement surely have we
here,
n manhood, — back to childhood;
for the age —
towards caverned life's first rude
career.
ınt this vile abuse of pictured page!
eyes be all in all, the tongue and
ear
ing? Heaven keep us from a lower
stage!

6. 1850.

HE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS."

unremitting voice of nightly streams
wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful
powers,
either soothing to the worm that
gleams
ugh dewy grass, nor small birds
hushed in bowers,
unto silent leaves and drowsy
flowers, —
voice of unpretending harmony
who what is shall measure by what
seems
e, or not to be,
x high Heaven with prodigality?)
s not a healing influence that can
creep
he human breast, and mix with sleep
gulate the motion of our dreams
indly issues — as through every clime
felt near murmuring brooks in
earliest time;
this day, the rudest swains who
dwell
e torrents roar, or hear the tinkling
knell
vater-breaks, with grateful heart
could tell.

1850.

SONNET.

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN.

AFFECTIONS lose their object; Time
brings forth
No successors; and, lodged in memory,
If love exist no longer, it must die, —
Wanting accustomed food, must pass
from earth,
Or never hope to reach a second birth.
This sad belief, the happiest that is left
To thousands, share not Thou; howe'er
bereft,
Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a
dearth.
Though poor and destitute of friends thou
art,
Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,
One to whom Heaven assigns that mourn-
ful part
The utmost solitude of age to face,
Still shall be left some corner of the heart
Where Love for living Thing can find a
place.

1846. 1850.

ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM.

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind
Crowded with thoughts that need a
settled home,
Yet, like to eddying balls of foam
Within this whirlpool, they each other
chase
Round and round, and neither find
An outlet nor a resting-place!
Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,
Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.

1846. 1849.

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY, 1847.

INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

FOR thirst of power that Heaven
disowns,
For temples, towers, and thrones,

Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,
Indignant Europe cast
Her stormy foe at last
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock.

SOLO — (TENOR).

War is passion's basest game
Madly played to win a name;
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,
The servile million bow;
But will the lightning glance aside to spare
The Despot's laurelled brow?

CHORUS.

War is mercy, glory, fame,
Waged in Freedom's holy cause;
Freedom, such as Man may claim
Under God's restraining laws.
Such is Albion's fame and glory:
Let rescued Europe tell the story.

RECIT. (*accompanied*) — (CONTRALTO).

But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all
The land as with a funeral pall?
The Rose of England suffers blight,
The flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,
Flower and bud together fall —
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate hall.

AIR — (SOPRANO).

Time a checkered mantle wears; —
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;
Again the Tree a blossom bears —
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn!
They tell that your future Queen is born.

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

A Guardian Angel fluttered
Above the Babe, unseen;
One word he softly uttered —
It named the future Queen:
And a joyful cry through the Island rang,
As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,
As bland as the reed of peace —
"VICTORIA be her name!"
For righteous triumphs are the base
Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame.

QUARTET.

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,
Uplifted in his arms the child;
And, while the fearless Infant smile
Her happier destiny foretold: —
"Infancy, by Wisdom mild,
Trained to health and artless beau
Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled
From the lore of lofty duty;
Womanhood is pure renown,
Seated on her lineal throne:
Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,
Fresh with lustre all their own.
Love, the treasure worth possessin
More than all the world beside,
This shall be her choicest blessing,
Oft to royal hearts denied."

RECIT. (*accompanied*) — (BASS).

That eve, the Star of Brunswick sh
With steadfast ray benign
On Gotha's ducal roof, and on
The softly flowing Leine;
Nor failed to gild the spires of Bon
And glittered on the Rhine —
Old Camus, too, on that prophetic ni
Was conscious of the ray;
And his willows whispered in its lig
Not to the Zephyr's sway,
But with a Delphic life, in sight
Of this auspicious day:

CHORUS.

This day, when Granta hails her cho
Lord,
And proud of her award,
Confiding in the Star serene,
Welcomes the Consort of a happy Que

AIR — (CONTRALTO).

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,
Where Science, leagued with hol
truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallow
towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,

re, in the Founder's spirit sought
mould and stamp the ore of thought
that bold form and impress high
at best betoken patriot loyalty.
: in vain those Sages taught, —
e disciples, good as great,
ve pondered here their country's
weal,
ighed the Future by the Past,
rned how social frames may last,
d how a Land may rule its fate
constancy inviolate,
ough worlds to their foundations reel
port of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

AIR — (BASS).

ert, in thy race we cherish
Tation's strength that will not perish
ile England's sceptred Line
ue to the King of Kings is found;
e that Wise ancestor of thine
Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's
life,
When first above the yells of bigot strife
The trumpet of the Living Word
Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,
From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber
heard.

CHORUS.

What shield more sublime
E'er was blazoned or sung?
And the PRINCE whom we greet
From its Hero is sprung.
Resound, resound the strain,
That hails him for our own!
Again, again, and yet again,
For the Church, the State, the Throne!
And that Presence fair and bright,
Ever blest wherever seen,
Who deigns to grace our festal rite,
The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA
THE QUEEN.

1847. 1847.

NOTES.

Page 41.

nd, hovering, round it often did a raven fly."

rom a short MS. poem read to me n an undergraduate, by my schoolfel- and friend, Charles Farish, long since ased. The verses were by a brother is, a man of promising genius, who young.

Page 53.

"*The Borderers.*"

his Dramatic Piece, as noticed in its page, was composed in 1795–96. It early from that time till within the two or three months unregarded ng my papers, without being men- d even to my most intimate friends. ng, however, impressions upon my which made me unwilling to destroy MS., I determined to undertake the nsibility of publishing it during my life, rather than impose upon my ssors the task of deciding its fate. rdingly it has been revised with some but, as it was at first written, and w published, without any view to its ition upon the stage, not the slightest ation has been made in the conduct e story, or the composition of the cters; above all, in respect to the eading Persons of the Drama, I felt ducement to make any change. The of human nature suggests this awful , that as in the trials to which life cts us, sin and crime are apt to start their very opposite qualities, so are no limits to the hardening of the heart he perversion of the understanding ich they may carry their slaves. Dur- ny long residence in France, while evolution was rapidly advancing to treme of wickedness, I had frequent opportunities of being an eye-witness o this process, and it was while that knowl edge was fresh upon my memory that the Tragedy of "The Borderers" was com- posed.

Page 208.

"*Jones! as from Calais southward.*"

(See Dedication to Descriptive Sketches.)

This excellent Person, one of my earliest and dearest friends, died in the year 1835. We were undergraduates together of the same year, at the same college; and com- panions in many a delightful ramble through his own romantic Country of North Wales. Much of the latter part of his life he passed in comparative solitude, which I know was often cheered by re- membrance of our youthful adventures, and of the beautiful regions which, at home and abroad, we had visited together. Our long friendship was never subject to a moment's interruption, — and, while revising these volumes for the last time, I have been so often reminded of my loss, with a not unpleasing sadness, that I trust the Reader will excuse this passing mention of a Man who well deserves from me something more than so brief a notice. Let me only add, that during the middle part of his life he resided many years (as Incumbent of the Living) at a Parsonage in Oxfordshire, which is the subject of the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage in Oxfordshire," p. 672.

Page 209.

In this and a succeeding Sonnet on the same subject, let me be understood as a Poet availing himself of the situation which the King of Sweden occupied, and of the principles AVOWED IN HIS MANI- FESTOS; as laying hold of these advan-

tages for the purpose of embodying moral truths. This remark might, perhaps, as well have been suppressed; for those who may be in sympathy with the course of these Poems, it will be superfluous, and will, I fear, be thrown away upon that other class, whose besotted admiration of the intoxicated despot hereafter placed in contrast with him, is the most melancholy evidence of degradation in British feeling and intellect which the times have furnished.

Page 214.

"*To the Daisy.*"

This Poem, and the two others to the same Flower, were written in the year 1802; which is mentioned, because in some of the ideas, though not in the manner in which those ideas are connected, and likewise even in some of the expressions, there is a resemblance to passages in a Poem (lately published) of Mr. Montgomery's, entitled, a Field Flower. This being said, Mr. Montgomery will not think any apology due to him; I cannot, however, help addressing him in the words of the Father of English Poets.

"Though it happe me to rehersin —
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the honour
Of Love, and eke in service of the Flour."

1807.

Page 220.

The following is extracted from the journal of my fellow-traveller, to which, as persons acquainted with my poems will know, I have been obliged on other occasions:—

"Dumfries, August, 1803.

"On our way to the churchyard where Burns is buried, we were accompanied by a bookseller, who showed us the outside of Burns's house, where he had lived the last three years of his life, and where he died. It has a mean appearance, and is in a bye situation; the front white-washed; dirty about the doors, as m Scotch houses are; flowering plants in window. Went to visit his grave; he in a corner of the churchyard, and second son, Francis Wallace, beside h There is no stone to mark the spot; a hundred guineas have been collecte be expended upon some sort of m ument. 'There,' said the bookse pointing to a pompous monument, ' Mr.' — (I have forgotten the name) — remarkably clever man; he was an at ney, and scarcely ever lost a cause he dertook. Burns made many a lamp upon him, and there they rest as you s We looked at Burns's grave with me choly and painful reflections, repeatin to each other his own poet's epitaph

'Is there a man,' etc.

"The churchyard is full of grave-st and expensive monuments, in all sort fantastic shapes, obelisk-wise, pillar-w etc. When our guide had left us turned again to Burns's grave, and at wards went to his house, wishing to quire after Mrs. Burns, who was gon spend some time by the seashore with children. We spoke to the maid-ser at the door, who invited us forward, we sate down in the parlor. The w were colored with a blue wash; on side of the fire was a mahogany de opposite the window a clock, which B mentions, in one of his letters, havin ceived as a present. The house cleanly and neat in the inside, the s of stone scoured white, the kitchen the right side of the passage, the pa on the left. In the room above the lor the poet died, and his son, very la in the same room. The servant tol she had lived four years with Mrs. Bu who was now in great sorrow for the d of Wallace. She said that Mrs. youngest son was now at Christ's Ho tal. We were glad to leave Dumf where we could think of little but Burns, and his moving about on that poetic ground. In our road to Brown the next stage, we passed Ellisland, little distance on our right — his fa house. Our pleasure in looking ro

ld have been still greater, if the road led us nearer the spot.

* * * * *

I cannot take leave of this country ch we passed through to-day, without tioning that we saw the Cumberland ntains within half-a-mile of Ellisland, ns's house, the last view we had of a. Drayton has prettily described the nection which this neighborhood has ours, when he makes Skiddaw say,—

'Scruffel, from the sky
Annandale doth crown, with a most amorous eye
es me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
hreatening me with clouds, as I oft threaten him.'

These lines came to my brother's nory, as well as the Cumberland ng,—

'If Skiddaw hath a cap
Scruffel wots well of that.'

We talked of Burns, and of the pros- he must have had, perhaps from his door, of Skiddaw and his compan- ; indulging ourselves in the fancy we might have been personally known ach other, and he have looked upon e objects with more pleasure for our s."

Page 233.

The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale."

ith this picture, which was taken real life, compare the imaginative of "The Reverie of Poor Susan," p. and see (to make up the deficiencies is class) "The Excursion," *passim*.

Page 239.

"*The Seven Sisters.*"

ıe Story of this Poem is from the nan of FREDERICA BRUN.

Page 252.

Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis*)."

is most beautiful plant is scarce in and, though it is found in great dance upon the mountains of Scot- The first specimen I ever saw of it, in its native bed, was singularly fine, the tuft or cushion being at least eight inches in diameter, and the root proportionably thick. I have only met with it in two places among our mountains, in both of which I have since sought for it in vain.

Botanists will not, I hope, take it ill, if I caution them against carrying off, inconsiderately, rare and beautiful plants. This has often been done, particularly from Ingleborough and other mountains in Yorkshire, till the species have totally disappeared, to the great regret of lovers of nature living near the places where they grew.

Page 257.

"*The Waggoner.*"

Several years after the event that forms the subject of the Poem, in company with my friend, the late Mr. Coleridge, I happened to fall in with the person to whom the name of Benjamin is given. Upon our expressing regret that we had not, for a long time, seen upon the road either him or his waggon, he said, "They could not do without me; and as to the man who was put in my place, no good could come out of him; he was a man of no *ideas*."

The fact of my discarded hero's getting the horses out of a great difficulty with a word, as related in the poem, was told me by an eye-witness.

Page 258.

"*The buzzing dor-hawk, round and round, is wheeling,*—"

When the Poem was first written the note of the bird was thus described:—

"The Night-hawk is singing his frog-like tune,
Twirling his watchman's rattle about—"

but from unwillingness to startle the reader at the outset by so bold a mode of expression, the passage was altered as it now stands.

Page 263.

After the line, "*Can any mortal clog come to her*," followed in the MS. an in-

cident which has been kept back. Part of the suppressed verses shall here be given as a gratification of private feeling, which the well-disposed reader will find no difficulty in excusing. They are now printed for the first time.

"Can any mortal clog come to her?
It can: * * * *
* * * * * *

But Benjamin, in his vexation,
Possesses inward consolation;
He knows his ground, and hopes to find
A spot with all things to his mind,
An upright mural block of stone,
Moist with pure water trickling down.
A slender spring; but kind to man
It is, a true Samaritan;
Close to the highway, pouring out
Its offering from a chink or spout;
Whence all, howe'er athirst, or drooping
With toil, may drink, and without stooping.
Cries Benjamin, 'Where is it, where?
Voice it hath none, but must be near.'
—A star, declining towards the west,
Upon the watery surface threw
Its image tremulously imprest,
That just marked out the object and withdrew:
Right welcome service! * * *

* * * * * *

ROCK OF NAMES!

Light is the strain, but not unjust
To Thee, and thy memorial-trust
That once seemed only to express
Love that was love in idleness;
Tokens, as year hath followed year
How changed, alas, in character!
For they were graven on thy smooth breast
By hands of those my soul loved best;
Meek women, men as true and brave
As ever went to a hopeful grave:
Their hands and mine, when side by side
With kindred zeal and mutual pride,
We worked until the Initials took
Shapes that defied a scornful look. —
Long as for us a genial feeling
Survives, or one in need of healing,
The power, dear Rock, around thee cast,
Thy monumental power, shall last
For me and mine! O thought of pain,
That would impair it or profane!
Take all in kindness then, as said
With a staid heart but playful head;
And fail not Thou, loved Rock! to keep
Thy charge when we are laid asleep."

Page 389.

"*Descend, prophetic Spirit! that inspi*
The human Soul," *etc.*

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic Sou
Of the wide world dreaming on things to cor
Shakspeare's Son

Page 391.

"*The Horn of Egremont Castle.*"

This story is a Cumberland traditi
I have heard it also related of the Hal
Hutton John, an ancient residence of
Hudlestons, in a sequestered valley u
the river Dacor.

Page 402.

"*Danger which they fear, and ho*
which they understand not."

Words in Lord Brooke's Life of Sir
Sidney.

Page 407.

Mrs. Wordsworth has a strong impr
sion that "The Mother's Return" v
written at Coleorton, where Miss Wor
worth was then staying with the childr
during the absence of the former.

Page 409.

"*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*

Henry Lord Clifford, etc., who is t
subject of this Poem, was the son of Jo
Lord Clifford, who was slain at Towt
Field, which John Lord Clifford, as
known to the reader of English Histo
was the person who after the battle
Wakefield slew, in the pursuit, the you
Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of Yo
who had fallen in the battle, "in part
revenge" (say the Authors of the Histo
of Cumberland and Westmoreland
"for the Earl's Father had slain his
A deed which worthily blemished the a
thor (saith Speed); but who, as he ad
"dare promise anything temperate
himself in the heat of martial fur
chiefly, when it was resolved not to lea
any branch of the York line standin
for so one maketh this Lord to speak
This, no doubt, I would observe by t

was an action sufficiently in the vin-
re spirit of the times, and yet not
ether so bad as represented; "for
Earl was no child, as some writers
d have him, but able to bear arms,
sixteen or seventeen years of age,
evident from this (say the Memoirs
e Countess of Pembroke, who was
bly anxious to wipe away, as far as
be, this stigma from the illustrious
to which she was born), that he was
next Child to King Edward the
h, which his mother had by Richard
of York, and that King was then
een years of age: and for the small
ice betwixt her children, see Austin
nt, in his Book of Nobility, p. 622,
e he writes of them all." It may
er be observed, that Lord Clifford,
was then himself only twenty-five
of age, had been a leading man and
nander two or three years together
e army of Lancaster, before this
and, therefore, would be less likely
nk that the Earl of Rutland might
titled to mercy from his youth. —
independent of this act, at best a
and savage one, the Family of Clif-
ad done enough to draw upon them
ehement hatred of the House of
: so that after the Battle of Towton
was no hope for them but in flight
oncealment. Henry, the subject of
oem, was deprived of his estate and
s during the space of twenty-four
all which time he lived as a shep-
in Yorkshire, or in Cumberland,
the estate of his Father-in-law
Lancelot Threlkeld) lay. He was
ed to his estate and honors in the
ear of Henry the Seventh. It is
ded that, "when called to Parlia-
he behaved nobly and wisely; but
vise came seldom to London or the
; and rather delighted to live in the
y, where he repaired several of his
s, which had gone to decay during
te troubles." Thus far is chiefly
ted from Nicholson and Burn; and
add, from my own knowledge, that
is a tradition current in the village
relkeld and its neighborhood, his
pal retreat, that in the course of his shepherd-life he had acquired great astronomical knowledge. I cannot conclude this note without adding a word upon the subject of those numerous and noble feudal Edifices, spoken of in the Poem, the ruins of some of which are, at this day, so great an ornament to that interesting country. The Cliffords had always been distinguished for an honorable pride in these Castles; and we have seen that, after the wars of York and Lancaster, they were rebuilt; in the civil wars of Charles the First they were again laid waste, and again restored almost to their former magnificence by the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Pembroke, etc. Not more than twenty-five years after this was done, when the estates of Clifford had passed into the Family of Tufton, three of these Castles, namely, Brough, Brougham, and Pendragon, were demolished, and the timber and other materials sold by Thomas Earl of Thanet. We will hope that, when this order was issued, the Earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 58th chap. 12th verse, to which the inscription placed over the gate of Pendragon Castle by the Countess of Pembroke (I believe his Grandmother), at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader:—"*And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.*" The Earl of Thanet, the present possessor of the Estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has (I am told) given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations.

Page 409.

"*Earth helped him with the cry of blood.*"

This line is from "The Battle of Bosworth Field," by Sir John Beaumont (brother to the Dramatist), whose poems are written with much spirit, elegance, and harmony, and have deservedly been reprinted lately in Chalmers's Collection of English Poets.

Page 410.

"*And both the undying fish that swim*
Through Bowscale-tarn," *etc.*

It is imagined by the people of the country that there are two immortal Fish, inhabitants of this Tarn, which lies in the mountains not far from Threlkeld.—Blencathara, mentioned before, is the old and proper name of the mountain vulgarly called Saddleback.

Page 411.

"*Armor rusting in his halls*
On the blood of Clifford calls."

The martial character of the Cliffords is well known to the readers of English history; but it may not be improper here to say, by way of comment on these lines and what follows, that besides several others who perished in the same manner, the four immediate Progenitors of the Person in whose hearing this is supposed to be spoken all died in the Field.

Page 411.

"*The White Doe of Rylstone.*"

The Poem of the White Doe of Rylstone is founded on a local tradition, and on the Ballad in Percy's Collection, entitled "The Rising of the North." The tradition is as follows:—"About this time," not long after the Dissolution, "a White Doe," say the aged people of the neighborhood, "long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells of Bolton, and was constantly found in the Abbey Churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation."—DR. WHITAKER'S *History of the Deanery of Craven.*—Rylstone was the property and residence of the Nortons, distinguished in that ill-advised and unfortunate Insurrection; which led me to connect with this tradition the principal circumstances of their fate, as recorded in the Ballad.

"Bolton Priory," says Dr. Whitaker in his excellent book, The History Antiquities of the Deanery of Cra "stands upon a beautiful curvature o Wharf, on a level sufficiently elevate protect it from inundations, and enough for every purpose of picture effect.

"Opposite to the East window of Priory Church, the river washes the of a rock nearly perpendicular, an the richest purple, where several of mineral beds, which break out instea maintaining their usual inclination to horizon, are twisted by some incon able process into undulating and s lines. To the South all is soft and cious; the eye reposes upon a few pastures, a moderate reach of the ri sufficiently tranquil to form a mirro the sun, and the bounding hills bey neither too near nor too lofty to excl even in winter, any portion of his ra

"But after all, the glories of Bo are on the North. Whatever the r fastidious taste could require to consti a perfect landscape, is not only fo here, but in its proper place. In fr and immediately under the eye, i smooth expanse of park-like enclos spotted with native elm, ash, etc. of finest growth: on the right a skirting wood, with jutting points of gray ro on the left a rising copse. Still forw are seen the aged groves of Bolton P the growth of centuries; and farther the barren and rocky distances of Sim seat and Barden Fell contrasted with warmth, fertility, and luxuriant foliag the valley below.

"About half a mile above Bolton valley closes, and either side of the W is overhung by solemn woods, from wh huge perpendicular masses of gray r jut out at intervals.

"This sequestered scene was alm inaccessible till of late, that ridings h been cut on both sides of the river, the most interesting points laid open judicious thinnings in the woods. H a tributary stream rushes from a wa fall, and bursts through a woody glen mingle its waters with the Wharf: th the Wharf itself is nearly lost in a d

in the rock, and next becomes a
ed flood enclosing a woody island —
times it reposes for a moment, and
resumes its native character, lively,
ılar, and impetuous.
The cleft mentioned above is the
endous STRID. This chasm, being
able of receiving the winter floods,
ormed on either side a broad strand
ked gritstone full of rock-basins, or
of the Linn,' which bear witness to
restless impetuosity of so many
ıern torrents. But, if here Wharf
to the eye, it amply repays another
by its deep and solemn roar, like
Voice of the angry Spirit of the
rs,' heard far above and beneath,
t the silence of the surrounding
s.
The terminating object of the land-
is the remains of Barden Tower,
sting from their form and situation,
till more so from the recollections
they excite."

Page 413.

"*Action is transitory —*"

s and the five lines that follow were
read or recited by me, more than
years since, to the late Mr. Hazlitt,
quoted some expressions in them
rfectly remembered) in a work of
blished several years ago.

Page 413.

om Bolton's old monastic tower."

s to be regretted that at the present
olton Abbey wants this ornament:
e Poem, according to the imagina-
f the Poet, is composed in Queen
eth's time. "Formerly," says Dr.
ker, "over the Transept was a
This is proved not only from the
on of bells at the Dissolution, when
ould have had no other place, but
he pointed roof of the choir, which
ıave terminated westward, in some
ng of superior height to the ridge."

Page 413.

"*A Chapel, like a wild-bird's nest.*"

"The Nave of the Church having been reserved at the Dissolution for the use of the Saxon Cure, is still a parochial Chapel; and, at this day, is as well kept as the neatest English Cathedral."

Page 413.

"*Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!*"

"At a small distance from the great gateway stood the Prior's Oak, which was felled about the year 1720, and sold for 7*o*. According to the price of wood at that time, it could scarcely have contained less than 1400 feet of timber."

Page 415.

"*When Lady Aäliza mourned.*"

The detail of this tradition may be found in Dr. Whitaker's book, and in a Poem of this Collection, "The Force of Prayer."

Page 415.

"*Pass, pass who will, yon chantry door.*"

"At the East end of the North aisle of Bolton Priory Church, is a chantry belonging to Bethmesly Hall, and a vault where, according to tradition, the Claphams" (who inherited this estate, by the female line, from the Mauleverers) "were interred upright." John de Clapham, of whom this ferocious act is recorded, was a man of great note in his time: "he was a vehement partisan of the house of Lancaster, in whom the spirit of his chieftains, the Cliffords, seemed to survive."

Page 415.

"*Who loved the Shepherd-lord to meet.*"

Among these Poems will be found one entitled, "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honors of his Ancestors." To that

Poem is annexed an account of this personage, chiefly extracted from Burn and Nicholson's History of Cumberland and Westmoreland. It gives me pleasure to add these further particulars concerning him, from Dr. Whitaker, who says he "retired to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favorable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him, who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself. I think this nobleman resided here almost entirely when in Yorkshire, for all his charters which I have seen are dated at Barden.

"His early habits, and the want of those artificial measures of time which even shepherds now possess, had given him a turn for observing the motions of the heavenly bodies; and, having purchased such an apparatus as could then be procured, he amused and informed himself by those pursuits, with the aid of the Canons of Bolton, some of whom are said to have been well versed in what was then known of the science.

"I suspect this nobleman to have been sometimes occupied in a more visionary pursuit, and probably in the same company.

"For, from the family evidences, I have met with two MSS. on the subject of Alchemy, which, from the character, spelling, etc., may almost certainly be referred to the reign of Henry the Seventh. If these were originally deposited with the MSS. of the Cliffords, it might have been for the use of this nobleman. If they were brought from Bolton at the Dissolution, they must have been the work of those Canons whom he almost exclusively conversed with.

"In these peaceful employments Lord Clifford spent the whole reign of Henry the Seventh, and the first years of his son. But in the year 1513, when almost sixty years old, he was appointed to a principal command over the army wh fought at Flodden, and showed that military genius of the family had nei been chilled in him by age, nor ex guished by habits of peace.

"He survived the battle of Flod ten years, and died April 23d, 1523, a about 70. I shall endeavor to app priate to him a tomb, vault, and chan in the choir of the church of Bolton I should be sorry to believe that he deposited, when dead, at a distance fr the place which in his lifetime he lo so well.

"By his last will he appointed body to be interred at Shap, if he d in Westmoreland; or at Bolton, if died in Yorkshire."

With respect to the Canons of Bolt Dr. Whitaker shows from MSS. that only alchemy but astronomy was favorite pursuit with them.

Page 419.

"*Now joy for you who from the tow Of Brancepeth look in doubt and fea*

Brancepeth Castle stands near the ri Were, a few miles from the city of D ham. It formerly belonged to the Nevil Earls of Westmoreland. See Dr. Perc account.

Page 421.

"*Of mitred Thurston — what a H He conquered!*"

See the Historians for the account this memorable battle, usually deno nated the Battle of the Standard.

Page 421.

"*In that other day of Neville's Cross*

"In the night before the battle Durham was strucken and begun, 17th day of October, *anno* 1346, th did appear to John Fosser, then Prio the abbey of Durham, a Vision, co manding him to take the holy Corpor cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert did co the chalice when he used to say m

to put the same holy relique like to nner-cloth upon the point of a spear, the next morning to go and repair to ace on the west side of the city of ham, called the Red Hills, where Maid's Bower wont to be, and there emain and abide till the end of the le. To which vision the Prior obey- and taking the same for a revelation od's grace and mercy by the media- of Holy St. Cuthbert, did accord- y the next morning, with the monks he said abbey, repair to the said Red s, and there most devoutly humbling prostrating themselves in prayer for victory in the said battle: (a great itude of the Scots running and press- by them, with intention to have led them, yet had no power to com- any violence under such holy per- , so occupied in prayer, being pro- d and defended by the mighty Provi- e of Almighty God, and by the ation of Holy St. Cuthbert, and the nce of the holy relique). And, many conflicts and warlike exploits had and done between the English and the King of Scots and his com- , the said battle ended, and the ry was obtained, to the great over- and confusion of the Scots, their 's: And then the said Prior and s accompanied with Ralph Lord l, and John Nevil his son, and the Percy, and many other nobles of land, returned home and went to the y church, there joining in hearty er and thanksgiving to God and Holy Cuthbert for the victory achieved day."

is battle was afterwards called the le of Neville's Cross from the follow- circumstance: —

On the west side of the city of Dur- , where two roads pass each other, a notable, famous, and goodly cross onework was erected and set up to honor of God for the victory there ined in the field of battle, and known he name of Nevil's Cross, and built e sole cost of the Lord Ralph Nevil, of the most excellent and chief per- in the said battle." The Relique of St. Cuthbert afterwards became of great importance in military events. For soon after this battle, says the same author, "The Prior caused a goodly and sumptuous banner to be made," (which is then described at great length) "and in the midst of the same banner-cloth was the said holy relique and corporax-cloth enclosed, etc., and so sumptuously finished, and absolutely perfected, this banner was dedicated to Holy St. Cuthbert, of intent and purpose that for the future it should be carried to any battle, as occasion should serve; and was never carried and showed at any battle but by the especial grace of God Almighty, and the mediation of Holy St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory; which banner-cloth, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the possession of Dean WHITTINGHAM, whose wife, called KATHARINE, being a French woman (as is most credibly reported by eye-witnesses), did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques." — Extracted from a book entitled "Durham Cathedral, as it stood before the Dissolution of the Monastery." It appears, from the old metrical History, that the above-mentioned banner was carried by the Earl of Surrey to Flodden Field.

Page 425.

"*An edifice of warlike frame*
Stands single — Norton Tower its name —"

It is so called to this day, and is thus described by Dr. Whitaker: — "Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all the sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable.

"But Norton Tower was probably a sort of pleasure-house in summer, as there are, adjoining to it, several large mounds (two of them are pretty entire), of which no other account can be given than that they were butts for large companies of archers.

"The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the uses of a watch tower."

Page 429.

——— "*Despoil and desolation*
O'er Rylstone's fair domain have blown."

"After the attainder of Richard Norton, his estates were forfeited to the crown, where they remained till the 2d or 3d of James; they were then granted to Francis Earl of Cumberland." From an accurate survey made at that time, several particulars have been extracted by Dr. W. It appears that "the mansion-house was then in decay. Immediately adjoining is a close, called the Vivery, so called, undoubtedly, from the French Vivier, or modern Latin Vivarium; for there are near the house large remains of a pleasure-ground, such as were introduced in the earlier part of Elizabeth's time, with topiary works, fish-ponds, an island, etc. The whole township was ranged by an hundred and thirty red deer, the property of the Lord, which, together with the wood, had, after the attainder of Mr. Norton, been committed to Sir Stephen Tempest. The wood, it seems, had been abandoned to depredations, before which time it appears that the neighborhood must have exhibited a forest-like and sylvan scene. In this survey, among the old tenants is mentioned one Richard Kitchen, butler to Mr. Norton, who rose in rebellion with his master, and was executed at Ripon.

Page 430.

"*In the deep fork of Amerdale.*"

"At the extremity of the parish of Burnsal, the valley of Wharf forks off into two great branches, one of which retains the name of Wharfdale, to source of the river; the other is usu called Littondale, but more ancie and properly, Amerdale. Dernbr which runs along an obscure valley f the N.W., is derived from a Teut word, signifying concealment." — WHITAKER.

Page 431.

"*When the bells of Rylstone played*
Their Sabbath music—'God us ayde

On one of the bells of Rylstone chur which seems coeval with the building the tower, is this cypher, "I.N." John Norton, and the motto, "God ayde."

Page 431.

"*The grassy rock-encircled Pound.*"

Which is thus described by Dr. Wh aker:— "On the plain summit of the h are the foundations of a strong w stretching from the S.W. to the N. corner of the tower, and to the edge a very deep glen. From this glen, ditch, several hundred yards long, ru south to another deep and rugged ravi On the N. and W., where the banks a very steep, no wall or mound is discov able, paling being the only fence th could stand on such ground.

"From the Minstrelsy of the Scotti Border, it appears that such pounds f deer, sheep, etc., were far from bei uncommon in the south of Scotlan The principle of them was somethi like that of a wire mouse-trap. On t declivity of a steep hill, the bottom a sides of which were fenced so as to impassable, a wall was constructed near level with the surface on the outside, y so high within, that without wings it w impossible to escape in the opposi direction. Care was probably taken th these enclosures should contain bett feed than the neighboring parks forests; and whoever is acquainted wi the habits of these sequacious animal will easily conceive, that if the lead

nce tempted to descend into the
, a herd would follow."
nnot conclude without recommend-
the notice of all lovers of beauti-
enery Bolton Abbey and its neigh-
od. This enchanting spot belongs
e Duke of Devonshire; and the
ntendence of it has for some years
entrusted to the Rev. William Carr,
nas most skilfully opened out its
es; and, in whatever he has added,
ne justice to the place, by working
n invisible hand of art in the very
of nature.

Page 436.

"*Zaragoza.*"

his Sonnet I am under some obli-
s to one of an Italian author, to
I cannot refer.

Page 469.

—— *much did he see of men.*"

the risk of giving a shock to the
ices of artificial society, I have
een ready to pay homage to the
racy of nature; under a conviction
igorous human-heartedness is the
uent principle of true taste. It
till, however, be satisfactory to
rose testimony how far a Character,
ved for purposes of imagination, is
d upon general fact. I, there-
ubjoin an extract from an author
ad opportunities of being well
nted with a class of men, from
my own personal knowledge em-
ed me to draw this portrait.
e learn from Cæsar and other
Writers, that the travelling mer-
who frequented Gaul and other
ous countries, either newly con-
by the Roman arms, or bordering
Roman conquests, were ever the
make the inhabitants of those
es familiarly acquainted with the
modes of life, and to inspire
vith an inclination to follow the
fashions, and to enjoy Roman
iences. In North America, travel-
erchants from the Settlements have done and continue to do much more towards civilizing the Indian natives, than all the missionaries, papist or protestant, who have ever been sent among them.

"It is farther to be observed, for the credit of this most useful class of men, that they commonly contribute, by their personal manners, no less than by the sale of their wares, to the refinement of the people among whom they travel. Their dealings form them to great quickness of wit and acuteness of judgment. Having constant occasion to recommend themselves and their goods, they acquire habits of the most obliging attention, and the most insinuating address. As in their peregrinations they have opportunity of contemplating the manners of various men and various cities, they become eminently skilled in the knowledge of the world. *As they wander, each alone, through thinly-inhabited districts, they form habits of reflection and of sublime contemplation.* With all these qualifications, no wonder that they should often be, in remote parts of the country, the best mirrors of fashion, and censors of manners; and should contribute much to polish the roughness and soften the rusticity of our peasantry. It is not more than twenty or thirty years since a young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman. When, after twenty years' absence in that honorable line of employment, he returned with his acquisitions to his native country, he was regarded as a gentleman to all intents and purposes."

Heron's Journey in Scotland, vol. i. p. 89.

Page 493.

"*Lost in unsearchable eternity!*"

Since this paragraph was composed, I have read with so much pleasure, in Burnet's Theory of the Earth, a passage expressing corresponding sentiments, excited by objects of a similar nature, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it.

"Siquod verò Natura nobis dedit spectaculum, in hâc tellure, verè gratum, et

philosopho dignum, id semel mihi contigisse arbitror; cùm ex celsissimâ rupe speculabundus ad oram maris Mediterranei, hincæquor cæruleum, illinc tractus Alpinos prospexi; nihil quidem magis dispar aut dissimile, nec in suo genere, magis egregium et singulare. Hoc theatrum ego facilè prætulerim Romanis cunctis, Græcisve; atque id quod natura hîc spectandum exhibet, scenicis ludis omnibus, aut amphitheatri certaminibus. Nihil hîc elegans aut venustum, sed ingens et magnificum, et quod placet magnitudine suâ et quâdam specie immensitatis. Hinc intuebar maris æquabilem superficiem, usque et usque diffusam, quantum maximùm oculorum acies ferri potuit; illinc disruptissimam terræ faciem, et vastas moles variè elevatas aut depressas, erectas, propendentes, reclinatas, coacervatas, omni situ inæquali et turbido. Placuit, ex hâc parte, Naturæ unitas et simplicitas, et inexhausta quædam planities; ex alterâ, multiformis confusio magnorum corporum et insanæ rerum strages: quas cùm intuebar, non urbis alicujus aut oppidi, sed confracti mundi rudera, ante oculos habere mihi visus sum.

In singulis ferè montibus erat aliquid insolens et mirabile, sed præ cæteris mihi placebat illa, quâ sedebam, rupes; erat maxima et altissima, et quâ terram respiciebat, molliori ascensu altitudinem suam dissimulabat: quà verò mare, horrendúm præceps, et quasi ad perpendiculum facta, instar parietis. Prætereà facies illa marina adeò erat lævis ac uniformis (quod in rupibus aliquando observare licet) ac si scissa fuisset à summo ad imum, in illo plano; vel terræ motu aliquo, aut fulmine, divulsa.

Ima pars rupis erat cava, recessusque habuit, et saxeos specus, euntes in vacuum montem; sive naturâ pridem factos, sive exesos mari, et undarum crebris ictibus: In hos enim cum impetu ruebant et fragore, æstuantis maris fluctus; quos iterum spumantes reddidit antrum, et quasi ab imo ventre evomuit.

Dextrum latus montis erat præruptum, aspero saxo et nudâ caute: sinistrum non adeò neglexerat Natura, arboribus utpote ornatum: et prope pedem montis rivus limpidæ aquæ prorupit; qui cùm vic vallem irrigaverat, lento motu serpe per varios mæandros, quasi ad protra dam vitam, in magno mari abso subito periit. Denique in summo v promontorii, commodè eminebat sa cui insidebam contemplabundus. augusta sedes. Rege digna: Au rupes, semper mihi memoranda!' 89. *Telluris Theoria sacra, etc., E secunda.*

Page 504.

"*Of Mississippi, or that nort stream.*"

"A man is supposed to improv going out into the *World*, by vis *London*. Artificial man does; he ext with his sphere; but, alas! that sph microscopic; it is formed of minutiæ he surrenders his genuine vision to artist, in order to embrace it in his His bodily senses grow acute, eve barren and inhuman pruriency; whil mental become proportionally ob The reverse is the Man of Mind: he is placed in the sphere of Nature an God, might be a mock at Tattersall's Brooks's, and a sneer at St. James's would certainly be swallowed aliv the first *Pizarro* that crossed him:— when he walks along the river of Amaz when he rests his eye on the unriv Andes; when he measures the long watered savannah; or contemplates, a sudden promontory, the distant, Pacific — and feels himself a freema this vast theatre, and commanding ready produced fruit of this wilderr and each progeny of this stream — exultation is not less than imperial. is as gentle, too, as he is great: emotions of tenderness keep pace wit elevation of sentiment; for he says, 'T were made by a good Being, who, sought by me, placed me here to e them.' He becomes at once a child a king. His mind is in himself; hence he argues, and from hence he a and he argues unerringly, and acts ma terially: his mind in himself is also in God; and therefore he loves, and th

he soars." — From the notes upon *Hurricane*, a Poem, *by William rt.*

e Reader, I am sure, will thank me he above quotation, which, though a strange book, is one of the finest ges of modern English prose.

Page 507.

T is, by comparison, an easy task Earth to despise," etc.

e, upon this subject, Baxter's most esting review of his own opinions and ments in the decline of life. It may und (lately reprinted) in Dr. Words- 's *Ecclesiastical Biography*.

Page 508.

s! the endowment of immortal Power matched unequally with custom, time," etc.

is subject is treated at length in the — Intimations of Immortality, page

Page 509.

owing the heart of man is set to be." etc.

e passage quoted from Daniel is from a poem addressed to the Lady aret, Countess of Cumberland, and vo last lines, printed in Italics, are by ranslated from Seneca. The whole is very beautiful. I will transcribe stanzas from it, as they contain an rable picture of the state of a wise s mind in a time of public commotion.

he moved with all the thunder-cracks
ant's threats, or with the surly brow
ver, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
ed with more crying sins than those he checks.
orms of sad confusion that may grow
the present for the coming times,
not him; that hath no side at all,
himself, and knows the worst can fall.

gh his heart (so near allied to earth)
t but pity the perplexed state
ublous and distressed mortality,
hus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompassed, while as craft deceives,
And is deceived: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' Inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: He looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in Impiety.

Thus, Lady, fares that man that hath prepared
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared

The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labor all you can
To plant your heart! and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Page 532.

"Or rather, as we stand on holy earth, And have the dead around us."

Leo. You, Sir, could help me to the history
Of half these graves?
Priest. For eight-score winters past,
With what I've witnessed, and with what I've heard,
Perhaps I might; . . . . .
By turning o'er these hillocks one by one,
We two could travel, Sir, through a strange round;
Yet all in the broad highway of the world.
See the Brothers.

Page 537.

"And suffering Nature grieved that one should die."
Southey's Retrospect.

Page 537.

"And whence that tribute? wherefore these regards?"

The sentiments and opinions here uttered are in unison with those expressed in the following Essay upon Epitaphs, which was furnished by me for Mr. Coleridge's periodical work, *The Friend;* and as they are dictated by a spirit congenial to that which pervades

this and the two succeeding books, the sympathizing reader will not be displeased to see the Essay here annexed.

ESSAY UPON EPITAPHS.

It needs scarcely be said, that an Epitaph presupposes a Monument, upon which it is to be engraven. Almost all Nations have wished that certain external signs should point out the places where their dead are interred. Among savage tribes unacquainted with letters this has mostly been done either by rude stones placed near the graves, or by mounds of earth raised over them. This custom proceeded obviously from a twofold desire: first to guard the remains of the deceased from irreverent approach or from savage violation: and secondly to preserve their memory. "Never any," says Camden, "neglected burial but some savage nations; as the Bactrians, which cast their dead to the dogs; some varlet philosophers, as Diogenes, who desired to be devoured of fishes; some dissolute courtiers, as Mæcenas, who was wont to say, Non tumulum curo; sepelit natura relictos.

'I'm careless of a grave: — Nature her dead will save.'"

As soon as nations had learned the use of letters, epitaphs were inscribed upon these monuments; in order that their intention might be more surely and adequately fulfilled. I have derived monuments and epitaphs from two sources of feeling, but these do in fact resolve themselves into one. The invention of epitaphs, Weever, in his Discourse of Funeral Monuments, says rightly, "proceeded from the presage or fore-feeling of immortality, implanted in all men naturally, and is referred to the scholars of Linus the Theban poet, who flourished about the year of the world two thousand seven hundred; who first bewailed this Linus their Master, when he was slain, in doleful verses, then called of him Œlina, afterwards Epitaphia, for that they were first sung at burials, after engraved u the sepulchres."

And, verily, without the conscious of a principle of immortality in the hu soul, Man could never have had awake in him the desire to live in the rem brance of his fellows: mere love, or yearning of kind towards kind, co not have produced it. The dog or h perishes in the field, or in the stall the side of his companions, and is capable of anticipating the sorrow which his surrounding associates s bemoan his death, or pine for his lo he cannot pre-conceive this regret, he form no thought of it; and therefore c not possibly have a desire to leave s regret or remembrance behind him. A to the principle of love which exists the inferior animals, the faculty of rea which exists in Man alone; will the c junction of these account for the desi Doubtless it is a necessary consequence this conjunction; yet not, I think, a direct result, but only to be come through an intermediate thought, viz., t of an intimation or assurance within that some part of our nature is imperis ble. At least the precedence, in orde birth, of one feeling to the other, is questionable. If we look back upon days of childhood, we shall find that time is not in remembrance when, w respect to our own individual Being, mind was without this assurance; where the wish to be remembered by our frie or kindred after death, or even in absen is, as we shall discover, a sensation t does not form itself till the *social* fe ings have been developed, and the Reas has connected itself with a wide range objects. Forlorn, and cut off from co munication with the best part of his natu must that man be, who should derive t sense of immortality, as it exists in t mind of a child, from the same unthin ing gayety or liveliness of animal spir with which the lamb in the meadow any other irrational creature is endowe who should ascribe it, in short, to bla ignorance in the child; to an inabili arising from the imperfect state of h faculties to come, in any point of h

g, into contact with a notion of death; an unreflecting acquiescence in what een instilled into him! Has such an der of the mysteries of nature, though ay have forgotten his former self, noticed the early, obstinate, and peasable inquisitiveness of children the subject of origination? This e fact proves outwardly the mon- sness of those suppositions: for, if ad no direct external testimony that inds of very young children meditate gly upon death and immortality, inquiries, which we all know they perpetually making concerning the *ce*, do necessarily include corre- dent habits of interrogation concern- ne *whither*. Origin and tendency are ns inseparably co-relative. Never child stand by the side of a running m, pondering within himself what r was the feeder of the perpetual nt, from what never-wearied sources ody of water was supplied, but he have been inevitably propelled to fol- his question by another: "Towards abyss is it in progress? what recep- can contain the mighty influx?" the spirit of the answer must have though the word might be sea or n, accompanied perhaps with an e gathered from a map, or from the bject in nature — these might have the *letter*, but the *spirit* of the er must have been *as* inevitably, — eptacle without bounds or dimen- ; — nothing less than infinity. We then, be justified in asserting, that ense of immortality, if not a co- nt and twin birth with Reason, is g the earliest of her offspring: and ay further assert, that from these ined, and under their countenance, man affections are gradually formed pened out. This is not the place er into the recesses of these inves- ons; but the subject requires me here ke a plain avowal, that, for my own it is to me inconceivable, that the athies of love towards each other, grow with our growth, could ever any new strength, or even preserve d, after we had received from the outward senses the impression of death, and were in the habit of having that impression daily renewed and its accompanying feeling brought home to ourselves, and to those we love; if the same were not counteracted by those communications with our internal Being, which are anterior to all these experiences, and with which revelation coincides, and has through that coincidence alone (for otherwise it could not possess it) a power to affect us. I confess, with me the conviction is absolute that, if the impression and sense of death were not thus counterbalanced, such a hollowness would pervade the whole system of things, such a want of correspondence and consistency, a disproportion so astounding betwixt means and ends, that there could be no repose, no joy. Were we to grow up unfostered by this genial warmth, a frost would chill the spirit, so penetrating and powerful that there could be no motions of the life of love; and infinitely less could we have any wish to be remembered after we had passed away from a world in which each man had moved about like a shadow. — If, then, in a creature endowed with the faculties of foresight and reason, the social affections could not have unfolded themselves uncountenanced by the faith that Man is an immortal being, and if, consequently, neither could the individual dying have had a desire to survive in the remembrance of his fellows, nor on their side could they have felt a wish to preserve for future times vestiges of the departed; it follows, as a final inference, that without the belief in immortality, wherein these several desires originate, neither monuments nor epitaphs, in affectionate or laudatory commemoration of the deceased, could have existed in the world.

Simonides, it is related, upon landing in a strange country, found the corse of an unknown person lying by the seaside; he buried it, and was honored throughout Greece for the piety of that act. Another ancient Philosopher, chancing to fix his eyes upon a dead body, regarded the same with slight, if not with contempt, saying, "See the shell of the flown bird!" But it

is not to be supposed that the moral and tender-hearted Simonides was incapable of the lofty movements of thought to which that other Sage gave way at the moment while his soul was intent only upon the indestructible being; nor, on the other hand, that he, in whose sight a lifeless human body was of no more value than the worthless shell from which the living fowl had departed, would not, in a different mood of mind, have been affected by those earthly considerations which had incited the philosophic Poet to the performance of that pious duty. And with regard to this latter we may be assured that, if he had been destitute of the capability of communing with the more exalted thoughts that appertain to human nature, he would have cared no more for the corse of the stranger than for the dead body of a seal or porpoise which might have been cast up by the waves. We respect the corporeal frame of Man, not merely because it is the habitation of a rational, but of an immortal Soul. Each of these Sages was in sympathy with the best feelings of our nature; feelings which, though they seem opposite to each other, have another and a finer connection than that of contrast. — It is a connection formed through the subtle progress by which, both in the natural and the moral world, qualities pass insensibly into their contraries, and things revolve upon each other. As, in sailing upon the orb of this planet, a voyage towards the regions where the sun sets conducts gradually to the quarter where we have been accustomed to behold it come forth at its rising; and, in like manner, a voyage towards the east, the birthplace in our imagination of the morning, leads finally to the quarter where the sun is last seen when he departs from our eyes; so the contemplative Soul, travelling in the direction of mortality, advances to the country of everlasting life; and, in like manner, may she continue to explore those cheerful tracts till she is brought back, for her advantage and benefit, to the land of transitory things — of sorrow and of tears.

On a midway point, therefore, which commands the thoughts and feelings of the two Sages whom we have represented in contrast, does the Author of that speci composition, the laws of which it is present purpose to explain, take his st Accordingly, recurring to the two desire of guarding the remains of deceased and preserving their mem it may be said that a sepulchral monur is a tribute to a man as a human be and that an epitaph (in the ordi meaning attached to the word) incl this general feeling and something m and is a record to preserve the mer of the dead, as a tribute due to his vidual worth, for a satisfaction to sorrowing hearts of the survivors, and the common benefit of the living: wh record is to be accomplished, not general manner, but, where it can, in *connection with the bodily remains of deceased*: and these, it may be ad among the modern nations of Euro are deposited within, or contiguous their places of worship. In anc times, as is well known, it was the cus to bury the dead beyond the walls towns and cities; and among the Gre and Romans they were frequently inte by the waysides.

I could here pause with pleasure, invite the Reader to indulge with me contemplation of the advantages wh must have attended such practice. might ruminate upon the beauty wh the monuments, thus placed, must h borrowed from the surrounding image nature — from the trees, the wild flow from a stream running perhaps within si or hearing, from the beaten road stret ing its weary length hard by. M tender similitudes must these objects h presented to the mind of the trave leaning upon one of the tombs, or rep ing in the coolness of its shade, whet he had halted from weariness or in co pliance with the invitation, "Pau Traveller!" so often found upon monuments. And to its epitaph must have been supplied strong appeal visible appearances or immediate impr sions, lively and affecting analogies life as a journey — death as a sleep ov coming the tired wayfarer — of misfort as a storm that falls suddenly upon him

uty as a flower that passeth away, innocent pleasure as one that may hered — of virtue that standeth firm ock against the beating waves — of "undermined insensibly like the by the side of the river that has ," or blasted in a moment like a ree by the stroke of lightning upon ountain-top — of admonitions and stirring remembrances, like a re- ng breeze that comes without warn- r the taste of the waters of an un- ed fountain. These and similar tions must have given, formerly, language of the senseless stone e enforced and endeared by the be- y of that nature with which it was son. — We, in modern times, have uch of these advantages; and they t in a small degree counterbalanced inhabitants of large towns and cities e custom of depositing the dead , or contiguous to, their places of p; however splendid or imposing e the appearance of those edifices, wever interesting or salutary the ctions associated with them. Even it not true that tombs lose their ory virtue when thus obtruded upon tice of men occupied with the cares world, and too often sullied and by those cares, yet still, when is in our thoughts, nothing can amends for the want of the sooth- fluences of nature, and for the e of those types of renovation and which the fields and woods offer notice of the serious and contem- mind. To feel the force of this ent, let a man only compare in im- on the unsightly manner in which onuments are crowded together in usy, noisy, unclean, and almost ss churchyard of a large town, ie still seclusion of a Turkish ceme- n some remote place, and yet fur- nctified by the grove of cypress in it is embosomed. Thoughts in the emper as these have already been sed with true sensibility by an in- is Poet of the present day. The of his poem is "All Saints , Derby:" he has been deploring the forbidding and unseemly appearance of its burial-ground, and uttering a wish that in past times the practice had been adopted of interring the inhabitants of large towns in the country; —

Then in some rural, calm, sequestered spot
Where healing Nature her benignant look
Ne'er changes, save at that lorn season, when,
With tresses drooping o'er her sable stole,
She yearly mourns the mortal doom of man,
Her noblest work, (so Israel's virgins erst,
With annual moan upon the mountains wept
Their fairest gone,) there in that rural scene,
So placid, so congenial to the wish
The Christian feels, of peaceful rest within
The silent grave, I would have stayed:

* * * * *

— wandered forth, where the cold dew of heaven
Lay on the humbler graves around, what time
The pale moon gazed upon the turfy mounds,
Pensive, as though like me, in lonely muse,
'T were brooding on the dead inhumed beneath.
There while with him, the holy man of Uz,
O'er human destiny I sympathized,
Counting the long, long periods prophecy
Decrees to roll, ere the great day arrives
Of resurrection, oft the blue-eyed Spring
Had met me with her blossoms, as the Dove,
Of old, returned with olive leaf, to cheer
The Patriarch mourning o'er a world destroyed
And I would bless her visit; for to me
'T is sweet to trace the consonance that links
As one, the works of Nature and the word
Of God. — JOHN EDWARDS.

A village churchyard, lying as it does in the lap of nature, may indeed be most favorably contrasted with that of a town of crowded population; and sepulture therein combines many of the best tendencies which belong to the mode practised by the Ancients with others peculiar to itself. The sensations of pious cheerfulness, which attend the celebration of the sabbath-day in rural places, are profitably chastised by the sight of the graves of kindred and friends, gathered together in that general home towards which the thoughtful yet happy spectators themselves are journeying. Hence a parish church, in the stillness of the country, is a visible centre of a community of the living and the dead; a point to which

are habitually referred the nearest concerns of both.

As, then, both in cities and in villages, the dead are deposited in close connection with our places of worship, with us the composition of an epitaph naturally turns, still more than among the nations of antiquity, upon the most serious and solemn affections of the human mind; upon departed worth — upon personal or social sorrow and admiration — upon religion, individual and social — upon time, and upon eternity. Accordingly, it suffices, in ordinary cases, to secure a composition of this kind from censure, that it contain nothing that shall shock or be inconsistent with this spirit. But, to entitle an epitaph to praise, more than this is necessary. It ought to contain some thought or feeling belonging to the mortal or immortal part of our nature touchingly expressed; and if that be done, however general or even trite the sentiment may be, every man of pure mind will read the words with pleasure and gratitude. A husband bewails a wife; a parent breathes a sigh of disappointed hope over a lost child; a son utters a sentiment of filial reverence for a departed father or mother; a friend perhaps inscribes an encomium recording the companionable qualities, or the solid virtues, of the tenant of the grave, whose departure has left a sadness upon his memory. This and a pious admonition to the living, and a humble expression of Christian confidence in immortality, is the language of a thousand churchyards; and it does not often happen that anything, in a greater degree discriminate or appropriate to the dead or to the living, is to be found in them. This want of discrimination has been ascribed by Dr. Johnson, in his Essay upon the epitaphs of Pope, to two causes: first, the scantiness of the objects of human praise; and, secondly, the want of variety in the characters of men; or, to use his own words, "to the fact, that the greater part of mankind have no character at all." Such language may be holden without blame among the generalities of common conversation; but does not become a critic and a moralist speaking seriously upon a serious subject. The objects of admir in human nature are not scanty, but a dant: and every man has a charact his own to the eye that has skill to per it. The real cause of the acknowle want of discrimination in sepulchral m rials is this: That to analyze the ch ters of others, especially of those w we love, is not a common or natural ployment of men at any time. We not anxious unerringly to understand constitution of the minds of those have soothed, who have cheered, have supported us; with whom we been long and daily pleased or deligh The affections are their own justifica The light of love in our hearts is a s factory evidence that there is a boc worth in the minds of our friends or dred, whence that light has proce We shrink from the thought of pla their merits and defects to be wei against each other in the nice balanc pure intellect; nor do we find n temptation to detect the shades by w a good quality or virtue is discrimin in them from an excellence known b same general name as it exists in the n of another; and least of all do we in to these refinements when under the sure of sorrow, admiration, or regre when actuated by any of those fee which incite men to prolong the me of their friends and kindred by rec placed in the bosom of the all-uniting equalizing receptacle of the dead.

The first requisite, then, in an Epi is, that it should speak, in a tone w shall sink into the heart, the general guage of humanity as connected with subject of death — the source from w an epitaph proceeds — of death, an life. To be born and to die are the points in which all men feel themse to be in absolute coincidence. This eral language may be uttered so striki as to entitle an epitaph to high pra yet it cannot lay claim to the highest u other excellences be superadded. Pas through all intermediate steps, we attempt to determine at once what t excellences are, and wherein consist perfection of this species of compositio

be found to lie in a due proportion
e common or universal feeling of
nity to sensations excited by a dis-
and clear conception, conveyed to
ader's mind, of the individual whose
is deplored and whose memory is
preserved; at least of his character
er death, it appeared to those who
him and lament his loss. The
l sympathy ought to be quickened,
ked, and diversified, by particular
nts, actions, images, — circum-
s of age, occupation, manner of
prosperity which the deceased had
n, or adversity to which he had been
t; and these ought to be bound to-
and solemnized into one harmony
general sympathy. The two powers
l temper, restrain, and exalt each

The reader ought to know who
hat the man was whom he is called
o think of with interest. A distinct
otion should be given (implicitly
it can, rather than explicitly) of
lividual lamented. — But the writer
epitaph is not an anatomist, who
s the internal frame of the mind;
ot even a painter, who executes a
it at leisure and in entire tranquillity:
lineation, we must remember, is
med by the side of the grave; and,
s more, the grave of one whom he
and admires. What purity and
ness is that virtue clothed in, the
of which must no longer bless our
eyes! The character of a deceased
or beloved kinsman is not seen —
or ought to be seen — otherwise
s a tree through a tender haze or
inous mist, that spiritualizes and
fies it; that takes away, indeed, but
o the end that the parts which are
stracted may appear more dignified
vely; may impress and affect the

Shall we say, then, that this is not
not a faithful image; and that, ac-
gly, the purposes of commemoration
be answered? — It *is* truth, and of
ghest order; for, though doubtless
are not apparent which did exist;
e object being looked at through
edium, parts and proportions are
t into distinct view which before
had been only imperfectly or unconsciously seen: it is truth hallowed by love — the joint offspring of the worth of the dead and the affections of the living! This may easily be brought to the test. Let one, whose eyes have been sharpened by personal hostility to discover what was amiss in the character of a good man, hear the tidings of his death, and what a change is wrought in a moment! Enmity melts away; and, as it disappears, unsightliness, disproportion, and deformity, vanish; and, through the influence of commiseration, a harmony of love and beauty succeeds. Bring such a man to the tombstone on which shall be inscribed an epitaph on his adversary, composed in the spirit which we have recommended. Would he turn from it as from an idle tale? No; — the thoughtful look, the sigh, and perhaps the involuntary tear, would testify that it had a sane, a generous, and good meaning; and that on the writer's mind had remained an impression which was a true abstract of the character of the deceased; that his gifts and graces were remembered in the simplicity in which they ought to be remembered. The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man, contemplated by the side of the grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt as something midway between what he was on earth walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in heaven.

It suffices, therefore, that the trunk and the main branches of the worth of the deceased be boldly and unaffectedly represented. Any further detail, minutely and scrupulously pursued, especially if this be done with laborious and antithetic discriminations, must inevitably frustrate its own purpose; forcing the passing Spectator to this conclusion, — either that the dead did not possess the merits ascribed to him, or that they who have raised a monument to his memory, and must therefore be supposed to have been closely connected with him, were incapable of perceiving those merits; or at least during the act of composition had lost sight of them; for, the understanding having been so busy in

its petty occupation, how could the heart of the mourner be other than cold? and in either of these cases, whether the fault be on the part of the buried person or the survivors, the memorial is unaffecting and profitless.

Much better is it to fall short in discrimination than to pursue it too far, or to labor it unfeelingly. For in no place are we so much disposed to dwell upon those points of nature and condition wherein all men resemble each other, as in the temple where the universal Father is worshipped, or by the side of the grave which gathers all human Beings to itself, and "equalizes the lofty and the low." We suffer and we weep with the same heart; we love and are anxious for one another in one spirit; our hopes look to the same quarter; and the virtues by which we are all to be furthered and supported, as patience, meekness, good-will, justice, temperance, and temperate desires, are in an equal degree the concern of us all. Let an Epitaph, then, contain at least these acknowledgments to our common nature; nor let the sense of their importance be sacrificed to a balance of opposite qualities or minute distinctions in individual character; which if they do not (as will for the most part be the case), when examined, resolve themselves into a trick of words, will, even when they are true and just, for the most part be grievously out of place; for, as it is probable that few only have explored these intricacies of human nature, so can the tracing of them be interesting only to a few. But an epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious: it is exposed to all — to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard; its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent, may not be deterred, nor the impatient tired: the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book; — the child is proud that he can read it; — and the stranger is introduced through its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all: — in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of he beat against it.

Yet, though the writer who would e sympathy is bound in this case, more in any other, to give proof that he hir has been moved, it is to be rememb that to raise a monument is a sober a reflective act; that the inscription whi bears is intended to be permanent, an universal perusal; and that, for this rea the thoughts and feelings expressed sh be permanent also — liberated from weakness and anguish of sorrow which nature transitory, and which with insti ive decency retires from notice. passions should be subdued, the emot controlled; strong, indeed, but nothing governable or wholly involuntary. Se liness requires this, and truth requir also: for how can the narrator other be trusted? Moreover, a grave tranquillizing object: resignation in co of time springs up from it as naturall the wild flowers, besprinkling the turf which it may be covered, or gathe round the monument by which it is fended. The very form and substanc the monument which has received th scription, and the appearance of letters, testifying with what a slow laborious hand they must have been graven, might seem to reproach the au who had given way upon this occa to transports of mind, or to quick turn conflicting passion; though the same m constitute the life and beauty of a fun oration or elegiac poem.

These sensations and judgments, a upon perhaps unconsciously, have one of the main causes why epitaph often personate the deceased, and re sent him as speaking from his own to stone. The departed Mortal is introdu telling you himself that his pains are go that a state of rest is come; and he jures you to weep for him no longer. admonishes with the voice of one perienced in the vanity of those affect which are confined to earthly objects, gives a verdict like a superior Being, forming the office of a judge, who ha temptations to mislead him, and wh decision cannot but be dispassion

is death disarmed of its sting, and ion unsubstantialized. By this tenction, the survivors bind themselves edater sorrow, and employ the ination of the imagination in order he reason may speak her own lanearlier than she would otherwise been enabled to do. This shadowy osition also harmoniously unites the orlds of the living and the dead by appropriate affections. And it may served that here we have an addiproof of the propriety with which chral inscriptions were referred to onsciousness of immortality as their l source.

o not speak with a wish to recomthat an epitaph should be cast in ould preferably to the still more on one, in which what is said comes he survivors directly; but rather to how natural those feelings are have induced men, in all states and of society, so frequently to adopt ode. And this I have done chiefly der that the laws which ought to n the composition of the other may tter understood. This latter mode, y, that in which the survivors speak ir own persons, seems to me upon ole greatly preferable, as it admits er range of notices; and, above all, se, excluding the fiction which is roundwork of the other, it rests a more solid basis.

ough has been said to convey our of a perfect epitaph; but it must rne in mind that one is meant which est answer the *general* ends of that s of composition. According to urse pointed out, the worth of e life, through all varieties of situand character, will be most honornd profitably preserved in memory. ould the model recommended less blic men in all instances, save of persons who by the greatness r services in the employments of or war, or by the surpassing exe of their works in art, literature, ence, have made themselves not niversally known, but have filled art of their country with everlasting gratitude. Yet I must here pause to correct myself. In describing the general tenor of thought which epitaphs ought to hold, I have omitted to say, that if it be the *actions* of a man, or even some *one* conspicuous or beneficial act of local or general utility, which have distinguished him, and excited a desire that he should be remembered, then, of course, ought the attention to be directed chiefly to those actions or that act: and such sentiments dwelt upon as naturally arise out of them or it. Having made this necessary distinction, I proceed. — The mighty benefactors of mankind, as they are not only known by the immediate survivors, but will continue to be known familiarly to latest posterity, do not stand in need of biographic sketches in such a place; nor of delineations of character to individualize them. This is already done by their Works, in the memories of men. Their naked names, and a grand comprehensive sentiment of civic gratitude, patriotic love, or human admiration — or the utterance of some elementary principle most essential in the constitution of true virtue — or a declaration touching that pious humility and self-abasement, which are ever most profound as minds are most susceptible of genuine exaltation — or an intuition, communicated in adequate words, of the sublimity of intellectual power; — these are the only tribute which can here be paid — the only offering that upon such an altar would not be unworthy.

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in pilèd stones,
Or that his hollowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lifelong monument,
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Page 538.

"*And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven.*'"

An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries with

spire-steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and stars, and sometimes, when they reflect the brazen light of a rich though rainy sunset, appear like a pyramid of flame burning heavenward. See "The Friend," by S. T. Coleridge, No. 14, p. 223.

Page 564.

"*That sycamore, which annually holds*
Within its shade, as in a stately tent."

"This Sycamore oft musical with Bees;
Such Tents the Patriarchs loved."
S. T. Coleridge.

Page 569.

"*Perish the roses and the flowers of kings.*"

The "Transit gloria mundi" is finely expressed in the Introduction to the Foundation-charters of some of the ancient Abbeys. Some expressions here used are taken from that of the Abbey of St. Mary's, Furness, the translation of which is as follows:—

"Considering every day the uncertainty of life, that the roses and flowers of Kings, Emperors, and Dukes, and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay; and that all things, with an uninterrupted course, tend to dissolution and death: I therefore," etc.

Page 572.

———"*Earth has lent*
Her waters, Air her breezes."

In treating this subject, it was impossible not to recollect with gratitude the pleasing picture which, in his Poem of the Fleece, the excellent and amiable Dyer has given of the influences of manufacturing industry upon the face of this Island. He wrote at a time when machinery was first beginning to be introduced, and his benevolent heart prompted him to augur from it nothing but good. Truth has compelled me to dwell upon the baneful effects arising out of an ill-regulated and excessive application of powers so admirable in themselves.

Page 583.

"*Binding herself by statute.*"

The discovery of Dr. Bell affords vellous facilities for carrying this int fect; and it is impossible to overrate benefit which might accrue to huma from the universal application of simple engine under an enlightened conscientious government.

Page 593.

"*Dion.*"

This poem began with the follo stanza, which has been displaced on count of its detaining the reader too from the subject, and as rather prec ing, than preparing for, the due effec the allusion to the genius of Plato:—

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevaili
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant w
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffled morning, clin
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
— Behold! — as with a gushing impulse he
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding st
Winds the mute Creature without visible M
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favorite!

Page 608.

"*Thanksgiving Ode.*"

Wholly unworthy of touching upon momentous subject here treated wo that Poet be, before whose eyes the p ent distresses under which this kingd labors could interpose a veil sufficie thick to hide, or even to obscure, the spl dor of this great moral triumph. If I h given way to exultation, unchecked by th distresses, it might be sufficient to prot me from a charge of insensibility, sho

e my own belief that the sufferings
e transitory. Upon the wisdom of
y large majority of the British nation
d that generosity which poured out
reasures of this country for the de-
ance of Europe: and in the same
nal wisdom, presiding in time of
e over an energy not inferior to that
n has been displayed in war, *they*
de, who encourage a firm hope that
up of our wealth will be gradually
nished. There will, doubtless, be
ew ready to indulge in regrets and
ings; and to feed a morbid satisfac-
by aggravating these burthens in
ination; in order that calamity so con-
tly prophesied, as it has not taken
hape which their sagacity allotted to
ay appear as grievous as possible
r another. But the body of the
n will not quarrel with the gain, be-
e it might have been purchased at a
rice; and, acknowledging in these
rings, which they feel to have been
great degree unavoidable, a conse-
on of their noble efforts, they will
ously apply themselves to remedy
vil.

r is it at the expense of rational
otism, or in disregard of sound phi-
hy, that I have given vent to feelings
ng to encourage a martial spirit in
osoms of my countrymen, at a time
there is a general outcry against the
lence of these dispositions. The
h army, both by its skill and valor
e-field, and by the discipline which
ered it, to the inhabitants of the sev-
countries where its operations were
d on, a protection from the violence
eir own troops, has performed ser-
that will not allow the language of
ude and admiration to be suppressed
trained (whatever be the temper of
ublic mind) through a scrupulous
lest the tribute due to the past should
an injurious incentive for the future.
y man deserving the name of Briton
his voice to the chorus which extols
xploits of his countrymen, with a
iousness, at times overpowering the
, that they transcend all praise. —
his particular sentiment, thus irre-
sistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was or can be independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without a cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked that the benefits derivable from these sources are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favorable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and refine them by culture.

But some have more than insinuated that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. Trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honorable jealousy, let me hope that the martial qualities which I venerate will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned, and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise: particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition whose master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination; — by imparting knowledge, civil, moral, and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend, that country under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded and its riches acquired; — by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so

that, no members of it being trampled upon, courage may everywhere continue to rest immovably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;— by adequate rewards and permanent honors conferred upon the deserving;— by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country;— and by especial care to provide and support institutions in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion of the youth of the country may be instructed in military science.

I have only to add that I should feel little satisfaction in giving to the world these limited attempts to celebrate the virtues of my country, if I did not encourage a hope that a subject, which it has fallen within my province to treat only in the mass, will by other poets be illustrated in that detail which its importance calls for, and which will allow opportunities to give the merited applause to PERSONS as well as to THINGS.

The ode was published along with other pieces, now interspersed through this volume.

Page 610.

"Discipline the rule whereof is passion."
LORD BROOKE.

Page 618.

The event is thus recorded in the journals of the day: — "When the Austrians took Hockheim, in one part of the engagement they got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted — not a gun was fired — not a voice heard: they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop; they then gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water."

Page 635.

"*Wings at my shoulders seem to play.*"

In these lines I am under obligation to the exquisite picture of "Jacob's Dream," by Mr. Alstone, now in America. I pleasant to make this public acknowle ment to a man of genius, whom I h the honor to rank among my friends.

Page 645.

If in this Sonnet I should seem to h borne a little too hard upon the perso appearance of the worthy Poissards Calais, let me take shelter under authority of my lamented friend, the Sir George Beaumont. He, a most curate observer, used to say of them, t their features and countenances seeme have conformed to those of the creatu they dealt in; at all events the rese blance was striking.

Page 645.

"*Brugès.*"

This is not the first poetical trib which in our times has been paid to beautiful city. Mr. Southey, in "Poet's Pilgrimage," speaks of it lines which I cannot deny myself pleasure of connecting with my ow

"Time hath not wronged her, nor hath sought
Rudely her splendid structures to destro
Save in those recent days, with evil fraugh
When mutability, in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint release
Let loose her fierce and many-headed beas

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed
Like our first Sires, a beautiful old age
Is hers in venerable years arrayed;
And yet, to her, benignant stars may bring
What fate denies to man, — a second spring

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by Chieftains of nown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors b
If fancy would portray some stately tow
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Brugès, I shall then remember thee."

In this city are many vestiges of splendor of the Burgundian Dukedo and the long black mantle universa worn by the females is probably a remn

e old Spanish connection, which, if I ot much deceive myself, is traceable grave deportment of its inhabitants. ès is comparatively little disturbed at curious contest, or rather conflict, emish with French propensities in rs of taste, so conspicuous through parts of Flanders. The hotel to n we drove at Ghent furnished an nstance. In the passages were paint- and statues, after the antique, of and Apollo; and in the garden a pond, about a yard and a half in eter, with a weeping willow bend- ver it, and under the shade of that in the centre of the pond, a wooden ed statue of a Dutch or Flemish looking ineffably tender upon his ess, and embracing her. A living tethered at the feet of the sculptured s, alternately tormented a miserable nd itself with endeavors to escape its bonds and prison. Had we ed to espy the hostess of the hotel s quaint rural retreat, the exhibi- would have been complete. She a true Flemish figure, in the dress e days of Holbein; her symbol of , a weighty bunch of keys, pendent her portly waist. In Brussels the rn taste in costume, architecture, nas got the mastery; in Ghent there ruggle: but in Brugês old images ill paramount, and an air of monas- e among the quiet goings-on of a -peopled city is inexpressibly sooth- pensive grace seems to be cast over ven the very children. — *Extract Journal.*

Page 646.

Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach."

et a wall of rocks be imagined from to six hundred feet in height, and between France and Spain, so as cally to separate the two kingdoms us fancy this wall curved like a cres- with its convexity towards France. , let us suppose, that in the very e of the wall, a breach of 300 feet nas been beaten down by the famous *Roland*, and we may have a good idea of what the mountaineers call the 'BRECHE DE ROLAND.'" — *Raymond's Pyrenees.*

Page 647.

"*Miserere Domine.*"

See the beautiful Song in Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy, "THE REMORSE." Why is the harp of Quantock silent?

Page 647.

"*Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly*
Doth Danube spring to life!"

Before this quarter of the Black Forest was inhabited, the source of the Danube might have suggested some of those sublime images which Armstrong has so finely described; at present, the contrast is most striking. The Spring appears in a capacious stone Basin in front of a Ducal palace, with a pleasure-ground opposite; then, passing under the pavement, takes the form of a little, clear, bright, black, vigorous rill, barely wide enough to tempt the agility of a child five years old to leap over it, — and entering the garden, it joins, after a course of a few hundred yards, a stream much more considerable than itself. The *copiousness* of the spring at *Doneschingen* must have procured for it the honor of being named the Source of the Danube.

Page 648.

"The Staub-bach" is a narrow Stream, which, after a long course on the heights, comes to the sharp edge of a somewhat overhanging precipice, overleaps it with a bound, and, after a fall of 930 feet, forms again a rivulet. The vocal powers of these musical Beggars may seem to be exaggerated; but this wild and savage air was utterly unlike any sounds I had ever heard; the notes reached me from a distance, and on what occasion they were sung I could not guess, only they seemed to belong, in some way or other, to the Waterfall — and reminded me of religious services chanted to Streams and

Fountains in Pagan times. Mr. Southey has thus accurately characterized the peculiarity of this music: "While we were at the Waterfall, some half-score peasants, chiefly women and girls, assembled just out of reach of the Spring, and set up — surely, the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears, — a song not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice was used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, — sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description." — See Notes to "A Tale of Paraguay."

Page 649.

"*Engelberg.*"

The Convent whose site was pointed out, according to tradition, in this manner, is seated at its base. The architecture of the building is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honor which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it.

Page 653.

"*Though searching damps and many an envious flaw*
Have marred this Work."

This picture of the Last Supper has not only been grievously injured by time, but the greatest part of it, if not the whole, is said to have been retouched, or painted over again. These niceties may be left to connoisseurs. — I speak of it as I felt. The copy exhibited in London some years ago, and the engraving by Merghen, are both admirable; but in the original is a power which neither of those works has attained, or even approached.

Page 654.

"*Of Figures human and divine.*"

The statues ranged round the spire and along the roof of the Cathedral of Milan have been found fault with by persons whose exclusive taste is unfortunate for themselves. It is true that the same expense and labor, judiciously directed to purposes more strictly architectural, might have much heightened the general e of the building; for, seen from the gro the Statues appear diminutive. But *coup-d'œil*, from the best point of v which is half way up the spire, must st an unprejudiced person with admirat and surely the selection and arranger of the Figures is exquisitely fitted to port the religion of the country in imaginations and feelings of the specta It was with great pleasure that I s during the two ascents which we ma several children, of different ages, tripp up and down the slender spire, and pa ing to look around them, with feeli much more animated than could h been derived from these or the fi works of art, if placed within easy rea — Remember also that you have the A on one side, and on the other the Ap nines, with the plain of Lombardy tween!

Page 658.

"*Still, with those white-robed Shapes a living Stream,*
The glacier Pillars join in soler guise."

This Procession is a part of the sac mental service performed once a mon In the valley of Engelberg we had t good fortune to be present at the *Gra Festival* of the Virgin — but the Processi on that day, though consisting of u wards of 1000 persons, assembled fr all the branches of the sequestered valle was much less striking (notwithstandi the sublimity of the surrounding scenery it wanted both the simplicity of the oth and the accompaniment of the Glacie columns, whose sisterly resemblance the *moving* Figures gave it a most beau ful and solemn peculiarity.

Page 660.

Near the town of Boulogne, and ove hanging the beach, are the remains of tower which bears the name of Caligul who here terminated his western exped

of which these sea-shells were the
ed spoils. And at no great distance
these ruins, Buonaparte, standing
a mound of earth, harangued his
ny of England," reminding them of
xploits of Cæsar, and pointing to-
s the white cliffs, upon which their
ards *were to float*. He recommended
a subscription to be raised among
Soldiery to erect on that ground, in
ory of the foundation of the "Legion
onor," a Column — which was not
leted at the time we were there.

Page 660.

e mark majestic herds of cattle, free
o ruminate."

is is a most grateful sight for an
ishman returning to his native land.
ywhere one misses in the cultivated
ids abroad, the animated and sooth-
ccompaniment of animals ranging
electing their own food at will.

Page 661.

r as St. Maurice, from yon eastern
Forks."

s FOURCHES, the point at which the
hains of mountains part, that inclose
Valais, which terminates at ST.
RICE.

Page 661.

———"*ye that occupy*
r council-seats beneath the open sky,
Sarnen's Mount."

rnen, one of the two capitals of the
on of Underwalden; the spot here
ed to is close to the town, and is
l the Landenberg, from the tyrant of
ame, whose château formerly stood
On the 1st of January, 1308, the
day which the confederated Heroes
chosen for the deliverance of their
ry, all the castles of the Governors
taken by force or stratagem; and
yrants themselves conducted, with
creatures, to the frontiers, after
g witnessed the destruction of their
strongholds. From that time the Landenberg has been the place where the Legislators of this division of the Canton assemble. The site, which is well described by Ebel, is one of the most beautiful in Switzerland.

Page 661.

"*Calls me to pace her honored Bridge* —"

The bridges of Lucerne are roofed, and open at the sides, so that the passenger has, at the same time, the benefit of shade, and a view of the magnificent country. The pictures are attached to the rafters; those from Scripture History, on the Cathedral-bridge, amount, according to my notes, to 240. Subjects from the Old Testament face the passenger as he goes towards the Cathedral, and those from the New as he returns. The pictures on these bridges, as well as those in most other parts of Switzerland, are not to be spoken of as works of art; but they are instruments admirably answering the purpose for which they were designed.

Page 662.

"*The River Duddon.*"

A Poet, whose works are not yet known as they deserve to be, thus enters upon his description of the "Ruins of Rome:"

> "The rising Sun
> Flames on the ruins in the purer air
> Towering aloft; "

and ends thus —

> "The setting Sun displays
> His visible great round, between yon towers,
> As through two shady cliffs."

Mr. Crowe, in his excellent loco-descriptive Poem, "Lewesdon Hill," is still more expeditious, finishing the whole on a May-morning, before breakfast.

> "To-morrow for severer thought, but now
> To breakfast, and keep festival to-day."

No one believes, or is desired to believe, that those Poems were actually composed within such limits of time; nor was there any reason why a prose state

ment should acquaint the reader with the plain fact, to the disturbance of poetic credibility. But, in the present case, I am compelled to mention, that the above series of Sonnets was the growth of many years;—the one which stands the 14th was the first produced; and others were added upon occasional visits to the Stream, or as recollections of the scenes upon its banks awakened a wish to describe them. In this manner I have proceeded insensibly, without perceiving that I was trespassing upon ground pre-occupied, at least as far as intention went, by Mr. Coleridge; who, more than twenty years ago, used to speak of writing a rural Poem, to be entitled "The Brook," of which he has given a sketch in a recent publication. But a particular subject cannot, I think, much interfere with a general one; and I have been further kept from encroaching upon any right Mr. C. may still wish to exercise, by the restriction which the frame of the Sonnet imposed upon me, narrowing unavoidably the range of thought, and precluding, though not without its advantages, many graces to which a freer movement of verse would naturally have led.

May I not venture, then, to hope, that, instead of being a hindrance by anticipation of any part of the subject, these Sonnets may remind Mr. Coleridge of his own more comprehensive design, and induce him to fulfil it?—There is a sympathy in streams,—"one calleth to another;" and I would gladly believe, that "The Brook" will, ere long, murmur in concert with "The Duddon." But, asking pardon for this fancy, I need not scruple to say that those verses must indeed be ill-fated which can enter upon such pleasant walks of nature without receiving and giving inspiration. The power of waters over the minds of Poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages;—through the "Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius" of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe to the great rivers of the earth by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns (chosen, if I recollect right, by Mr. Coleridge, as a motto for his embryo "Brook"),

> "The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,
> Till by himsel' he learned to wander,
> Adown some trotting burn's meander,
> And na' think lang."

Page 665.

"There bloomed the strawberry of wilderness,
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue."

These two lines are in a great meas taken from "The Beauties of Spring Juvenile Poem," by the Rev. Jose Sympson. He was a native of Cumb land, and was educated in the vale Grasmere, and at Hawkshead scho his poems are little known, but they c tain passages of splendid descriptio and the versification of his "Vision Alfred" is harmonious and animat In describing the motions of the Syl that constitute the strange machinery his Poem, he uses the following illust tive simile:—

——— "Glancing from their plumes
A changeful light the azure vault illumes.
Less varying hues beneath the Pole adorn
The streamy glories of the Boreal morn,
That wavering to and fro their radiance shed
On Bothnia's gulf with glassy ice o'erspread.
Where the lone native, as he homeward glide
On polished sandals o'er the imprisoned tides
And still the balance of his frame preserves,
Wheeled on alternate foot in lengthening curv
Sees at a glance, above him and below,
Two rival heavens with equal splendor glow.
Sphered in the centre of the world he seems;
For all around with soft effulgence gleams;
Stars, moons, and meteors, ray opposed to ray
And solemn midnight pours the blaze of day.

He was a man of ardent feeling, a his faculties of mind, particularly his me ory, were extraordinary. Brief noti of his life ought to find a place in t History of Westmoreland.

Page 668. Sonnets XVII. and XVIII

The EAGLE requires a large dom for its support: but several pairs, many years ago, were constantly resid in this country, building their nests

eeps of Borrowdale, Wastdale, En-
le, and on the eastern side of Hel-
n. Often have I heard anglers
of the grandeur of their appear-
as they hovered over Red Tarn, in
f the coves of this mountain. The
frequently returns, but is always
oyed. Not long since, one visited
l lake, and remained some hours
ts banks: the consternation which
asioned among the different species
wl, particularly the herons, was
ssed by loud screams. The horse
s naturally afraid of the eagle.—
were several Roman stations
g these mountains; the most con-
ble seems to have been in a meadow
head of Windermere, established,
ubtedly, as a check over the passes
irkstone, Dunmail-raise, and of
knot and Wrynose. On the margin
ydal lake, a coin of Trajan was
ered very lately. — The ROMAN
here alluded to, called by the
y people "*Hardknot Castle*," is
mpressively situated half-way down
ill on the right of the road that
nds from Hardknot into Eskdale.
escaped the notice of most anti-
ns, and is but slightly mentioned
ysons. — The DRUIDICAL CIRCLE
ut half a mile to the left of the
ascending Stoneside from the vale
ddon: the country people call it
ken Church."

reader who may have been inter-
in the foregoing Sonnets (which
er may be considered as a Poem)
ot be displeased to find in this place
e account of the Duddon, extracted
Green's comprehensive *Guide to*
kes, lately published. "The road
g from Coniston to Broughton is
igh ground, and commands a view
e River Duddon; which, at high
is a grand sight, having the beau-
nd fertile lands of Lancashire and
erland stretching each way from
rgin. In this extensive view, the
f nature is displayed in a wonder-
riety of hill and dale, wooded
ls and buildings; amongst the latter
aton Tower, seated on the crown of a hill, rising elegantly from the valley, is an object of extraordinary interest. Fertility on each side is gradually diminished, and lost in the superior heights of Blackcomb, in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirkby and Ulverstone.

"The road from Broughton to Seathwaite is on the banks of the Duddon, and on its Lancashire side it is of various elevations. The river is an amusing companion, one while brawling and tumbling over rocky precipices, until the agitated water becomes again calm by arriving at a smoother and less precipitous bed, but its course is soon again ruffled, and the current thrown into every variety of form which the rocky channel of a river can give to water." — *Vide Green's Guide to the Lakes*, vol. i. pp. 98–100.

After all, the traveller would be most gratified who should approach this beautiful Stream, neither at its source, as is done in the Sonnets, nor from its termination; but from Coniston over Walna Scar; first descending into a little circular valley, a collateral compartment of the long winding vale through which flows the Duddon. This recess, towards the close of September, when the after-grass of the meadows is still of a fresh green, with the leaves of many of the trees faded, but perhaps none fallen, is truly enchanting. At a point elevated enough to show the various objects in the valley, and not so high as to diminish their importance, the stranger will instinctively halt. On the foreground, a little below the most favorable station, a rude footbridge is thrown over the bed of the noisy brook foaming by the wayside. Russet and craggy hills, of bold and varied outline, surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with gray rocks plumed with birch trees. A few homesteads are interspersed, in some places peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages, whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances, the dwelling-house, barn, and byre, compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the

walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and color, a consummation and perfection of beauty, which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity. This unvitiated region stands in no need of the veil of twilight to soften or disguise its features. As it glistens in the morning sunshine, it would fill the spectator's heart with gladsomeness. Looking from our chosen station, he would feel an impatience to rove among its pathways, to be greeted by the milkmaid, to wander from house to house exchanging "good-morrows" as he passed the open doors; but, at evening, when the sun is set, and a pearly light gleams from the western quarter of the sky, with an answering light from the smooth surface of the meadows; when the trees are dusky, but each kind still distinguishable; when the cool air has condensed the blue smoke rising from the cottage chimneys; when the dark mossy stones seem to sleep in the bed of the foaming brook; *then* he would be unwilling to move forward, not less from a reluctance to relinquish what he beholds, than from an apprehension of disturbing, by his approach, the quietness beneath him. Issuing from the plain of this valley, the brook descends in a rapid torrent passing by the churchyard of Seathwaite. The traveller is thus conducted at once into the midst of the wild and beautiful scenery which gave occasion to the Sonnets from the 14th to the 20th inclusive. From the point where the Seathwaite brook joins the Duddon is a view upwards into the pass through which the river makes its way into the plain of Donnerdale. The perpendicular rock on the right bears the ancient British name of THE PEN; the one opposite is called WALLA-BARROW CRAG, a name that occurs in other places to designate rocks of the same character. The *chaotic* aspect of the scene is well marked

by the expression of a stranger, strolled out while dinner was prepa and at his return, being asked b host, "What way he had been wa ing?" replied, "As far as it is *finish*

The bed of the Duddon is here st with large fragments of rocks fallen aloft; which, as Mr. Green truly "are happily adapted to the many-sh waterfalls" (or rather waterbreaks none of them are high) "displaye the short space of half a mile." there is some hazard in frequenting t desolate places, I myself have had pr for one night an immense mass of fell upon the very spot where, wi friend, I had lingered the day bef "The concussion," says Mr. Gr speaking of the event (for he also, in practice of his art, on that day sat posed for a still longer time to the s peril), was heard, not without alarm the neighboring shepherds." But return to Seathwaite Churchyard: it c tains the following inscription: —

"In memory of the Reverend Rob Walker, who died the 25th of June, 18 in the 93d year of his age, and 67th his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who d the 28th of January, in the 93d year her age."

In the parish-register of Seathwa Chapel is this notice: —

"Buried, June 28th, the Rev. Rob Walker. He was curate of Seathwa sixty-six years. He was a man singu for his temperance, industry, and tegrity."

This individual is the Pastor allud to, in the 18th Sonnet, as a wort compeer of the country parson of Cha cer, etc. In the seventh book of t Excursion, an abstract of his charac is given, beginning, —

"A Priest abides before whose life such doub
Fall to the ground; —"

and some account of his life, for it worthy of being recorded, will not be o of place here.

IOIR OF THE REV. ROBERT WALKER.

the year 1709, Robert Walker was at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he the youngest of twelve children. eldest brother, who inherited the family estate, died at Under-crag, ninety-four, being twenty-four years than the subject of this memoir, was born of the same mother. rt was a sickly infant; and, through oyhood and youth, continuing to be licate frame and tender health, it was ed best, according to the country e, to *breed him a scholar;* for it ot likely that he would be able to a livelihood by bodily labor. At period few of these dales were fur- d with schoolhouses; the children taught to read and write in the el; and in the same consecrated ing, where he officiated for so many both as preacher and schoolmaster, mself received the rudiments of his ation. In his youth he became lmaster at Loweswater; not being d upon, probably, in that situation ch more than reading, writing, and metic. But, by the assistance of a ntleman" in the neighborhood, he red, at leisure hours, a knowledge e classics, and became qualified for g holy orders. Upon his ordination, d the offer of two curacies: the one, er, in the vale of Coniston, — the , Seathwaite, in his native vale. value of each was the same, viz. ounds *per annum;* but the cure athwaite having a cottage attached as he wished to marry, he chose it eference. The young person on his affections were fixed, though e condition of a domestic servant, given promise, by her serious and st deportment, and by her virtuous itions, that she was worthy to be the helpmate of a man entering a plan of life such as he had marked r himself. By her frugality she had up a small sum of money, with they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted: —

"To Mr. ——

"*Coniston, July* 26, 1754.

"SIR — I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting upon each other, the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it, by sixteen or thirty-two pounds' weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humor that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself." * *

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given: —

"By his frugality and good management he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care than to anything else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is

running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and, I believe, the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor? A man who, for his candor and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honor to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place.

From the Rev. Robert Walker.

"Sir — Yours of the 26th instant was communicated to me by Mr. C——, and I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then laying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows: — Zaccheus, aged almost eighteen years; Elizabeth, sixteen years and ten months; Mary, fifteen; Moses, thirteen years and three months; Sarah, ten years and three months; Mabel, eight years and three months; William Tyson, three years and eight months; and Anne Esther, one year and three months; besides Anne, who died two years and six months ago, and was then aged between nine and ten; and Eleanor, who died the 23d inst., January, aged six years and ten months. Zaccheus, the eldest child, is now learning the trade of a tanner, and has two years and a half of his apprenticeship to serve. The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.*, of which paid in cash, viz. 5*l.* from the bounty Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P., Es of P——, out of the annual rents, being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* fr the several inhabitants of L——, sett upon the tenements as a rent-char the house and gardens I value at yearly, and not worth more; and I lieve the surplice fees and volunt contributions, one year with anot may be worth 3*l.*; but as the inhabita are few in number, and the fees v low, this last-mentioned sum cons merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisf tion with regard to the conduct and havior of my auditory, who not only in the happy ignorance of the follies vices of the age, but in mutual peace good-will with one another, and seemingly (I hope really too) sinc Christians, and sound members of established church, not one dissenter any denomination being amongst th all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for wife's fortune, but had no real estate my own, being the youngest son twelve children, born of obscure paren and, though my income has been small, and my family large, yet, by providential blessing upon my own d gent endeavors, the kindness of frien and a cheap country to live in, we h always had the necessaries of life. what I have written (which is a true a exact account, to the best of my kno edge) I hope you will not think y favor to me out of the late worthy Stratford's effects quite misbestowed, which I must ever gratefully own m self, Sir, your much obliged and m obedient humble servant,

R. W., Curate of S——.

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster."

About the time when this letter w written, the Bishop of Chester reco mended the scheme of joining the cur of Ulpha to the contiguous one of S thwaite, and the nomination was offe Mr. Walker; but an unexpected difficu arising, Mr. W., in a letter to the Bish

ppy of which, in his own beautiful writing, now lies before me), thus esses himself. "If he," meaning the n in whom the difficulty originated, d suggested any such objection before, uld utterly have declined any attempt e curacy of Ulpha: indeed, I was ys apprehensive it might be disagree- to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they been always accustomed to double and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair eing able to support a schoolmaster is not curate there also; which ressed all thoughts in me of serving both." And in a second letter to Bishop he writes: —

My Lord — I have the favor of yours ne 1st instant, and am exceedingly ed on account of the Ulpha affair: if curacy should lapse into your Lord- s hands, I would beg leave rather to ne than embrace it; for the chapels of waite and Ulpha, annexed together, d be apt to cause a general discontent g the inhabitants of both places; by r thinking themselves slighted, being served alternately, or neglected in uty, or attributing it to covetousness ; all which occasions of murmuring uld willingly avoid." And in con- ng his former letter, he expresses a ar sentiment upon the same occasion, iring, if it be possible, however, as as in me lieth, to live peaceably all men."

e year following, the curacy of waite was again augmented; and, to this augmentation, fifty pounds had advanced by himself; and, in 1760, were purchased with eight hundred ds. Scanty as was his income, the ent offer of much better benefices not tempt Mr. W. to quit a situa- where he had been so long happy, a consciousness of being useful. ng his papers I find the following of a letter, dated 1775, twenty years his refusal of the curacy of Ulpha, will show what exertions had been for one of his sons.

"May it please your Grace — Our remote situation here makes it difficult to get the necessary information for transacting business regularly; such is the reason of my giving your Grace the present trouble.

"The bearer (my son) is desirous of offering himself candidate for deacon's orders at your Grace's ensuing ordination; the first, on the 25th instant, so that his papers could not be transmitted in due time. As he is now fully at age, and I have afforded him education to the utmost of my ability, it would give me great satisfaction (if your Grace would take him, and find him qualified) to have him ordained. His constitution has been tender for some years; he entered the college of Dublin, but his health would not permit him to continue there, or I would have supported him much longer. He has been with me at home above a year, in which time he has gained great strength of body, sufficient, I hope, to enable him for performing the function. Divine Providence, assisted by liberal benefactors, has blest my endeavors, from a small income, to rear a numerous family; and as my time of life renders me now unfit for much future expectancy from this world, I should be glad to see my son settled in a promising way to acquire an honest livelihood for himself. His behavior, so far in life, has been irreproachable; and I hope he will not degenerate, in principles or practice, from the precepts and pattern of an indulgent parent. Your Grace's favorable reception of this, from a distant corner of the diocese, and an obscure hand, will excite filial gratitude, and a due use shall be made of the obligation vouchsafed thereby to your Grace's very dutiful and most obedient Son and Servant,

Robert Walker."

The same man, who was thus liberal in the education of his numerous family, was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth for the refreshment of

those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and what would to many have been a high price of self-denial was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school: intrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear Son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately,

"ROBERT WALKER."

He loved old customs and old usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighboring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, add the profits of another small bene to his own, lest he should be suspected cupidity. From this vice he was utte free; he made no charge for teach school; such as could afford to pay g him what they pleased. When v young, having kept a diary of his penses, however trifling, the large amou at the end of the year, surprised hi and from that time the rule of his life v to be economical, not avaricious. At decease he left behind him no less a s than 2000*l.*; and such a sense of various excellences was prevalent in country, that the epithet of WONDERF is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch somethi so extraordinary as to require furt *explanatory* details. — And to begin w his industry; eight hours in each d during five days in the week, and half Saturday, except when the labors of h bandry were urgent, he was occupied teaching. His seat was within the r of the altar; the communion table w his desk; and, like Shenstone's scho mistress, the master employed himself the spinning-wheel, while the childr were repeating their lessons by his sid Every evening, after school hours, if n more profitably engaged, he continu the same kind of labor, exchanging, the benefit of exercise, the same whe at which he had sate, for the large o on which wool is spun, the spinner ste ping to and fro. Thus was the wh constantly in readiness to prevent t waste of a moment's time. Nor was h industry with the pen, when occasi called for it, less eager. Intrusted wi extensive management of public a private affairs, he acted, in his rus neighborhood, as scrivener, writing c petitions, deeds of conveyance, wil covenants, etc., with pecuniary gain himself, and to the great benefit of h employers. These labors (at all tim considerable) at one period of the ye viz. between Christmas and Candlem when money transactions are settled this country, were often so intense, th he passed great part of the night, a

imes whole nights, at his desk. garden also was tilled by his own he had a right of pasturage upon nountains for a few sheep and a e of cows, which required his attend- with this pastoral occupation he l the labors of husbandry upon a scale, renting two or three acres in on to his own less than one acre of ; and the humblest drudgery which ultivation of these fields required erformed by himself.

also assisted his neighbors in hay- ng and shearing their flocks, and in erformance of this latter service he minently dexterous. They, in their complimented him with the present aycock, or a fleece; less as a recom- for this particular service than as a al acknowledgment. The Sabbath a strict sense kept holy; the Sunday ngs being devoted to reading the ure and family prayer. The principal als appointed by the Church were duly observed; but through every day in the week, through every week year, he was incessantly occupied in of hand or mind; not allowing a nt for recreation, except upon a day afternoon, when he indulged lf with a Newspaper, or sometimes a Magazine. The frugality and rance established in his house were nirable as the industry. Nothing to the name of luxury could be given here known; in the latter part of his ndeed, when tea had been brought lmost general use, it was provided itors, and for such of his own family urned occasionally to his roof, and een accustomed to this refreshment here; but neither he nor his wife ever ok of it. The raiment worn by his was comely and decent, but as e as their diet; the home-spun ma- were made up into apparel by their ands. At the time of the decease s thrifty pair, their cottage con- a large store of webs of woollen nen cloth, woven from thread of own spinning. And it is remark- hat the pew in the chapel in which mily used to sit, remains neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbors, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labor. The lights by which, in the winter evenings, their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honor the Christmas festivals, and were perhaps produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year was salted and dried for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. — By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life;" but affording them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society. In this they were eminently assisted by the effects of their father's example, his precepts, and injunctions: he was aware that truth-speaking, as a moral virtue, is best secured by inculcating attention to accuracy of report even on trivial occasions; and so rigid were the rules of honesty by which he endeavored to bring up his family, that if one of them had chanced to find in the lanes or fields anything of the least use or value without being able to ascertain to whom it belonged, he always insisted upon the child's carrying it back to the place from which it had been brought.

No one, it might be thought, could, as has been described, convert his body into a machine, as it were, of industry for the humblest uses, and keep his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to

the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavorable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled. His conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office: the poor and needy "he never sent empty away," — the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale — the sick were visited; and the feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbors, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligation. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom: they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing that upon these occasions selfishness, obstinacy, and discord would often give way before the breathings of his good-will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also — while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations that they should love their neighbors as themselves, and do as they would be done unto — that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labors by recollections in the minds of his congregation that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the ch was less numerously attended than of the morning, but by a more ser auditory; the lesson from the New tament, on those occasions, was acc panied by Burkitt's Commentaries. T lessons he read with impassioned phasis, frequently drawing tears from hearers, and leaving a lasting impres upon their minds. His devotional f ings and the powers of his own m were further exercised, along with th of his family, in perusing the Scriptu not only on the Sunday evenings, but every other evening, while the rest of household were at work, some one of children, and in her turn the servant, the sake of practice in reading, or instruction, read the Bible aloud; an this manner the whole was repeate gone through. That no common imp tance was attached to the observance religious ordinances by his family, appe from the following memorandum by of his descendants, which I am temp to insert at length, as it is characteri and somewhat curious. "There i small chapel in the county palatine Lancaster, where a certain clergyman regularly officiated above sixty years, a few months ago administered the sa ment of the Lord's Supper in the sa to a decent number of devout commu cants. After the clergyman had recei himself, the first company out of assembly who approached the altar, kneeled down to be partakers of sacred elements, consisted of the p son's wife, to whom he had been m ried upwards of sixty years; one son his wife; four daughters, each with husband; whose ages, all added togeth amount to above 714 years. The s eral and respective distances from place of each of their abodes to chapel where they all communicat will measure more than 1000 Engl miles. Though the narration will app surprising, it is without doubt a fact t the same persons, exactly four ye before, met at the same place, and joined in performance of the same v erable duty."

was indeed most zealously attached
doctrine and frame of the Estab-
Church. We have seen him
atulating himself that he had no
ters in his cure of any denomina-
Some allowance must be made for
ate of opinion when his first reli-
impressions were received, before
ader will acquit him of bigotry,
I mention that at the time of the
ntation of the cure, he refused to
part of the money in the purchase
estate offered to him upon advan-
s terms, because the proprietor was
ker; — whether from scrupulous
nension that a blessing would not
a contract framed for the benefit
church between persons not in
us sympathy with each other; or,
eker of peace, he was afraid of the
plying disposition which at one
was too frequently conspicuous in
ct. Of this an instance had fallen
his own notice; for, while he taught
at Loweswater, certain persons
t denomination had refused to pay
interest due under the title of
n-stock; [1] a great hardship upon
cumbent, for the curacy of Lowes-
was then scarcely less poor than
Seathwaite. To what degree this
ice of his was blamable need not
termined; — certain it is, that he
t only desirous, as he himself says,
in peace, but in love, with all men.
as placable, and charitable in his
ents; and, however correct in con-
nd rigorous to himself, he was ever
to forgive the trespasses of others,
soften the censure that was cast
heir frailties. — It would be unpar-
e to omit that, in the maintenance
virtues, he received due support
he partner of his long life. She
qually strict, in attending to her
of their joint cares, nor less dili-
n her appropriate occupations. A

[1] Walker's charity being of that kind
seeketh not her own," he would rather
is rights than distrain for dues which the
iable refused, as a point of conscience,

person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor; she was good to everything!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one granddaughter; and, when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin; and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid Churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

We have been dwelling upon images of peace in the moral world, that have brought us again to the quiet enclosure of consecrated ground in which this venerable pair lie interred. The sounding brook, that rolls close by the churchyard, without disturbing feeling or meditation, is now unfortunately laid bare; but not long ago it participated, with the chapel, the shade of some stately ash-trees, which will not spring again. While the spectator from this spot is looking round upon the girdle of stony mountains that encompasses the vale, — masses of rock, out of which monuments for all men that ever existed might have been hewn — it would surprise him to be told, as with truth he might be, that the plain blue slab dedicated to the memory of this aged pair is a production of a quarry in North Wales. It was sent as a mark of respect by one of their descendants from the vale of Festiniog, a region almost as beautiful as that in which it now lies!

Upon the Seathwaite Brook, at a small distance from the parsonage, has been erected a mill for spinning yarn; it is a mean and disagreeable object, though not unimportant to the spectator, as calling

to mind the momentous changes wrought by such inventions in the frame of society — changes which have proved especially unfavorable to these mountain solitudes. So much had been effected by those new powers, before the subject of the preceding biographical sketch closed his life, that their operation could not escape his notice, and doubtless excited touching reflections upon the comparatively insignificant results of his own manual industry. But Robert Walker was not a man of times and circumstances; had he lived at a later period, the principle of duty would have produced application as unremitting; the same energy of character would have been displayed, though in many instances with widely-different effects.

With pleasure I annex, as illustrative and confirmatory of the above account, extracts from a paper in the Christian Remembrancer, October, 1819: it bears an assumed signature, but is known to be the work of the Rev. Robert Bamford, vicar of Bishopton, in the county of Durham; a great-grandson of Mr. Walker, whose worth it commemorates, by a record not the less valuable for being written in very early youth.

"His house was a nursery of virtue. All the inmates were industrious, and cleanly, and happy. Sobriety, neatness, quietness, characterized the whole family. No railings, no idleness, no indulgence of passion were permitted. Every child, however young, had its appointed engagements; every hand was busy. Knitting, spinning, reading, writing, mending clothes, making shoes, were by the different children constantly performing. The father himself sitting amongst them, and guiding their thoughts, was engaged in the same occupations. * *

"He sate up late, and rose early; when the family were at rest, he retired to a little room which he had built on the roof of his house. He had slated it, and fitted it up with shelves for his books, his stock of cloth, wearing apparel, and his utensils. There many a cold winter's night, without fire, while the roof was glazed with ice, did he remain reading or writing till the day dawned. . He ta the children in the chapel, for there no schoolhouse. Yet in that cold, d place he never had a fire. He use send the children in parties either t own fire at home or make them ru the mountain side.

* * * *

"It may be further mentioned, tha was a passionate admirer of Nature; was his mother, and he was a du child. While engaged on the mounta it was his greatest pleasure to view rising sun; and in tranquil evenings it slided behind the hills, he blesse departure. He was skilled in fossils plants; a constant observer of the s and winds: the atmosphere was his light. He made many experiments its nature and properties. In summe used to gather a multitude of flies and sects, and, by his entertaining descript amuse and instruct his children. T shared all his daily employments, derived many sentiments of love benevolence from his observations the works and productions of nat Whether they were following him in field, or surrounding him in school, took every opportunity of storing t minds with useful information. — was the circle of his influence confine Seathwaite. Many a distant mother told her child of Mr. Walker, and beg him to be as good a man.

* * * *

"Once, when I was very young, I the pleasure of seeing and hearing t venerable old man in his 90th year, even then, the calmness, the force, perspicuity of his sermon, sanctified adorned by the wisdom of gray hairs, the authority of virtue, had such an ef upon my mind, that I never see a hoa headed clergyman, without thinking Mr. Walker * *. He allowed no senter or methodist to interfere in the struction of the souls committed to cure: and so successful were his exertio that he had not one dissenter of any nomination whatever in the whole pari — Though he avoided all religious cont versies, yet when age had silvered

, and virtuous piety had secured to
ppearance reverence and silent honor,
ne, however determined in his hatred
postolic descent, could have listened
s discourse on ecclesiastical history
ncient times, without thinking that
f the beloved apostles had returned
rtality, and in that vale of peace had
to exemplify the beauty of holiness
e life and character of Mr. Walker.

* * * *

Until the sickness of his wife, a few
hs previous to her death, his health
pirits and faculties were unimpaired.
is misfortune gave him such a shock
his constitution gradually decayed.
senses, except sight, still preserved
powers. He never preached with
ness after his wife's death. His
faltered: he always looked at the
she had used. He could not pass
omb without tears. He became,
alone, sad and melancholy, though
mong his friends kind and good-hu-
l. He went to bed about twelve
k the night before his death. As
stom was, he went, tottering and
g upon his daughter's arm, to ex-
the heavens, and meditate a few
nts in the open air. 'How clear
noon shines to-night!' He said
words, sighed, and laid down. At
xt morning he was found a corpse.
a tear, and many a heavy heart,
nany a grateful blessing followed
o the grave."

ving mentioned in this narrative the
f Loweswater as a place where Mr.
er taught school, I will add a few
randa from its parish register, re-
ng a person apparently of desires as
ate, with whom he must have been
te during his residence there.

im that would, ascend the tottering seat
urtly grandeur, and become as great
e his mounting wishes; but for me,
weet repose and rest my portion be.
HENRY FOREST, Curate."

r, the idol which the most adore,
ives no homage from my knee;
ent in privacy I value more
all uneasy dignity."

"Henry Forest came to Loweswater, 1708, being 25 years of age."

"This curacy was twice augmented by Queen Anne's Bounty. The first payment, with great difficulty, was paid to Mr. John Curwen of London, on the 9th of May, 1724, deposited by me, Henry Forest, Curate of Loweswater. Y^e^ said 9th of May, y^e^ said Mr. Curwen went to the office, and saw my name registered there, &c. This, by the Providence of God, came by lot to this poor place.

"Hæc testor H. Forest."

In another place he records that the sycamore-trees were planted in the churchyard in 1710.

He died in 1741, having been curate thirty-four years. It is not improbable that H. Forest was the gentleman who assisted Robert Walker in his classical studies at Loweswater.

To this parish register is prefixed a motto, of which the following verses are a part:

"Invigilate viri, tacito nam tempora gressu
Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus;
Utendum est ætate, cito pede præterit ætas."

Page 672.

"*We feel that we are greater than we know.*"

"And feel that I am happier than I know."
MILTON.

The allusion to the Greek Poet will be obvious to the classical reader.

Page 674.

"*Living hill.*"

——— "while the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes, and all was still."
DR. DARWIN.

Page 675.

"*Ecclesiastical Sonnets.*"

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-beloved and honored Friend in a walk through different parts of his estate, with a view to fix upon the site of a new Church which he intended

to erèct. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season, — our feelings were in harmony with the cherishing influences of the scene; and such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this series were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country might advantageously be presented to view in verse. Accordingly, I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the reader was the result.

When this work was far advanced, I was agreeably surprised to find that my friend, Mr. Southey, had been engaged with similar views in writing a concise History of the Church *in* England. If our Productions, thus unintentionally coinciding, shall be found to illustrate each other, it will prove a high gratification to me, which I am sure my friend will participate.

W. WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Jan.* 24, 1822.

For the convenience of passing from one point of the subject to another without shocks of abruptness, this work has taken the shape of a series of Sonnets: but the Reader, it is to be hoped, will find that the pictures are often so closely connected as to have jointly the effect of passages of a poem in a form of stanza to which there is no objection but one that bears upon the Poet only — its difficulty.

Page 676.

"*Did Holy Paul,*" *etc.*

Stillingfleet adduces many arguments in support of this opinion, but they are unconvincing. The latter part of this Sonnet refers to a favorite notion of Roman Catholic writers, that Joseph of Arimathea and his companions brought Christianity into Britain, and built a rude church Glastonbury; alluded to hereafter, passage upon the dissolution of monas ies.

Page 677.

"*That Hill, whose flowery platform,*"

This hill at St Alban's must have b an object of great interest to the im nation of the venerable Bede, who describes it, with a delicate feeling, lightful to meet with in that rude traces of which are frequent in his wor — "Variis herbarum floribus depictus usquequaque vestitus, in quo nihil repe arduum, nihil præceps, nihil abrupt quem lateribus longè latèque deductur modum æquoris natura complanat, digr videlicet eum pro insitâ sibi specie v ustatis jam olim reddens, qui beati m tyris cruore dicaretur."

Page 678.

"*Nor wants the cause the panic-strik*
aid
Of hallelujahs.

Alluding to the victory gained un Germanus. — See Bede.

Page 678.

"*By men yet scarcely conscious of a c*
For other monuments than those
Earth."

The last six lines of this Sonnet chiefly from the prose of Daniel; and h I will state (though to the Readers wh this Poem will chiefly interest it is unnec sary) that my obligations to other pr writers are frequent, — obligations whi even if I had not a pleasure in courti it would have been presumptuous to sh in treating an historical subject. I mu however, particularize Fuller, to whon am indebted in the Sonnet upon Wicli and in other instances. And upon t acquittal of the Seven Bishops I ha done little more than versify a lively d scription of that event in the MS. Memo of the first Lord Lonsdale.

Page 678. Sonnet XII.

Ethelforth reached the convent of
or, he perceived the Monks, twelve
red in number, offering prayers for
ccess of their countrymen: 'If they
raying against us,' he exclaimed,
are fighting against us;' and he
ed them to be first attacked: they
destroyed; and, appalled by their
the courage of Brocmail wavered,
ne fled from the field in dismay.
abandoned by their leader, his army
gave way, and Ethelforth obtained
isive conquest. Ancient Bangor
soon fell into his hands, and was
ished; the noble monastery was
ed to the ground; its library, which
itioned as a large one, the collection
es, the repository of the most pre-
monuments of the ancient Britons,
onsumed; half-ruined walls, gates,
ubbish were all that remained of the
ficent edifice." — See Turner's
ole history of the Anglo-Saxons.
iesin was present at the battle which
ded this desolation.
e account Bede gives of this remark-
vent suggests a most striking warn-
gainst National and Religious preju-

Page 679. Sonnet XV.

e person of Paulinus is thus de-
d by Bede, from the memory of an
itness: — "Longæ staturæ, paulu-
ncurvus, nigro capillo, facie maci-
naso adunco, pertenui, venerabilis
et terribilis aspectu."

Page 679.

Man's life is like a Sparrow."

the original of this speech in Bede.
e Conversion of Edwin, as related
n, is highly interesting — and the
ng up of this Council accompanied
n event so striking and character-
that I am tempted to give it at
in a translation. "Who, ex-
d the King, when the Council was
, shall first desecrate the altars and
emples? I, answered the Chief Priest; for who more fit than myself, through the wisdom which the true God hath given me, to destroy, for the good example of others, what in foolishness I worshipped? Immediately, casting away vain superstition, he besought the King to grant him what the laws did not allow to a priest, arms and a courser (equum emissarium); which mounting, and furnished with a sword and lance, he proceeded to destroy the Idols. The crowd, seeing this, thought him mad — he, however, halted not, but, approaching, he profaned the temple, casting against it the lance which he had held in his hand, and, exulting in acknowledgment of the worship of the true God, he ordered his companions to pull down the temple, with all its enclosures. The place is shown where those idols formerly stood, not far from York, at the source of the river Derwent, and is at this day called Gormund Gaham, ubi pontifex ille, inspirante Deo vero, polluit ac destruxit eas, *quas ipse sacraverat aras.*" The last expression is a pleasing proof that the venerable monk of Wearmouth was familiar with the poetry of Virgil.

Page 680.

——— "*such the inviting voice*
Heard near fresh streams."

The early propagators of Christianity were accustomed to preach near rivers, for the convenience of baptism.

Page 680. Sonnet XIX.

Having spoken of the zeal, disinterestedness, and temperance of the clergy of those times, Bede thus proceeds: — "Unde et in magna erat veneratione tempore illo religionis habitus, ita ut ubicunque clericus aliquis, aut monachus adveniret, gaudenter ab omnibus tanquam Dei famulus exciperetur. Etiam si in itinere pergens inveniretur, accurrebant, et flexâ cervice, vel manu signari, vel ore illius se benedici, gaudebant. Verbis quoque horum exhortatoriis diligenter auditum præbebant." Lib. iii. cap. 26.

Page 681.

"*The people work like congregated bees.*"

See, in Turner's History, vol. iii. p. 528, the account of the erection of Ramsey Monastery. Penances were removable by the performance of acts of charity and benevolence.

Page 682.

—— "*pain narrows not his cares.*"

Through the whole of his life, Alfred was subject to grievous maladies.

Page 682.

"*Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!*"

The violent measures carried on under the influence of *Dunstan*, for strengthening the Benedictine Order, were a leading cause of the second series of Danish invasions. — *See Turner.*

Page 686.

"*Here Man more purely lives,*" *etc.*

"Bonum est nos hic esse, quia homo vivit purius, cadit rarius, surgit velocius, incedit cautius, quiescit securius, moritur felicius, purgatur citius, præmiatur copiosius."— Bernard. "This sentence," says Dr. Whitaker, "is usually inscribed in some conspicuous part of the Cistertian houses."

Page 689.

"*Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark.*"

The list of foul names bestowed upon those poor creatures is long and curious; —and, as is, alas! too natural, most of the opprobrious appellations are drawn from circumstances into which they were forced by their persecutors, who even consolidated their miseries into one reproachful term, calling them Patarenians, or Paturins, from *pati*, to suffer.

"Dwellers with wolves, she names them, for the pine
And green oak are their covert; as the gloom
Of night oft foils their enemy's design,
She calls them Riders on the flying broom;
Sorcerers, whose frame and aspect have be
One and the same through practices malign.

Page 690.

"*And the green lizard and the gilded*
Lead unmolested lives, and die of a

These two lines are adopted fro
MS., written about the year 1770, w
accidentally fell into my possession.
close of the preceding Sonnet on mo
tic voluptuousness is taken from the s
source, as is the verse, "Where V
sits," etc., and the line, "Once ye v
holy, ye are holy still," in a subseq
Sonnet.

Page 693.

"*One (like those prophets whom God*
of old)
Transfigured," *etc.*

"M. Latimer suffered his keeper
quietly to pull off his hose, and his o
array, which to looke unto was
simple: and being stripped into
shrowd, he seemed as comely a pe
to them that were present, as one sh
lightly see: and whereas in his clo
hee appeared a withered and crooked s
(weak) olde man, he now stood bolt
right, as comely a father as one m
lightly behold. * * * * Then t
brought a faggotte, kindled with fire,
laid the same downe at doctor Ridl
feete. To whome M. Latimer spake
this manner, 'Bee of good comf
master Ridley, and play the man:
shall this day light such a candle by G
grace in England, as I trust shall ne
be put out.'" — *Fox's Acts, etc.*

Similiar alterations in the outw
figure and deportment of persons brou
to like trial were not uncommon.
note to the above passage in Dr. Wor
worth's Ecclesiastical Biography, for
example in an humble Welsh fisherm

Page 695.

he gift exalting, and with playful smile."

On foot they went, and took Salis- in their way, purposely to see the Bishop, who made Mr. Hooker t his own table; which Mr. Hooker ted of with much joy and gratitude n he saw his mother and friends; and ne Bishop's parting with him, the op gave him good counsel and his diction, but forgot to give him ey; which when the Bishop had con- ed, he sent a servant in all haste to Richard back to him, and at Richard's n, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, t for you back to lend you a horse h hath carried me many a mile, and ank God with much ease,' and ntly delivered into his hand a walk- taff, with which he professed he had lled through many parts of Ger- ; and he said, 'Richard, I do not but lend you my horse; be sure you nest and bring my horse back to me, ur return this way to Oxford. And now give you ten groats to bear your es to Exeter; and here is ten groats , which I charge you to deliver to mother, and tell her I send her a op's benediction with it, and beg the nuance of her prayers for me. And bring my horse back to me, I will you ten groats more to carry you on o the college; and so God bless you, Richard.'" — See *Walton's Life of ard Hooker*.

Page 695.

—— "*craftily incites*
verweening, personates the mad."

common device in religious and po- conflicts. — See *Strype in support s instance*

Page 696.

"*Laud.*"

In this age a word cannot be said in praise of Laud, or even in compassion for his fate, without incurring a charge of bigotry; but fearless of such imputation, I concur with Hume, "that it is sufficient for his vindication to observe that his errors were the most excusable of all those which prevailed during that zealous period." A key to the right understanding of those parts of his conduct that brought the most odium upon him in his own time, may be found in the following passage of his speech before the bar of the House of Peers: — "Ever since I came in place, I have labored nothing more than that the external publick worship of God, so much slighted in divers parts of this kingdom, might be preserved, and that with as much decency and uniformity as might be. For I evidently saw that the publick neglect of God's service in the outward face of it, and the nasty lying of many places dedicated to that service, *had almost cast a damp upon the true and inward worship of God, which while we live in the body, needs external helps, and all little enough to keep it in any vigor*."

Page 700.

"*The Pilgrim Fathers.*"

American episcopacy, in union with the church in England, strictly belongs to the general subject; and I here make my acknowledgments to my American friends Bishop Doane, and Mr. Henry Reed of Philadelphia, for having suggested to me the propriety of adverting to it, and pointed out the virtues and intellectual qualities of Bishop White, which so eminently fitted him for the great work he undertook. Bishop White was consecrated at Lambeth, Feb. 4, 1787, by Archbishop Moore; and before his long life was closed, twenty-six bishops had been consecrated in America by himself. For his character and opinions, see his own numerous works, and a "Sermon in commemoration of him, by George Washington Doane, Bishop of New Jersey."

Page 701.

"*A genial hearth* ———
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion."

Among the benefits arising, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, from a Church established of endowments corresponding with the wealth of the country to which it belongs, may be reckoned as eminently important the examples of civility and refinement which the clergy stationed at intervals afford to the whole people. The established clergy in many parts of England have long been, as they continue to be, the principal bulwark against barbarism, and the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age. Nor is it below the dignity of the subject to observe that their taste, as acting upon rural residences and scenery, often furnishes models which country gentlemen, who are more at liberty to follow the caprices of fashion, might profit by. The precincts of an old residence must be treated by ecclesiastics with respect, both from prudence and necessity. I remember being much pleased, some years ago, at Rose Castle, the rural seat of the See of Carlisle, with a style of garden and architecture which, if the place had belonged to a wealthy layman, would no doubt have been swept away. A parsonage house generally stands not far from the church; this proximity imposes favorable restraints, and sometimes suggests an affecting union of the accommodations and elegancies of life with the outward signs of piety and mortality. With pleasure I recall to mind a happy instance of this in the residence of an old and much-valued Friend in Oxfordshire. The house and church stand parallel to each other, at a small distance; a circular lawn, or rather grass-plot, spreads between them; shrubs and trees curve from each side of the dwelling, veiling, but not hiding, the church. From the front of this dwelling no part of the burial-ground is seen; but as you wind by the side of the shrubs towards the steeple-end of the church, the eye catc a single, small, low, monumental he stone, moss-grown, sinking into and ge inclining towards the earth. Advance, the churchyard, populous and gay v glittering tombstones, open upon view. This humble and beautiful p sonage called forth a tribute, for wh see the sonnet entitled "A Parsonage Oxfordshire," p. 672.

Page 705. Sonnet XXXII.

This is still continued in many churc in Westmoreland. It takes place in month of July, when the floor of stalls is strewn with fresh rushes; hence it is called the "Rush-bearing.

Page 706.

"*Teaching us to forget them or forgiv*

This is borrowed from an affect passage in Mr. George Dyer's history Cambridge.

Page 706.

—— "*had we, like them, endurea*
Sore stress of apprehension."

See Burnet, who is usually anima on this subject; the east wind, so a iously expected and prayed for, v called the "Protestant wind."

Page 707.

"*Yet will we not conceal the precious Cr*
Like men ashamed."

The Lutherans have retained the Cr within their churches: it is to be regret that we have not done the same.

Page 708.

"*Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes*
name
From roseate hues," *etc.*

Some say that Monte Rosa takes name from a belt of rock at its sum —a very unpoetical and scarcely a pr able supposition.

Page 721.

—— "*more high the Dacian force,*
of and finger mailed."

re and infra, see Forsyth.

Page 723.

ething less than joy but more than
dull content."

COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

Page 727.

"*Wild Redbreast,*" *etc.*

s Sonnet, as Poetry, explains itself,
e scene of the incident having been
l wood, it may be doubted, as a
of natural history, whether the bird
ware that his attentions were be-
d upon a human, or even a living
re. But a Redbreast will perch
he foot of a gardener at work, and
on the handle of the spade when
nd is half upon it — this I have
And under my own roof I have
ssed affecting instances of the crea-
friendly visits to the chambers of
ersons, as described in the verses
e Redbreast, page 851. One of
welcome intruders used frequently
st upon a nail in the wall, from
a picture had hung, and was ready,
rning came, to pipe his song in the
g of the Invalid, who had been
confined to her room. These at-
ents to a particular person, when
d and continued, used to be reck-
ominous; but the superstition is
g away.

Page 723.

"*The Wishing-gate.*"

n the Vale of Grasmere, by the side
old high-way leading to Ambleside,
ate which, time out of mind, has
alled the Wishing-gate."
ving been told, upon what I thought
uthority, that this gate had been
yed, and the opening, where it
walled up, I gave vent immediately
to my feelings in these stanzas. But going to the place some time after, I found, with much delight, my old favorite unmolested.

Page 742.

"*Descending to the worm in charity.*"

I am indebted, here, to a passage in one of Mr. Digby's valuable works.

Page 748.

"*The Russian Fugitive.*"

Peter Henry Bruce, having given in his entertaining Memoirs the substance of this Tale, affirms that, besides the concurring reports of others, he had the story from the lady's own mouth.

The Lady Catherine, mentioned towards the close, is the famous Catherine, then bearing that name as the acknowledged Wife of Peter the Great.

Page 769.

"*Highland Hut.*"

This sonnet describes the *exterior* of a Highland hut, as often seen under a morning or evening sunshine. To the authoress of the "Address to the Wind," and other poems, in this volume, who was my fellow-traveller in this tour, I am indebted for the following extract from her journal, which accurately describes, under particular circumstances, the beautiful appearance of the *interior* of one of these rude habitations.

"On our return from the Trosachs the evening began to darken, and it rained so heavily that we were completely wet before we had come two miles, and it was dark when we landed with our boatman, at his hut upon the banks of Loch Katrine. I was faint from cold: the good woman had provided, according to her promise, a better fire than we had found in the morning; and, indeed, when I sat down in the chimney-corner of her smoky biggin, I thought I had never felt more comfortable in my life: a pan of coffee was boiling for us, and having put our clothes in

the way of drying, we all sat down thankful for a shelter. We could not prevail upon our boatman, the master of the house, to draw near the fire, though he was cold and wet, or to suffer his wife to get him dry clothes till she had served us, which she did most willingly, though not very expeditiously.

"A Cumberland man of the same rank would not have had such a notion of what was fit and right in his own house, or, if he had, one would have accused him of servility; but in the Highlander it only seemed like politeness (however erroneous and painful to us), naturally growing out of the dependence of the inferiors of the clan upon their laird; he did not, however, refuse to let his wife bring out the whiskey bottle for his refreshment, at our request. 'She keeps a dram,' as the phrase is: indeed, I believe there is scarcely a lonely house by the wayside, in Scotland, where travellers may not be accommodated with a dram. We asked for sugar, butter, barley-bread, and milk: and, with a smile and a stare more of kindness than wonder, she replied, 'Ye 'll get that,' bringing each article separately. We caroused our cups of coffee, laughing like children at the strange atmosphere in which we were: the smoke came in gusts, and spread along the walls; and above our heads in the chimney (where the hens were roosting) it appeared like clouds in the sky. We laughed and laughed again, in spite of the smarting of our eyes, yet had a quieter pleasure in observing the beauty of the beams and rafters gleaming between the clouds of smoke: they had been crusted over and varnished by many winters, till, where the firelight fell upon them, they had become as glossy as black rocks, on a sunny day, cased in ice. When we had eaten our supper we sat about half an hour, and I think I never felt so deeply the blessing of a hospitable welcome and a warm fire. The man of the house repeated from time to time that we should often tell of this night when we got to our homes, and interposed praises of his own lake, which he had more than once, when we were returning in the boat, ventured to say 'bonnier than Loch Lomond.' companion from the Trosachs, wh appeared, was an Edinburgh draw master going, during the vacation, pedestrian tour to John O'Groat's Ho was to sleep in the barn with my fel travellers, where the man said he plenty of dry hay. I do not believe the hay of the Highlands is ever dry, but this year it had a better ch than usual: wet or dry, however, next morning they said they had s comfortably. When I went to bed, mistress, desiring me to '*go ben*,' tended me with a candle, and assure that the bed was dry, though not 'si I had been used to.' It was of ch there were two others in the roo cupboard and two chests, upon on which stood milk in wooden vessels ered over. The walls of the house of stone unplastered; it consisted of t apartments, the cow-house at one the kitchen or house in the middle, the spence at the other end; the ro were divided, not up to the rigging, only to the beginning of the roof, so there was a free passage for ligh smoke from one end of the house to other. I went to bed some time be the rest of the family; the door was between us, and they had a bright which I could not see, but the ligh sent up amongst the varnished rafters beams, which crossed each other in al as intricate and fantastic a manner have seen the underboughs of a l beech-tree withered by the depth shade above, produced the most beaut effect that can be conceived. It was what I should suppose an undergro cave or temple to be with a dripping moist roof, and the moonlight enterin upon it by some means or other; and the colors were more like those of mel gems. I lay looking up till the light the fire faded away, and the man and wife and child had crept into their at the other end of the room; I did sleep much, but passed a comfort night; for my bed, though hard, warm and clean: the unusualness of

tion prevented me from sleeping. I
l hear the waves beat against the
e of the lake; a little rill close to the
made a much louder noise, and,
a I sat up in my bed, I could see the
through an open window-place at
ped's head. Add to this, it rained
ight. I was less occupied by remem-
ce of the Trosachs, beautiful as they
, than the vision of the Highland
which I could not get out of my
; I thought of the Faeryland of
ser, and what I had read in romance
her times; and then what a feast it
d be for a London Pantomime-maker
l he but transplant it to Drury-lane,
all its beautiful colors!" —*MS.*

Page 769.

Once on those steeps I *roamed.*"

.e following is from the same MS.,
ives an account of the visit to Both-
Castle here alluded to:

t was exceedingly delightful to enter
unexpectedly upon such a beautiful
n. The castle stands nobly, over-
ng the Clyde. When we came up
I was hurt to see that flower-borders
taken place of the natural overgrow-
of the ruin, the scattered stones,
vild plants. It is a large and grand
of red freestone, harmonizing per-
with the rocks of the river, from
h, no doubt, it has been hewn.
n I was a little accustomed to the
turalness of a modern garden, I
l not help admiring the excessive
ty and luxuriance of some of the
s, particularly the purple-flowered
atis, and a broad-leafed creeping
without flowers, which scrambled
ne castle wall, along with the ivy,
spread its vine-like branches so lav-
that it seemed to be in its natural
ion, and one could not help think-
nat, though not self-planted among
uins of this country, it must some-
e have its native abode in such
s. If Bothwell Castle had not been
to the Douglas mansion, we should
been disgusted with the possessor's
able conception of *adorning* such a venerable ruin; but it is so very near to the house, that of necessity the pleasure-grounds must have extended beyond it, and perhaps the neatness of a shaven lawn, and the complete desolation natural to a ruin, might have made an unpleasing contrast; and, besides being within the precincts of the pleasure-grounds, and so very near to the dwelling of a noble family, it has forfeited, in some degree, its independent majesty, and becomes a tributary to the mansion: its solitude being interrupted, it has no longer the command over the mind in sending it back into past times, or excluding the ordinary feelings which we bear about us in daily life. We had then only to regret that the castle and the house were so near to each other; and it was impossible *not* to regret it; for the ruin presides in state over the river, far from city or town, as if it might have a peculiar privilege to preserve its memorials of past ages, and maintain its own character for centuries to come. We sat upon a bench under the high trees, and had beautiful views of the different reaches of the river, above and below. On the opposite bank, which is finely wooded with elms and other trees, are the remains of a priory built upon a rock; and rock and ruin are so blended, that it is impossible to separate the one from the other. Nothing can be more beautiful than the little remnant of this holy place; elm-trees (for we were near enough to distinguish them by their branches) grow out of the walls, and overshadow a small, but very elegant window. It can scarcely be conceived what a grace the castle and priory impart to each other; and the river Clyde flows on, smooth and unruffled, below, seeming to my thoughts more in harmony with the sober and stately images of former times, than if it had roared over a rocky channel, forcing its sound upon the ear. It blended gently with the warbling of the smaller birds, and the chattering of the larger ones that had made their nests in the ruins. In this fortress the chief of the English nobility were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. If a man *is* to be a prisoner,

he scarcely could have a more pleasant place to solace his captivity; but I thought that, for close confinement, I should prefer the banks of a lake, or the seaside. The greatest charm of a brook or river is in the liberty to pursue it through its windings; you can then take it in whatever mood you like; silent or noisy, sportive or quiet. The beauties of a brook or river must be sought, and the pleasure is in going in search of them; those of a lake or of the sea come to you of themselves. These rude warriors cared little, perhaps, about either; and yet, if one may judge from the writings of Chaucer and from the old romances, more interesting passions were connected with natural objects in the days of chivalry than now; though going in search of scenery, as it is called, had not then been thought of. I had previously heard nothing of Bothwell Castle, at least nothing that I remembered; therefore, perhaps, my pleasure was greater, compared with what I received elsewhere, than others might feel." — *MS. Journal.*

Page 771.

"*Hart's-horn Tree.*"

"In the time of the first Robert de Clifford, in the year 1333 or 1334, Edward Baliol, king of Scotland, came into Westmoreland, and stayed some time with the said Robert at his castles of Appleby, Brougham, and Pendragon. And during that time they ran a stag by a single greyhound out of Whinfell Park to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again to this place; where, being both spent, the stag leaped over the pales, but died on the other side; and the greyhound, attempting to leap, fell, and died on the contrary side. In memory of this fact the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, and (the dog being named Hercules) this rhythm was made upon them:

> 'Hercules killed Hart a greese,
> And Hart a greese killed Hercules.'

The tree to this day bears the name of Hart's-horn Tree. The horns in process of time were almost grown over by growth of the tree, and another pair put up in their place." — *Nicholson a Burns's History of Westmoreland a Cumberland.*

The tree has now disappeared, bu well remember its imposing appeara as it stood, in a decayed state, by the s of the highroad leading from Pen to Appleby. This whole neighborh abounds in interesting traditions and v tiges of antiquity, viz. Julian's Bow Brougham and Penrith Castles; Pen Beacon, and the curious remains in P rith Churchyard; Arthur's Round Tab and, close by, Maybrough; the exca tion, called the Giant's Cave, on banks of the Emont; Long Meg and Daughters, near Eden, etc.

Page 784.

"*But if thou (like Cocytus,*" *etc.*)

Many years ago, when I was at Gr Bridge, in Yorkshire, the hostess of inn, proud of her skill in etymology, sa that "the name of the river was tak from the *bridge*, the form of which, every one must notice, exactly resemb a great A." Dr. Whitaker has deriv it from the word of common occurre in the north of England, "*to greet* signifying to lament aloud, mostly w weeping: a conjecture rendered m probable from the stony and rocky ch nel of both the Cumberland and Yo shire rivers. The Cumberland Gre though it does not, among the coun people, take up *that* name till wit three miles of its disappearance in river Derwent, may be considered having its source in the mountain cc of Wythburn, and thence flowing throu Thirlmere. The beautiful features that lake are known only to those wh travelling between Grasmere and K wick, have quitted the main road in vale of Wythburn, and, crossing over the opposite side of the lake, have p ceeded with it on the right hand.

The channel of the Greta, immediat above Keswick, has, for the purposes

ing, been in a great measure cleared
e immense stones which, by their
ission in high floods, produced the
and awful noises described in the
et.

The scenery upon this river," says
Southey in his Colloquies, "where
ses under the woody side of Latrigg,
the finest and most rememberable

— ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque,
currensque sibi venturas aspicit undas.' "

Page 785.

" By hooded Votaresses," etc.

tached to the church of Brigham was
erly a chantry, which held a moiety
e manor; and in the decayed par-
ge some vestiges of monastic archi-
re are still to be seen.

Page 786.

Mary Queen of Scots landing at Workington."

The fears and impatience of Mary
so great," says Robertson, "that
ot into a fisher-boat, and with about
y attendants landed at Workington,
mberland; and thence she was con-
d with many marks of respect to
le." The apartment in which the
n had slept at Workington Hall
re she was received by Sir Henry
en as became her rank and misfor-
) was long preserved, out of respect
r memory, as she had left it; and
annot but regret that some neces-
lterations in the mansion could not
ected without its destruction.

Page 786.

Bees' Heads, anciently called the
of Baruth, are a conspicuous sea-
for all vessels sailing in the N.E.
of the Irish Sea. In a bay, one
f which is formed by the southern
nd, stands the village of St. Bees;
ce distinguished, from very early
times, for its religious and scholastic foundations.

"St. Bees," say Nicholson and Burns, "had its name from Bega, an holy woman from Ireland, who is said to have founded here, about the year of our Lord 650, a small monastery, where afterwards a church was built in memory of her.

"The aforesaid religious house, being destroyed by the Danes, was restored by William de Meschiens, son of Ranulph, and brother of Ranulph de Meschiens, first Earl of Cumberland after the Conquest; and made a cell of a prior and six Benedictine monks to the Abbey of St. Mary at York."

Several traditions of miracles, connected with the foundation of the first of these religious houses, survive among the people of the neighborhood; one of which is alluded to in these Stanzas; and another, of a somewhat bolder and more peculiar character, has furnished the subject of a spirited poem by the Rev R. Parkinson, M.A., late Divinity Lecturer of St. Bees' College, and now Fellow of the Collegiate Church of Manchester.

After the dissolution of the monasteries, Archbishop Grindal founded a free school at St. Bees, from which the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland have derived great benefit; and recently, under the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, a college has been established there for the education of ministers for the English Church. The old Conventual Church has been repaired under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Ainger, the Head of the College, and is well worthy of being visited by any strangers who might be led to the neighborhood of this celebrated spot.

The form of stanza in this Poem, and something in the style of versification, are adopted from the "St. Monica," a poem of much beauty upon a monastic subject, by Charlotte Smith: a lady to whom English verse is under greater obligations than are likely to be either acknowledged or remembered. She wrote little, and that little unambitiously, but with true feeling for rural nature, at a time when nature was not much regarded

by English Poets; for in point of time her earlier writings preceded, I believe, those of Cowper and Burns.

Page 787.

"*Are not, in sooth, their Requiems sacred ties.*"

I am aware that I am here treading upon tender ground; but to the intelligent reader I feel that no apology is due. The prayers of survivors, during passionate grief for the recent loss of relatives and friends, as the object of those prayers could no longer be the suffering body of the dying, would naturally be ejaculated for the souls of the departed; the barriers between the two worlds dissolving before the power of love and faith. The ministers of religion, from their habitual attendance upon sick-beds, would be daily witnesses of these benign results; and hence would be strongly tempted to aim at giving to them permanence, by embodying them in rites and ceremonies, recurring at stated periods. All this, as it was in course of nature, so was it blameless and even praiseworthy; some of its effects, in that rude state of society, could not but be salutary. No reflecting person, however, can view without sorrow the abuses which rose out of thus formalizing sublime instincts, and disinterested movements of passion, and perverting them into means of gratifying the ambition and rapacity of the priesthood. But, while we deplore and are indignant at these abuses, it would be a great mistake if we imputed the origin of the offices to prospective selfishness on the part of the monks and clergy: *they* were at first sincere in their sympathy, and in their degree dupes rather of their own creed, than artful and designing men. Charity is, upon the whole, the safest guide that we can take in judging our fellow-men, whether of past ages or of the present time.

Page 790.

"*And they are led by noble Hillary.*"

The TOWER OF REFUGE, an ornament to Douglas Bay, was erected chiefly through the humanity and zeal of William Hillary; and he also was founder of the lifeboat establishmen that place; by which, under his supe tendence, and often by his exertion the imminent hazard of his own many seamen and passengers have b saved.

Page 791.

"*By a retired Mariner.*"

This unpretending sonnet is b gentleman nearly connected with me, I hope, as it falls so easily into its pl that both the writer and the reader excuse its appearance here.

Page 791.

"*Off with yon cloud, old Snafell!*"

The summit of this mountain is chosen by Cowley as the scene of "Vision," in which the spectral ar discourses with him concerning the g ernment of Oliver Cromwell. "I fo myself," says he, "on the top of famous hill in the Island Mona, which the prospect of three great, and not l since most happy, kingdoms. As s as ever I looked upon them, they ca forth the sad representation of all sins and all the miseries that had o whelmed them these twenty years." is not to be denied that the changes n in progress, and the passions, and way in which they work, strikingly semble those which led to the disas the philosophic writer so feelingly bewa God grant that the resemblance may become still more striking as months years advance!

Page 793.

"*On revisiting Dunolly Castle.*"

This ingenious piece of workmansh as I afterwards learned, had been e cuted for their own amusement by so laborers employed about the place.

Page 795.

"*Cave of Staffa.*"

reader may be tempted to exclaim, / came this and the two following s to be written, after the dissatis- n expressed in the preceding one?" ct, at the risk of incurring the able displeasure of the master of eamboat, I returned to the cave, plored it under circumstances more ble to those imaginative impres- which it is so wonderfully fitted to upon the mind.

Page 795.

e smiled when your nativity was cast, ren of Summer!"

on the head of the columns which he front of the cave rests a body of posed basaltic matter, which was decorated with that large bright , the ox-eyed daisy. I had noticed me flower growing with profusion g the bold rocks on the western of the Isle of Man; making a bril- ontrast with their black and gloomy es.

Page 795.

"*Iona.*"

e four last lines of this sonnet are ed from a well-known sonnet of l, as conveying my feeling better ny words of my own could do.

Page 797.

"*Yet fetched from Paradise.*"

s to be feared that there is more of et than the sound etymologist in erivation of the name Eden. On estern coast of Cumberland is a t which enters the sea at Moresby, n also in the neighborhood by the of Eden. May not the latter le come from the word Dean, *ley?* Langdale, near Ambleside, the inhabitants called Langden. The former syllable occurs in the name Emont, a principal feeder of the Eden; and the stream which flows, when the tide is out, over Cartmel Sands is called the Ea — eau, French — aqua, Latin.

Page 799.

"*Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell!*"

At Corby, a few miles below Nunnery, the Eden is crossed by a magnificent viaduct; and another of these works is thrown over a deep glen or ravine at a very short distance from the main stream.

Page 799.

"*A weight of awe, not easy to be borne.*"

The daughters of long Meg, placed in a perfect circle eighty yards in diameter, are seventy-two in number above ground; a little way out of the circle stands Long Meg herself, a single stone, eighteen feet high. When I first saw this monument, as I came on it by surprise, I might overrate its importance as an object; but, though it will not bear a comparsion with Stonehenge, I must say, I have not seen any other relique of those dark ages which can pretend to rival it in singularity and dignity of appearance.

Page 800.

"*To the Earl of Lonsdale.*"

This sonnet was written immediately after certain trials which took place at the Cumberland Assizes, when the Earl of Lonsdale, in consequence of repeated and long-continued attacks upon his character through the local press, had thought it right to prosecute the conductors and proprietors of three several journals. A verdict of libel was given in one case; and, in the others, the prosecutions were withdrawn, upon the individuals retracting and disavowing the charges, expressing regret that they had been made, and promising to abstain from the like in future.

Page 814.

"*From the most gentle creature nursed in fields.*"

This way of indicating the *name* of my lamented friend has been found fault with; perhaps rightly so; but I may say in justification of the double sense of the word, that similar allusions are not uncommon in epitaphs. One of the best in our language in verse I ever read, was upon a person who bore the name of Palmer; and the course of the thought, throughout, turned upon the Life of the Departed, considered as a pilgrimage. Nor can I think that the objection in the present case will have much force with any one who remembers Charles Lamb's beautiful sonnet addressed to his own name, and ending —

"No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name!"

Page 817.

Walter Scott	.	died Sept. 21, 1832
S. T. Coleridge	.	" July 25, 1834
Charles Lamb	.	" Dec. 27, 1834
Geo. Crabbe	.	" Feb. 3, 1832
Felicia Hemans	.	" May 16, 1835

Page 824.

"*Although 't is fair,*
'T will be another Yarrow."

These words were quoted to me from "Yarrow Unvisited" by Sir Walter Scott when I visited him at Abbotsford, a day or two before his departure for Italy; and the affecting condition in which he was when he looked upon Rome from the Janicular Mount, was reported to me by a lady who had the honor of conducting him thither.

Page 827.

"*His sepulchral verse.*"

If any English reader should be desirous of knowing how far I am justified in thus describing the epitaphs of Chiabr he will find translated specimens of t on pages 441–443.

Page 828.

"*Aquapendente.*"

It would be ungenerous not to ad to the religious movement that, since composition of these verses in 1837, made itself felt, more or less stron throughout the English Church; movement that takes, for its first pri ple, a devout deference to the voic Christian antiquity. It is not my o to pass judgment on questions of t logical detail; but my own repugnanc the spirit and system of Romanism been so repeatedly and, I trust, feeli expressed, that I shall not be suspe of a leaning that way, if I do not joi the grave charge, thrown out, perhap the heat of controversy, against learned and pious men to whose labo allude. I speak apart from controve but, with strong faith in the moral ten which would elevate the present by d reverence to the past, I would c cheerful auguries for the English Ch from this movement, as likely to res among us a tone of piety more ear and real than that produced by the r formalities of the understanding, refus in a degree which I cannot but lam that its own temper and judgment s be controlled by those of antiquity.

Page 829.

Within a couple of hours of my ar at Rome, I saw from Monte Pincio Pine tree as described in the Son and, while expressing admiration at beauty of its appearance, I was told an acquaintance of my fellow-trave who happened to join us at the mom that a price had been paid for it by late Sir G. Beaumont, upon condi that the proprietor should not act u his known intention of cutting it do

Page 834.

"*Camaldoli.*"

is famous sanctuary was the original
lishment of Saint Romualdo, (or
wald, as our ancestors Saxonized the
) in the 11th century, the ground
po) being given by Count Maldo.
Camaldolensi, however, have spread
as a branch of Benedictines, and
therefore be classed among the
emen of the monastic orders. The
ty comprehends two orders, monks
hermits; symbolized by their arms,
doves drinking out of the same cup.
monastery in which the monks here
e is beautifully situated, but a large
ractive edifice, not unlike a factory.
hermitage is placed in a loftier and
r region of the forest. It compre-
s between twenty and thirty distinct
ences, each including for its single
it an inclosed piece of ground and
very small apartments. There are
of indulgence when the hermit may
his cell, and when old age arrives
escends from the mountain and takes
bode among the monks.
y companion had in the year 1831
n in with the monk, the subject of
two sonnets, who showed him his
e among the hermits. It is from
that I received the following partic-
. He was then about forty years of
but his appearance was that of an
man. He had been a painter by
ession, but on taking orders changed
ame from Santi to Raffaello, perhaps
an unconscious reference as well to
reat Sanzio d'Urbino as to the arch-
l. He assured my friend that he
been thirteen years in the hermitage
had never known melancholy or
i. In the little recess for study and
r, there was a small collection of
s. "I read only," said he, "books
sceticism and mystical theology."
being asked the names of the most
us mystics, he enumerated *Scara-*
, *San Giovanni della Croce*, *St.*
ysius the Areopagite (supposing the
which bears his name to be really
his), and with peculiar emphasis *Ricardo di San Vittori*. The works of *Saint Theresa* are also in high repute among ascetics. These names may interest some of my readers.

We heard that Raffaello was then living in the convent; my friend sought in vain to renew his acquaintance with him. It was probably a day of seclusion. The reader will perceive that these sonnets were supposed to be written when he was a young man.

Page 835.

"*What aim had they, the Pair of Monks.*"

In justice to the Benedictines of Camaldoli, by whom strangers are so hospitably entertained, I feel obliged to notice that I saw among them no other figures at all resembling, in size and complexion, the two monks described in this Sonnet. What was their office, or the motive which brought them to this place of mortification, which they would not have approached without being carried in this or some other way, a feeling of delicacy prevented me from inquiring. An account has before been given of the hermitage they were about to enter. It was visited by us towards the end of the month of May; yet snow was lying thick under the pine-trees, within a few yards of the gate.

Page 835.

"*At Vallombrosa.*"

The name of Milton is pleasingly connected with Vallombrosa in many ways. The pride with which the monk, without any previous question from me, pointed out his residence, I shall not readily forget. It may be proper here to defend the Poet from a charge which has been brought against him, in respect to the passage in "Paradise Lost," where this place is mentioned. It is said, that he has erred in speaking of the trees there being deciduous, whereas they are, in fact, pines. The fault-finders are them-

selves mistaken; the *natural* woods of the region of Vallombrosa *are* deciduous, and spread to a great extent; those near the convent are, indeed, mostly pines; but they are avenues of trees *planted* within a few steps of each other, and thus composing large tracts of wood; plots of which are periodically cut down. The appearance of those narrow avenues, upon steep slopes open to the sky, on account of the height which the trees attain by being *forced* to grow upwards, is often very impressive. My guide, a boy of about fourteen years old, pointed this out to me in several places.

Page 843.

"*All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.*"

SPENSER.

Page 853.

"*Men of the Western World.*"

These lines were written several years ago, when reports prevailed of cruelties committed in many parts of America, by men making a law of their own passions. A far more formidable, as being a more deliberate mischief, has appeared among those States, which have lately broken faith with the public creditor in a manner so infamous. I cannot, however, but look at both evils under a similar relation to inherent good, and hope that the time is not distant when our brethren of the West will wipe off this stain from their name and nation.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

I am happy to add that this anticipation is already partly realized; and that the reproach addressed to the Pennsylvanians in the sonnet on page 869 is no longer applicable to them. I trust that those other States to which it may yet apply will soon follow the example now them by Philadelphia, and redeem t credit with the world. — 1850.

Page 856.

"*The Norman boy.*"

"Among ancient Trees there are f I believe, at least in France, so worth attention as an Oak which may be s in the 'Pays de Caux,' about a lea from Yvetot, close to the church, an the burial-ground of Allonville.

"The height of this Tree does not swer to its girth; the trunk, from the r to the summit, forms a complete co and the inside of this cone is holl throughout the whole of its height.

"Such is the Oak of Allonville in state of nature. The hand of Man, h ever, has endeavored to impress upo a character still more interesting, by a ing a religious feeling to the respect wh its age naturally inspires.

"The lower part of its hollow tr has been transformed into a Chapel of or seven feet in diameter, carefully wa scoted and paved, and an open iron g guards the humble Sanctuary.

"Leading to it there is a stairca which twists round the body of the Tr At certain seasons of the year divine s vice is performed in this Chapel.

"The summit has been broken off m years, but there is a surface at the top the trunk, of the diameter of a very la tree, and from it rises a pointed roof, c ered with slates, in the form of a steep which is surmounted with an iron Cr that rises in a picturesque manner fr the middle of the leaves, like an anci Hermitage above the surrounding Wo

"Over the entrance to the Chapel Inscription appears, which informs u was erected by the Abbé du Détr Curate of Allonville in the year 16 and over a door is another, dedicatin 'To Our Lady of Peace.'"

Vide 14 *No. Saturday Magazine*

SONNETS DEDICATED TO LIBERTY.

PART I.

Vordsworth wished the Sonnets on Liberty to be held as one Poem. The list hese Sonnets is therefore given below in the order in which Wordsworth ted them, so that they may be read together.

	PAGE
posed by the Seaside, near Calais, August, 1802	207
a reed that 's shaken by the wind	208
Friend	208
eved for Buonaparté	205
ivals have I seen that were not names	208
he Extinction of the Venetian Republic	209
King of Sweden	209
Toussaint L'Ouverture	209
had a female Passenger who came	210
posed in the Valley near Dover, on the day of landing	209
nd, within a hollow vale I stood	210
ught of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	406
tten in London, September, 1802	210
on! thou should'st be living at this hour	211
t men have been among us	211
not to be thought of that the Flood	211
en I have borne in memory what has tamed	211
might believe that natural miseries	231
re is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear	231
se times strike monied wordlings with dismay	231
land! the time is come	232
en, looking on the present face of things	232
he Men of Kent. October, 1803	232
t if our numbers barely could defy	840
cipation. October, 1803	233
ther year!—another deadly blow	402
	616

PART II.

a celebrated Event in Ancient History	439
n the same Event	439
Thomas Clarkson, on the Final Passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade. March, 1807	407
ophecy. February, 1807	406

Composed by the side of Grasmere Lake, 1806
Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes
Composed while the Author was engaged in writing a tract occasioned by the Convention of Cintra, 1808
Composed at the same Time and on the same Occasion
Hoffer
Advance — come forth from thy Tyrolean ground
Feelings of the Tyrolese
Alas! what boots the long laborious quest
And is it among rude untutored Dales
O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain
On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese
Hail, Zarogoza! If with unwet eye
Say, what is Honor?
The martial courage of a day is vain
Brave Schill! by death delivered
Call not the royal Swede unfortunate
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid
Is there a power that can sustain and cheer
Ah! where is Palafox?
In due observance of an ancient rite
Feelings of a noble Biscayan at one of those Funerals
The Oak of Guernica
Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind
O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied
The French and the Spanish Guerillas
Spanish Guerillas
The power of Armies is a visible thing
Here pause: the poet claims at least this praise
The French Army in Russia
On the same occasion
By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze
The Germans on the Heights of Hochheim
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright
Feelings of a French Royalist, on the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke d'Enghien
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo
Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski
Occasioned by the Battle of Waterloo
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples rung

Ode, 1816
Ode, 1816
Ode. — The Morning of the Day appointed for a General Thanksgiving, January 18, 1816

INDEX TO THE POEMS.

The Fall of the, 648
vs, Old, 705
ion of Slave trade, 407
e of Monastic Power, 690
es, Papal, 685
ttal of the Bishops, 699
ess from the Spirit of
kermouth Castle, 785
ess to a Child, 402
ess to Kilchurn Castle, 223
ess to my Infant Daughter,

ess to the Scholars of the
lage School of ——, 140
nition, 397
vance—Come forth from
Tyrolean Ground," 435
d, Translation of Part of
First Book of the, 620–

l Rock, 637
tion of Margaret ——,
e, 237
tions of England, 696
Landing, 660
-thought (Duddon), 672
our on the Continent),
8
! where is Palafox?" 438
a Crag, Frith of Clyde, 792
y-Force Valley, 858
la-Chapelle, 646
as what boots the long labo-
us guest," 435
n Hills, From the, 831
no, At, 831
ed, 682
ed, Canute and, 622
ed, his Descendants, 682
e Fell, or Poverty, 196
vs Reding, 648
bleside, 862
erica, Aspects of Christian-
y in (Three Sonnets), 700
erican Episcopacy, 700
erican Tradition, 668
mong all lovely Things my
ove had been," 200
narrow Girdle of rough
ones and Crags," 169
ient History, On a cele-
rated Event in (Two Son-
ets), 439
nd is it among rude untu-
ored Dales," 435
drew Jones, 180
ecdote for Fathers, 97
gelo, Michael, From the
talian of, 244, 400, 837
Animal Tranquillity and Decay, 121
Anio, 831
Anna, 725
Anticipation (October, 1803), 233
Anticipation of leaving School, Composed in, 19
Antique Ages, 727
Apennines, Among the Ruins of a Convent in the, 838
Apology (Eccl. Son., 1st Part), 680
Apology (Eccl. Son., 2d Part), 691
Apology (Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death), 846
Apology (Yarrow Revisited), 772
Applethwaite, 244
April, The Two Mornings, 142
Aquapendente, Musings near, 822–828
Archbishop Chichely to Henry V., 689
Armenian Lady's Love, The, 745–747
Armies, Power of, 445
Artegal and Elidure, 601–604
"A Slumber did my Spirit seal," 140
At the Grave of Burns, 218
Authors, A Plea for, 842
Author's Portrait, To the, 761
Autumn (September), 605
Autumn (Two Poems), 640, 691
Avarice, The last Stage of, 180
"Avaunt all specious Pliancy of Mind," 440
"A volant Tribe of Bards on Earth are found," 711
Avon, The (Annan), 770

Bala-Sala, At, 791
Balbi, 443
Ballot, Protest against the, 843
Bangor, Monastery of Old, 678
Baptism, 702
Barbara, 165
Beaumont, Sir George, Epistle to, 446–451
Beaumont, Sir George, Upon perusing the foregoing Epistle to, 451
Beaumont, Sir George, Picture of Peele Castle painted by, 249
Beaumont, Sir George, Beautiful Picture painted by, 452
Beaumont, Sir George, Elegiac Stanzas addressed to, 715
Beaumont, To Lady, 408
Beggar, Old Cumberland, 118–121
Beggars, 197 Sequel to the, 632
"Beloved Vale, I said, when I shall con," 397
Benefits, Other (Two Sonnets), 686, 687
Bible, Translation of the, 692
Binnorie, The Solitude of, 239
Bird of Paradise, Colored Drawing of the, 817
Bird of Paradise, suggested by a Picture of, 870
Bird's Nest half filled with Snow (Sonnet), 820
Biscayan Rite (Two Sonnets), 438
Bishops, Acquittal of the, 699
Bishops and Priests, 701
Black Comb, Inscription on a stone on the side of, 456
Black Comb, View from the top of, 455
"Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish Will," 843
Bologna, At (Three Sonnets), 839
Bolton Priory, The founding of, 432
Books (Prelude), 299–307
Books and Newspapers, Illustrated, 872
Borderers, The, 53–94
Bothwell Castle, 769
Boulogne, On being stranded near the Harbor of, 660
Bran, Effusion on the Banks of, 597
Brathay, on the Banks of the, 605
"Brave Schill! by Death delivered," 437
Breadalbane, Ruined Mansion of the Earl of, 768
Brientz, Scene on the Lake of, 649
Brigham, Nun's Well, 785
Britons, Struggle of the, 678
Broach, The Highland, 772
"Brook whose Society the Poet seeks," 607
Brothers, The, 149–156
Brother's Water, Bridge at the foot of, 200
Brougham Castle, Song at the Feast of, 409
Brownie's Cell, 595
Brownie, The, 769
Bruges (Two Poems), 645

Brugès, Incident at, 738
Buonaparte, 205, 208, 437
Burial Place in the South of Scotland, 765
Burns, At the Grave of, 218
Burns, Thoughts suggested near the residence of, 219
Burns, To the Sons of, 220
Butterfly, To a, 198, 201
"By a blest Husband guided Mary came," 818
Byron, Lord, 803

CALAIS (Four Sonnets), 208
Calais, Composed by the Seaside near (1802), 207
Calais, Fish-women at, 644
"Call not the royal Swede unfortunate," 437
Calm and Tempest, 442
"Calm is the fragrant air," 774
Calvert, Raisley, 401
Camaldoli, At the Convent of (Three Sonnets), 834
Cambridge and the Alps (Prelude), 307–318
Cambridge, Residence at (Prelude), 284–292
Canute, 683
Canute and Alfred, 622
Captive Chieftain, 438
Captivity — Mary Queen of Scots, 638
Carleton, Mary, 818
Carriage, In a, upon the Banks of the Rhine, 646
Castle, Composed at ——, 225
"Castle of Indolence," Written in my Pocket-Copy of, 212
Casual Incitement, 678
Catechising, 702
Catharine Wordsworth, 445
Cathedrals, etc., 707
Catherine St., of Ledbury, 819
Catholic Cantons, Composed in one of the, 648
Celandine, The Small, 243
Celandine, To the Small (Two Poems), 202
Ceni, Francesco, 441
Cenotaph (Mrs. Fermor), 715
Ceremony, Marriage, 703
Chamouny, Processions in the Vale of, 657
Channel, In the, 789
Character, A, 181
Characteristics of a child, 445
Character, Pastoral, 701
Charles the First, Troubles of, 696
Charles the Second, 697
Chatsworth, 760
Chaucer, Selections from (Three Poems), 184–196
Chiabrera, Epitaphs translated from, 441–443
Chichely, Archbishop, to Henry the Fifth, 689
Child, Address to a, 402
Child, Three years old, Characteristics of a, 445
Childless Father, The, 177
Child, To a (written in her Album), 810
Childbirth, Thanksgiving after, 703
Childhood and School-time (Prelude), 268–284
Christianity in America, Aspects of (Three Sonnets), 700
Church as a Tree, 687
Church to be erected (Two Sonnets), 706–707
Churches, New, 706
Churchyard among the Mountains (Excursion), 538–555–570
Churchyard, New, 707
Cintra, Convention of (Two Sonnets), 433, 434
Cistertian Monastery, 686
Clarkson, Thomas, To, 407
Clergy, Corruptions of the Higher, 689
Clergy, Emigrant French, 706
Clergy, Primitive Saxon, 680
Clerical Integrity, 698
Clermont, The Council of, 683
Clifford, Lord, 409
Clouds, To the, 858
Clyde, In the Frith of (Ailsa Crag), 792
Clyde, On the Frith of, 792
Cockermouth Castle, Address from the Spirit of, 785
Cockermouth, In sight of, 785
Coleorton, A Flower Garden at, 713
Coleorton, Elegiac Musings in the grounds of, 759
Coleorton, Inscription for an Urn in the grounds of, 453
Coleorton, Inscription for a Seat in the groves of, 454
Coleorton, Inscription in a garden of, 453
Coleorton, Inscription in the grounds of, 452
Collins, Remembrance of, 27
Cologne, In the Cathedral of, 646
Column intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice, 656
Commination Service, 704
Complaint, A, 392
Complaint, The, of a Forsaken Indian woman, 108
"Complete Angler," Written on a blank leaf in the, 638
Composed after Reading a newspaper of the Day, 818
Composed by the sea-shore, 802
Composed during a storm, 636
Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons, 648
Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday, 638
Composed on a May morni 841
Composed on the Banks o Rocky Stream, 642
Composed upon an Evening Extraordinary Splendor a Beauty, 635
Conclusion (Duddon), 672
Conclusion (Eccl. Son.), 708
Conclusion (Miscell. Son.), 7
Conclusion (Prelude), 371–37
Conclusion (Sonnets upon t Punishment of Death), 846
Confirmation (Two Sonnet 702, 703
Congratulation, 706
Conjectures, 675
Conquest, Norman, 683, Saxo 678
Conquests, Danish, 682
Contrast, The. The Parrot a the Wren, 716
Convent in the Apennines, 83
Convention of Cintra, Compos while writing a Tract occ sioned by the (Two Sonnets 433, 434
Conversion, 679
Cora Linn, Composed at, 596
Cordelia M——, To, 802
Corruptions of Higher Clergy 689
Cottage Girls, The Three, 655
Cottager, The, to her Infant, 25
Council of Clermont, The, 683
Countess's Pillar, 771
Covenanters, Persecution Scottish, 698
Cranmer, 694
Crosthwaite Church, 863
Crusaders, 687
Crusades, 684
Cuckoo and the Nightingale The, 188–193
Cuckoo at Laverna, The, 832–83
Cuckoo Clock, The, 868
Cuckoo, To the, 235
Cuckoo, To the, 726
Cumberland Beggar, The Old 118–121
Cumberland, Coast of (In th Channel), 789
Cumberland, On a high part o the coast of, 782

DAFFODILS, 236
Daisy, To the (Four Poems) 214, 215, 248
Daniel, Picture of (Hamilton Palace), 770
Danish Boy, The, 144
Danish Conquests, 682
Danube, Source of the, 647
Darling, Grace, 860–862
Dati, Roberto, 442
Day, the longest, 628
Death, Punishment of, Sonnets on, 843–847
Decay of Piety 723

tion (Miscell. Son.), 722
tion (Tour on the Conti-
, 644
tion (White Doe of Ryl-
), 412
ure from the Vale of
mere, 218
orable his lot who tills
Ground," 686
nt, To the River, 784
ntwater, 182.
dants of Alfred, 682
otive Sketches, 27–39
ndency (Excursion), 491–
ndency Corrected (Ex-
on), 505–523
ond who will, I heard a
e exclaim," 792
ory Stanzas, 661
tion which followed the
ication of a certain Poem,
he, 643
s Bridge, To the Torrent
14
onal Incitements, 774
593–595
141
sions, 677
ution of the Monasteries,
691
ctions, 695
rse of the Wanderer
ursion) 579–590
ncident Characteristic of
7
Tribute to the Memory
e same, 247
ion, Papal, 685
rdale, The Plain of, 669
Address to my Infant
ghter, 240
To (A little onward), 623
as Bay, Isle of Man, On
ring, 790
Composed in the Valley
209
Near, 210
The Valley of (Two
lets), 660
n a swift Stream," 700
's Eye, 606
, The Pilgrim's, 632
cal Excommunication,
, Trepidation of the,
Nest, The Wild, 637
n, The River (34 Son-
, 662–672
on-Ghyll Force, 164
ie Castle (Eagles), 767
ie Castle, On revisiting,
ie Eagle, The, 793
Ode to, 244
To the Poet John, 607
and the Dove, The, 860
(Dunollie Castle), 767
Eagle, The Dunollie, 793
Easter Sunday, Composed on, 638
Ecclesiastical Sonnets, 675–709
Echo, The Mountain, 395
Echo upon the Gemmi, 657
Eclipse of the Sun, 1820, The, 654
Eden, The River (Cumberland), 797
Edward signing the Warrant, 693
Edward the Sixth, 693
Effusion at Altorf, 650
Effusion, on the Banks of the Bran, 597
Egremont Castle, The Horn of, 391
Egyptian Maid, The, 752–758
Ejaculation, 708
Elegiac Musings (Coleorton Hall), 759
Elegiac Stanzas (Goddard), 658
Elegiac Stanzas (Mrs. Fermor), 715
Elegiac Stanzas address to Sir G. H. B. (Sonnet), 715
Elegiac Stanzas (Peele Castle), 249
Elegiac Verses (John Wordsworth), 251
Elizabeth, 694
Ellen Irwin, or the Braes of Kirtle, 179
Emigrant French Clergy, 706
Emigrant Mother, The, 198
Eminent Reformers (Two Sonnets), 695
Emma's Dell, 167
"Emperors and Kings," 619
Engelberg, 649
Enghien, Duke d', 619
England, 232; Afflictions of, 696
Enterprise, To, 673–675
Episcopacy, American, 700
Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, 446–451
Epistle to Sir George Beaumont, Upon perusing the foregoing, 451
Epitaph, A Poet's, 140
Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, 716
Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera, 441–443
"Ere with cold Beads of midnight Dew," 717
Etive, Composed in the Glen of Loch, 766
"Even as a dragon's Eye," 606
Evening of extraordinary splendor, Composed upon an, 635
Evening Walk, An, 19–26
Evening Voluntaries; (2) 782; (3) 783; (4) 803; (5) 804; (6) (904); (7) 805; (8) 207; (9) 635; (10) 802; (11) 851; (12) 872
Event in Ancient History, On a Celebrated (Two Sonnets), 439
Excommunication, Druidical 676
Excursion, The, 457–590
Exercise, a morning, 728
Exercise, School, 17
Exile, English Reformers in, 694
Expostulation and Reply, 107

Fact, A, and an Imagination, 622
Faëry Chasm, 666
"Fair prime of Life," 724
Fancy, 397
Fancy and Tradition, 771
Fancy, Hints for the, 667
Farewell, A, 206
Farewell Lines, 857
Farewell (Tour, 1833), 783
Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, The, 233–235
Far-Terrace, The, 720
Father, The Childless, 177
Fathers, Anecdote for, 97
Feelings of a noble Biscayan, 438
Feelings of a French Royalist, 619
Female Vagrant, The, see "Guilt and Sorrow," 39–52
Fermor, Mrs. (Cenotaph), 715
Fermor, Mrs. (Elegiac Stanzas), 715
Fidelity, 246
Filial Piety, 776
Fir Grove (John Wordsworth), 250
Fish-Women, 644
Fleming, To the Lady (Rydal Chapel), (Two Poems), 709, 710
Floating Island, 851
Florence (Four Sonnets), 836, 837
Flower Garden, A (Coleorton), 713
Flowers, 665
Flowers (Cave of Staffa), 795
Flowers in the Island of Madeira, 866
"Fly, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere Vale," 227
Force of Prayer, The, 432
Foresight, 201
Forms of Prayer at Sea, 704
Forsaken Indian Woman, Complaint of, 108
Forsaken, The, 238
Fort Fuentes, 651
"Forth from a jutting ridge," 864
Fountain, The, 143
Fox, Mr., Lines composed on the unexpected death of, 401
France, 231
France, Residence in (Prelude), 339–347–355–362
France, Sky-prospect from the Plain of, 659

Francesco Pozzobonelli, 443
French and Spanish Guerillas, The, 440
French Army in Russia (Two Poems), 617, 618
French Clergy, Emigrant, 706
French Revolution, 267
French Revolution, In allusion to Histories of the (Three Sonnets), 852, 853
French Royalist, Feelings of a, 619
Friend, To a (Banks of the Derwent), 785
"From false Assumption rose," 686
"From the dark chambers of Dejection freed," 600
Fuentes, Fort, 651
Fugitive, The Russian, 748–752
Funeral Service, 704
Furness Abbey, At, 864, 865

Gemmi, Echo upon the, 657
General Fast, Upon the late (1832), 776
General View of the Troubles of the Reformation, 694
George the Third (November, 1813), 456
George the Third, On the death of, 642
Geraldine, 717
Germans on the Heights of Hochheim, 618
Germany, 435
Germany, Written in, 137–149
Gill, Harry, 101
Gillies, Margaret (Two Poems), 847
Gillies, Margaret, 849
Gillies, Robert Pearce, 600
Gipsies, 408
"Glad Sight," 867
Glad Tidings, 679
Gleaner, The, 734
Glen-Almain, or the Narrow Glen, 222
Glencoe, At the Head of, 768
Glow-worm, The Star and the, 632
"Go back to antique Ages," 727
Goddard, Elegiac Stanzas, 658
Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase (Two Poems), 738, 739–741
Goody Blake and Harry Gill, 101
Gordale, 637
Grace Darling, 860–862
Grasmere, Departure from the Vale of (August, 1803), 218
Grasmere, Home at (Recluse), 378–389
Grasmere, Inscription on the Island at, 182
Grasmere Lake, Composed by the side of, 398
Grasmere, Return to, 227
Gravestone, A (Worcester Cathedral), 744
Great Men (Sidney, Marvel, etc.), 211.
Greece, 439
Green, George and Sarah, 434
Green Linnet, The, 216
Greenock, 796
Greta, To the River, 784
"Grief, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend," 639
Guernica, Oak of, 439
Guilt and Sorrow, 39–52
Gunpowder Plot, 695
Gustavus IV., 437

H. C., Six years old, To, 213
"Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour," 606
"Hail Zaragoza, if with unwet Eye," 436
Hambleton Hills, After a Journey across the, 212
Handec, 648
Happy Warrior, Character of the, 389
"Hark! 't is the Thrush! 841"
Harp, The ("Why, Minstrel"), 723
Hart-leap Well, 173–177
Hart's-horn Tree, 771
Haunted Tree, The, 640
Hawkshead, Written as a School Exercise at, 17
Hawkshead School, In Anticipation of leaving, 19
Haydon (Picture of the Duke of Wellington), 848
Haydon, To B. R., 601
Haydon, To B. R. (Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte), 777
Hazels, 607
Heidelberg, Castle of (Hymn for Boatmen), 647
Helvellyn, To ——, on her first ascent of, 624
Henry the Eighth, Portrait of, 725
"Here pause: the Poet claims, at least, this praise," 446
Her eyes are wild, 103
Hermitage (St. Herbert's Island), 182
Hermitage, Near the Spring of the, 634
Hermit's Cell, Inscriptions in and near, 633–635
"Her only Pilot the soft Breeze," 723
Hesperus, 217
Highland Boy, The Blind, 228–231
Highland Broach, The, 772
Highland Girl, To a, 221, 236
Highland Hut, 768
Hint from the Mountains, 629, Hints for the Fancy, 667
Historian, Plea for the, 830
Hochheim, Germans on, 618
Hoffer, 434
Hogg, James, Extempore Effusion upon the death of, 815
Honor, 436
Horn of Egremont Castle, T 391
Howard, Mrs., Monument (Wetheral) (Two Sonne 798
"How beautiful the Queen Night," 872
"How rich that Forehea calm expanse," 712
"How sweet it is when Mot Fancy rocks," 397
Humanity, 742, 743
Huntsman, The Old, 104
Hymn for Boatmen (Heid berg), 647
Hymn, the Laborer's No day, 805

I. F., Portrait of, 847
I. F., To, 847
Idiot Boy, The, 110–115
Idle Shepherd Boys, The, 16
"If this great World of Joy a Pain, 782
"If thou indeed derive thy Li from Heaven," 777
I grieved for Buonaparté, 20
"I heard, alas, 'twas only i dream," 640
"I know an aged Man," 871
Illustrated Books and Ne papers, 872
Illustration. (The Jung-Fra 696
Imagination, 611
Imagination and Taste (P lude), 362–366–371
Imaginative Regrets, 692
Immortality, Intimations of, 4 406
Impromptu, 207
Incident, 247
Incident at Bruges, 738
Indian Woman, Complaint a Forsaken, 108
Indignation of a High-mind Spaniard, 439
"In due Observance of ancient Rite," 438
Infant Daughter, Address my, 240
Infant M—— M, —— the, 726
Infant, The Cottager to her,
Influence abused, 682
Influence of Natural Objects,
Influences, Other, 680
Inglewood Forest, Suggested a View in, 770
"In my mind's Eye a Tem like a Cloud," 727
Inscription for a Monument Crosthwaite Church (Sou ey), 863
Inscriptions 182, 183; (Cole ton), 452–454
Inscriptions (Hermit's Ce 633, 634
Installation Ode, 873–875

Clerical, 698
on gathering Wool,"
An, 684
fair Vales hath many
" 759
ns of Immortality,
3–406
ion (Eccles. Sonnets),
ion (Prelude), 268–277
Lines on the expected,
yde, 221
n to the Earth (1816),
ur Sonnets), 795, 796
ck Stones of, 796
llen, 179
an (Two Sonnets), 790
an, at Bala-Sala, 791
an, At Sea, off, 789
Man, By the Seashore,
Man (Douglas Bay), 790
e a Power that can sus-
d cheer," 438
tinerant, The, 652
ter leaving (Two Son-
838, 839
a beauteous Evening,
nd free," 208
no Spirit who from
n hath flown," 217
ot to be thought of," 211
elled among unknown
" 139
ered lonely as a Cloud,"
tch and long have
ed, with calm Regret,"
OUGH, The Matron of,
Family, A, 733
168
Kent, Warrant for Ex-
n of, 693
Andrew, 180
Rev. Robert, 27, 181, 182
renewed, 671
820, 644
rau, The, and the Fall
Rhine, 696
L, Upon hearing of the
of the Vicar of, 600
and Windermere Rail-
On the projected, 863
o the Men of, 232
n Castle, Address to, 222
nky, In the Pass of, 232
College Chapel, Cam-
e, Inside of (Three son-
707, 708
one, The Pass of, 630
The Braes of, 179
and Falling Leaves, The,
Laborer's Noon-day Hymn, 805
Lady, To a, upon Drawings she had made of Flowers in Madeira, 866
Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P., To the, 714
Lady of the Snow, Our, 649
Lamb, Charles, Written after the death of, 813–815
Lamb, The Pet, 165
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, 631
Lancaster Castle, Suggested by the View of, 843
Langdale, Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of, 716
Langdale Pikes, 605
Laodamia, 590–593
Last of the Flock, The, 109
Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, The, 653
Latimer and Ridley, 693
Latitudinarianism, 698
Laud, 696
Lauterbrunnen, 647
Laverna, The Cuckoo at, 832
Lawn, The, 743
Leech-Gatherer, The, 203
Lelius, 443
Leonardo da Vinci, The Last Supper, 653
Lesibia, 820
Liberty (Gold and Silver Fishes), 739–741
Liberty, Obligations of Civil to Religious, 699
Liberty of Greece, 439
Liberty, Sung by the Poet, 446
Liberty (Tyrolese Sonnets), 435
Liège, Between Namur and, 645
Light from Heaven, 777
Lights and Shades of the Religion, 681
Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, 115–118
Lines composed on the expected Death of Mr. Fox, 401
Lines, Farewell, 857
Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree, 52
Lines on the expected Invasion, 1803, 233
Lines on hearing of the approaching dissolution of Mr. Fox, 401
Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone (Two Poems), 807–810.
Lines written as a School Exercise at Hawkshead, 17
Lines written in Early Spring, 105
Lines written in the Album of the Countess of Lonsdale, 810
Lines written upon a Stone, upon one of the Islands at Rydal, 183
Lines written upon hearing of the Death of the late Vicar of Kendal, 600
Lines written while sailing in a Boat at Evening, 26
Linnet The Green, 216
Liturgy, The, 701
Loch Etive, Composed in the Glen of, 766
Loch Lomond, a beautiful Ruin, known as the Brownie's Cell, 595
Lombardy, In, 838
London, Residence in (Prelude), 318–329
London, Written in (1802), (Two Sonnets), 210, 211
Longest Day, The, 628
Long Meg and her Daughters, 799
Lonsdale, The Countess of (Album), 810
Lonsdale, To the Earl of, 463
Lonsdale, To the Earl of, 800
"Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid," 437
Louisa, 252
Love, The Birth of, 94
Love lies bleeding (Two Poems), 867, 868
Love of Nature (Prelude), 329–339
Loving and Liking, 775
Lowther, 799
Lowther, To the Lady Mary, 643
Lucca Giordano, 872
Lucy Gray, or Solitude, 145
Lucy (Three Poems), 138, 139
Lucy (Three years she grew), 139
Lycoris, Ode to (Two Poems), 626, 627
"Lyre! through such power do in thy magic lie," 858

M. H., To, 171
Madeira, Flowers in the Island of, 866
Malham Cove, 636
Man, 873
Manse, On the sight of a (Scotland), 765
March, Written in, 203
Margaret ——, the Affliction of, 237
Mariner, By a retired, 791
"Mark the Concentred Hazels that enclose," 607
Marriage Ceremony, The, 703
Marriage of a Friend, On the Eve of, 454
Marshall, To Cordelia, 802
Martial Courage, 437
Mary Queen of Scots, Captivity, 638; Lament of, 631; (Workington), 786
Maternal Grief, 444
Matron of Jedborough, The, 227
Matthew, 141
May Morning, Composed on (1838), 841
May Morning, Ode composed on, 717

May, To, 718
Meditation, 802
Memorial near Lake Thun, 648
Memorials of a Tour in Italy, 821–839
Memorials of a Tour in Scotland, 1803, 217–231; 1814, 595–600
Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820, 644–662
Memory, 709; (The Duddon), 669
Men of the Western World, 853
Mental Affliction, 842
Merry England, 784
"Methought I saw the Footsteps of a Throne," 401
Michael, 156–164
Michael Angelo, From the Italian of, 244; (Stanzas and Two Sonnets), 400; (Two Sonnets), 837
Milton, 211
Miscellaneous Sonnets, 722–727, 852, 853
Missions and Travels, 681
Monasteries, Dissolution of the (Three Sonnets), 690, 691
Monasteries, Saxon, 681
Monastery, Cistertian, 686
Monastery of Old Bangor, 678
Monastic Power, Abuse of, 690
Monastic Voluptuousness, 690
Monks, 683
Monks and Schoolmen, 686
Monte Mario, Pine of, 828
Monument of Mrs. Howard (Two Sonnets), 798
Monument (Long Meg and Her Daughters), 799
Moon, The (The Shepherd looking eastward), 606
Moon, The (With how sad steps), 398
Moon, The (The crescent-Moon, the Star of Love), 851
Moon, The (Who but is pleased), 872
Moon, The (How beautiful the Queen of Night), 872
Moon, The (Once I could hail), 719
Moon, To the (Seaside), 811
Moon, To the (Rydal), 812
Morning Exercise, A, 728
Mornings, Two April, 142
Moscow, self-devoted to a Blaze, By, 618
Mossgiel Farm (Burns), 797
"Most sweet it is with unuplifted Eyes," 802
Mother's Return, The, 407
Mountain (November 1), 605
Mountain Echo, 395; Stream, 667
Mountains, Hint from the, 629
Mull, In the Sound of, 767
Muse, The ("Not Love not War,") 711
Music, Power of, 393
Musings near Aquapendente, 822–828
Mutability, 705
"My heart leaps up when I behold," 200

Naming of Places, Poems on the, 167–171
Namur and Liège, Between, 645
Natural Objects, Influence of, 136
Nature felt, 803
Nature, Living (Prelude), 329–339
Needle-case in the Form of a Harp, On seeing a, 722
Negroes, Expulsion of, from France, 210
Negro Woman, 210
Nelson, 389
Nest, The Sparrow's, 183; The Wild Duck's, 637
New Churches, 706
New Churchyard, 707
Newspaper, After reading a, 818
Nightingale and Stock-dove, 408
Nightingale, The Cuckoo and the, 188–193
Night-piece, A, 95
Night-thought, A, 840
Nith, On the Banks of, 219
"Not in the lucid Intervals of Life," 803
"Not Love, not War, nor the tumultuous Swell," 712
Norman Boy, The, 854
Norman Conquest, The, (Two Sonnets), 683
North Wales, Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in, 714
Nortons, The Fate of the, 411–432
November, 1806, 402; 1813, 456; 1836, 821
November 1, 605
Nunnery, 798
"Nuns fret not at their Convent's narrow Room," 395
Nun's Well, Brigham, 785
Nutting, 137

Oak and the Broom, The, 172
Oak of Guernica, The, 439
Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty, 699
October, 1803 (Four Sonnets), 231, 232
Octogenarian, To an, 873
Ode, Installation, 873–875
Ode, Vernal, 624–626
Ode (Who rises on the Banks of Seine), 616
Ode (1814. When the soft hand), 614–616
Ode (1815. Imagination — n'er before content), 611–613
Ode (The Morning of the Day of Thanksgiving), 608–611
Ode to Duty, 244
Ode to Lycoris (Two Poems), 626, 627
Ode composed on May M
ing, 717
Ode, Intimations of Imm
ity, 403–406
"O'er the wide Earth, on M
tain and on Plain," 436
"O'erweening Statesmen
full long relied," 440
"Oh, what a Wreck," 842
Oker Hill in Darley Dal
Tradition of, 745
Old Abbeys, 705
"Once I could hail (how
serene thy Sky)," 719
"O nightingale thou surely
408
Open Prospect, 667
Oppression, 686
Ossian, Written in a blank
of Macpherson's, 793
Other Benefits, 686, 687
Other Influences, 680
Our Lady of the Snow, 649
Owl, The, 805
Oxford, May 30, 1820 (
Sonnets), 643

Painter, To a (Two Sonn
849
Palafox, 438
Papal Abuses, 685; Domin
685; Power, 686; Unity,
Paradise, Bird of, On seei
colored drawing, 817
Paradise, Bird of, Picture
the, 870
Parrot and the Wren, The,
Parsonage in Oxfordshire,
672
Parsonage, The (Excursi
570–579
Pass of Kirkstone, The, 630
Pastor, The (Excursion),
538
Pastoral Character, 701
Patriotic Sympathies, 697
Paulinus, 679
Peele Castle, Suggested b
Picture of, 249
Pelion and Ossa, 184
Pennsylvanians, To the, 869
Persecution, 677
Persecution of the Scot
Covenanters, 698
Personal Talk, 395
Persuasion, 679
Peter Bell, 121–135
Peter Bell, On the Detract
which followed, etc., 643
Pet Lamb, The, 165
Phantom of Delight, 236
Philoctetes, 725
Picture, Upon the Sight o
Beautiful, 452
Piety, Decay of, 723
Piety, Filial, 776.
Pilgrim Fathers (Two Sonne
700
Pilgrim's Dream, 632
Pillar of Trajan, 721

Monte Mario, 828
Naming of, 167–171
Worship, 701
Authors, A, 842
the Historian, 830
s, Stray, 392
Cabinet, 821
l the caged Turtle-dove, 58
ains, 725
Dream, The, 855
pitaph, 140
is Grandchild, A, 842
Issue, The, 692
ash Judgment, 169–171
bin, 847
san, The Reverie of, 94
Revival of, 693
Lines suggested by a Poems), 807–810
of I. F., On a, 847
of the Duke of Wel-n, On a, 848
of Henry VIII., 725
, To the Author's, 761
, 196
f Armies, 445
f Music, 393
f Sound, 734–738
nnelli, Francesco, 443
at Sea, Forms of, 704
The Force of, 432
, Poems of Early and Years, 850
, The, 268–377
iments, 758
e of the Rock, The,
' Tale, The, 184–188
ions (Chamouny), 657
cy, A (February, 1807),
against the Ballot, 843
l were ye, Mountains,"
nent of Death, Sonnets the, 843–847
AY, On the projected al and Windermere, 863
's, etc., 799
w, 200
les Vaches, On hearing 51
, The Solitary, 222
, The, 378–389
ction of the Portrait of y VIII., 725
ry, 677
, Aloys, Memorial, 648
ast chasing the Butter-The, 200
ast, The, 806
ast, To a, 851
ast, 870
ions, 692
ation, General View of Troubles of the, 694
hers, Eminent (Two ets), 695
Reformers in Exile (English), 694
Regrets, 705; 829
Regrets, Imaginative, 692
Remembrance of Collins, 27
Repentance, 238
Reproof, 681
Resolution and Independence, 203–205
Rest and be thankful, 768
Resting-place, The, 670
Retirement, 724
Retrospect (Prelude), 329–339
Return, 668
Return, The Mother's, 407
Return to Grasmere, 227
Reverie of Poor Susan, 94
Revival of Popery, 693
Revolution, French, 267, 852
Rhine, Upon the Banks of the, 646
Richard the First, 684
Richmond Hill (Thomson), 644
Ridley, Latimer and, 693
Rill, The, 642
Robin, Poor, 847
Robinson, to Henry Crabb (Tour in Italy, 1837), 821
Rob Roy's Grave, 224
Rock, Inscribed upon a (Hermit's Cell), 634
Rocks, Two Heath-clad, 864
Rocky Stream, Composed on the Banks of a, 642
Rocky Stream, On the Banks of a, 873
Rogers, Samuel, To, 763
Roman Antiquities, (Bishopstone), 819
Roman Antiquities (Old Penrith), 772
Roman Refinements, Temptations from, 677
Romance of the Water Lily, 752–758
Rome, At (Five Sonnets), 829–831
Rome, The Pine of Monte Mario at, 828
Roslin Chapel, Composed in, 765
Rotha Q——, To, 726
Ruins of a Castle in North Wales, 714
Rural Architecture, 178
Rural Ceremony, 705
Rural Illusions, 775
Russian Fugitive, The, 748–752
Ruth, 146–148
Rydal, At, on May Morning (1838), 841
Rydal Chapel, 709
Rydal, Inscription upon a Stone upon one of the Islands at, 183
Rydal, In the Woods of, 727
Rydal Mere, By the Side of, 804
Rydalian Laurels, 783
Rylstone, White Doe of, 411–432

S. H., To, 723
Sacheverel, 699
Sacrament, 703
Sailor's Mother, The, 196
Saint Bees' Head, In a Steamboat off, 786–789
Saint Catherine of Ledbury, 819
Saint Gothard (Ranz des Vaches on the Pass of), 651
Saint Herbert's Island, Derwentwater (Hermitage), 182
Saint Kilda, 796
Saints, 691
Salinero, Ambrosio, 442
Salisbury Plain, Incidents upon, 39–52
San Salvador, The Church of, 652
Savona, 441
Saxon Clergy, Primitive, 680
Saxon Conquest, 678
Saxon Monasteries, 681
Saxons, 682
"Say, what is Honor?" 436
Scene in Venice, 685
Schill, 437
Scholars of the Village School of ——, Address to the, 140
School, Composed in Anticipation of leaving, 19
School Exercise at Hawkshead, Written as a, 17
School-time (Prelude), 277–284
School-time, Childhood and (Prelude), 268–284
"Scorn not the Sonnet," 724
Schwytz, 650
Scotland, Memorials of a Tour in (1803), 217–231 (1814), 595
Scottish Covenanters, Persecution of the, 698
Scott, Sir Walter, Departure of, 764
Sea, Forms of Prayer at, 704
Seashore, Composed by the, 802
Seaside, Composed by the, 783
Seasons, Thought on the, 744
Seathwaite Chapel, 668
Seclusion (Two Sonnets), 680, 681
Secrecy to Cowardice, Fraud, Falsehood, and Treachery, 821
September 1, 1802, 210; 1815, 605; 1819 (Two Poems), 640, 641
Sequel to "The Beggars," 632
Seven Sisters, The; or, The Solitude of Binnorie, 239
Sexton, To a, 144
"She dwelt among the untrodden Ways," 139
Sheep-washing, 669
Shepherd Boys — Dungeon-Ghyll Force, 164
"She was a Phantom of Delight," 236
Ships (Two Sonnets), 398, 399
Sick, Visitation of, 704
Simon Lee, 104
Simplon Pass, Column lying in the, 656
Simplon Pass, Stanzas composed in the, 656

Simplon Pass, The, 135, 316
Sister, To My, 106
Sisters, The Seven, 239
"Six months to six years added he remained," 821
Skiddaw, 184
Sky-lark, To a, 245, 717
Sky-prospect from the Plain of France, 659
Sleep, To (Three Sonnets), 399
Snow, Our Lady of the, 619
Snowdrop Rock, 217
Snowdrop, To a, 638
Snowdrops, 638
"So Fair, so Sweet, withal so Sensitive," 869
Sobieski, John, 618
"Soft as a Cloud is yon blue Ridge," 804
Solitary Reaper, The, 222
Solitary, The (Excursion) 478–491
Solitude (The Duddon), 664
Solitude (Lucy Gray), 145
Somnambulist, The, 800
Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle, 409
Song for the Spinning Wheel, 454
Song for the Wandering Jew, 178
Sonnet, Composed at —— Castle (Nidpath), 225
Sonnet, The, 395, 724
Sonnet, June, 1820 (Fame tells of Groves), 644
Sonnet, September 1, 1802 (We had a female Passenger), 210
Sonnet, September, 1802 (Inland, within a hollow Vale), 210
Sonnet, September, 1815 (While not a Leaf seems faded), 605
Sonnet, October, 1803 (One might believe), 231
Sonnet, October, 1803 (These times strike monied Worldlings), 231
Sonnet, October, 1803 (When looking on the present Face of Things), 232
Sonnet, November, 1806 (Another Year), 402
Sonnet, November, 1813 (Now that all Hearts are glad), 456
Sonnet, November 1, 1815 (How clear, how keen), 605
Sonnet, November, 1836 (Even so for me), 821
Sonnet (Why should we mourn?), 871
Sonnets (Fourteen) on the Punishment of Death, 843–847
Sonnets, Seven, 819–821
Sound of Mull, In the, 767
Sound, The Power of, 734–738
Southey, Edith May, 722
Southey (Inscription for Monument), 863
Southey, Mrs., 842
Spade of a Friend, To the, 242
Spaniards (Three Sonnets), 439, 440
Spanish Guerillas, 445
Spanish Guerillas, The French and the, 440
Sparrow's Nest, The, 183
Spinning Wheel, 639
Spinning Wheel, Song for the, 454
Sponsors, 702
Spring, Lines written in early 105
Staffa, Cave of (Four Sonnets), 794, 795
Stanzas on Thomson's Castle of Indolence, 212
Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass, 656
Stanzas suggested off Saint Bees' Head, 786–789
Star and the Glow-worm, The, 632
Star-gazers, 394
Star, Slowly-sinking, 639
Stars are Mansions, The, 642
Statesman, The, 843
Staub-bach, On approaching the, 647
Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways, 799
Stepping-stones, The (Two Sonnets), 666
Stepping Westward, 222
Stone, F., Lines suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of (Two Poems), 807–810
Storm, Composed during a, 636
Stranded near the Harbor of Boulogne, On being, 660
"Strange fits of Passion have I known," 138
Stray Pleasures, 392
Stream, Composed on the Banks of a Rocky, 642
Stream, On the Banks of a Rocky, 873
Stream, Tributary, 668
Streams (The Duddon), 670
Streams, The Unremitting Voice of nightly, 873
Struggles of the Britons, 678
Summer Vacation (Prelude), 292–299
Sunset (France), 207
"Surprised by Joy, impatient as the Wind, 608
Supreme Being, To the, 244
Susan, The Reverie of Poor, 94
Swan, The, 640, 898
Sweden, The King of, 209, 437
Swiss Goatherd and Italian Itinerant, 652
Switzerland, Subjugation of, 406
Sympathies, Patriotic, 697

Tables turned, The, 107
Tell, Effusion in the Presence of Tower of, 650
Temptations from Roman finements, 677
Thanksgiving after Childbi 703
"The Crescent Moon," 851
"The fairest, brightest, h of Ether fade," 605
"The Leaves that rustled on oak-crowned Hill," 805
"The martial Courage of a I is vain," 437
The massy Ways carried acr these Heights," 720
"The Power of Armies is visible Thing," 445
"The Shepherd looking Ea ward, softly said," 606
"The Stars are Mansions bu by Nature's hand," 642
"The Sun has long been se 207
"The unremitting Voice nightly Streams," 873
"The World is too much w us," 398
"There is an Eminence," 16
"There is a Bondage worse, worse, to bear," 231
"There is a little, unpretendi Rill," 642
"There is a pleasure in poe pains," 725
There was a Boy, 137, 304
Thieves, The Two, 180
"This Lawn a carpet alive," 743
Thomson's "Castle of Ind lence," Written in my Poc Copy of, 212
Thorn, The, 98–101
Those Words were uttered as pensive Mood," 397
"Though the bold wings Poesy affect," 870
"Though narrow be that Man's Cares," 409
Thought of a Briton, 406
Thoughts on the Seasons, 74
Thoughts suggested near residence of Burns, 219
Thrasymene, Near the Lake (Two Sonnets), 832
"Three Years she grew in S and Shower," 139
Thrush, The (Two Sonnets), 8
Thun, Memorial near the La of, 648
Tillbrook, 605
Tilsbury Vale, Farmer of, 233
Tintern Abbey, Lines compos a few miles above, 115–118
"'Tis He whose yester-eve ing's high Disdain," 841
"'Tis said that some have di for Love," 177
Titus, 441
To ——, in her seventie Year, 726
To ——, on her first Asce of Helvellyn, 624

—, Upon the birth of Firstborn Child, 778
— (Happy the feeling),
— (Look at the fate of nmer Flowers), 712
— (Miscellaneous Son- s — Conclusion), 727
— (Mrs. Wordsworth, o Poems), 712
— (The Haunted Tree),
— (Wait, prithee, wait!),
. H., 171
H., 723
e Rev. John Wordsworth,
nt at Devil's Bridge, 714
among the Alps (1791–2), escriptive Sketches), 27–39
in Italy (1837), Memorials a, 821–839
in Scotland (1803), Me- rials of a, 217–231
in Scotland (1814), Me- rials of a, 595–600
in Scotland (1831), 762–773
in the Summer of 1833, –802
on the Continent (1820), morials of a, 644–662
saint L'Ouverture, To, 209
ltion, 669
ition, American, 668
ition, Fancy and, 771
ition of Oker Hill, 745
n, The Pillar of, 721
slation of the Bible, 692
substantiation, 688
The Haunted, 640
idation of the Druids, 676
l, The, 729–731
ite, 247
itary Stream, 668
us and Cresida, 193–196
achs, The (Two Sonnets),
n, 871
e-dove, The Poet and the ged, 758
ght, 606
ght (Evening Voluntaries),
April Mornings, The, 142
Thieves, The, or the Last ge of Avarice, 180
lrum, Suggested at, 768
vald Hill, 791
lese, Feelings of the, 435
lese, On the final submis- n of the, 436
lese Sonnets, 435, 436, 437,
HA, Kirk of, 671
rtainty, 676

Vale, Beloved, 397
Valedictory Sonnet (Misc. Son.), 843
Vallombrosa, At, 835
Vaudois, The (Two Sonnets), 688
Vaudracour and Julia, 253–257
Venetian Republic, On the Extinction of, 209
Venice, Scene in, 685
Venus, To the Planet (January 1838), 840; (Loch Lomond), 769
Vernal Ode, 624–626
Vienna, Siege of, raised by John Sobieski, 618
Virgin, The, 691
Vision, A, 697
Visitation of the Sick, 704
Voluntaries, Evening, 872

Waggoner, The, 257–266
Waldenses, 688
Wallace, 596
Wallachian Groves, 644
Walton's Book of "Lives," 698
Wanderer, Discourse of the (Excursion), 579–590
Wanderer, The (Excursion), 464–478
Wandering Jew, Song for the, 178
Wansfell, 860
Warning, The, 779–782
Warrior, Character of the Happy, 389
Wars of York and Lancaster, 689
Waterfall and the Eglantine, The, 171
Water-fowl, 455
Waterloo, After visiting the Field of, 645
Waterloo, Occasioned by the Battle of (Two Sonnets), 619
"Weak is the Will of Man," 606
We are Seven, 95
Wellington, On a Portrait of the Duke of, 848
Westall, Mr. W., Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire by (Three Poems), 636, 637
Westminster Bridge, Composed upon, 207
Westmoreland Girl, The, 864
"What Heavenly Smiles! O Lady Mine," 866
"What if our Numbers barely could defy," 840
"When I have borne in Memory," 211
"When Philocteles in the Lemnian Isle," 725
"When Severn's Sweeping Flood had overthrown," 849
"When to the Attractions of the busy World," 250
"Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?" 399
"Where lies the Truth?" 871
"While Anna's Peers and early playmates tread," 725
"While beams of orient Light," 862
Whirl-blast, 106
Whistlers, The Seven, 409
White Doe of Rylstone, 411–432
"Who fancied what a pretty Sight," 217
"Why, Minstrel, these untuneful Murmurings," 723
Wicliffe, 689
Widow on Windermere Side, The, 856
Wild Duck's Nest, The, 637
William the Third, 699
Winter (French Army), (Two Poems), 617, 618
Wishing-gate, The, 732; Destroyed, 732
"With how Sad Steps, O Moon," 398
"With Ships the Sea was sprinkled far and nigh," 398
Worcester Cathedral, A Gravestone in, 744
Wordsworth, John, Elegiac Verses in Memory of, 251
Wordsworth, John (Fir Grove), 250–785
Wordsworth, To Mrs., 712
Wordsworth, To the Rev. Christopher, 862
Wordsworth, To the Rev. Dr. (Duddon), 663
Worship, Places of, 701
Wren's Nest, A, 778
Written in Germany, 137, 138, 140, 144, 149
Written in March, 200
Written on a Blank Leaf in the "Complete Angler," 638

Yarrow Unvisited, 226
Yarrow Visited, 599
Yarrow Revisited, 762–773
"Yes, it was the mountain Echo," 395
"Yes, thou art fair," 866
Yew-Trees, 216
Yew-tree Seat, 52
York and Lancaster, Wars of, 689
Young England, 869
Young Lady, To a, 253
Youth, Written in very early, 19

Zaragoza, 436

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES.

ING sound the Shepherd hears, 246
came forth of late, called Peter Bell, 643
-haired company of youthful slaves, 678
paused the strife; — the field through- 618
lume fetch me from yon blasted yew, 668
Rydalian Laurels! that have grown, 783
— come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,

ock — whose solitary brow, 637
s man is Robin Hood, 224
ıs lose their object; Time brings forth,

f sheep that leisurely pass by, 399
hearth, a hospitable board, 701
ine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,

k how one compelled for life to abide,

ing bee — a little tinkling rill, 491
n the Body, round which in love we g, 680
re is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen, 438
deceive ourselves! by no mere fit, 839
ious Martyrs, from your fields of light,

ıat boots the long laborious quest, 435
nward lend thy guiding hand, 623
e the Likeness by thy skill portrayed, 849
ɔrn Maid, at some far-distant time, 669
— following down this far-famed slope,

ertile region green with wood, 770
smoke of cities did you pass, 168
s dance of objects sadness steals, 646
grave fraternity of Monks, 809
ll lovely things my Love had been, 200
ıe dwellers in the silent fields, 860
ıe dwellings framed by birds, 778
he mountains were we nursed, loved m, 784
sweet Little-ones, is past, 407
ath been when Earth was proud, 627
girdle of rough stones and crags, 169
he Sun his flaming chariot driven, 17
among rude untutored Dales, 435
is — Yarrow? — *This* the Stream, 599
in vain embodied to the sight, 686
all," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness ' 683
t is Penance with her knotted thong,

melodious sounds at times prevail, 687
eus! an Orpheus! yes, Faith may grow 393
ear! — another deadly blow, 402

A pen — to register; a key, 709
A Pilgrim, when the summer day, 632
A plague on your languages, German and Norse, 149
A pleasant music floats along the Mere, 683
A Poet! — He hath put his heart to school, 852
A point of life between my Parents' dust, 785
Army of Clouds! ye winged Host in troops, 856
A Rock there is whose homely front, 761
A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground, 439
Around a wild and woody hill, 648
Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe, 792
Art thou a Statist in the van, 140
Art thou the bird whom Man loves best, 200
As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest, 687
—— A simple Child, 96
As indignation mastered grief, my tongue, 839
As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow, 839
A slumber did my spirit seal, 140
As often as I murmur here, 758
As star that shines dependent upon star, 701
As the cold aspect of a sunless way, 638
A Stream, to mingle with your favorite Dee, 714
A sudden conflict rises from the swell, 699
As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain, 677
As with the Stream our voyage we pursue, 685
At early dawn, or rather when the air, 637
A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain, 40
A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain, 764
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears, 94
Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind, 440
A voice, from long-expecting thousands sent, 699
A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found, 711
Avon — a precious, an immortal name, 770
A weight of awe not easy to be borne, 799
A whirl-blast from behind the hill, 106
A winged Goddess — clothed in vesture wrought, 645
A youth too certain of his power to wade, 790

BARD of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made, 607
Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear, 244
Before I see another day, 108
Before the world had past her time of youth, 845
Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf, 171
Beguiled into forgetfulness of care, 807
Behold an emblem of our human mind, 873
Behold a pupil of the monkish gown, 682
Behold her, single in the field, 222
Behold, within the leafy shade, 183
Beloved Vale! I said, when I shall con, 397
Beneath the concave of an April sky, 624

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed, 216
Beneath yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound, 454
Be this the chosen site, the virgin sod, 706
Between two sister moorland rills, 144
Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep, 701
Black Demons hovering o'er his mitred head, 685
Blest is this Isle — our native Land, 709
Blest Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will, 843
Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong, 789
Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight, 437
Bright Flower! whose home is everywhere, 215
Bright was the summer's noon when quickening steps, 292
Broken in fortune, but in mind entire, 791
—— Brook and road, 135
Brook! whose society the Poet seeks, 607
Brugès I saw attired with golden light, 645
But Cytherea, studious to invent, 620
But here no cannon thunders to the gale, 672
But liberty, and triumphs on the Main, 706
But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book, 692
But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall, 679
But what if One, through grove or flowery mead, 681
But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord, 688
By a blest Husband guided, Mary came, 818
By antique Fancy trimmed — though lowly, bred, 650
By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand, 848
By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied, 703
By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze, 618
By playful smiles, (alas, too oft, 716
By such examples moved to unbought pains, 681
By their floating mill, 392
By vain affections unenthralled, 716

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate, 437
Calm as an undercurrent, strong to draw, 699
Calm is all nature as a resting wheel, 19
Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose, 774
Calvert! it must not be unheard by them, 401
Change me, some God, into that breathing rose, 665
Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride, 760
Child of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream, 223
Child of the clouds! remote from every taint, 664
Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb, 407
Closing the sacred Book, which long has fed, 705
Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars, 398
Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered, 683
Come ye — who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land, 233
Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered, 822
Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same, 830

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell, 212
Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost, 676
Days passed — and Monte Calvo would not clear, 831
Days undefiled by luxury or sloth, 869
Dear be the Church, that, watching o'er needs, 702
Dear Child of Nature, let them rail, 253
Dear fellow-travellers! think not that the M 644
Dear native regions, I foretell, 19
Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mould,
Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,
Deep is the lamentation! Not alone, 692
Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy L 225
Departed Child! I could forget thee once, 4
Departing summer hath assumed, 641
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground, 686
Desire we past illusions to recall, 789
Desponding Father! mark this altered bo 819
Despond who will — *I* heard a voice exclaim
Destined to war from very infancy, 442
Did pangs of grief for lenient time too keen
Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attril 872
Dishonored Rock and Ruin! that, by law,
Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur,
Doomed as we are our native dust, 648
Doubling and doubling with laborious walk
Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design
Dread hour! when, upheaved by war's sulp ous blast, 651
Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air, 806

EARTH has not anything to show more fair
Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed, 7
Emperors and Kings, how oft have temples 619
England! the time is come when thou shou wean, 232
Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand
Enough! for see, with dim association, 688
Enough of climbing toil! — Ambition treads
Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook
Enough of rosebud lips, and eyes, 748
Ere the Brothers through the gateway, 391
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew, 717
Ere yet our course was graced with social 665
Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load, 8
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky, 717
Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress
Even as a river, — partly (it might seem), 3
Even so for me a Vision sanctified, 821
Even such the contrast that, where'er we 696
Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of F 706
Excuse is needless when with love sincere,

FAILING impartial measure to dispense, 84
Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate, 179
Fair is the Swan whose majesty, prevailin
Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers, 866
Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy few, 838
Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild
Fair Star of evening, Splendor of the wes
Fallen, and diffused into a shapeless heap
Fame tells of groves — from England far 644

who leads the pastimes of the glad, 728
l, deep Valley, with thy one rude House,

l, thou little nook of mountain-ground,

n my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove, 20
n our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake, 447
to God himself we cannot give, 702
h a hundred eyes, that all agree, 695
the wrongs to universal ken, 852
s have I seen that were not names, 208
ution, by the moral code, 845
ars have past; five summers, with the
th, 115
d with promise of escape, 744
e kind Harbinger, to Grasmere-dale, 227
rds have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep,

n born, existing to be tried, 832
to deem the Chronicler unwise, 830
hallowed be this morning fair, 679
lest uses, oft-times Nature takes, 649
illustrious Country! these deep sighs,

om a jutting ridge, around whose base,

t of power that Heaven disowns, 873
shed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,

contend the wise? — for nothing less, 692
y steeds impatient of the rein, 820
lton's old monastic tower, 413
rly youth I ploughed the restless Main,

se assumption rose, and, fondly hailed,

ttle down to Least, in due degree, 702
v to high doth dissolution climb, 705
ature doth emotion come, and moods, 366
te and Ordinance abused they fled, 700
rling Castle we had seen, 226
t time forth, Authority in France, 355
Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,

dark chambers of dejection freed, 600
fierce aspect of this River, throwing, 648
Pier's head, musing, and with increase,

s deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams
667
re on every Muse's face, 722
he sails, and pass with tardy oars, 687

f Raphael! if thy wings, 733
, verily thy Pencil's skill, 872
t! wherever new with old, 867
tly, thus forever glide, 27
God! and to the Power who came, 708
o antique ages, if thine eyes, 727
ul Portrait! and where long hath knelt,

t by this unsparing hurricane, 692
s Sleep, my life in stone bound fast, 400
n have been among us; hands that
d, 211
at fearful listening! when huge stones,

u hast lost an ever-ready friend, 639
the Man who hither came bereft, 834

HAD this effulgence disappeared, 635
Hail, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night, 608
Hail to the crown by Freedom shaped — to gird, 538
Hail to the fields — with Dwellings sprinkled o'er, 667
Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour, 606
Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar, 694
Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye, 436
Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown, 722
Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean, 839
Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest, 841
Harmonious Powers with Nature work, 851
Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string, 696
Hast thou seen, with flash incessant, 634
——— Hast thou then survived, 240
Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill, 777
Here closed the Tenant of that lonely vale, 505
Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall, 686
Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more, 209
Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black, 796
Here pause; the poet claims at least this praise, 446
Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixt, 771
Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing, 864
Her eyes are wild, her head is bare, 103
Her only pilot the soft breeze, the boat, 723
"High bliss is only for a higher state," 857
High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you, 406
High in the breathless hall the Minstrel sate, 409
High is our calling, Friend! — Creative Art, 601
High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down, 854
High on her speculative tower, 654
His simple truths did Andrew glean, 172
Holy and heavenly Spirits as they are, 695
Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell, 796
Hope rules a land forever green, 732
Hope smiled when your nativity was cast, 795
Hopes, what are they? — Beads of morning, 633
How art thou named? In search of what strange land, 714
How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high, 872
How beautiful, when up a lofty height, 856
How beautiful your presence, how benign, 680
How blest the Maid whose heart — yet free, 655
How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright, 605
How disappeared he? Ask the newt and toad, 769
How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled, 693
How profitless the relics that we cull, 772
How richly glows the water's breast, 27
How rich that forehead's calm expanse, 712
How sad a welcome! To each voyager, 796
How shall I paint thee? — Be this naked stone, 664
How soon — alas! did Man, created pure, 685
How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks, 397
Humanity, delighting to behold, 617
Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast, 440

I AM not One who much or oft delight, 396
I come, ye little noisy Crew, 140
I dropped my pen; and listened to the Wind, 434
If from the public way you turn your steps, 156
If Life were slumber on a bed of down, 786
If Nature, for a favorite child, 142
If there be prophets on whose spirits rest, 675
If these brief Records, by the Muses' art, 727
If the whole weight of what we think and feel, 724
If this great world of joy and pain, 782
If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven, 777
If thou in the dear love of some one Friend, 182
If to Tradition faith be due, 773
If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share, 841
I grieved for Buonaparté, with a vain, 205
I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed, 180
I have a boy of five years old, 98
I heard (alas! 't was only in a dream), 640
I heard a thousand blended notes, 105
I know an aged Man constrained to dwell, 872
I listen — but no faculty of mine, 651
Imagination — ne'er before content, 611
I marvel how Nature could ever find space, 181
I met Louisa in the shade, 252
Immured in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave, 769
In Brugès town is many a street, 738
In days of yore how fortunately fared, 478
In desultory walk through orchard grounds, 850
In distant countries have I been, 109
In due observance of an ancient rite, 438
Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood, 210
Inmate of a mountain-dwelling, 624
In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud, 727
In one of those excursions (may they ne'er); 371
Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake, 849
In these fair vales hath many a Tree, 759
In the sweet shire of Cardigan, 104
In this still place, remote from men, 222
In trellised shed with clustering roses gay, 412
Intrepid sons of Albion! not by you, 619
In youth from rock to rock I went, 214
I rose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest, 671
I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent, 703
I saw an aged Beggar in my walk, 118
I saw far off the dark top of a Pine, 829
I saw the figure of a lovely Maid, 697
Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought, 844
I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold, 218
Is it a reed that 's shaken by the wind, 208
Is then no nook of English ground secure, 863
Is then the final page before me spread, 661
Is there a power that can sustain and cheer, 438
Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill, 829
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide, 672
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free, 208
It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown, 217
It is not to be thought of that the Flood, 211
It is the first mild day of March, 106
I travelled among unknown men, 139
—— It seems a day, 137
It was a beautiful and silent day, 347
It was a dreary morning when the wheels, 284
It was a *moral* end for which they fought, 436
It was an April morning: fresh and clear, 167
I 've watched you now a full half-hour, 201
I wandered lonely as a cloud, 236
I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile, 249
I watch, and long have watched, with calm reg 639
I, who accompanied with faithful pace, 675

JESU! bless our slender Boat, 647
Jones! as from Calais southward you and I,
Just as those final words were penned, the broke out in power, 855

KEEP for the young the impassioned smile,

LADY! a Pen (Perhaps with thy regard, 810
Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave, 643
Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove
Lament! for Diocletian's fiery sword, 677
Lance, shield, and sword relinquished — a side, 680
Last night, without a voice, that Vision spake
Let other bards of angels sing, 712
Let thy wheel-barrow alone, 144
Let us quit the leafy arbor, 628
Lie here, without a record of thy worth, 247
Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begur
Like a shipwrecked Sailor tost, 779
List, the winds of March are blowing, 780
List — 't was the Cuckoo. — O with what del 832
List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower, 800
Lo! in the burning west, the craggy nape, 6
Lone Flower hemmed in with snows, and as they, 638
Long-favored England! be not thou misled,
Long has the dew been dried on tree and l 831
Long time have human ignorance and guilt,
Long time his pulse hath ceased to beat, 14
Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest, 80
Look at the fate of summer flowers, 712
Look now on that Adventurer who hath pai
Lord of the vale! astounding Flood, 597
Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up, 401
Loving she is, and tractable, though wild,
Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like t 853
Lo! where the Moon along the sky, 840
Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen, 79
Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells, 658
Lyre! though such power do in thy magic 858

MAN's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King
Mark how the feathered tenants of the floo
Mark the concentred hazels that enclose, 6
Meek Virgin Mother, more benign, 649
Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark 853
Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon 695
Mercy and Love have met thee on thy roa
Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest so
Methinks that to some vacant hermitage, 6
Methinks 't were no unprecedented feat, 6
Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne
'Mid crowded obelisks and urns, 220
Mid-noon is past; — upon the sultry mead
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this ho
Mine ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdue
Miserrimus! and neither name nor date, 7

ic Domes! following my downward way,
veet it is with unuplifted eyes, 802
! whose virgin bosom was uncrost, 691
s and Means, on land and sea at war, 799
Shepherd, near thy old gray stone, 141
ne hath often trembled with delight, 668
rt leaps up when I behold, 200

Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree
nds, 52
nio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove, 831
nlivened with the liveliest ray, 868
orning Troilus began to clear, 193
on was it of the antique age, 666
e: the end is sudden and abrupt, 772
tal object did these eyes behold, 400
rd tells of lance opposed to lance, 671
rn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend, 680
ll the eternal roll of praise reject, 698
nts the cause the panic-striking aid, 678
t a breath of air, 858
ying Latian shades — if yet they throw,

led precipitous from steep to steep, 672
he lucid intervals of life, 803
he mines beyond the western main, 802
e his great Compeers, indignantly, 647
ve, not War, nor the tumultuous swell, 711
d the world's vain objects that enslave,

entary all: there are who roam, 681
dom, clad in radiant vest, 634
hat Pair whose youthful spirits dance, 666
whole warbling grove in concert heard,

he clouds, not to the cliff, he flew, 793
he object specially designed, 844
erly unworthy to endure, 691
hout heavy grief of heart did He, 443
at all hearts are glad, all faces bright, 456
at the farewell tear is dried, 652
are tired of boisterous joy, 228
nen the primrose makes a splendid show,

et not at their convent's narrow room, 395

Guernica! Tree of holier power, 439
New-comer! I have heard, 235
far than light and life are dear, 712
wide earth, on mountain and on plain,

ning Statesmen have full long relied, 440
er of all that springs from gentle blood,

al parents is the Hero born, 434
lirge! But why complain, 715
e help of Angels to complete, 646
d! I know not which way I must look,

I caught, upon a fitful breeze, 793
e I seen, ere Time had ploughed my
k, 723
d heard of Lucy Gray, 145
e medal faithful to its trust, 453
ugh thy fair domains, illustrious Peer, 463
Sleep! do they belong to thee, 399
time of youthful lovers (thus, 253
kindling touch from that pure flame, 618

Oh! pleasant exercise of hope and joy, 267
Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze, 268
Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech, 842
Oh! what 's the matter? what 's the matter, 101
O Life! without thy checkered scene, 648
O Lord, our Lord! how wondrously (quoth she), 184
O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot, 667
Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee, 209
Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky), 719
Once in a lonely hamlet I sojourned, 198
Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear, 689
Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound, 791
Once to the verge of yon steep barrier came, 378
One might believe that natural miseries, 231
One morning (raw it was and wet, 196
One who was suffering tumult in his soul, 636
On his morning rounds the Master, 247
O Nightingale! thou surely art, 408
On, loitering Muse — the swift Stream chides us — on, 667
O now that the genius of Bewick were mine, 180
On to Iona! — What can she afford, 795
Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles, 707
O thou who movest onward with a mind, 441
O thou! whose fancies from afar are brought, 213
Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine, 845
Our walk was far among the ancient trees, 171
Outstretching flameward his upbraided hand, 694

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies, 202
Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep, 765
Pastor and Patriot! — at whose bidding rise, 785
Patriots informed with Apostolic light, 700
Pause, courteous Spirit! — Balbi supplicates, 443
Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be, 634
Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side, 184
People! your chains are severing link by link, 818
Perhaps some needful service of the State, 441
Pleasures newly found are sweet, 202
Portentious change when History can appear, 852
Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay, 452
Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain springs, 688
Prejudged by foes determined not to spare, 696
Presentiments! they judge not right, 758
Prompt transformation works the novel Lore, 679
Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old, 863
Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er, 636

QUEEN of the stars! — so gentle, so benign, 812

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb, 789
Rapt above earth by power of one fair face, 837
Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace, 684
Record we too, with just and faithful pen, 686
Redoubted King, of courage leonine, 684
Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed, 776
Rest, rest, perturbed Earth, 613
Return, Content! for fondly I pursued, 670
Rise! — they *have* risen: of brave Aneurin ask, 678

Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was gray, 726
Rude is this Edifice, and thou hast seen, 182

SACRED Religion! "mother of form and fear," 668
Sad thoughts, avaunt! — partake we their blithe cheer, 669
Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud, 821
Say, what is Honor? — 'T is the finest sense, 436
Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills, 765
Scattering, like birds escaped the fowler's net, 694
Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned, 724
Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the sea-mew — white, 676
Seek who will delight in fable, 864
See the Condemned alone within his cell, 846
See what gay wildflowers deck this earth-built Cot, 768
See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins, 838
Serene, and fitted to embrace, 593
Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here, 843
Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald, 239
Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love, 860
Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow, 643
She dwelt among the untrodden ways, 139
She had a tall man's height or more, 197
She was a Phantom of delight, 236
Shout, for a mighty Victory is won, 233
Show me the noblest Youth of present time, 729
Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred, 704
Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy, 792
Six changeful years have vanished since I first, 318
Six months to six years added he remained, 821
Six thousand veterans practised in war's game, 232
Small service is true service while it lasts, 810
Smile of the Moon! — for so I name, 631
So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive, 869
Soft as a cloud is yon blue ridge — the Mere, 804
Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played, 665
Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand, 842
Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest, 451
Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands, 243
Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs, 450
Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay, 851
Stay near me — do not take thy flight, 198
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God, 244
Strange fits of passion have I known, 138
Stranger! this hillock of mis-shapen stones, 183
Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead, 798
Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright, 726
Such fruitless questions may not long beguile, 668
Surprised by joy — impatient as the Wind, 608
Sweet Flower! belike one day to have, 248
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower, 221
Sweet is the holiness of Youth — so felt, 693
Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel, 454
Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright, 775

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take, 665
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense, 707
Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold, 713
Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law, 844
Thanks for the lessons of this Spot — fit sch 794
That happy gleam of vernal eyes, 734
That heresies should strike (if truth be scan 677
That is work of waste and ruin, 201
That way look, my Infant, lo, 241
The Baptist might have been ordained to cry
The Bard — whose soul is meek as dawning 619
The captive Bird was gone; — to cliff or moor
The cattle crowding round this beverage clear
The cock is crowing, 200
The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love, 851
The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair, 62
The days are cold, the nights are long, 257
The dew was falling fast, the stars bega blink, 165
The embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine
The encircling ground in native turf arrayed,
The fairest, brightest hues of ether fade, 605
The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn, 79
The fields which with covetous spirit we sold
The floods are roused, and will not soo weary, 799
The forest huge of ancient Caledon, 770
The formal World relaxes her cold chain, 84
The gallant Youth, who may have gained, 76
The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endo 870
The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian pl 218
The God of Love — *ah, benedicte!* 188
The imperial Consort of the Fairy-king, 637
The imperial Stature, the colossal stride, 72
The Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye, 671
The Knight had ridden down from We Moor, 174
The Land we from our fathers had in trust,
The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned 805
The leaves were fading when to Esthwa banks, 307
The linnet's warble, sinking towards a close
——— The little hedge-row birds, 121
The lovely Nun submissive, (but more meek
The Lovers took within this ancient grove,
The martial courage of a day is vain, 437
The massy Ways, carried across these hei 720
The Minstrels played their Christmas tune,
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky
The old inventive Poets, had they seen, 669
The oppression of the tumult — wrath and s 678
The peace which others seek they find, 238
The pensive Sceptic of the lonely vale, 570
The pibroch's note, discountenanced or 766
The post-boy drove with fierce career, 197
The power of Armies is a visible thing, 445
The prayers I make will then be sweet in 244
There are no colors in the fairest sky, 698
There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bea
There is a change — and I am poor, 392
There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine, 24
There is a little unpretending Rill, 642
There is an Eminence, — of these our hills,
There is a pleasure in poetic pains, 725

is a Thorn — it looks so old, 99
is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale, 216
never breathed a man who, when his life,
42
re!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet
ride, 797
's George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and
eginald Shore, 178
's more in words than I can teach, 775
's not a nook within this solemn Pass, 766
's something in a flying horse, 122
was a Boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs,
37, 304
was a roaring in the wind all night, 203
was a time when meadow, grove, and
ream, 403
Roman Consul doomed his sons to die, 844
Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal, 704
aintly Youth has ceased to rule, discrowned,
93
times strike monied worldings with dis-
ay, 231
Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must
ve, 149
Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo! 251
Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said, 606
The sky is overcast, 95
oaring lark is blest as proud, 738
Spirit of Antiquity — enshrined, 645
tars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
42
tar which comes at close of day to shine, 847
truggling Rill insensibly is grown, 666
un has long been set, 207
un is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest, 783
Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire, 782
ylvan slopes with corn-clad fields, 640
ears of man in various measure gush, 693
roop will be impatient; let us hie, 54
turbaned Race are poured in thickening
warms, 684
nremitting voice of nightly streams, 873
alley rings with mirth and joy, 164
Vested Priest before the Altar stands, 703
Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen, 696
Voice of Song from distant lands shall call,
09
Vind is now thy organist; — a clank, 766
voman-hearted Confessor prepares, 683
vorld forsaken, all its busy cares, 834
vorld is too much with us; late and soon, 398
called Thee Merry England, in old time, 784
dreamt not of a perishable home, 708
Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,
02
seek, are sought; to daily battle led, 445
— who have seen the noble Roman's scorn,
30
Height a ministering Angel might select, 455
s Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose
alls, 767
Lawn, a carpet all alive, 744
Spot — at once unfolding sight so fair, 843
e breathing Tokens of your kind regard, 739
e had given earliest notice, as the lark, 688
e old credulities, to nature dear, 829
e silver clouds collected round the sun, 640
e words were uttered as in pensive mood, 397
gh I beheld at first with blank surprise, 849
gh joy attend Thee orient at the birth, 769
Though many suns have risen and set, 718
Though narrow be that old Man's cares, and
near, 409
Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw,
653
Though the bold wings of Poesy affect, 870
Though the torrents from their fountains, 178
Though to give timely warning and deter, 845
Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think, 785
Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise, 652
Threats come which no submission may assuage,
690
Three years she grew in sun and shower, 139
Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,
714
Thus all things lead to Charity, secured, 706
Thus far, O Friend! have we, though leaving
much, 277
Thus is the storm abated by the craft, 689
Thy functions are ethereal, 735
'T is eight o'clock, — a clear March night, 110
'T is gone — with old belief and dream, 732
'T is He whose yester-evening's high disdain, 841
'T is not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined, 233
'T is said, fantastic ocean doth unfold, 644
'T is said, that some have died for love, 177
'T is said that to the brow of yon fair hill, 745
'T is spent — this burning day of June, 258
To a good Man of most dear memory, 814
To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield,
657
To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen, 595
To every Form of being is assigned, 579
To kneeling Worshippers, no earthly floor, 704
Too frail to keep the lofty vow, 219
To public notice, with reluctance strong, 600
Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men, 209
Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw, 767
Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou, 798
Troubled long with warring notions, 634
True is it that Ambrosio Salinero, 442
'T was Summer, and the sun had mounted high, 464
Two Voices are there; one is of the sea, 406

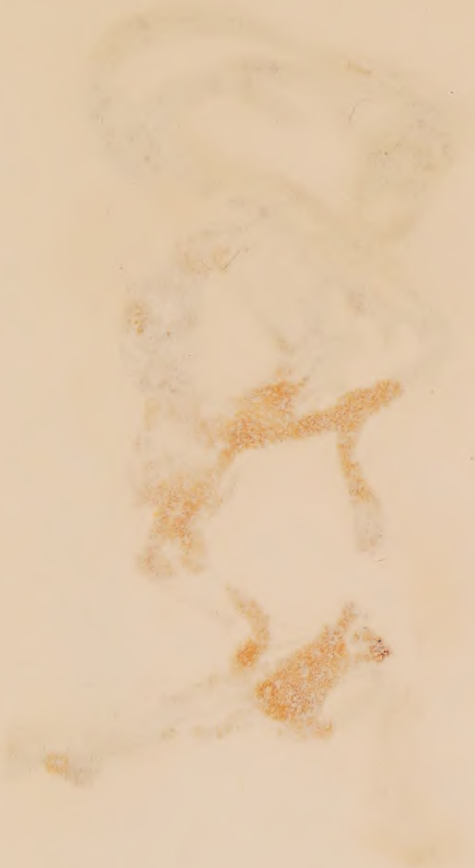
Under the shadow of a stately Pile, 836
Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget, 699
Unless to Peter's Chair the viewless wind, 685
Unquiet childhood here by special grace, 726
Untouched through all severity of cold, 777
Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away, 177
Up to the throne of God is borne, 806
Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books, 107
Up with me! up with me into the clouds, 245
Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill, 682
Uttered by whom, or how inspired — designed, 647

Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood,
656, 835
Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent, 232

Wait, prithee, wait! this answer Lesbia threw,
820
Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so
near, 811
Wansfell! this Household has a favored lot, 860
Ward of the Law! dread Shadow of a King, 642
Was it to disenchant, and to undo, 646
Was the aim frustrated by force or guile, 636
Watch, and be firm! for, soul-subduing vice, 677

Weak is the will of Man, his judgment blind, 606
We can endure that He should waste our lands, 439
Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air, 441
We had a female Passenger who came, 210
We have not passed into a doleful City, 796
We gaze — nor grieve to think that we must die, 847
Well have yon Railway Laborers to THIS ground, 865
Well may'st thou halt — and gaze with brightening eye, 397
Well sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains, 768
Well worthy to be magnified are they, 700
Were there, below, a spot of holy ground, 28
We saw, but surely in the motley crowd, 794
We talked with open heart and tongue, 143
We walked along, while bright and red, 142
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size, 834
What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled, 666
What awful pérspective! while from our sight, 708
What beast in wilderness or cultured field, 689
What beast of chase hath broken from the cover, 657
What crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by, 394
What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine, 866
What He — who, 'mid the kindred throng, 597
What if our numbers barely could defy, 840
What is good for a bootless bene, 432
What know we of the Blest above, 649
What lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose, 646
What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret, 803
What need of clamorous bells or ribands gay, 454
What sounds are those, Helvellyn, that are heard, 329
What strong allurement draws, what spirit guides, 840
What though the Accused, upon his own appeal, 742
What though the Italian pencil wrought not here, 650
What way does the Wind come? What way does he go, 402
What, you are stepping westward? — Yea, 222
When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry, 698
Whence that low voice? — A whisper from the heart, 669
When Contemplation, like the night-calm felt, 299
When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn, 439
When first descending from the moorlands, 817
When haughty expectations prostrate lie, 638
When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came, 832
When human touch (as monkish books attest), 819
When I have borne in memory what has tamed, 211
When in the antique age of bow and spear, 711
When, looking on the present face of things, 232
When Love was born of heavenly line, 95
When Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle, 725
When Ruth was left half desolate, 146
When Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown, 849
When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch, 614
When thy great soul was freed from mortal chains, 682
When, to the attractions of the busy world, 25
Where are they now, those wanton Boys, 632
Where art thou, my beloved Son, 237
Where be the noisy followers of the game, 66
Where be the temples which, in Britain's Is 601
Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends, 6
Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must g 399
Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdon creed, 871
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the ro 687
Where towers are crushed, and unforbidd weeds, 721
Where will they stop, those breathing powers, 7
While Anna's peers and early playmates tread, 7
While beams of orient light shoot wide and hig 862
While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport, 6
While from the purpling east departs, 718
While Merlin paced the Cornish sands, 752
While not a leaf seems faded; while the fields, 6
While poring Antiquarians search the ground, 8
While the Poor gather round, till the end of tim 771
While thus from theme to theme the Histori passed, 555
Who but hails the sight with pleasure, 629
Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high, 8
Who comes—with rapture greeted, and caresse 697
Who fancied what a pretty sight, 217
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, 389
Who ponders National events shall find, 853
Who rashly strove thy Image to portray, 8 7
Who rises on the banks of Seine, 616
Who swerves from innocence, who makes divor 671
Who weeps for strangers? Many wept, 434
Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant, 820
Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore, 660
Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings, 7
Why should the Enthusiast, journeying throu this Isle, 784
Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy, 8
Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled, 70
Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine, 7
Why, William, on that old gray stone, 107
Wild Redbreast! hadst thou at Jemima's lip, 7
Wisdom and Spirit of the universe, 136
With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme, 759
With each recurrence of this glorious morn, 63
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st t sky, 398
Within her gilded cage confined, 716
Within our happy Castle there dwelt One, 212
Within the mind strong fancies work, 630
With little here to do or see, 215
With sacrifice before the rising morn, 590
With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh, 3
Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey, 68
Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease, 689
Woman! the Power who left his throne on hig 703
Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has tak flight, 868
Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared leave, 705

Apennines! with all your fertile vales, 823
brood of conscience,—Spectres! that frequent, 845
Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn, 453
sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth, 643
shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims, 795
! hope may with my strong desire keep pace, 400
, if the intensities of hope and fear, 701
, it was the mountain Echo, 395
! thou art fair, yet be not moved, 866
, though He well may tremble at the sound, 846
Storms, resound the praises of your King, 618
Yet are they here the same unbroken knot, 408
Yet many a Novice of the cloistral shade, 691
Yet more — round many a Convent's blazing fire, 690
Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand, 691
Ye trees! whose slender roots entwine, 838
Yet Truth is keenly sought for; and the wind, 698
Yet, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes, 438
Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew, 863
You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may, 867
You have heard "a Spanish Lady, 745
YOUNG ENGLAND — what is then become of Old, 869



Y0-CVM-191